

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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THE MAGNETIC NAME

Out in the cotton fields, under the shade of the big friendly mango-trees, the missionaries had again set up their tents. As we considered the work before us, we wondered whether there would be any among these villagers who would remember about our Jesus.

Just then a group of little boys drew near. Squatting down before us, one of them, a chubby faced, bright-eyed little chap began to recite, "Jesus is My Saviour. He is very precious to me." Oh how sweet to our ears! We were very much encouraged to hear this little Hindu boy recite the words of the song which we had taught him two years ago. He named the town where he lived, and we remembered that it was one where we had not been kindly received.

At his request, we went as soon as possible to his village. The reception there was so cordial, and the interest so keen, that our hearts were again greatly encouraged. The second time this village was visited the women were even more interested. Rather unusual, because so often the recital of the Jesus Story a second time in the same village only brings contempt and ridicule. In this meeting one little woman, who had been present at the first gathering, after listening with rapt attention, spoke up and said,

“Ever since you were here last week, my conscience has been accusing me. What you say is true. In my house are lots of gods—brass and nickel, small and large. I have bought them all and they have cost me much money. If I worship Jesus, must I throw away all these gods?” Then the Biblewoman told her very plainly the only acceptable way to worship Jesus. She listened hungrily till the setting sun warned the missionary that they should be wending their way back home.

A few days after this episode, this same little woman, driving her buffaloes before her, appeared at our tent. Lo and behold, who should be with her, but the chubby faced, bright-eyed little boy, who had remembered the song. Inquiring as to who he was, she replied with great pride, “He is my son.” Again she sat and listened to the story of the Saviour Who shed His blood for her. We invited her to come over to our camp for our Sunday service. She promised—but *would she ??* Sure enough, the next day she and her son and the buffaloes arrived at the meeting. In spite of her concern for the buffaloes, she was very much impressed by our worship of the Unknown God. At the close of the service, we personally dealt with her, and we felt that she was really seeking the truth. Pray for her and her son.

ESTHER C. KARNER.

THE PARABLE OF THE PARSLEY

Near the shade of one of the nimb trees in our garden we sowed some parsley seed in September which is the time to plant it according to our seed catalogues. Of course, parsley seed sometimes takes a long time to germinate, especially if it has been stored up for several years, but this was reliable seed. We waited and waited, and finally gave up all hope of ever seeing any parsley. We wrote to the seed-merchants in Calcutta about it. They wrote that they could not account for its not having germinated. It happened sometimes, however, that although

it was the proper season for sowing, the weather would be unsuitable for the seeds to germinate, in which case they made some suggestions as to the handling of same and sent a new lot of seed which came up in due time. Some months later our cook told us that there was some beautiful parsley growing under the nimb tree but hidden among weeds. I went to see and wondered how parsley ever grew in that bed. We had planted it in another place, but I was reminded by our gardener that this was the first batch which I had entirely forgotten about. Here's the application.

Some three or four Hindi speaking Rajputs who were baling hay in the village of Andhari strolled in to see Mr. Alle Garrison and me while we were holding some meetings there almost a year ago. Mr. Garrison spoke to them in Hindi, and some of us sang some Hindi gospel songs to them. They were delighted to hear their own language again. In the evening service they heard and saw the wonderful things the Lord did in liberating several from the power of the devil. The seed was sown.

About eight months later two of these men came to see me, but I did not recognise them. They were a bit bashful, but I was able to make out this much that they wanted to become Christians. The impression of that evening meeting in Andhari stayed with them, and although they went from these parts and never heard the gospel again they always spoke of it. Finally, when three of the four were agreed to become Christians the fourth man left them taking with him the few things they had. Then they came to me. The Lewellens have had one man with them and we have had the other two with us in the district. They helped in the odd jobs for their board and learned a little reading and writing so that they could read the Scriptures. We expect to baptize them soon. The Gospel seed was sown that day in Andhari, but its results did not appear, like the forgotten parsley seed under the nimb tree, until months later.

AUGUSTUS HELPERS.

A SOWER WENT FORTH TO SOW

One morning nearly a year ago we went out to scatter the Gospel seed. After visiting two villages we were returning about one o'clock when the wheel of the tonga began to give trouble. As we got out to examine it I noticed an old gentleman coming along the road. He had a book in his hand and was reading aloud. "It is about God" he said. "What God?" we asked, "About the God Hari." Quickly I held out a book, one of the four Gospels, to him. "Here, Elder Brother, is a book about the true God. Read it." But Elder Brother refused to touch the book or even listen to anything about the true God. He went on still reading aloud the story of Krishna Hari. Presently we overtook him and soon left him far behind on that deserted country road, but we still saw him—a moving splash of colour on the road that lies white under the shimmering glare of the Indian sun.

As I sat there watching him I longed to get the Gospel into his hands. I thought for a moment, then taking a Gospel portion from my bag I dropped it in the centre of the road in the hope that he would pick it up as he came along. As the old man drew near the book, we strained our eyes to see what he would do. The thing that happened next shewed me that Satan was arrayed against us. For suddenly there was a puff of wind, then a spiral column of dust rose upwards carrying away with it my Gospel of John. We saw it fall ripped apart in an adjacent field. The people of India believe a demon inhabits these whirlwinds. I felt that for once it was true. Elder Brother had not even seen the book. After a while he overtook us for the wheel had begun to behave worse than before. Again I tried to persuade him to take a Gospel, but as before he refused to touch it, or even to talk to us, and went forward on his way. We felt as we often do, that we had scattered the seed by the wayside and that Satan, like

the fowls of the air, had devoured it. We never met the old man again.

This morning we were scattering the seed again. As we entered a village we divided our forces, hoping to get through sooner. It fell to my lot to approach the Patel quarters. As I looked through the open doorway of the courtyard I saw a man and two women inside. I hesitated. Should I try to get in there or look for a larger crowd? I decided to enter if permitted. "May I come in?" "Come," "May I sit down?" "Be seated." "Where?" "There," and a finger was directed at the wet earthen floor freshly smeared with cow manure. "Ah, but it is wet." "Then sit over there," pointing to a dry corner which I thankfully accept. The inmates of the home sit down too, while I sing a hymn. Soon others come in, or show themselves over neighbouring mud walls.

After a while the women of the house begin scouring pots and pans with clay from the floor, others are bathing themselves on a flat stone, modestly shielding themselves under yesterday's garment. Shrieking infants are also scrubbed on the same stone and afterwards stood up to dry shivering in nature's garment, in the patch of sunshine which is my dry corner this chill morning. Towels they have none nor hundreds of our other so-called necessities.

I proceed as well as I can under such distracting circumstances. The man is called Nam Dev. He appears interested, as does his old mother. I am about to ask them if they will not seek salvation *now* from the Saviour about whom I have been speaking, when the rest of our party come into the courtyard. After some more singing and testimony, I ask Nam Dev if he has ever heard this story before. He answers, "No, this is the first time I have ever heard it, and like nectar sweet to me it tastes, therefore have I sat so long and listened." A number of times he repeats these words. As we sing a hymn about "Jesus, Our Wonderful

Friend" he tries to join in the refrain, then humbly prays and commits himself to that Wonderful Friend.

He is full of joy and wonder. His mother sits watching, then she begins to weep, fearing what might be the results to her son. As we rise to leave Nam Dev begs us to visit him in his home in another town. We promise to go and as we jolt on by bullock-cart to the next village, our hearts rejoice for we have seen the seed scattered on good ground that morning and the experience to us too is "like nectar sweet"—a heavenly nectar, the portion of all those who are called to scatter the Gospel seed.

ANNA LITTLE.

ENCOURAGEMENT

Returning to Ashapur, the home of 30 Alliance families, after five years' absence, the change in conditions there proved to me that this village is rightly named "Hope Village."

The old church was too small for the fast increasing families and now there is a building large enough to accommodate the entire community. In spite of damage to the crops for three years in succession by flood, heavy frost and locusts, the Christian people—all or nearly all Orphanage products—gave of their time and money and enlarged their meeting house.

At the time of my first acquaintance with the place there were flocks of children to be trained and helped, but none to help us. Now there are several boys and girls who have spent some years in our schools at Dholka and Kaira and they have learned to be 'helpers.' Those who have started their married lives in this village of their birth are showing that the training obtained in our Mission Schools has not been in vain.

After this visit I returned to Mehmedabad where an anxious mother who had received a telegram, "Come at

once to Dholka," was waiting for me to accompany her thither. Upon our arrival at Dholka we were shocked to find that her daughter Phcebe had by mistake for epsom salts dissolved and drunk a quantity of a poisonous washing powder, and in spite of all the efforts of doctor and missionaries had inside eighteen hours slipped peacefully off to her eternal home.

Phcebe was trained in Kaira and as a teacher had won the hearts of the children in our Orphanage. After her marriage she continued teaching in a Hindu Girls' school and her faithfulness and cheerful disposition had earned her the respect of the Hindus also. She was also the medium by which the Dholka Biblewoman found entrance into Hindu homes and thus had many opportunities of telling the Hindu and Mohammedan women about the Saviour.

There is fruit. The years of praying, preaching and giving have not been in vain. Let us not grow weary in well doing.

JULIA G. WOODWARD.

A WIDOW'S TRIALS

Junkibai is just a simple village woman. There is nothing about her that is attractive. Education she has none; gifts few if any. Her caste people pay little attention to her. Why should they? She is only a widow; she has not even a son to inherit her bit of property nor anyone to defend her. Who cares for her two daughters, beautiful in form and graceful in manners? She has married them off, for that is their mother's duty towards them, and so her caste people are satisfied.

The married daughter must now leave her mother's home and make her home with her husband and his mother. Oh how different life now is for poor Bhagabai! Poor girl! try as she will she cannot please her

ill-tempered mother-in-law. With little provocation the austere woman drags her by her long thick tresses of hair and severely beats her. Thinking this treatment insufficient, she entreats her son to add to it, but he loves his wife and ignores the unjust demands of his mother. Why should he obey his mother in this matter? He has obeyed her by marrying Bhagabai who is his second wife because the first one was childless.

Now it happens poor Bhagabai also is childless and the husband's mother is urging her son to take another wife. Bhagabai misses her own mother and she longs for a sweet little life to love and to brighten her own. The two wives live together, but there is no rivalry. There is a sympathy and affection for each other, but they dare not be seen in friendly conversation together.

Recently the first wife decided to leave her husband and her mother-in-law to abide with her mother, never to return. Bhagabai remains, ill-used, scorned, and despised for her barrenness. Health fails, and Junkibai brings home her sick and weary daughter. She needs her, for the field-work is too heavy for her alone.

A few days ago mother and daughter came to the little house in the district at Tivan Takli, where we are staying at present. They are both friendly and trustful. They seek medical advice for Bhagabai. Arrangements are made to take her to a lady doctor who lives a few miles away. Both go quietly to a field outside the village and sit and wait till our conveyance arrives. They take their seats beside us, and we make our way to the hospital. They are satisfied that they are unobserved. But alas! they are discovered and the cry is raised throughout her village and other villages, "Defiled! Defiled! Cast her out! Cast her out! She has ridden in a Mission cart driven by a low caste man" Junkibai is free. The curse falls on poor Bhagabai. Moreover, she does not suffer alone for the villagers turn mercilessly on her uncle living

in a town one mile away. He too is pronounced unclean and forbidden to use the village well, or to come in contact with other members of the caste until the necessary purification rites have been carried out. Old Junkibai is asked to pay a large sum of money for a dinner of which all her caste people must partake as a punishment for her daughter's sin. The demand is unjust.

Persecution however does not keep them from attending the Sunday services at our home, nor from their daily visits to us. An affection has been created in their hearts for those despised Christians for whom they are both willing to suffer. The Spirit of God has done a work in their hearts and before long there must come a change, and a complete separation from their kindred, their people and their property for Christ's sake. Already wicked men are endeavouring to deprive this widow of her lawful right to her property. Now this will provide them with an excuse to wrench it from her.

Poor Bhagabai's husband will be the next to be pronounced unclean, for already whisperings have gone abroad to his village of his wife's unseemly conduct in riding in the Mission conveyance driven by one of an inferior caste. Looking pathetically into our faces, Junkibai says, "Our religion is a merciless one, but yours is a religion of love."

Trouble upon trouble comes to Junkibai's home. While their hearts are sore and worried by oppression word comes to them that her youngest daughter's husband is in an advanced stage of consumption. Poor little Sunderibai! If she too is left a widow she needs soon to know the sheltering arms of the sympathetic Jesus. I ask our readers to pray for Junkibai and her girls.

CHARLOTTE RUTHERFORD.

NEWS ITEMS

On January 25th at Akola, Wilma Mae Schlatter made her debut in this old world. She with her parents and little sister are planning to sail for the homeland on March 12th. Our prayers go with them for a happy, healthy furlough and a speedy return to their sphere of labour for the Master in India.

Misses Karner, Steed and Woodward leave us on March 3rd for furlough in U. S. A. After a full term's service in this trying climate they are all tired, and for them we would bespeak the prayers of our readers that they might enjoy a period of real rest as they journey homeward, and that God's blessing might be added to their representation of India's needs to the friends in their respective centres.

Mr. and Mrs. Helfers and little Marjorie, charge hands of Dholka Boarding School, are also due for furlough and are booked to sail the last week of March. They plan to visit Mrs. Helfer's relatives in Ireland and then proceed to U. S. A.—Mr. Helfer's native place. Pray that God's hand for good might be upon them in all their travels and that their ministry might be such as will bring results for Him in India.

Fifteen men representing the little Gujarati churches of Vasna and vicinity (Ahmedabad—Mehmedabad District) have called Rev. Ramabhai Dhula to be their pastor, pledging themselves to be responsible for one-third of his support. Ramabhai claims to be our oldest Gujarati worker ushered into the service by Mr. Fuller many years ago. He is a man of peace and prayer with a very fervent desire to see Christ manifested in the lives of those bearing His name. Co-operate with Ramabhai in prayer in his new and somewhat difficult responsibility, so that his heart's desire might be realized and Christ glorified.

Since February 6th Mr. Brabazon has been busy with district meetings in the different centres of the large church district (Ahmedabad—Mehmedabad) under his care. Mr. Garrison, our Mission Evangelist, has been the chief speaker at most of these meetings, and reports testify to "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." Mr. Brabazon writes: "In one meeting after a most helpful message by Bro. Garrison seventeen came forward, and some who had taken the name of Christ for years, but had never had the assurance of salvation, sought and found Him in much assurance and blessing to their souls." In these days of political turmoil and general unrest pray that our people might be really "established in the faith."

In January Mr. Kerr's touring party changed camp to the northern section of the Sanand district on the Vijapur line, and since then have been realizing the unparalleled joy of proclaiming Christ on practically virgin soil. Audiences and scripture sales have been phenomenally large. In one week's touring in 20 villages 4,300 people heard the gospel: 7 Bibles, 56 New Testaments and 1,148 Gospel portions were sold. Let us not forget to water the seed that has been sown by unceasing intercession at our Father's throne.

Little Melvin Lewellen has somewhat reluctantly added himself to the family of our Missionary children in Ootacamund. This makes eleven school-going children in our Home under the temporary care of Miss Backlund. Pray for them all, also for their "Mother" pro tem. and the teachers in the School.

The Annual Indian Convention in Gujarat is scheduled from March 13-16 inclusive. Mr. Bose, a teacher in the Irish Presbyterian Mission High School, has accepted our Committee's invitation to speak at these meetings. Our Chairman and several other Missionaries will also take part in the ministry of the Word.

We are all rejoicing in God's deliverance of Mrs. Moyser from a recent recurrence of her old trouble, as well as for His constant care of Mr. Moyser as he traverses Berar, Khandesh and Gujarat in the interests of the Mission and Missionaries. Since their return to India in 1925 Mr. Moyser has surely been "in journeyings often"; only once has he been laid aside by sickness, so our hearts truly praise God for His goodness to them and to us.

Small-pox has been very rife in nearly every village of Gujarat since the beginning of the touring season in November. The people themselves take no precautions whatsoever to check the spread of the disease and Government can do little besides providing facilities for vaccination which are ignored by the majority, so the death rate from small-pox has been very high. Burning funeral piles, new graves and wailing processions are common sights, and few village meetings are held without coming in contact with victims of the dread disease who mingle freely with their village folk regardless of the possibility of infection. Most of our Missionaries have been exposed time and time again, but we are in our Heavenly Father's care and up to the present have suffered no harm. Let us thank Him for His good hand upon us and our people.

Please pray for Lalla Munsha, Miss Hansen's horse-man, and the father of the sweeper boy David whom Mr. Gustafson baptized last fall. This poor man is far advanced in consumption and the doctors give little hope of his recovery.

Rev. Nathalal Makan has contracted typhoid fever. Pray for him.