"For we are labourers together with God."

"In everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God."

I Cor. 3: 9.

Phil. 4: 6.

GANGA.

I noticed her one morning as we were holding a meeting at the home of a "guru" (Hindu religious teacher) who had been friendly enough to ask us to sit in the shade of his veranda. She had quietly slipped into the group of women sitting before us, nothing noticeably different from the others who had gathered, but as I looked toward her I saw that she was intensely interested in the message of Christ's love unto death for the lost and erring. The look of amazement and sympathy upon the woman's face held my attention, and soon I saw that she was weeping. Until then she had been unconscious of us all, but catching my eye she quickly wiped away her tears and covered her face with her "sari" (Hindu dress which also serves as a head-cloth). Spurred on with the conviction that at least one soul was opening up to the message of God's redeeming love, we continued to hold forth Christ as the one and only hope for all mankind. Just then, to our dismay, one of India's favoured sons, a Bania (high caste merchant and
money-lender) coming along tried to break up the meeting. This class is one of the hardest to deal with. Proud, as well as haughty by nature, they have long since decided that they are right and all others are wrong, so why should these high caste women listen to the foreigner? Shouting at the top of his voice and strutting to and fro in his exaggerated pomposity he almost had us discouraged, but Ganga, sensing our feelings, spoke up, quoting an old Gujarati proverb, "Are the five fingers of the hand alike?" "Don't you bother about him!" These remarks from this much-interested woman turned the tide in our favour and we were able to finish our meeting in peace.

At the close of the service the "guru" asked for a book, so we gladly stayed on a while longer to encourage him to read faithfully its message of life. Ganga, too, had remained and was an interested witness to the religious teacher's buying of the "Believer's" Scriptures. Said she, "I cannot read, but when our guru reads I'll come to listen."

On our way out of the village we passed through a section where the women were very busy rebuilding their homes which had fallen during the recent flood, so believing in "sowing beside all waters" at all times we stopped in the coolest spot we could find and began to sing. Soon most of the women dropped their work and gathered near. Imagine our surprise to see our newly found friend, Ganga, her face wreathed in smiles, coming hurriedly up the lane which led to our retreat. She seemed loath to leave us, and as we finally left the village, homeward bound, she asked us to be sure to come again.

A few weeks later we had an opportunity to again visit Ganga's village. Needless to say that our first concern was to find our much interested friend. News of our arrival in the village had reached Ganga before we were able to find her home, so when we came at last to the narrow, winding lane, at the end of which Ganga's house stood, she was already in her doorway waiting to greet us. Her
first words reassured our hearts that she was still interested beyond the ordinary. Said she, "God has sent you this way! Come in." Ganga is a Brahmin by caste, one of the highest, and it is something unusual for any of this priestly caste to touch anyone save a fellow-casteman. But the Gospel story had worked wonders, yes, a miracle in this Brahmin widow's heart. "It is well, you have come," she said, and then, to my surprise, she took me by the hand and conducted me through her house into the cool court-yard beyond. To a small lad who had followed us in Ganga said, "Go fetch the women of the neighbourhood." In a short time a half-dozen of her most intimate, or may be it would be better to say her most courageous friends, had found their way into Ganga's court-yard. Never will I forget the joy experienced in that simple meeting! One of the songs my Biblewoman and I sang that morning has a title which freely translated would read — "Nothing is gained by a change of dress unless the heart has been changed." This song is very pointed to the Indian mind. Here the clothing identifies! The saffron-robe proclaims the priest or holy (?) man. How often the poor, heart-hungry Hindus have found to their sorrow that the change of dress has been no help toward a change of heart! As soon as we had finished our song, Ganga, too full to keep still any longer, spoke out, "True, it's true! If our dress be ever so costly and fine, but our hearts wicked, of what profit is it?" Clasping her hands before her she begged of us to tell her and her friends again the story of God's love for man. How her face shone and her eyes beamed with restrained emotion! I wish I could make you see, hear and feel the joys experienced at the sight of a humrtu soul unfolding to God! My greatest cause for thanksgiving was still to come. "Madam Sahib, I'm only two weeks old!" burst forth Ganga. At first I did not understand what she meant. "Yes", said she, "It is just two weeks since I confessed my sins to Jesus, and He has changed my heart. All my neighbours are saying that I have become one of
"Believers," but it does not hurt me, for the story is hidden deep in my heart and no one can take it away from me! We wept as we listened. Wept for joy as we rode through the jungles home to our tent. Another soul had found "The Pearl of great price."

This touring season we have found a number of such as Ganga. None so outstanding, nor as definite in their experience, but nevertheless earnestly interested in the Message of Love. Pray for these Indian women, bound by chains of caste and custom almost beyond comprehension. Especially pray for those "whose hearts the Lord hath touched." Definitely pray for Ganga. Her last word to us as we left the village was: "Do not forget to pray for me by name." Let us do it.

RUTH H. GUSTAFSON.

NO OTHER NAME.

My Biblewoman and I have enjoyed our work this winter in more than thirty villages around Khamgaon.

The people have been sometimes friendly; sometimes unfriendly and sometimes curious but there were always those who were willing to listen. One morning we arrived at one of these villages and were escorted by the usual curious throng to the headman's house. They proved friendly and we told a large crowd about Jesus. As I was speaking I noticed an old man scolding the noisy children on the edge of the crowd. When they were quiet he leaned against the wall and listened to our message. We told them how Hinduism cannot save them and quoted their proverb, "I've done Kashi, I've been to Benares, but the unrest in my soul has not gone." Literally—"I've done all I know to find peace and failed." They nodded assent and we told them of Jesus. When we went to the next place the old man followed and listened again while we talked and sang. Then as we started to look for a third crowd he said, "Bai,
there is no one over there, come with me," and he led us into his own courtyard. Then, after giving us a comfortable seat he said, "What you say is true, Bai. Now tell us how to get Salvation. Do you say the name of Jesus?" So we told them again how to confess their sins and pray in the name of Jesus and that God would hear for Jesus' sake.

He had already bought two Gospels but wanted a big book. I had no Testament with me that morning but promised him one if he would send for it. His last word as we left was, "Remember Bai, my son's name is Ramalal. I shall send him for the book." He is a high caste man, a goldsmith, and influential in his village. Pray that he may be saved.

**UNDER THE TREES.**

We had worked fast and now the last tent pegs were up and the kit piled on the carts and on its way home. As we sat there under the tree that had sheltered us from the heat, there was a feeling that we were leaving home and in our hearts deep compassion and love that could find vent only in earnest prayer and tears that would trickle down our cheeks. And for whom this compassion and prayer? The answer comes from people of the near-by village of Chaloda and the surrounding fields who were regular visitors at our camp.

Every night at the sound of the drums or victrola, groups of men, women and children had met at our tent door to learn bhajans (hymns) that were "all good not like ours." After each hymn they demanded an explanation. The exposition often developed into a sermon and the people sat in rapt attention with hungry eyes fastened on the speaker. Often a question led up to a friendly round table discussion on gods or doctrine, but a sudden demand for another song would end that. Time was no object and we stopped only when we were all too
weary to sing or speak. Thus singing song after song they learned many of the hymns. More than once as the Truth was being given fearlessly they would squirm and in an undertone say, “Bai Sahib, don't talk about that.” Conviction was strong and this last day one man said, “And this salvation you have been telling about, Miss Sahib, how shall we know when we have received it?” And how? only through the finished work of God in their hearts. They continue to come to us—a long, hot journey on foot—seeking more Light. Will you not share our burden in prayer for them?

Blanche B. Conger.

TOURING IN PACHORA.

If one has never been to a religious festival he has missed seeing the very heart of the Hindu people. This year at Maheji our forces were strengthened by the coming of Rev. Schelander, our nearest fellow-missionary, from Jalgaon, and we had a profitable time among both men and women during the days of the yatra. On the closing days men dressed in women’s clothing for the amusement of the crowds. This is considered one of the biggest events of the yatra and yet, one day about 125 men sat for over an hour and listened to the Gospel as though spellbound while these men were performing not more than twenty yards distant. This was a very unusual occurrence, and we felt that God was very especially manifesting His presence.

There were discouragements too. Somehow it grieves one’s heart to see children turned from our Lord. Several times cow dung and stones were thrown by the school-boys. These boys are taught by the school masters to hate the Christians, and to do all in their power to combat the Gospel. Often boys will buy Gospels and in a day or so either bring them back and tell us that they are not good to read, or will tear them up. In one or two towns where the masters are friendly we had good success.
Pray for the school masters, that their hearts may be changed, so that the minds of the children will be turned towards, rather than away from the Gospel.

Isabelle Conant.

REDEEMED OUT OF EVERY KINDRED AND TRIBE.

At our last annual Convention we were moved over two hundred miles. Though we are still in the same language speaking area, still we find quite a different type of people whose mode of living varies from that of the people of the Amraoti district.

One of the new things we encountered was the presence of an aboriginal tribe, called the Bheels. These people are noted for robbery and law breaking, but in many cases are open to the Gospel.

From one camp in the extreme end of our district we visited a very small village of these people. This village of only about six houses was without even a cart-road leading to it, but we soon made an auto-road through the ploughed field. Upon our arrival we found the people ready to listen to the simple Gospel story which we came to tell them. Then, as is often the case, we had to listen to their grievances. One old man, tottering with age, told us he had lost his heritage as the headman of the village and thus lost his honour. It was not the loss of the salary which amounted to about $6.00 per year, which he mourned, but the honour which was gone. Using this as an illustration we showed him the worthlessness of earthly gain in attaining eternal salvation. Then we again explained very simply the way of salvation through Jesus Christ, and also the first prayer of the penitent. Over and over he repeated the name of Jesus after us, and light seemed to dawn upon his darkened heart. May God plant in the spirit of poor old Rajaram the assurance of eternal salvation.

Olen G. Schlatter.
A LITTLE LETTER ABOUT A YATRA.

If I were an artist and could paint a picture of the yatra some of us visited recently and you could look upon that picture, it would cause you to pray more tearfully and more believingly for the lost souls of India.

Try to see a small Oriental village, with its mean huts and narrow streets, set close up to steep, barren hills, at a point where a small river emerges from a narrow gorge in those hills. Walk through the streets of that village, up the rough narrow valley and see the rocks that have been worn into all sorts of fantastic shapes by the rushing waters of a thousand rainy seasons. Deep pools of water are there now, even though the rainy months of the present year are far behind. Near the river are thick bushes and scraggy trees. Birds chirp in the trees and if you throw crumbs into the pools you will get glimpses of fish swimming there, some of them quite large.

It might have been a beautiful place to go to and certainly it would have been interesting for the student of nature, but—in that little valley with its steep sides and its strange formation of rocks, is a nest of devils, and a certain gloom hangs over the place. Idols, too obscene to be described, wait for yearly worship in the dark recesses of various shrines set here and there in the sides of the valley, and the paths to them are so precipitous that you need to be nimble of foot and of quick and certain eye if you are to walk safely to these shrines. One idol is set far up the side of the valley and reached only by a path which leads through an underground passage through the rocks, where you must carry a lighted candle, and the same steep path is so near to the perpendicular walls of the valley at other places, that you will have to take special care not to fall down upon the rocks below. The idol that waits for worship at the end of that path is, of course, the chiefest of all, and if you would have dev darshan (vision of god!) you will have to go to that idol. That will be the climax of your pilgrimage to this yatra.
The days of the *yattra* have arrived. Into this mean little village pour hundreds, then thousands, of bullock carts. The hundreds are loaded with the commodities that the pilgrims will buy; the thousands are loaded with the pilgrims themselves. Rude tents, or cloths spread on bamboo poles, are set up along the sides of the valley where it broadens out at the village and on three sides of the village. We dare not take the time or words to go into details about these extemporized shops or stores; we merely want to mention that they are there, hundreds of them with all kinds of goods on sale. There are merry-go-rounds, and a circus, and other pleasure devices, and a space kept open for stump orators, in these days of too-free speech in India; and, in short, our lonely, mean little village has suddenly become a centre of wide interest and a momentary, noisy, agitated metropolis. The streams of carts grow thicker and the honk, honk of motor cars is heard. Pilgrims from near and far pour in by thousands. Many of them have walked for days to get here; others have travelled in the slow-going bullock carts—a method only some degrees less wearisome. The hot sun has beat their heads and their backs all through the days, and chill winds at night have made their weary bones ache the more. Dust, dust, dust, has accompanied their every step in thick clouds around them and, as much of it as can, has clung to them, enough of it to change the colour of clothing and complexion. And at the end of the pilgrimage the first big day is a fast day! Yet, they come up through the valley of the shrines singing! The young with smiling, vivacious countenances, the old with hopeless stoicism. They buy flowers and coconuts and other little presents to lay before their gods. Beggars lie, blind and lame or maimed by leprosy, on the sun-scorched rocks in their pathway, and, beside their gifts for their gods, pilgrims stop anon and throw a copper coin to these broken-bodied spirits that reap what must be to them a fat harvest, since their wretched condition can appeal to so many in so
short a time and under such auspicious circumstances.

The crowd keeps thickening and native policemen in blue cotton uniforms and Hindu boy "volunteers" in khaki uniforms stand here and there in the valley with big bamboo sticks to control the traffic. They guide the ingoing stream by one path over the rocks and the outcoming stream by another, and if some poor stupid pilgrim gets to the wrong side they yell and brandish the bamboo till he finally understands and, like the poor lost sheep that he is, turns into the way marked out for him. Here, at one point, the way leads steeply up over a great rock, and under that rock a god has been located conveniently by the wily Brahmans. All over the side of it red paint has been daubed and now as the tide of souls passes by it, thousands of cocoanuts are broken on its hard surface and the shells pile up in great heaps, while the kernels are safely tucked under the folds of the pilgrims' garments unless the kernels happen to be mouldy and unpalatable, in which case the god may have the shell and the kernel too! One pilgrim has made a little offering of fire and the cocoanut husks have become ignited. A wary watchman stands near to keep the fire within bounds and an unwary pilgrim has stepped on the smouldering embers and burnt his foot. We commiserate him and incidentally ask him how a god that can be appeased with cocoanut shells can satisfy the longings of his heart. He smiles at this but offers no solution to the problem.

The hot, dusty hours pass by and the night settles over the place. God's stars shine brightly above and declare in sweetest majesty His glory, but the pilgrims see it not. The smoke of their cow-dung campfires stings one's nostrils the air is thick with other unwholesome odours; drums beat here and there and the singing of the praises of the gods in women's voices can be heard at a great distance, mingled with the lower toned shouts of men as they utter some old time-worn phrase of Hindu poetry about their deities.
Once more the day comes. To us it is the Lord’s day. To them it is another big day of the yatra, the biggest but one of the occasion. Still the river of human life widens and thickens. The paths to the shrines are crowded and in the evening we learn that three hopeless pilgrims have lost their footing on the steep bluff and have been dashed to death on the rocks below. Here and there through that great throng of people we move with the message of God’s holy love. There is little or no chance to preach but we can offer the printed Word, at least, and we attract attention by calling out that our books tell of the true dev darshan, vision of God, and the Way that leads to life eternal. Hundreds do hear and get a copy of some part of God’s Word.

We are weary and sweated and dusty and sad and—glad. The reason for weariness is obvious and need not be explained. The sadness of such a scene is more than can be told in words. We have looked into thousands of faces—some of them intelligent, some stupid—all of them the faces of our fellows. They are without God and without hope in the world. Soon their dusty, little pilgrimage over life’s weary way will be ended and then—the night.

We are glad that a few have been interested in the Book that tells the meaning of it all and the Way out. We are not in despair because He that is soon to reign in a kingdom of light is fast hastening the day of His coming.

EARL R. CARVER.
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