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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INDIA'S FUTURE

It is not a hard task to write of India's glorious past history, her various systems of religious philosophy, her iron-cast rules and regulations and binding manners and customs of her many castes. Neither is it hard with so much material at hand to write of her present day religious political condition. To-day we see India seething from Cape Comorin to the Himalayas with a Neo-Politico religion pregnant with communal division and hatred between Hindoos and Mohammedans. The whole land is aflame with a fiery patriotism that knows neither reason nor bounds. Remembering the past we stand aghast and wonder what will be next.

The writer who has spent thirty-six years in this land is firmly convinced that no man, however intelligent and well-informed he may be, can with any degree of accuracy tell us what will happen to-morrow. The Congress' slogans are daily sung by men, boys and even girls, "Destroy all British trade," "Buy no foreign cloth," Down with the white face," "Up with our own flag," "Long live
Mahatma Gandhi,” “Burn the Christian’s Bible”—These and similar expressions indicate the real feeling of the people. Women, young and old of refined family origin, are picketing liquor and foreign cloth shops and leading mob processions. Bands of boys and girls in many places jeer the missionaries as they strive to preach the Gospel. Despite murder, arson, intimidation, boycott of trade and schools many Indian Christians also are entering Congress and praying for the success of the movement.

The clouds are black, too black to see through, but the command still is, “Preach the gospel.” All these are end signs. “Even so, come, Lord Jesus.”

WILLIAM MOYSER.

“SOW THE SEED, SOW THE SEED”

How eagerly India’s parched brown earth awaits the coming of the monsoon after having been baked and scorched throughout the long hot summer months. When the rain begins to fall she drinks and drinks and drinks again. And India’s farmers are no less eager as they daily watch the sky for any indication of a rain cloud. They make ready their fields and then wait for them to slake their thirst with the water that God in His mercy sends upon them. Not only the clouds bring hope to the heart of the farmer but a timid little gray bird sings, “Bee Paru, Bee Paru” (Sow the seed, sow the seed). When this little harbinger begins his song the farmer goes forth to scatter the seed with a generous hand, hoping for a big harvest in return.

No doubt this little bird has a message for us as well as the farmer. God says, “In the morning sow thy seed and in the evening withhold not thine hand.” But He also says, “He that observeth the wind shall not sow, and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap.” Great clouds are hanging over India these days—clouds of unrest
and lawlessness, clouds of fear and hatred. When clouds take the form of men and boys who feel it their duty to fill the air with Home-Rule slogans we find it a bit hard to keep sowing the seed and get the Message across.

Long before the sun appears above the horizon in the morning we can hear, "Mahatma Gandhiki jai" (Victory to Mahatma Gandhi) as it bursts in unison from eager throats. When we close our eyes in sleep at night the same refrain is floating through the air. Wherever we go we hear it. Young and old, rich and poor unite their voices in crying, "Victory to Mahatma Gandhi; shame, shame; boycott, boycott. Burn the Bibles, burn the Bibles. Drive out the white face. Give us Home Rule."

A few days ago when we alighted from our car at the edge of a village we were met by a crowd of young men and boys wearing Gandhi caps and dressed in coarse white homespun, the insignia of the Home Rule party. Many a time we have taught these same lads Scripture verses and Christian hymns, but this day one of them came up to us and said, "I am Gandhi's friend." We just smiled and said, "How nice it is to have friends. We, too, have a very good Friend, and we have come this morning to tell you about Him." A woman very kindly spread down a mat for us to sit on and we soon had a large crowd around us. Did they listen? To be sure they did. They sat for over an hour while we told them about the only Friend who can save and keep from sin. But when we had given the message and started to return to the car they followed us and the air was filled with "Mahatma Gandhiki jai." Our hearts were heavy that morning as we returned home. How we longed and prayed that these young men might take Jesus as their friend. But they seemed to prefer Gandhi to Jesus. However, before we went to the village we had knelt in prayer and claimed a soul for God and we believe that some one heard God speak that morning and they will never be able to forget.
Day by day these ominous clouds are gathering. But the little bird says, "Sow the seed, sow the seed." We ask you dear people in the homeland to pray that God will help us to sow the seed without observing the clouds that we may reap the harvest in due season.

HARRIET BEARDSLEE.

THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS

Recently we visited two village Christian conventions and we wish that you could have had the same privilege. These little conventions are a kind of new departure in our missionary work in India. They are asked for by the community of Christians in the villages and these Christians hold themselves responsible for the entertainment of those who attend the meetings.

The first was held near the village of Bahirkhed, in the Akola district, now in charge of Rev. K. D. Garrison. A little cluster of beautiful young mango trees made the temple, where we worshipped. Just across the field in which the tents were pitched the grey, clay walls of village huts rose, like a huge ant-hill, out of the level of the plain. Thorn branches stuck in the ground marked the edges of the field and incidentally collected as much dust as they could hold. The weather was hot and through the long, lazy hours between eleven in the morning and four o'clock in the afternoon the heat danced over the level stretches around us in millions of nimble little waves that poured in boundless plentitude from the great source of heat and light in the sky above. But the shade of the beautiful mango trees, in their new summer suits of fresh, living green, shielded us from the worst of the heat, and we found the place to be a hallowed spot.

The little company of Christians who gathered here to worship God were, for the most part, idolators only a few years ago. Now they were telling of what Jesus had done
for them, and as we listened to their testimonies and their prayers or saw how they paid attention to the preaching of the Word, we somehow felt that they were at the heart of things more than many of the Christian groups with whom we have worshipped in the West. One man, whose face showed that he was rather a pronounced character, told how Jesus had saved him from all his bad habits and that because of this great deliverance he knew that Jesus was the real Saviour and the true and living God. This man voluntarily goes from village to village over the countryside and seeks to win his people to Christ. He spends whole nights with interested people of his own outcast community, persuading them of the truth, and it is reported that when he has thus talked with a group of men they lose their interest in idolatry. A goodly number of such have turned definitely to Christ and are following Him.

Another little man, no taller than Zacchaeus we feel sure, tells how the Lord Jesus has brought him through sickness, trial and persecution. He, too, is a soul winner and will, if he keeps on, "shine as the stars for ever and ever" for he is turning "many to righteousness" (Dan. 12:3). He also is a voluntary worker. Some of his converts are in the convention and among them is his father, a man no taller than himself but with a shining face, such as idolators never have. The prayers in the meetings are simple and earnest, and sometimes the language is that of babes in Christ, but the hearts of the missionaries are made glad and they would rather be in worship with these little sheep of the great Shepherd's fold than to have all the emoluments the world has to offer.

The second convention we lately attended was similar to the first one and yet different as to details and environment, held in Rev. L. E. Hartman's district. This time the "temple" was on the bank of a little river and above a melon patch in the bed of the river. Our shade was not
from mango trees but from "babool" or acacia trees—not so thick or cool as that of mango trees—but grateful shade all the same. The hot breezes played with the folds of our tents and gave us a large percentage of our "peck of dust" to eat, then and there.

Here, too, we rejoiced in beholding how the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ can take poor, dehumanized "untouchables" and turn them into cleansed, joyful, peace-filled children of God Himself. We sat in these meetings and listened to testimonies of deliverance which were as wonderful as any we have heard in America. One dear, humble brother, whose life lines up with his testimony, told how he had lived in a place infested with snakes and how the Lord had protected him from them. One day as he sat reading his Bible he suddenly became aware of a cobra just by him with its head raised and its hood spread—the attitude a cobra assumes when about to strike its fangs into its victim. "And," said this child of God, "I was not afraid, for God's peace was in my heart. I just sat still and breathed a prayer. What else could I do? And then the snake put down its head and began to crawl rapidly away. Then I ran after the snake and killed it." Others told of being healed by the Lord Jesus in the presence of the idolators about them, in answer to prayer.

One beautiful feature of both these conventions was the singing. A dear Indian brother whom God has endowed with a sweet, strong, mellow voice "lined the hymns" for his illiterate brethren—most of these village Christians are illiterate—and it was a joy indeed to behold how they followed his lead in singing the praises of our Lord Jesus. Most of the hymns were native in tunes and meter, quite unlike anything you of the West have ever known. But occasionally a translation of some loved old hymn of childhood years at home would be sung. There are some hymns which belong to the whole church, not prescribed by time or climate or custom or language, and when we
heard these old tunes with their words translated into Marathi, being sung by these recent converts from idolatry to Christ our hearts rejoiced within us. Imagine how you would feel if you were to hear men and women of another race and tongue, newly turned from bowing down to ugly idols of stone, now humbly worshipping the Lord Jesus in the singing of these words,

Just as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

I would rather have written that hymn than to have been the author of almost any of the great books I have ever read.

These little conventions are fraught with vast possibilities. God has ever shown in His Word and in all history that we should not despise the day of small things, and faith can see how such gatherings may be the beginning of great things for His church in this land. These converts are talking about the prospective conversion of their fellows in larger and larger numbers, in the language of faith. And other converts are coming and giving as their reason that they heard some “witness” telling about Jesus. We thank God and take courage.

EARL R. CARNER.

“THEY SHALL BE FILLED”

We are filled with praise as we think of all our Lord has done for His little church in Pachora.

There has been a growing hunger among a number of our people here for a closer walk with Christ, and they have held short meetings for praise and prayer every night for nearly a year. These times of prayer have yielded fruit. One of our young men, Devdatt, (interpreted, the name means, “consecrated to a god”) has consecrated
himself now to God and the ministry and only last month went to our Alliance Bible School at Nargaon.

We have just finished two series of special meetings, the first with Rev. A. I. Garrison, and the second with Mrs. Ramsey as special speaker. From the first, the Holy Spirit was present in blessing and power. Two of our Christian women who were not sure of their salvation, were brought to a knowledge of having passed from death unto life. This experience has brought peace and joy into their changed lives. A number of dear Christians confessed faults to one another, and sought forgiveness. These practical results of spiritual blessing were what we were longing to see. Several of the flock very definitely consecrated their lives in full surrender to God to be led by His Spirit.

During these meetings Shamsu and his wife prayed for salvation and later testified to having received the peace of Christ in their hearts. This Shamsu, a Mohammedan, came to us seven months ago and asked for instruction in the Christian religion and baptism. At that time he was classed as one of the most dangerous criminals in the whole country, he had served three or four prison sentences, and was under daily police surveillance. On the first Sunday after the meetings Shamsu and his wife were baptized in the river here before a large crowd of non-Christians. He is now being persecuted by some of the Mohammedans. Others are trying to get him to return to their fold. We gave Shamsu the Christian name of "Samson." As far as I know from the records, he is the first Mohammedan in this county to be baptized. His wife's name is Reshmebai.

Perhaps someone will join with us daily in prayer that these trophies of grace may stand through the trials they will have to face, and "Not purloining, but showing all good fidelity; that they may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things." ROGER E. CONANT.
"OTHER SHEEP HAVE I WHICH ARE NOT OF THIS FOLD"

Brother A. I. Garrison, our Mission Evangelist, was with us from July 16–22. Our hearts were exceedingly burdened for the boys who have been entrusted to our charge. Some are boys of our Mission workers, some are boys of our district Christians and some are orphans. Besides these boys of our own there are about forty day scholars, most of whom are from Hindu homes. All of our own boys and these day scholars too, listened to the powerful sermons delivered by our Spirit-filled brother. Day after day, message after message, the Word was broken, but how real the powers of darkness were and how near God's presence was, but still no move on the part of the boys. It was not until the afternoon of the fifth day that it was thought advisable to have an altar call. Mr. Garrison gave the call and in response many of our own boys and some of the Hindu day scholars came forward. The boys cried and asked forgiveness for their sins. How sweet it was and how the scene must have rejoiced the angels in Heaven. In front of me were kneeling the Hindu boys. I listened in to the prayers of these who perhaps that very morning had knelt before their heathen gods of wood or stone. At this moment they were reverently bowing to the living God—the only one who could save them. What was their prayer? As the publican of old they were praying, "God, be merciful to me a sinner!" "God, forgive me for having talked against the Christian religion, the missionaries and the Bible!" "God, save me!" "God, save my townspeople!" With tears and groans, these other sheep entreated the Good Shepherd and who can say that the Good Shepherd did not admit them into His fold? In a little while opportunity was given for the boys to testify. To our great surprise and joy, five Hindu boys with tears rolling down their cheeks confessed that they had found the living Saviour that afternoon. What
joy in heaven! What joy in our hearts and indeed what joy will be in yours when you hear this good news. Pray for these 'other sheep.' Their parents are Hindus and who knows what these tender lambs will have to suffer at the hands of ravenous wolves. God will be with them. Oh! are schools worth while? What in the light of eternity is the value of one soul won to Him?

BERT B. SIEGEL.

NEWS ITEMS

In last issue we intimated the success of Gerald Carner in the Senior Camb. Examination. Now we report his departure on August 23 for Bible training in the Missionary Institute, Nyack, N. Y. Remember Gerald in prayer that his every step might be ordered aright.

Mr. and Mrs. Conant with their four children were obliged to anticipate their furlough by a few months on account of Mrs. Conant's physical condition and are now on the high seas homeward bound. Pray that the tired minds and bodies of these faithful workers might quickly respond to rest and change, so that they might return to India in full strength for the battle.

Our Gujarati Missionaries welcomed a twelve days' visit from our Chairman, Mr. Moyser, in the middle of August.