

# 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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## “WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?”

FROM across the luxurious garden with trees hanging heavy with pomegranates, young seedling guavas, and fragrant limes in abundance, comes my answer. To the monotonous creak, creak of the wheel, refreshing streams of clear crystal water flow from the well as the sturdy bullocks tread their easy going round. It all speaks of wealth—the world’s answer to the search for happiness.

In the midst of this garden sits a little old Indian widow in strange contrast to the wealth of freshness about her. From the depths of her wrinkled face reminding one of old parchment, bright eyes peer through cracked, brass rimmed spectacles as she industriously plies her needle in and out through a forlorn bundle of rags, which, seeming to have no substance at all, are in some mysterious way transforming themselves into a garment.

As she sees us coming she looks up with an exclamation of welcome, lays her sewing aside and, much to our chagrin, gets up from her cot to give us a seat while she settles herself on the floor beside us. Amidst groans she

tells us of her suffering, and then says, "I'm so glad you have come. Do sing, and read out of your Book and tell me that story, for when I hear that I forget my suffering." She seemed not to grow weary of listening and when we paused she would say, "Read more." That day John 14 with its fullness of comfort seemed very precious as we read and talked of Him, and, oh, the joy that filled our hearts as we realized that Jesus alone could give her the grace she sought. She listened oh, so hungrily, but her frequent exclamations of "Bhagvan" (the name of one of their gods) brought a pang to our hearts as we realized how hard it is for them to "turn from dumb idols to serve the living God." Their "good works" are like the flimsy rags her needle plied upon, and there in the midst of wealth is a poverty far worse than the lack of gold.

We loved our little neighbour that day as we told her of Jesus' love. She may never hear again for soon after she was taken away very ill. In those precious moments did her soul reach out far enough to touch the true and living God? The answer to this is with Him who knoweth the hearts of all men, but you and I can be helpers together in prayer for her.

BLANCHE B. CONGER.

### A CASTE STORY.

This incident will show the terrible grip the caste system still holds.

Last week the "Patel" or headman of one of our villages was discussing "caste" with his friends. He agreed with what I had said and declared that defilement could only come from within. To prove this, he took up a pipe belonging to an outcaste day-labourer and put it near his mouth. The patel was a little drunk and there was no tobacco in the pipe, but the mere gesture was sufficient to defile him.

That day the elders told his wife she must choose between caste and husband. She chose the former, and her husband was not allowed in the house. He said he would eat with the outcastes, but the elders promised to hang up by the feet and soundly beat any one who fed him. He sat two days without food in the streets of the town he ruled. Then he called for the elders.

His penalty was to drink a cupful of water in which a priest had washed his big toe; to give an amount of money equal to two months' pay; and to eat a cake made of milk, butter, clarified butter, and the excretions of a cow, which morsel, they say, cleanses away any defilement.

Now some from the sweeper class have become Christians here in Pachora. Our eating with them, in Hindu eyes, brings us down to their level. Thus my touch would not only render unfit the milk belonging to a landowner, but would also hopelessly defile the carrion soup of a town scavenger. The very lowest are as exclusive as the upper four hundred of proud Boston.

I have Hindu friends who would become followers of our Lord, but they face the loss of all people and things they hold dear, and they draw back. Pray for them.

ROGER E. CONANT.

## SECOND GENERATION CHRISTIANS.

IN this day and age when books are being written and discussions are varied as to which influence—inherited tendencies or environment—brings more weight to bear on the life of a boy or girl, we are very much interested in the progress of our four Vansar boys so often referred to as our future hope for the Vansar Church. None of them has any right to boast either of inheritance or environment.

Gideon, the youngest, aged sixteen years, is the son of a one time evangelist, who, "having a form of godliness

but denying the power thereof," and being concerned with the things of this present world, and full of avarice and greed, departed from the ranks of the faithful. However Gideon has had a consuming desire to learn and this is his last year before matriculation. His father did not have the money to pay his school fees, but Gideon being a diligent student, was given a scholarship by the Government. He is one of a Sunday School class of boys who when given ten minutes to write some reasons they had for praising the Lord, wrote twenty substantial reasons in the prescribed time.

Next comes his neighbour and friend, Paul Makan, aged sixteen. His father is a cook who has never been noted for his honesty! Paul's mother and grandmother toil all day long in the fields. They can neither read nor write, but Paul is determined to have an education. Often at night he studies until the wee small hours by the aid of a dim oil lamp.

And seventeen year old Jacob, what is his inheritance? His mother is slightly deranged mentally, his father shiftless. His environment—poverty, filth and ignorance. But Jacob too has ambitions and aspirations. He, with the two boys before named, walks six miles daily to High School. And with the others, hurrying home at 6 p. m., he carries water from the distant well and fills the water vessels for household use and also for the cattle. Then these three boys (often in the dark) hurry to the nearby pond to wash their shirts and loin cloths and get them ready for wear the next day.

All three boys belonging to poor families have only bread made of millet to eat. So rather than be scoffed at by the Hindu boys in school who have wheat bread, they take no food with them to school, thus having nothing to eat from 9-30 a. m. until 6 p. m.

The fourth is Ezra aged nineteen, son of a farmer. He toils all day long in the fields. Last week he said to

me, "In the morning as I push the plow behind the bullocks, I pray, 'Lord, keep me in the hour of temptation. I am only an ignorant farmer boy, but keep me in the right way.'" And he added simply, "He does."

These four boys never miss prayer meeting. They some times miss their evening meal in order to attend, but they are always present and take an active part. In S. S. their lessons are always prepared. In the United S. S. Examination for all of Gujarat last year three of them won prizes.

If it depended upon inheritance or environment none of these boys would have a chance. Of spiritual training in their homes they receive very little. But they are living testimonies of the fact that our Lord Jesus is no respecter of persons, but has power to save the lowest and keep in the hardest places. Pray for these boys.

TAMAR E. WRIGHT.

## VACATION BIBLE TRAINING SCHOOL.

The opening of a Vacation Bible Training School for our young teachers of the village schools during the past school vacation at Dholka brought acclamations of deep joy from all quarters of the Gujarati field, and produced an enthusiasm that held its wholesome effect upon the students throughout the whole session.

It was felt by our Mission Committee that the young teachers of the Christian village schools who have not had any training in the Bible School, should be given an opportunity to begin study on the Evangelists' course, and accordingly arranged that the teachers give up their small vacation, which they most gladly did, and come to study at Dholka for six weeks. There were six teachers who are vernacular final pass. With them came four high school boys, a Bible-woman and a Colporteur. There also attended two boys who had just passed the vernacular final

examination and twelve other orphans of the seventh standard.

At the opening session Mr. Ashirvad Lalji who had charge of the school said to me that if Mr. Andrews and the older Missionaries had had a similar class of brilliant students they would have leaped for joy. The classes of twenty-five years ago were composed of students in the third reader, learning to read a child's vocabulary in one period and the next being instructed in some Bible Truth. That was the condition of the first Bible Seminary! What a contrast! What patience on the part of the instructors!

From the very start all the students studied with a real zest, and in spite of the extreme heat of the past hot season they continued with unbroken interest. The results have been a very good commentary on their enthusiasm and work. Ten of the students passed with over 90%, while the remaining sixteen all passed, three of whom got over 80%.

In closing let me give you a freely translated portion of a letter I received from one of the teachers when I was away. "The work of the Bible class is going on very nicely. I have finished my subject, and the students have shown excellent work in their examination. I can testify that they studied with their whole hearts. They as well as myself have received much blessing from the Lord. Rev. Manabhai Raimalbhai on two or three occasions has mentioned to me the fact that there surely has never been a class of students like them .....Two other brethren who are helping together in prayer said the Mission had truly acted on God's will and opened the class at the most opportune time."

AUGUST HELPERS.

## LANGUAGE STUDY DAYS.

New missionaries are often heard to say, "What a shame to waste two years studying the language! How much better it would be if we could start to work as soon as we reach the field." We come full of enthusiasm and a desire to make Jesus known, and it is very difficult to wait and go through the miseries of language study. But we soon learn, these "waiting days" are good for both the new missionaries and the Indian people. During the two years of study the missionary has an opportunity of getting acquainted with the people, their customs, many problems and needs. As knowledge of these increases, there is an increasing consciousness of the truth of Jesus' statement, "without me ye can do nothing." A few days ago I read these words, "Fellowship with the Lord *must* precede preaching about Him." Language study days afford the opportunity of fellowship with Jesus before being thrust into the work.

Then, beside the spiritual blessing and strengthening which comes, there is a humorous side to these study days. Who would want to miss all the happy hours at the study table on the verandah with the Brahmin pandit, as he patiently endeavours to make his language ours? Our pandit is quite toothless, and when I was learning the Marathi alphabet, I ventured to take a peep at his mouth to determine where the tongue should be placed to bring forth the correct sound. Of course my dentals could not be made to sound like his! As soon as I glanced toward him, he became embarrassed, and snatching the corner of the cloth thrown about his shoulders, he held it over his mouth.

The first few months one almost despairs of ever making any progress. It is necessary to learn to think backwards in order to form sentences correctly, and it is such a task to remember the gender of chairs, tables,

pictures, trees, carts, etc. But there are three P's which are bound to win—prayer, patience and perseverance.

MARTHENA RANSOM.

### ANOTHER CAPTIVE FREE.

The small door creaked on its rusty hinges as we were admitted to a tiny walled-in court-yard before a simple cottage. The manner of the lady who greeted us was unmistakably friendly. "I haven't seen you these six years," she said to the Bible-woman who had returned to work in the section where she had ministered some years before. "Surely some one of the messengers of Jesus has been in this part within the last year or two," I said. "One day the children told me that Gospel songs were being sung in a nearby street, but I am not permitted to leave these walls," was her reply. There are millions like her, I thought, who are prisoners and have no hope of hearing the Good News unless a messenger crosses their threshold. To my great joy I found that the Light had penetrated these walls and was reflected from the beaming countenance of the little lady squatted before us. Six years before, the Bible-woman had found her seriously ill with an affliction of long standing. She was pointed to the Healer of body and soul, and in her simplicity she believed and was made whole. "Do you still love Jesus?" I asked. "How could I help but love Him? Think of all He has done for me! Jesus not only healed me, but He changed my brutal, drinking husband to a sober, kind man, and He gave me this son," she said, pointing with pride toward a husky lad. Although she had been shut away from all Christian fellowship and help all these intervening years, it was evident she had grown in the knowledge of the Lord. The Holy Spirit had been her Teacher and He had found her an apt pupil. After Scripture reading and prayer we arose to go. "I feel as

though I had a visit from my father and mother" were her farewell words.

Some weeks later we were permitted to return to this home. The lady was troubled because her husband was out of work. Thinking that he might still be clinging to his idols, I asked if there were any idols in her home. She told me that they had long since ceased worshipping them and had tied the "gods" in a bundle and thrown them into an empty room. The room had now been rented and had to be cleared. What should be done with the idols? "We have been thinking about throwing them out. Perhaps the Lord is displeased because we kept them and therefore my husband does not find work," was the information she volunteered. We told her God wanted all her heart and all her house and she promised to have her son throw them in the river upon returning from school. This time her face was sad as we left, not that the idols are precious to her, but she probably feared the elders of her caste. I was encouraged by her sadness to believe she was sincere in her promise else it would have cost her nothing. Had she wished she could easily have deceived me. I believe her name is written in the Lamb's Book of Life. Praise God!

BERNICE E. STEED.

### NOTES OF PRAISE FROM THE CHAIRMAN'S PEN.

The hot season has come and gone, and most of our missionaries are now back in their stations. The Summer Schools for workers of both fields are now in full swing. We are glad to say that most of our missionaries are at the present time real well, although some are yet sick and need your prayers. The past few months have tried the physical strength of many of our people and their children with whooping cough, fevers, poisons, mastoids

and other diseases. Yet God has not forsaken nor forgotten us, and we have many things to make us rejoice in the God of our Salvation, Who does cause water to spring forth from the rock, yea, and even from the flinty rock.

Mrs. Moyser, while in Chikalda for the hot season, had perhaps the worst five days I have ever seen her have in her 37 years in this land. What the trouble was we do not know. She vomited scores of times a day, and she could neither eat nor sleep (or very little) during this period of five days. She was in intense agony, either with her kidneys or appendix. A mission nurse gave her two injections to cause her to sleep, but they did not seem to have any effect on her. After five days I determined to take her home to Akola, so I packed our car with all our goods, bedding, etc. Miss Rurey also came down with us. I hardly knew what would happen on the way. At 6 a. m. we were all ready to start, and then the missionaries in Chikalda gathered around the car for a final word of prayer, and we were off, down 25 miles of curves and then 75 more of straight road, and at 11 a. m. we were in Akola. Mrs. Moyser got out of the car, went to the table for breakfast, and from the moment we left Chikalda until now there has been no return of the trouble, and she has been as well as ever. No, the days of miracles are not yet over! Praise God!

Another cause for thanksgiving is the way God does provide for His workers in His own way. For two years Miss Bushfield, one of our old, steady workers, has been praying to God to supply her with a new car for touring, to replace her old, worn-out Ford. One day last month the postman brought her Rupees 2,246 at 11 a. m., with word that this was expressly for a car. By 6 p. m. a new Ford was in her hands, for exactly the amount she had received that morning. Yes, God supplies all our needs according to His riches in glory.

Another instance: Just last week the writer was out with Brother and Sister Conant, when their 10 months old

baby suddenly stood up in the seat of the car and fell head first over the side of the car to the ground. I am happy to say that he had on a heavy sun topee. In falling he struck his head on a bunch of bananas which was on the running board, breaking the fall, and so he slipped to the ground. When I left them that evening the baby seemed as well as ever, with only a very slight bruise upon him. Yes, again a miracle—and a miracle alone—saved that baby from having either his brain pierced by the upright side carrier, or his neck broken by the fall. Let us rejoice with Brother and Sister Conant in this miracle of Divine care and protection for their dear baby.

I arrived in Ahmedabad Saturday P. M. and went to Brother Brabazon's as I was preaching there the next day. Here once again we saw our Father's loving care over His own. Some time ago the Brabazons had felt led to give up their old house, and had moved into another. The very morning before I arrived the entire roof had come down on what had always been their bedroom. If they had remained in the house, there is no doubt that they both would have been killed. The Government has now ordered the entire house to be pulled down.

Recently while investigating the cause of the disordered condition of his desk drawer, Mr. Kerr discovered a snake, fully four feet long, of poisonous type, wriggling under a pile of papers. Several times in that same day Mr. Kerr had occasion to open this drawer but no harm befell him. How great are His mercies!

These things encourage us to trust God with our bodies; look to Him for the supply of all our needs, and to expect His divine protection while we are engaged in hastening His return for His own.

WILLIAM MOYSER.

## NEWS ITEMS.

Middle of August our Chairman Mr. Moyser and Mr. Carner made a trip to Chaman for the purpose of taking over the property in Baluchistan on the border of Afghanistan recently purchased by the Alliance from the Methodists. A party of four are booked to sail for this new field in Fall. Pray for them.

"I move that we, the Workers in Sanand district, ask the Kerr Sahib to retain the full tenth of our wages each month and apply the same to the Workers' and Church funds." After this motion was passed unanimously it was further agreed that, "We continue to give Sunday offerings, purchase Sunday School Quarterlies and give to the needy from the what remains of our wages." Praise God for another indication of growth in this branch of the Alliance Church in Gujarat as she slowly creeps towards the goal of self-support.

A brand new baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Schelander on August 13. Pray for little Wesley William and his parents too.

With a keen sense of bereavement we record the death from cholera on August 16 of Rev. Manabhai Raymal, pastor of the Ahmedabad Church.

Pray for his grief-stricken widow and little son and ask God to guide the church members in their selection of his successor.

Miss Lothian, Missionary-in-charge of Missionary Children's Home in Ootacamund, leaves India for furlough in U. S. A. on Sept. 4. Join with us in prayer for a restful, profitable holiday for our sister temporarily released from the responsibility of our ten school-going children.