

THE INDIA ALLIANCE

“ For we are labour-
ers together with
God”

1 Cor 3 : 9



“In everything by
prayer and supplica-
tion with thanks-
giving let your
requests be made
known unto God”

Phil 4 : 6

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CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

On the 12th May our hearts were shocked when we received the following cable from our Home Board, “Walter Turnbull asleep; Auto accident.” All I can say at this time is, A giant in the Alliance has fallen. While we with his loved ones sorrow for him, we “sorrow not even as others which have no hope.” His place will be hard to fill, but our Heavenly Father’s hand is still at the helm.

We are glad to report that the Alliance Rest Home in Lonavla has been nicely re-furnished and is open again this hot season. At present we have ten of our own Missionaries in the Home who are all well and happy in the Lord. We began our Friday afternoon and Sunday morning meetings soon after we arrived. These meetings have been very well attended; sometimes it has been hard to accommodate our congregation. A number have thanked us for spiritual help received and we have been asked to give addresses on Prophecy and the Second Coming of our Lord. We praise God for the interest shown in these two subjects. Some of us have also spoken in the M. E. English Church.

Political conditions all over India are seething and at the present time riots, murders, burnings, bomb-throwing and strikes are the order of the day. Surely we need to pray for the officials as well as for the people that God will give light, grace, tact and wisdom in these troublous days. With the arrest and imprisonment of so many leaders there is unrest amongst all classes of people, and these conditions make it very hard for our Indian workers to go out and preach Jesus Christ.

Small-pox has been very prevalent in all our districts and even in some of our Mission stations. Thousands have died from this dread disease, but we thank God that with the exception of several babies, our people have been spared.

Despite all these adverse conditions the reports from our stations are very encouraging. One station reports the sale of hundreds of Scripture portions nearly every day. Pray that His Word shall bring forth fruit, thirty, sixty, yea, a hundredfold in the salvation of precious souls. God still lives and He answers prayer for supplies, health, victory and salvation of souls.

We ask prayer for our work and workers in Baluchistan. From reports we learn that they need your prayers for body, soul and spirit as they labour in one of the hardest parts of God's vineyard.

I have just returned from a trip to Mukti. Most of the workers are away for the hot season, but Miss Wells is still staying nobly by the staff. Pray for this Institution of nearly 600 widows, deserted wives and orphans.

Praise God for the good health that nearly all our people are enjoying at the present time.

THE CIRCUIT OF PRAYER

“And in like manner the *Spirit* also helpeth our infirmity; for *we* know not how to pray as we ought; but

the Spirit Himself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered; and *He that searcheth the hearts* knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit that (because) He maketh intercession for the saints according to (the will of) *God.*" Rom. 8; 26, 27. R. V. M.

Effective prayer is here represented as a circle or circuit. Heaven and earth, God, Christ, and the Holy Spirit, and the praying children of God, make the complete circuit. The Spirit is mentioned first as the Executive of the Godhead in all true prayer. Next *we* human beings, who are born of the Spirit, and led of the Spirit, but who, because of our infirmity, have not the slightest idea what to pray for, are mentioned. We are to be included in the circuit of prayer by means of the indwelling "Spirit of Supplications" in such measure as we are possessed by Him, and have put ourselves at His disposal to use us in intercession.

"He that searcheth the hearts" is the next one mentioned. It is clear from Rev. 2; 18, 23 that during the Church age He that searcheth the reins and hearts, to give every one according to his works, is none other than "The Son of God, who hath His eyes like a flame of fire." Therefore, He who knows the mind of the Spirit and, seated at the right hand of God, receives from the Spirit in the saints on earth the prayers made in His Name, is our Lord Jesus. The last statement is that our Lord Jesus knows that the Spirit is making intercession for the saints according to God. The words "the will of" are not in the Greek.

Here we have the complete circuit of prayer. The starting point of every prayer which receives an answer is God our Father. "According to God" means His will, His plan, His purpose, His desire. That purpose of God seeks for a man who will stand in the breach as an intercessor, one who can pray in the Holy Ghost. Finding such a Spirit filled one, the desire of God is made known

more or less clearly to him by the indwelling Spirit. The Spirit works mightily in such an one producing divine intercession, it may be with tears and cries and audible or inaudible groanings. What a marvel to be thus taken into partnership with God in carrying out His wonderful and eternal purpose in the universe. The Spirit transmits these intercessions, in whatever language and however imperfect, to heaven. Being sanctified by the Holy Ghost, and presented in the Name of Jesus, who ever liveth to make intercession for us, they are presented by Christ, purified by His blood, to the Father. The circuit is complete, and such prayer absolutely must bring forth a powerful, effectual, and God-glorifying answer.

A simple illustration has suggested itself. The accumulator or battery of a motor car is charged with electricity and has a positive and a negative pole. The wire attached to the positive terminal diverges to the starting motor, the ignition and the lights. When the switch is turned on, if the system is in working order, the current passes from the battery to the place where it has to function, and returns to the battery.

We may reverently liken the Father to the positive pole of a powerful, self-charging battery; and the Lord Christ to the negative pole. The Holy Spirit may then be likened to the electric current, a part of the battery but flowing out from it, performing His work of power and light, to "earth," and back to the battery. If there is no circuit and no power nor light, either the battery is discharged, or switch turned off, or there may be broken wires, short circuit, not properly earthed, loose connections, or defective apparatus such as fouled spark plugs, burned out lights, etc. Now, God's battery is always fully charged and all His power perfect. Our part is to keep the switch on, to keep the apparatus clean and usable, and the circuit unbroken that His mighty power and purpose may operate through these vessels of clay. Let us not make His power quiescent by breaking the circuit.

Christ chose and appointed us to bear the Fruit of the Spirit, that whatsoever we ask the Father in His Name, He may give it us. "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my Name, (which can only be really done by the Spirit in us) that will I do that the Father may be glorified in the Son."

A. I. GARRISON.

A PURDAH TEA PARTY

During one of our several visits to the queens of the Durbar (petty Indian ruler) of Katosan State, who are kept in strict purdah, we asked permission for them to visit and take tea with us at our camp nearby.

Seeing the Durbar's hesitation we explained that the Saheb would go into purdah during the visit, hiding away in another tent. To this he consented, but rather reluctantly, for never before had the royal ladies been entertained outside their royal, purdahed domain. Triumphantly we returned to camp to make every possible arrangement for the entertainment. Our nearest bazaar where the necessary articles to make up such a tea as we would liked to have given was fifty miles away, so we had to content ourselves with a tin of biscuits, to which were added roasted peanuts and dried dates and figs! Not much, to be sure, but, coupled with hospitality and friendliness also an Indian made portable gramophone with a few nice instrumental records, enough contrast to their usual routine to keep the royal ladies interested as well as pleased with their first foreign tea party!

The old camp table was covered with a cloth and the chairs for the two queens and the Durbar's sisters so placed as to very successfully hide the imperfections of the meager camp furnishings! Everything was now as ready as we could make it, and we settled down to patiently wait the coming of the royal party. Just as we had about given

up hope, the "honk, honk" of the heavily curtained limousine was heard coming through the brush! Excitement reigned. The chauffeur quickly opened the car doors and the Durbar with much dignity and ceremonial pomp helped the ladies to alight, marshalling them and their maid-servants into the tent as rapidly as possible. The royal ladies were all curiosity, furtively peeping here and there from behind the veils of their beautiful, bright, pink, gold and lavender sarees.

The Durbar's task ended with the ushering of the queens into the purdahed tent, and he at once joined the Sahab in his seclusion. The queens accepted the proffered chairs and there they sat like starched dolls! But not so the elder sister of the Durbar. She was friendliness personified: wanted to hear and see everything. "Do sing for us, Madam Sahab," was her first request; and we readily complied with a song often used in our evangelistic meetings in the villages. Before we had reached the end of the first verse she had joined in, her head swaying from side to side and her face lit up with enjoyment as she followed the sentiment of the rousing song. She had heard many times of the Christ who was far richer than diamonds, rubies or any jewel, but never before had He seemed so near, and we longed the more that this dear old lady might find Him in reality. There was a holy hush when we had finished: Christ was present. The expressions upon the purdahed ladies' faces easily proved it.

After several selections on the gramophone we broached the subject of tea. Would the royal ladies be pleased to have a cup of tea and some biscuits? No one answered; all eyes were focussed upon the older queen, whose right it was to reply. Shortly she whispered to her attendant to call the Durbar. The break with a life-time of rigid rule and custom was too much for her to defy, she must have the royal sanction. Soon the Durbar entered. He needed no telling of what was wanted; well he knew of the

struggle going on in the hearts of his women folk,—a struggle which is increasing in this land of fettered women. This is one of the surest signs of the eventual breaking down of the barriers of caste, the greatest hindrance to the Gospel. We waited with intense silence for the Durbar's words. We had known him for four years and our growing acquaintance led us to believe him to be a liberal-minded man, but would he take this definite step of reform? Would he have courage to allow his purdahed women to eat with the foreigner?

Without preface or apology the Durbar's speech was definite and to the point: "You may drink tea if you wish. It is your affair. I consider these people as gods and would gladly eat with them, though not with all Europeans." You may find fault with some of his deductions, but you will have to agree that he bravely opened the way for the foreigner to reach into his holy of holies with a message which he fully knew would some not far distant day sow seeds of doubt concerning Hinduism as it pointed his people to the Christ of God. Turning on his heel with a nod to us and a smile of approval to his beloved queens, he left the tent.

The atmosphere cleared at once; conversation became general as well as more animated. The royal ladies sipped their tea and daintily munched the biscuits. Needless to say we spent a very happy time together. The climax was reached when the Durbar's sister readily accepted a New Testament, promising to read it. Pray for these women. Pray for the millions they represent. Pray earnestly for the missionaries as they continue the work of sowing the Seed.

MRS. C. A. GUSTAFSON.

FIRST TOURING EXPERIENCES

In November 1929 with very little Marathi and no experience at all I started on my first touring season in India.

My Biblewoman who is one of the "old faithfuls" was fully aware of the fact that she had one of the Mission's newest additions to break in, but I didn't realize that it would be so evident to the villagers of Chandur district.

No sooner would we alight from the car and ask the women to gather together than some woman would point to me and ask Bhagabai whose little girl she had with her! We soon became accustomed to this however.

We do praise God for letting us see, in our first touring season, some precious souls step out and take their stand for Him. It was a case of reaping a harvest others had sown, for we found that those who had gone before us had laboured and prayed much for this little community.

They had not found the courage to step out before, but had been weighing the question and when we pitched camp in their district they made the final surrender. Pray for them for they greatly need it.

Two of the men were sadhus and they are now going from village to village telling their simple Story instead of begging and teaching the people about Hinduism. One has been completely disowned by his family and turned out of his own home. He is very old and has no trade, but he goes happily on his way and lets nothing hinder his bright testimony.

A very old woman was overjoyed to hear the Story for the first time. She is totally blind, but with beaming face she said, "I cannot see with these eyes, but thank God after all these years light has come to my pathway."

ALICE C. EICHER.

WAYSIDE GLIMPSES

It was toward the end of the touring season and after having visited many of the villages in Amraoti district, we moved our camp into an adjoining country which at present is not being worked by any other mission. While

going to and from the villages around this centre we were attracted by crowds of people travelling daily along the main highway. Buses were packed to the limit, bullock-carts were loaded with men, women and children until these passengers had hardly space enough to turn their heads to look at passers-by. Donkeys were sometimes seen carrying loads which seemed all out of proportion to the size of the animal. The members of one family took turns in riding on one of these little animals which looked weary indeed from bearing its heavy burdens along the hot, dusty road. But what impressed us most were the hundreds of men, women and children (whose homes were many miles away) travelling on foot. They looked foot-sore and weary and often had to lay down their heavy loads and rest a while in order to be able to go on.

How expressionless were most of their faces! Often they sang weird songs as they trudged along. When darkness overtook them these weary pilgrims would stop beside a well or under a tree for the night. As our tent was not far from the road over which they came, we were wakened out of our sleep more than once by the strange singing or shouting which we knew came from these restless pilgrims.

And whither were they bound? They were on their way to a religious fair which is held once a year at a so-called sacred place, hidden among some bleak hills and beside a quiet stream in the district where we were camping. There they hoped, or professed to hope, for a *dev darshan*—a meeting with a god.

We, with our Christian workers, planned also to go to this fair, but with an altogether different purpose. So, one cool morning the camp was all astir before daylight getting ready for the journey. The car was loaded to its capacity, with tent, rolls of bedding, as many Scripture portions as could be packed into our largest suit-case, and a supply of food sufficient to last our Indian workers for

several days. We then ate *chhota hazri* (tea and flat unleavened wheat-cakes), had prayer together for our Father's blessing, and were off. Our road was along the highway, then off into cotton fields and jowari fields, through clouds of dust and beds of sand, all of which was a severe test of the qualities of our car. We passed a number of Indian villages along the way, and finally reached our destination. While the Saheb and our Indian brethren looked for a place to put up the tent, I went over to a nearby tamarind tree along with Kashabai, a dear Indian sister, who gives her service to Christ voluntarily and without pay. As we were gathering some of the fruit from the tamarind tree a woman came out of the village toward us. As she drew near I said, "Salaam, bai." She very timidly returned the greeting. Then she said, "What are you doing here? I have never seen a white woman here before."

"We have come to the *yatra* to tell the people about the true God."

"Have you not come, then, to worship our gods?"

"Your gods have been made with hands. They have no life in them, and can do nothing for you. Our God, the living God who made heaven and earth, and who created you and me, is able to help you when you call upon Him."

"Who is the living God? Please tell me about Him. What is His name?"

"Come and sit down, bai, and we shall tell you about Him." She quickly responded and Kashabai and I told her the sweet, old story of the Cross, and how Jesus died and rose again to save her and all her people from their sins. She listened with eager attention to the blessed message. Then she turned to us and asked, "But when did He die? Did he die in *my* country? Will He hear *me* when I pray?"

How glad we were to answer her questions and point her to the One who came to seek and to save the lost. There under the tamarind tree she said, "I will worship Jesus the true God, always," and we believe she meant what she said. Then I said, "Bai, what is your name?"

"My name is Kashabai."

"How strange," we said. "Here are two Kashabais." And thus we parted from her, probably never to see her face again in this world. Will you not pray that the seed sown in that lone, earnest, seeking soul may grow, and that many more may hear through her, as through the woman of Samaria, and may come to Jesus and find life? Pray also for the other Kashabai who is one of God's own redeemed ones, working for Her Lord just because she loves Him, seeking to win her heathen sisters to Him.

Laura Carner.

BIBLE TRAINING SCHOOL

Last October several students finished their course and received their diplomas. We were thankful to send even a few workers into the needy fields. Others went out then for eight months' practical experience and the remaining students were to tour until Christmas. Despite the unsettled conditions, we had good attention in our meetings, and through the stereoptican pictures, many realised what the Cross of Calvary means. The recent arrest of home-rule agitators has precipitated riots and bloodshed in many places, and the future is uncertain. *India needs prayer as never before.*

During the winter term the students have conducted village Sunday Schools in nearby centres. Three of the groups were provided with small organs to help in the singing. In one village the people said, "Come and teach the children, but don't play the organ." There has been a scourge of small-pox with thousands of cases and hundreds

of deaths reported each week from E. Khandesh alone. The word for small-pox means goddess. The people consider it a visitation of a goddess who does not like music, hence their request. Children covered with scabs have often come to the Sunday Schools, and it has been impossible to go to market or village without seeing or coming into contact with such cases. *But we praise God for keeping us from the pestilence.*

The Sunday School work has given the students much good practice in telling stories, such an important part of gospel preaching in this land, and in handling children. The children have been taught hymns, Bible stories and verses, with reward cards for memory work done. Sometimes older boys have torn up cards or broken up meetings, but despite the obstacles, the seed has been sown with prayer and patience, and many children have gathered eagerly and learned the lessons readily. *Will you not pray for them?*

In April, Mr. C. W. Schelander, who has been teaching in the school for the past three terms, left on furlough. Mr. Schelander has spent over 30 years in India in hard, unremitting toil. The night before he left, the students arranged a farewell tea-party for him. He was garlanded and presented with a beautiful Panjabi shawl. One of the students gave an address recounting how Mr. Schelander had given the students a good example in his daily life. His son, F. W. Schelander, will give two days a week from his busy life in Bhusawal to help in the teaching this coming term.

There is always danger in teaching and studying the Bible in school that it become like any other subject, and head knowledge take the place of heart appropriation of truth. The letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life. Our great desire is that the life-giving Spirit may so fill students and teachers that the written Word may be living and powerful and the Incarnate Word may have full sway in our lives. *Will you not pray with us to that end?*

RAYMOND H. SMITH,

“ SAY THE NAME PRABHU YESHU ”

A small group of interested Kunbee (farmer caste) women had found their way out to our camping place just outside the village. They had come to see the Madam Saheb and also listen to the Story that she had to tell. Glad indeed for an opportunity to talk with these village women, the Biblewoman and I proceeded to tell them of Jesus and His redeeming love. They listened with rapt attention and soul hunger. Then one old motherly-looking woman, with tears in her eyes, spoke up and said, “ Oh, this Story sounds very sweet to me. It brings rest to my spirit. My little grandson has been sick for several months; and I have faith that if you will only come and see him and say the name of Prabhu Yeshu, he will recover.” We promised that we would come and pray for the child as she had requested. The women then left for their houses. Half an hour later, the Biblewoman and I walked over to the afflicted household. On entering the mud hut, we found the woman bending over her sick little grandson, repeatedly saying the name ‘Prabhu Yeshu.’ Noticing the relatives and others in the dark small room, we explained our reason for coming. Then, kneeling down by the crude rope cot on which the child lay all covered up, we called upon our Almighty God in the name of the Lord Jesus, to hear prayer and bring salvation and healing to this heathen home. We then left them, amidst many salaams and expressions of their appreciation of our visit.

A few days later we returned and found the little boy absolutely devoid of clothing up and playing around. He seemed in a natural, happy element. The grandmother met me and said with her face beaming with joy, “ You called on the name of Prabhu Yeshu, and He has made my grandson well.” And she went on further to express her gratitude and desire to worship this Lord Jesus. Oh! the matchless name of Jesus! How it soothes and comforts the heart of even a heathen woman out here in India! Will

you not join us in prayer that this mother, one of India's millions, may be won as a jewel for His crown.

ESTHER CROCKER.

NEWS ITEMS

With gratitude to God we report that the name of Gerald Carner—our biggest Missionary boy in India—has been added to the honour roll in Breeks School, Ootacamund, in recognition of high grades, especially in Mathematics and French, obtained in the Senior Cambridge Examination held last December. This distinction is equivalent to London Matriculation and entitles Gerald to admission in London, Oxford or Cambridge University without farther examination.

During the hot season Revs. E. R. Carner and A. I. Garrison had many opportunities for service in Conventions and other meetings held at different stations in the beautiful Nilgiri Hills. Several precious souls were converted under their ministry, while others testified to having received definite physical healing from the Lord. "With thanksgiving" continue to supplicate God for growing grace for these babes in Christ, remembering especially the Mohammedan youth who renounced Mohammedanism and accepted Christ.

Congratulations are due to Mrs. Fred Schelander and Miss Cutler who have passed their second Marathi examination. Mrs. Schelander was the only candidate who obtained honours in the examinations. Remember in prayer these now fully-fledged missionaries as they give their undivided attention to their work amongst the women of India.