

# The India Alliance

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No. 2

APRIL—JUNE

1932

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*'The work is still undone,  
The battle is still on,  
Some day the rest will come ;  
Some day the battle done.  
Till then, ours not to sleep,  
Nor yet to weep,  
But give, and go, and pray,  
In superhuman strength,  
Till, day by day,  
We come to know the length,  
And breadth, and height and depth,  
Of His great love for this lost world.'*

**“ OCCUPY TILL I COME ”**



ATTO AND BHARNA, AND LITTLE  
WALLACE RINGENBERG

# The India Alliance

A Bulletin of the India Mission of the Christian and  
Missionary Alliance

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## ‘Philip Findeth Nathaniel’

It had been years since the town of Birdej had had its first converts to Christ. At that time Bonibai, a crippled girl, and Bharna, the only son of a widow, gave their hearts to the Lord. The town was enraged and the headman by beating Bharna thought to rid him of his new religious ideas, but to no avail. The people of his quarters were zealous in their religion and patronized well the red-daubed idol in the small, white shrine. For those who had left off these old ceremonies and were singing the praises of Jesus, they had little sympathy. So following Jesus meant isolation, misunderstanding and persecution to these two young people. But for them, as for all saints, faith was the victory.

The favour of God was soon manifest in Bharna's life. He, with others of his town, worked as labourers for the irrigation department. The manager, finding him diligent and dependable, made him boss of the crew. The village headman and people of the town soon came to respect him also, and, best of all, his testimony by life and word was having its effect on his neighbours and crew. Calling his friends to his house he would read from the *Sunday School Quarterly*, sing hymns, pray, and exhort them to believe in the Saviour.

Atto was one of those most interested. He is a young *bhagat* (religious preceptor) and natural leader of the young men of his quarters. They would gather around him and sit for hours listening to religious palaver and singing vain, idolatrous songs. His father, an old man, is *mahater*, the person responsible to the village headman for the low-caste quarters. These responsibilities were naturally soon to devolve upon Atto. But now, with his interest in Bharna's religion increasing, the whole outlook is changed. It was a day of unspeakable joy to Bharna when Atto and three others of his crew openly confessed their Lord by baptism. However, that is always the part in India which Satan hates the most.

This occasion happened to be at the time of the Holi festival. Among the celebrations of this Hindu holiday is the lighting of great fires at dusk. Because of the rowdy conduct on such evenings, it becomes easy for an enemy to take revenge, claiming any hurt to have been an accident. On that day a scheme was concocted which was designed to force Atto to renounce the idea of being a Christian. Fortunately, Bharna had word soon enough to conceal him. The next day, however, he was beaten, and again at a later date he was bruised badly and pursued by an enemy on horseback, but each time the Lord has delivered him out of their hands. In my presence threats were made on his life and vows taken that he would not be allowed to live longer in his village. The young man lives in continual dread, but he has found a new joy, to which he testifies freely. He says he will not give up his Lord even though he must flee from his neighbourhood. In the face of this opposition, several others of Birdej, including Atto's wife, want to become disciples of our victorious Master. Pray that many may be brought into His glorious liberty.

J. S. RINGENBERG.

## Fishing

The beautiful blue mountains of South India, called the Nilgiris, are a delightful haven from the furnace heat of the plains, and are centres where new acquaintances are made and fellowships formed. They are also called the 'sportman's paradise'; but many of the sports are of a worldly character and preclude the participation in them by God's children. One of the sports, not necessarily included in the prohibited list, is 'fishing,' which is unusually good in the Nilgiris.

During May of this year, the Lord gave us a ministry to a resident who needed Christ as his Saviour. We heard that he was an expert fisherman. Contact was made through questions concerning the art of fishing, and he offered to show me how it is done.

One day, after he had met the Lord as his personal Saviour, we went out fishing. He did the fishing and I the observing.

We drove sixteen miles from Ootacamund, past eucalyptus groves, past wattle and tea plantations, over rolling downs, until we came to a clear mountain stream. My friend, noting the shape and colour of the water-flies of the locality, made a careful selection of similar flies, from his boxful of vari-coloured ones, and attached them so as to conceal the hooks. Skilfully he cast the line, sometimes near, sometimes right across the stream. We walked and scrambled along the river's bank for several miles, fishing at every likely spot, sometimes in whirlpools, in rapids, at the foot of noisy cataracts and in quiet waters. When a fish appeared on the surface he cast the invitation-fly to it, again and again, until it took the bait. Several times he changed the colour and type of fly. Tirelessly and persistently he cast the line, letting neither hot sun or sudden shower deflect him from his purpose. Evening came, rain clouds appeared, but he wanted another and another, until seven

beautiful rainbow trout were in his basket. Each had been caught in a different way. One or two were taken quickly and easily, others, especially the larger ones, struggled hard and long before they were drawn into the landing net.

As I watched my friend fishing that day there came to my mind many phrases of the spiritual analogy of our call by the Master to become fishers of men—of the Word of God exactly suited to the varying tastes of men, of the rod and line of the Spirit's operation, and of the necessity of skill in seeking to draw men out from the world in which they are separated from God. How well we should know the word as well as the hearts of men, that we take them for God! What patience, persistence and self-effacement are necessary to attract them! And even after the soul has been won, what skill is needed lest a slack line make it possible for him to escape, or too tight a line cause a break! And should we not be at it early and late, to save a soul from death and cover a multitude of sins!

As we were leaving, we suddenly came upon two poachers who came to fish without a license. They ran as if for their lives when they saw us. We hope they are caught and punished and the fish kept for those who will pay the price. And may God help us to hasten and catch the fish before they are ruthlessly destroyed by the religious poachers of today! May He teach us to 'Take men alive!' May we appropriate His promise, 'Come, follow me, and I will make you fishers of men.'

'I will make you fishers of men,  
Fishers of men, fishers of men.  
I will make you fishers of men  
If you follow me.'

A. I. GARRISON.

## Work Among the Women in Kaira

This year's work started with a seeming disappointment, as word came from the Superintendent of Police that ladies should not tour in the district alone on account of political unrest; but our Mission chairman made it an appointment as he said, 'Go.' His orders suited us better, so we made a camp nearer home than we had first planned. Our worker was haughtily refused a place to camp, the village patel saying we could go to the low caste. Hiralal, who has the bearing of a native prince himself, just as haughtily declined the offer, saying we were *not* low caste. The patel's attitude changed immediately, and we were soon settled in this very man's field, a beautiful quiet spot with lovely shade, and a well with an old Persian water-wheel, sending forth streams of refreshing crystal-clear water. The sons who worked at the well came often and we exchanged experiences. The oldest boy, telling of his experiences in jail as a political prisoner for fighting for national freedom, and we telling him of the freedom found in Christ. When we showed the lantern pictures of the life of Christ, he sat and looked with a hushed awe upon him and afterward he said, 'Oh, how different the story seemed when I saw the pictures. They make Jesus so real.' In different villages surrounding this camp the whole village came out to see the pictures, and they sometimes listened with such a reverent hush upon them that they seemed loath to move when it was finished. Soon after we left this camp the patel was robbed and beaten and barely escaped with his life.

Our last camp of the season was cut short by the Mehmedabad *mela*, but the second camp was in a Native State, where our contacts were varied indeed. Sometimes we entertained the simple peasant folk; sometimes the prince, dressed in the latest Piccadilly fashion; but whoever came, or whatever their motive, it was the Gospel they re-

ceived. One group, now farmers, used to be poets in the king's court, but with the passing of that splendour they were given, as a compensation, land to till. They were a pathetic as well as amusing group—old men, full of worldly wisdom, humour and poetry, but addicted to opium, with no hope outside of Christ. They listened eagerly as we told them of men in America who had been delivered from this habit by believing on Jesus. They carried news of us to their women, who do not go abroad, so we found an overwhelming welcome when we visited them. The daily visits from the women in the nearby fields brought more definite results, as little Mirnibai learned to read and to practice some of the teaching of Jesus. It is 'line upon line,' and one touring season is only a few lines, and those lines stir Satan to hinder, but from this year's work over 12,000 will have to stand before the Judge of all and say, 'We heard the Gospel news,' and there are 374 Portions of His Word that cannot return unto Him void.

Our share of the summer school teaching was searching the Word in the 'Prophets,' with four of our promising younger workers, in the eighth year's work of the Pastors' Course, and it was a blessing to teachers and students as God unfolded His will and laid upon us a fresh sense of responsibility for the souls of others.

The remainder of our ministry in the rains was confined to the nearby village and police line quarters, where we visited pretty, frail women in the zenanas—little rooms where they must stay, with no ray of sunshine to bring them health and colour, and no touch with the outside world, needing the healing touch of Christ for soul and body.

'But when He saw the multitude, He was moved with compassion on them.' Are we?

T. E. WRIGHT.

B. B. CONGER.

## A Little Gospel Song

Some thirty miles from Akola, far enough from the hub of missionary activity in this district to be almost left out in the distribution of the Bread of Life, lies a small village called Hingna. The seeds of truth, sown in the winter of 1928 in the hearts of the people in the out-caste quarter, resulted in the purchase of Gospels and the one cent hymn books. The Bible story, the song and the verse of Scripture, an attractive part of the programme of a village open-air meeting, were especially inspiring that day. Over and over the children sang a song, the gist of which is, 'Jesus, my Saviour, is very dear to me, in the time of trouble I call Him and He gives me joy.' The women caught the spirit of praise and joined in the song, till all were enthused. A father and twelve-year-old daughter, with their song book in hand, sat in the open, singing the three songs learned that day until they knew them by heart. Employed in the fields by the high-caste people, the little girl pulls the weeds and picks the cotton, singing, 'Jesus, my Saviour, is very dear to me.' She has added another song, 'Oh, for Jesus' sake, forgive all my sins and place the Holy Spirit in my heart to keep it cleansed.' Day by day the little Gospel singer sings her message in the field, until an aged high-caste woman is touched, and she, too, begins to sing.

About a year has passed and again we visit that village. This time we are seated in the Mayor's home. We have sung two favourite songs when a grey-haired woman exclaims, 'These are the very songs that the Mahar girl used to sing in the fields. Do tell me how I may be happy like she was. Would Jesus give me the Holy Spirit to keep my heart clean?' She took the books, and with the aid of her grandson planned to learn them for herself. 'Where is the child?' we asked. The reply was, 'She died not long ago, and no one sings them now.' We found the father and he bought a New Testament. Will not heaven

be dearer to you and us if, through your prayers and our toil, we should see some of these women and children, whose names have not been written in mission statistics, in the 'Land of Pure Delight'?

HELEN C. BUSHFIELD.

## Notes

The month of May is the intensest part of the Indian hot season. It is then that the missionaries try to leave the plains. Parents go where their children are in school, and there are happy reunions of families, who, for the Gospel's sake, and for the sake of the children's health and education, must be separated about nine months of the year. The children are brave, and early learn to take grace for life's difficulties.

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A note of thanksgiving was raised when it was reported that thieves, who had broken into a safe in Mehmedabad, had fled without obtaining the money in the safe. The Christians and workers carefully guarded the opened safe until Mr. Ringenberg returned.

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Miss Derr has spent a busy summer in Urdu language study, in order that the Muhammadan women in her districts might be reached by the Gospel in their own language.

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Misses King, Rurey, Steed and Krater have also spent a strenuous summer in the study of Sunday school method, in order to better reach the children.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. and Mrs. Amstutz have been having a severe test in repeated attacks of malaria. We are looking to the Lord, with them, for full deliverance.

Kindly note the Missionary Directory in the back of the paper, which failed to be printed in the last issue of THE INDIA ALLIANCE.

\* \* \* \* \*

The articles also, 'The Dawn' was written by Miss Julia Derr, and 'Seed Time' by Miss Bernice Steed.

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It was with deep regret that we heard of the death of the father of Mr. William Lewellen, which necessitates Mr. and Mrs. Lewellen's leaving India for the homeland. May the Lord bless and guide and keep them in their new path of duty!

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Mr. Raymond Smith, eager in anticipation of a happy time with his father, arrived in New York on furlough, to find that his father had passed away two weeks before.

\* \* \* \* \*

This is the fourth recent bereavement in our midst. Four parents of missionaries have in the past few months gone to be with the Lord, and eight in the past two years.

Think of

- Stepping on shore and finding it heaven!
- Of taking hold of a Hand and finding it God's Hand.
- Of breathing a new air and finding it celestial air.
- Of feeling invigorated and finding it immortality.
- Of passing from storm and tempest to an unknown calm.
- Of waking up and finding it Home.

# MISSIONARY DIRECTORY, 1932

*Headquarters:* AKOLA, BERAR

*Chairman:* REV. KIEL D. GARRISON

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### Chalisgaon:

MISS K. P. WILLIAMS

### Jalgaon:

MISS E. KRATER  
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## Nargaon (Temporarily Closed)

## GUJARAT

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### Kaira:

MISS M. WING  
MISS E. KING

### Mehmedabad:

REV. and MRS. J. S. RINGENBERG

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MISS B. CONGER  
MISS T. WRIGHT

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REV. and MRS. A. HELPERS  
MISS C. HANSEN

### Ootacamund, S. India

(Children's Home)

MISS E. LOTHIAN

### Kedgaon: Poona Dist.

(Ramabai Mukti Mission)

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