

The India Alliance

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

SEPTEMBER—OCTOBER

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1935

The Monsoon

BY REV. C. A. GUSTAFSON

The *monsoon* is a periodical wind in the Indian Ocean, blowing in upon the 'Land of Hind' from the southwest from April to October, and from the north-east during the rest of the year. The season during which this wind blows from the southwest is usually



C.A.G.

IN THE MONSOON—'STUCK.'

marked by rainfall throughout the greater part of India. There are a few desert spots where no rain falls, but there are other districts in which the yearly downpour averages as much as six hundred inches. Normally, the rainy season on the plains or the steppe lands of Hindustan lasts about ten to twelve weeks, and this wet period is commonly referred to as 'the *monsoon*.' And this is what we mean by that term.

During April the 'hot season,' or the intense summer heat which began in February, is gathering its forces to complete the task of making India a veritable land of 'burning sands.' The month of May, finding the work almost complete, settles down, nevertheless, to

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Nothing on the Plane of the Natural

But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God.—I Cor. 2: 14

How long it takes to learn this truth. Though God has stated it in His Word with emphasis and reiteration, and though it is daily demonstrated all about us, and often in our own experience, we learn it but slowly. If they that are in the flesh cannot please God and cannot be subject to the law of God (Rom. 8: 8, 7), then no service we do in our natural or fleshly strength or wisdom can count for God. Nothing on the plane of the natural counts. God does not want it. He cannot use it. It belongs to the dead past which was done away with in Christ crucified. God wants the work of the new risen Man in us. He wants the service that springs from the recognition that Christ's life in us, and through us, is all that is worth anything.

Much that passes as service for God is therefore useless in His sight. Its motive was the impulse of the natural heart, and without faith; its strength was the energy of the natural heart; its objective was the improvement of something in the present world system.

God would have us to discount the natural man not just a little and not just in part, but one hundred per cent. Failure to do this has hurt the Lord's children in a thousand ways. The just (those justified and therefore children who have been born of the Spirit) shall live by faith. In the realm of faith, in the realm of the Spirit, is the place to get the help from God that will make our service tell for Him and bring His blessing now and His 'well done' at the judgment seat of Christ.

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additional scorplings as only a tropical sun can do when shining through a cloudless sky. At evening that sun resembles a huge ball of molten metal which somehow seems to merge with the earth at the horizon, rather than to drop below the sky-line. All nature appears burned to a crisp, and man and beast are baked and blistered until they seem to blend into their charred environment. Nothing stirs, life seems gone. Such is the holocaust June looks upon, but not for long, as a rule. Soon there is a stirring, a movement in the air; a wind called the *loo* sweeps over the desolation. This wind is the vanguard of the long-looked-for *monsoon*. Its touch to all that still retains any life is like that of a scorpion's sting, but this burning wind brings the clouds, which not only shut off the rays of

the sun, but carry the rain which will bring about the necessary resurrection.

About the middle of June the rain begins to fall. The down-pour is like a cloud-burst, but the ground has been dried out to such great depths that the rain is soaked up as fast as it falls from the wide-open clouds. Nevertheless, the surface soil is able to retain enough of the warm rain as it passes through to sprout the blades of all seeds within its protecting bosom, and soon the desert of yesterday is a miracle of riotous bloom. The deciduous *babhul* shoots forth its



C.A.G. OUT OF THE WATER AND THE FINAL 'HELP.'

tender leaves and buds; the sage and kindred brush show tremendous growth in a remarkably short time, and every vine, shrub and tree recklessly responds to the rain. It is hard to realize that this miracle of growth, this profusion of verdure was brought about by nothing more than rainfall.

Soon man and all animal life respond, first to the refreshing alleviation of the burning heat of the sun and the unpleasant sting of the *loo*, then to the deep satisfaction of slaked thirst and abundance of water for every needed purpose, and finally to the song of joy which springs from a heart touched by nature in bloom. Men, women, boys and girls, all seem to go wild with delight. Offerings to the many gods are unstintingly pledged, revelry in the hope of plenty is the spirit throughout. Wherever there is a pool or tank of standing water, all pile into it. There the cattle and the human beings wallow and roll, oblivious to everything save that the *monsoon* has come.

But why this picture of the *monsoon*? Because, just now we are in the very middle of the rainy season, and as we behold the unbounded

joy of man and beast because the drought is done with for a time and the rain has come, we are reminded of God's promise in Isaiah, 55: 10 and 11, 'For as the rain cometh down, . . . and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it to bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater: so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper . . . whereto I sent it.' May the spiritual showers for sin-parched India come soon, very soon, and may many of India's unsaved millions experience the deeper and the lasting joy from such a downpour. Are you joining us in definite intercession for this?

Concerning Our Pictures

The two pictures that tell a little part of the story of the *monsoon* hardly need any word of explanation. They are contributed by Rev. C. A. Gustafson whose interesting article on the same subject is one which you will enjoy reading. Perhaps it will not be telling tales out of school to inform you that the missionary who got 'stuck' is Mr. Gustafson himself. We are glad to report that he got started again and is going strong. The picture on *Saying 'goodbye' to Hinduism* is a baptismal scene. At the left is the river and the man to be baptized is sitting on the ground, while a Christian brother standing by him is in the act of snipping off the new Christian's caste-crest, the tuft of hair worn by Hindus at the top of the scalp. That is a part of the heathen past to the Christian and so it must go at the time he is buried with Christ in baptism. The symbol of the old goes as he accepts the symbol of the new by being baptized in water.

The Story of My Life

BY REV. S. D. BOWER

'Thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption.'—Isa. 38: 17

It was probably in June of the year 1888 that I was born. My birthplace was Kudha Deo, a place sacred to the Hindus, about six miles from the city of Bundel Khand. The name, Kudha Deo, means a god dug from a heap of refuse. My parents were of the potter caste. I had little joy in seeing my father, for he was a sorcerer and was finally driven away from home by the evil spirits which controlled him. My mother who was then young and strong did her

best to rear me and my brother. But it was the time of the great famine of 1896–1897 and the struggle to keep alive was great. Then our mother died and my brother and I were left alone in the world. Hunger drove us into the town to seek for food. I was picked up by a cartman who was on his way to Lallitpur, a place in British territory. At this place was a Government food-stall and there I was left. I was there nearly a week and each day witnessed victims of the famine perish. After a few days I managed to slip away with some older boys who were in search of a Mission Orphan School about which we had heard.

Through God's good grace I was received into the school. After being there about a month I was transferred along with others to the Alliance Mission in Akola, Berar. This was in 1897. Then began my school days and I was taught both in Marathi and in English. The first few years were trying ones as the language, the people, and the climate were all new to me. Until I was fourteen years of age I remained indifferent to spiritual things. At that time I fell seriously ill. I overheard someone say, 'He may die.' This greatly frightened me and I cried to God for mercy. He heard my cry and saw my tears. Within a few days I was restored to health. But this sickness sobered me and I began to read the Bible and to pray. I passed examinations in Bible study and even won prizes in them, but I was not saved.

In 1907 Rev. Carl Erickson, a revival preacher of the Alliance Mission, came to Akola. He preached about hell. By this my whole attention was arrested. The verse in Rev. 21: 8, went down to my heart:

But the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolators, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death.

I became restless, for I saw my own self—a dreadful picture. The hell flames seemed to devour me. I cried in bitter agony for help. That night, I saw Jesus the Saviour standing in front of me, saying, 'Come, my lad, to Me.' I ran to Him. I found the Lord Jesus was between me and the flames of hell. Then the Lord began to talk to my heart. I saw that He loved me; that He came into this world of sin for me; that He had delivered my soul out of the burning pit; that He died for me; that His hands and feet were pierced and had bled for my sake; that the thorns on His brow and the wound in His side delivered my soul from this terrible pit of

corruption. I saw that His blood was the price He gave for my sins. And I saw that He was now risen from the dead and forever alive for me. To Him I said, 'Lord I want to love Thee and live for Thee.' He blessed me and a great peace possessed my heart and I burst into song. Next morning I was a changed young man.

(To be continued)

Prayer Changes Things

BY MRS. E. W. CROCKER

A group of eight or ten Indian Christian men and women, gathered in a small room of the municipal hospital, to pray for the healing of one of their number who lay there seriously ill. One of their number, an elder of his church, prayed for and anointed the patient with oil as God's Word in James directs. Then followed from each one of the group present earnest prayer on behalf of the one who was sick. We believe their prayer ascended to the throne of grace as a sweet-smelling savour. As the missionary beheld this company of men and women kneeling thus, her heart was filled with praise to God for what the gospel had done in transforming these lives. Most of them had come from the outcast community of Hindu society. They were a living testimony to the power of Christ to keep from sin, and in striking contrast with the heathen men and women coming in and out of the hospital, seeking relief from various ills.

And was theirs 'the prayer of faith'? Yes, praise God, it was. From the mouths of these redeemed Hindu men and women God heard and answered. In a few days the patient had recovered and was able to leave the hospital, to the astonishment of the Hindu doctor and attendants.

Notes of Praise

For definite answer to prayer in the solving of a problem in the Indian Church in Bhusawal.

For a definite touch of healing in the bodies of some of our missionaries.

For the measure of blessing realized in the work of the Summer Schools. God has made His Word more real and newly-fresh to many hearts.

For the supply of the temporal needs of the missionaries in these hard days.

For the faithful friends in the homelands who sacrifice for us and pray for us and thus show that they are co-workers with us in this work of the Lord.

Calls for Prayer

Pray for the annual conference of our missionaries. The dates, October 23 to 30, are not so far ahead that God will have forgotten your prayer, if it is the believing kind. He never forgets, and there is need



SAYING 'GOODBYE' TO HINDUISM.

that His children should pray through beforehand for this important gathering. It is hoped that Mr. George Patterson of Honor Road, London, will be with us at that time. God has greatly used this humble servant of His, and may we not believe that through him God will start a deep revival in our midst, one that will not cease till our Lord returns?

Pray for the Indian Empire. The new Government of India Act, which has been passed by Parliament and signed by the King-Emperor, brings India into the class of self-governing dominions of the British Empire. As Britain seeks to mould the policies of this great Empire, may not His children be stirred to pray and believe that His Church in India will rise up in the name of the Lord and evangelize India's three hundred and fifty millions of people?

Pray for the boys and young men of Christian parents who flock to our big cities, where they meet conditions new to them and fraught with subtle and dangerous possibilities, and where they do not have the steadying hand of father and mother and home to strengthen them against temptation.

Pray for the children of our missionaries, for their physical and mental and spiritual well-being.

Pray for the new territory in Northern Gujarat which we are planning to evangelize. Pray that the most strategic center may be found from which to work, and that the Lord Himself will choose and call and equip His servants who will go to this difficult field.

Pray for the hungry souls in India who are turning to Theosophy and other modern substitutes for the Gospel. Pray that they may be brought into contact with those who know Jesus Christ, the One who fills 'the hungry with good things.'

Pray for a young Brahmin gentleman who is convinced of the truth, but whose courage thus far has failed him when he contemplates making the open confession of Christ, which would cost him all the world, but would bring him everlasting peace and joy.

Pray for God's plan for each of His servants in the coming touring season. That sufficient funds may be provided each one to enable him to go to the places that wait for the message God wants him to give. For a fresh anointing of the Spirit of God upon each messenger.

This Trio

As we finish reading the proof sheets for this number of the BULLETIN there comes to mind a splendid trio of young people, two big brothers and a sister, for whom we specially ask prayer. The older brother is a headmaster in a government school. The sister is headmistress in a girls' school. The other brother works in a government office. All three are bright young people whose hearts are friendly toward the gospel, but who are pagans by birth and rearing. We have had the privilege of doing the brothers a favour and we are praying that the Lord will open their eyes to 'the kindness and love of God.' Will you not take them into your hearts and bear them to the throne of God's wonderful grace? The secret of nearly every conversion in India is prayer. Help win these souls. Pray.