

## THE INDIA ALLIANCE.

"For we are labourers together with God"

*1 Cor 3: 9*



"In everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God"

*Phil 4: 6*

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### THREE MOONLIT NIGHTS.

The great lamp of night is hung almost at the centre of the celestial dome that overspreads the sleeping world. Under that lamp, and hardly conscious of the light it creates, across naked fields and along narrow dusty cart-roads, a young outcaste woman plods. On her thin face, plainly visible in the light of the moon, are written hunger, fear and desperation. And if stoicism can exist where there are these things, then stoicism, too, is written there. A great many factors have combined to write these things upon her countenance but the chief one is that gaunt famine, like a great, lean wolf, is loping over the land. Already his victims by thousands have experienced the bite of his rapacious jaws and have lain down in their huts or by the roadside, never to rise again. Vultures, jackals, crows and other scavengers of nature have glutted themselves on the victims of the wolf—dead, bony buffaloes and cows and bullocks, and, all too often, dead, bony humans. All this has helped to write the things seen upon the countenance of the young outcaste woman. But she is not alone. With her, trudge on hunger-weakened legs,

three boys, her brothers. All of them are younger than herself and one of them, if our memory is not at fault, is so small that his sister has often to lift him and set him astride her hip, letting him walk again when her failing strength compels her to set him down.

They have no parents, these travellers by moonlight. The wolf, assisted by pestilence, got both father and mother some time ago. And the quartet know that the wolf is on their track too. That is the reason they are moving across the naked fields and along the roads of dust. Hope—for hope dies hard in the breast of the young—hope has lingered that at the chief town of their county help may be found. A few days previously the strange news had reached their little mud-but village that at the county town food was being *given away* to all who, like themselves, were starving to death. And with the food that is being supplied to all who are too weak or too young to work is offered a new religion concerning an unknown God. They will not want the religion or the strange God but they will be glad to get the food! And so they are goaded forward and with the dawning of a new day dawns a new life for them. For they have now reached the mission station and God's servants look upon this strange little group with sympathy and pity. The hungry ones are given grain and a place at a millstone where they may grind it, then a fireplace with fuel where they may bake it. Oh, how they enjoy the clean, sweet taste of those first *bhākaras*! For the scraps of food they have been eating for weeks past have been made of half-rotten, ill-smelling grain, long buried in the earth and unfit when brought forth to be fed even to cattle. Now, they are eating bread made from fresh, sweet flour. And if some of the grain is of a kind they have never seen before and has come to them in great ships from beyond "the seven seas," what matters that, so long as they are daily getting farther away from the great lean wolf and daily growing stronger?

They can even do some work along with the many others who, like themselves, have been chased to this place of deliverance. And gradually they learn that the unknown God, about whom they hear daily from the kind strangers who minister to them, is the Source of their deliverance. Those who minister to them so unselfishly are His servants and they tell them that God is love and that His Son came into the world of sin and suffering where we live and He died for us that He might loose us from our sins, and eventually make for us a new world wherein righteousness will dwell. And the grain from over the seas was sent because God's love in the hearts of His children there so far away has made them sacrifice things they might have had for themselves in order that those dying of hunger might be fed. Surely this unknown God is the One they need, and as the days go by, little by little the meaning of the good news they hear illuminates their darkened hearts, and they learn to trust Him and to love Him.

The glorious moon is looking down again upon the plains of Berar. Many moons have waxed and waned since the three boys and their older sister plodded wearily through the night, over the bare fields, toward the mission station. Now the eldest of the three brothers is a grey-haired man and most of his earthly pilgrimage is over. In fact the end is nearer than he thinks, but his heart is at rest for he is at peace with God and with all his fellows. He has just come out of a crude tin hut where a little prayer-meeting has been in progress and as he walks with a Christian brother across the field in which the hut stands, together with other huts of tin or cotton stalks, or mud and sticks of bamboo, he looks up at the quiet glory of the night and memory carries him swiftly back over the years to the night so long ago when his sister led him and his two brothers to their first meeting with the servants of the living God. With deep gratitude for what the Lord has done for him he tells his Christian brother of that night

and how he first came into touch with the wondrous love of Christ.

And may we tell you, in a very few words, how mightily God's grace wrought in the heart of this dear brother who, since he told us of that first moonlit night, has gone to be forever with the Lord? Hearing the Gospel when he came in famine days and received food for his starving body, he discerned in that Gospel the bread of life for his starving soul. Humbly and believingly he ate of the bread which cometh down from heaven--and lived. In a mission industrial school he learned to be a carpenter and then while he earned an honourable living for himself and his family his faithful Christian life made him ever a blessing in his community. He could always be counted upon at the mid-week prayer-meeting, and if the missionary had to be away he could ask this brother to take charge of the meeting with assurance that something good from the Word of God would be fed to the little flock which attended the meeting. This humble brother did not live to be old, yet, God gave him a goodly number of years and when the end came he faced "the great adventure" with peace and assurance. His passing was much like that of the patriarch Jacob. When he knew that he was going, he called the members of his family about him in the little hut which he had built for his home and near to the hut where the prayer-meetings were held. By him, as he sat upon his cot and gave a parting word of admonition and of blessing to his children, wept the sister who had brought him through the moonlit night in famine days. Quieting her loud weeping with his words of assurance and comfort, he reminded her that because the Lord Jesus had saved him death could mean only transition from a world of sin and suffering to his Father's home of peace and joy. And his assurance and peace reassured and quieted her. Then, after he had given a message to all who were present and for those dear to him who were absent, he quietly laid his

wearied body down on his cot and in a very little while his blood-washed soul departed to be with Christ, where hunger and thirst and pain and weariness can never intrude.

Again it is night time in Berar. Once again the moon looks down upon one of those three brothers who in childhood were led by their sister from the sadness and misery and hunger of their famine-stricken home to the gladness and light of a world so good that they would not have dreamed there could be such a world. This time it is the youngest brother upon whom the moon is smiling. He, too, has learned to love the Lord. He has studied faithfully through the years and knows God's Word well, knows how to divide it rightly and how to impart its teachings to others. Better still, he applies its teachings to his own heart's needs and exemplifies its beauty and power in his daily walk. He now lives in a village similar to the one in which he spent his early childhood and not a great many miles from that village. And in the village where he lives, and in villages for miles around, he is loved and honoured as a man who is righteous, who always speaks the truth and who prays to the God Who hears and sends an answer to each believing prayer. And the Christians—for now there are little groups of Christians in some of the villages—the Christians turn to him when in trouble, when sickness invades their homes, when problems need solution. They know that he loves them, for he helps them, sympathizes with them, prays for them and shows them the way of deliverance. Even the idolators recognize in this man something different from their own begging, ash-besmeared *gurus*, and many an idolator rejects his idols and turns to this servant of God for advice in times of perplexity and for prayer in times of pestilence.

And often as the moon looks down upon him he remembers the night long ago when he was so hungry and so weak that he could hardly walk. And when the

love of God, then unrecognized by himself and his sister and brothers, was leading him to deliverance. There are still hunger and sadness and broken hearts and disease and misery and wretchedness and cruelty and dark deeds in the crude homes around him; but in his heart there is peace and hope. And there is a burden of love and sympathy that makes him glad to live in such surroundings in order that he may bring these needy hearts into touch with the wonderful Christ Who loves them and seeks to deliver them. And as he looks out over the peaceful, moonlit plains, his mind at times leaps forward to the coming age, when "righteousness shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea," in that coming reign of his mighty Lord, Whose kingdom will outlast the sun, when the "righteous shall flourish: and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth."

EARL R. CARNER.

## LOVE VERSUS HATE.

One beautiful Sabbath day in April the hosts of heaven must have been looking over the parapets with keen interest at the doings in Akola City. On one of the main thoroughfares stands an inconspicuous looking building known as the Alliance Church. On this particular morning the bell rang out, clear and long, its summons to the Christian community to come and worship their Saviour. A motley crowd gathered there. "Odds and ends," they might be termed, but on close inspection they would prove to be mostly "odds." This was the occasion of their yearly convention. The missionary pled tenderly and earnestly for clean and separated lives. He dwelt specially on the necessity of fruit bearing and pointed out Love as being the essential characteristic of such a life.

On the opposite side of the road, just as straight as a crow could fly, a large temporary building had been erected. Over this building flags were flying and here and there drums were beating. Men wearing white Gandhi caps, hundreds of them, and boys wearing orange caps, in large crowds, were gathering also at the time of the ringing of the bell. This was a Hindu Convention, to attend which invitations had been sent throughout the Central Provinces. Here with great earnestness representative speakers pled with the people for orthodox Hinduism, and opportunity was given for the "purification" of those who had become contaminated by other religions. Propaganda was suggested whereby the foreigner could be expelled from the country and they could take the Government in their own hands. HATE for every cross current to Hinduism and independence could have been written across every message.

Sooner or later this hatred must come to fruition. Will love triumph? Yes, verily, if Jesus finds the clean and separated lives through whom He can love, if needs be, to the death.

HARRIETTE BEARDSLEE.

### KHAMGAON CHURCH.

At the end of the touring season, our interest was again centered in the Church work. With the organization of the Church in view we called a meeting and asked how many would give their names as applicants for Church membership. A very goodly number responded. Then we had the election of officers, and men of whom we could approve were selected. Two women are still to be elected to serve on the Church Council. The Boarding School girls chose their own representatives. The Sunday School also has been organised and interest in its activities is increasing.

We have just had another interesting time with some of the men of the Church. One asked to be let off and thus evade the responsibility of being an active member.

He put in his letter of resignation but found out that the Lord was dealing with him in a very definite way. It was not dealing with a certain number of men but it was the question whether he himself was willing to go on with the Lord or not. The Lord helped in a wonderful way and both the men in question and the others too who were newly elected to serve on the Church Council were awakened to a sense of their new responsibilities. After several hours of business meeting in the afternoon we expected the attendance at prayer meeting would fall short, but to our pleasant surprise there were no less than twenty men present and also women more than usual. The worker gave a good message, and after prayer, one after another got up and testified and asked for prayer for a real quickening. Some confessed that they had not testified for three years. The service was interspersed with their own choruses. Inspired with such evidences of God's working, we left Khamgaon for Chikalda the next morning. We trust the Lord will continue to work while we are away for a short time. I hope to tell you more of the work later on. Please pray for us.

TILMAN AMSTUTZ.

### TRAVELLING EVANGELISM.

In India there are three classes on the trains. First has a great many conveniences. Second has some and is comfortable, if it is not overcrowded. Third has not much comfort and is usually crowded to capacity and beyond. We missionaries can *look* at First, *could* travel Second, other things being equal. Always a way in third class!

To illustrate:—On a journey, long or short, 2nd class, oil-cloth, cushioned seats marked "Pull out," meaning—widen it for your bed—airy compartment, with electric fans, one feels that the ride in there would be easy and restful,—but the cost! Quite an item! Then too, there's that women's compartment 3rd class, crowded it will be, and they are

so noisy. Shall I or shall I not? Here goes, "Third for—" "Second did you say?" "No, third." Ah, that look speaks as the ticket clerk hands out a third to a Mem Sahib, but what cares she! In she goes climbing over bundles, and feet and babies and what not but she is *in*. "To seat 28" not full yet, so she sits in the first empty place, gazed at intently by her sister woman, and it is, *oh, so hot*, still, there is her opportunity, yes, but how to begin? She to her neighbour or *vice versa*, "And where might you be going?" "And coming from?" "Your business is what?" Mutual interest is awakened. "Can you sing?" "Read?" "No, but near by where I live there are people like you, who come and sing to us. Some of it we understand. Tell us again and may be it will come to us."

Her neighbour chimes in, "It's the same with me, Let's hear it," and in launches the Missionary somewhere just to find the point of contact. A bit difficult, with noise of moving train, and loud talking; for counting babies and all, there are forty-two visible now. Never mind, see those heads turned towards you, on the two opposite benches, aye, and from the very ends of the seats on your side. Those over there are Mohammedan women. Now for that Hindi hymn, and the Marathi women understand it too.

But as they cannot all catch the words well, the Missionary woman will move over to the other side and repeat it there for really, after all, her object in going into that crowded third class compartment was to get the Gospel to them. Hallelujah! One says, "My nephew can read." She is a widow, with shaven head, not a single ornament, and only a coarse red garment to cover her.

Have you a book with something to sing in it," she asks. "Yes, I'll get one for you." Some of them leave and others crowd in. Some little perplexity as to how to get over to the new-comers, but they soon solve it by crowding nearer, standing up so as to hear it all. "What is that book you have?" asks a nice Mohammedan woman,

"Look at it, Lady," and almost instantly out comes the two pice (1 cent) and the book is hers. Not satisfied with her purchase, she tries to press another anna (2 cents) into the hand of the Missionary, and to be honest, the Missionary felt inclined to take it, but decided she had better not.

A change of trains, with further journey of three hours and continuation of opportunity and there sits the lovely widow. Will she remember about the Hymn Book? Yes, indeed, and her first question is, "Did you get that book with the song you sang in it?" "Yes, I ran up to the Mission House while the train waited and here it is!" Out comes her two pice, and she fondles the book saying she will have some one who can read, sing it, and she herself will lead the choir!

In each case the old old Story has been told and retold, and the prayer of the publican repeated, with closed eyes, and we trust with tender hearts.

The Missionary is glad she travelled with the crowd and as the women wave good-bye, she would like to embrace every one of them.

She may never meet them again on earth—or she may, or some one else like her may; at any rate with heart brimming over with gratitude, love and praise, she commits the seed sown to the Heavenly Gardener, Who will not allow one grain to be lost.

Would that the Missionary could imprint on the hearts and minds of praying people the faces of these women as they become imprinted on her own heart. Would that a mighty volume of unceasing prayer might ascend for the Missionary that she might always be in trim to impart the power of insight to these darkened minds, and so turn them "from darkness to light and from the power of Satan unto God."

Dear reader, do you catch the point?

MARTHA RAMSEY.

## GUNWUNT RYBORDI OF MURTIZAPUR DISTRICT.

On April 20th this dear saint of God passed on to glory. About ten years ago he was saved and from that time walked in simple obedience to the teaching he received. He cut loose from all idolatrous practices and superstitions: gave up smoking: worshipped on the Lord's Day and gave of his substance to the Lord. He was a man of faith and prayer: a real leader in the little Christian Assembly of Gunshi which, because of its spirituality, is a joy to our hearts.

Gunwunt never missed a conference, walking fourteen miles to be present, although of late he suffered much from asthma. Many times has he come to the bungalow bringing a little band of women who desired to see me, and often he accompanied his Christian brothers who came for advice and counsel in times of perplexity. We recall his testimony of praise and gratitude to God, at the Easter Convention, because his request to "see this subha" had been granted. Soon after a number of the Gunshi Christians were smitten with influenza and Gunwunt was the first to succumb. Just nine days later his son also died leaving a dear little widow and baby John. They called us in their hour of need, but sickness in our own family made our going impossible.

Pray for Gunwunt's widow, a dear, staunch Christian. She is being persecuted by heathen relatives and friends now, because Hindu rites were not observed at Gunwunt's burial. We also ask that you pray for the son's wife and baby John, as well as for all the Christians in that outlying and difficult to reach village.

We praise God for Gunwunt's life and testimony, and love now to think of his wonderful joy and happiness in his promotion from a mud hut and poverty to the glories of heaven! Redeemed from the outcastes of Hindu society he now beholds the Saviour 'face to face,' and will be waiting to greet us when our turn comes. Praise God!

Annie C. Cutler.

## NEWS ITEMS.

Mr. Amstutz writes from Chikalda:—We are very thankful to God for sparing our little Lois after a very serious siege of continued high fever. For two weeks her temperature never once came down to normal. We praise God for her recovery and ask prayer for her keeping in coming days that she might speedily regain normal health and strength.

Both Mrs. Moyser and Mr. Cutler were very ill when they left the plains for Chikalda, but God has very graciously restored them to their usual health for which we praise Him.

Raghuel Chavan, son of two of our oldest deceased workers, has recently passed his matriculation examination. We thank God for this success.

Praise God for marked advancement towards self-support in several of our Churches.

Please pray for Mr. Hartman that God might grant him renewed physical strength ere he returns to the field in the Fall.

Continue to pray for more spirit-filled Indian workers for the large districts of the provinces of Berar, Khandesh and Gujarat. This request represents a very urgent need in the Marathi area.

Prayer is also requested for the work in Mukti under the leadership of Miss Wells.

His Excellency, the newly appointed Viceroy and acting Governor-General of India, and Lady Goschen, attended 'Speech Day' exercises in Breeks Memorial School, Ootacamund, on May 3rd. On this occasion Lady Goschen presented the prizes to the pupils, amongst whom were our Alliance children, and also very graciously accepted a copy of the life of Rev. E. D. Whiteside, from the author, Rev. E. R. Carner. Pray that acquaintance with The Praying Man of Pittsburgh, may be blessed of God to the heart of this 'lady of the land.'