For Thee I Pine

By Narayan Vaman Tilak

The more I win Thee, Lord, the more for Thee I pine;
    Ah, such a heart is mine.
My eyes behold Thee and are filled and straightway then,
    Their hunger wakes again!
My arms have clasped Thee and should set Thee free but no,
    I cannot let Thee go!
Thou dwell'st within my heart. Forthwith anew the fire
    Burns off my soul's desire.
Lord Jesus Christ Beloved, tell, O tell me true,
    What shall Thy servant do?

—Translated from Marathi.

“OCCUPY TILL I COME”
‘How can they call on Him in whom they have not believed?’
‘How shall they believe in Him whom they have not heard?’
‘How shall they hear without a preacher?’

—Rom. 10: 14.
The Bread of Life

'Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.'—Eccles. 11: 1.

'I am the Bread of Life.'—John 6: 35.

There are many things that we can do without; but bread is not one of them.

It was some nine years ago that the Bread of God kept me living when men said, 'Now he will die.' Yes, the Living and the Written Word, the Bread of God, Jesus!

How well I remember when the above text came to me, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.' It was soon after a great sorrow that the Lord said to me, 'Fill up this district and this city with My Word. Give it away!' A year after I specially prayed for Scriptures, and they came from four different sources. I received one and a half tons of New Testaments and Bibles and 7,000 Gospels. My objective was first of all Amraoti District and then Morsie, which at that time was thrown open to me by both Rev. Wyder and our Mission. It was while I drove through that Morsie jungle with this precious Bread,
the Word of God, that I cast it upon the waters for many peoples, castes, villages and towns.

One day while in Morsie, one of Pandita Ramabai’s Testaments was accepted by a Hindu, who after a while said, ‘I don’t want it,’ whereupon his friend, standing by, said, ‘I will take it.’ This, of course, was unknown to me for seven years. Meantime the man, a Mahar, by name Tukaram, made good use of it. He soon found out that it had a message for him, and he and three others became much absorbed in the Book. They were of the village of Tewasa, in Chandur District—right here—and year after year, unknown to our people, there was a little company of men reading and committing to memory large portions of the Word of God—eating of the Bread that I had that day cast upon the waters, not knowing whither it would float or on what shore it would land.

Seven years passed, and toward the end of last year I was told of some men who could recite by heart much, if not all, of the Revelation and many of the Epistles. I was also informed that one of their number could sing them to the tum-tum of a one-stringed instrument, made from a hollow pumpkin-shell, with a bamboo stuck through the centre. Men said that these were Christians, but we had had nothing to do with them nor had we laid hands on them.

While at prayer last November, and while in perplexity as to where to start our touring, the Lord led us to go to the north of the District, where the roads might be better than those on the south side, and where we might hunt up the men of Tewasa who had seven years before received the Word of God. We made our first camp about two and a half miles from Tewasa, at Shendragen, where we found shade and water. We visited all the towns for miles around, and discovered that the people were very responsive and
ready to listen—morning, noon and night. We also visited the Bible readers, but one, we learned, had since died. He was the sweet singer of Revelation and many other portions of the New Testament. The others were there, and Tukaram, the leader, who had received the Word, owns a field and a good house and courtyard. They invited us to teach them, and, strange to say, asked for instruction on Revelation, as that was the book they all loved. From that time on for nearly a month we devoted ourselves to this town and Shendragen for the nights, and by day to the villages about us. Shall I ever forget the thirteen night meetings in Tukaram’s courtyard? We had from 50 to 150 men and women throughout, with only a night or two off now and again to get a little rest. We drove the two and a half miles each night at 8.30, and closed the meeting about midnight, getting to bed at about 1 a.m.

Can you visualize these Hindus coming night after night, with New Testaments and Bibles in hand, and reading almost through Revelation with us, while I broke the Bread of Life to them? How they looked at each other and showed that they were already familiar with this book! In the daytime Tukaram took his Bible to the fields and read, and many others came prepared each night. Here we found soil all soft and ready for the seed, hence we asked Brother and Sister A. I. Garrison to come and help us draw the net. My cry was, ‘Oh God, let me have returned to me some of the Bread I cast upon the waters, for many days have now passed.’ Did He answer? ‘Yes!’

Brother and Sister Garrison entered into our hopes, and for four nights he spoke again on Revelation from his chart, and the people listened and took in his messages. On the third night he had a bouquet thrown at him! It was a wet ball of cow-dung, which
missed him and hit his chart! A second came and sprinkled me, whereupon we all arose, in case stones should follow. A band of young farmers had been sent there, I feel sure, to disturb us—the first and only time in our seventeen night-meetings. Praise the Lord! Some police came to our aid, and we went on with the meeting. The final gathering on Sunday night lasted until past midnight, and did all our hearts good. Our Brother drew the net, and a fine young man stood up boldly for salvation. Then the leader, Tukaram, opened his Bible and asked different questions, showing that he had read much, and finally said, 'I am ready'; and others we are sure will soon take baptism. Tukaram embraced our Brother and promised to accept the Lord. One little man, who is a keen student of the Word, said, 'Let me read a little more and you won't have to beg me to become a Christian.'

Will our readers pray for this band of seeking men and women, that God will through the Written Word make the Living Word their very life and joy and all. Pray for Tukaram, Mahadev, the young man who stood up. Ganasham, and the little man we call 'Zacchy.' There is a goodly company who are on the very verge of being saved. Pray, beloved, and let us in faith accept the souls He is about to give us!

WILLIAM FLETCHER.

A Revival in the Jungle

'The meek will He guide.' 'On my bondmen and on my bondmaidens will I pour forth of My spirit.'—Ps. 25: 9; Acts 2: 18.

Last Fall, during our annual Bible school, a widow by the name of Zirabai came in from her village, about nine miles away, saying she had come to the Sabha (the camp-meeting, which was to be
held at the close of the school). When asked why she had come so early, as the camp-meeting would not begin for over a week, she simply said that the Lord had sent her. We thought that she must be mistaken, as we could see no reason why the Lord should send her in so long ahead of time, but, as there was some weeding and cleaning up to do around the place, Mrs. Hartman set her to work and paid her wages.

She was always on hand for the daily prayer seasons in the mornings, as well as the meetings for prayer, testimony and song held several nights a week. In one of the night meetings, while everyone was praying at once, as they often did, and making quite a noise I heard Zirabai above the rest, weeping and telling the Lord what a sinner she was. She was assuring Him, over and over, expressing it in different ways, that no one else in the world was such a sinner as she! Once I heard her say that if there was a sinner in the world she was the one. She had been baptized about a year and a half before that, and was known as an earnest and true Christian, and I am sure that if anyone else who knew her had been giving testimony about her they would have said she was a good woman, but, as she saw herself in the light of God's holiness, she thought she was the greatest sinner that ever lived.

In due time the meetings began, but for some days previous it had been raining so hard, and so continuously, that by that time the streams in all directions were so swollen that travel was impossible. Thus those who had waited until the scheduled time to come to the sabha were unable to come, and we concluded that perhaps simple-minded Zirabai was not mistaken, after all, in saying the Lord had sent her in a week early.

The first day of the sabha there was no night meeting. That night, some time between nine and ten o'clock, while Brother A. I.
Garrison and I were grading examination papers in the dining-room, and Mrs. Garrison and Mrs. Hartman were praying in Garrison’s room, the Holy Spirit came upon four Indian women, one of whom was Zirabai, who were in another room. They had not eaten anything that evening, and were giving themselves to prayer.

Last convention time, in Akola, an Indian brother said to me that he had noticed that every outpouring of the Holy Spirit began with confession, and I thought back to Zirabai and others. She, who was certain that she was the world’s greatest sinner, and others of like mind, were the first ones upon whom the Spirit came, and the righteous were sent away empty.

During those meetings some prayed in tongues when the Holy Spirit came upon them, and others, some of whom had the most striking evidence in their lives that He had come upon them, did not. For instance, one elderly woman had such joy and such a burden of intercession that she hardly slept at all during the four days of the meetings, and she carried great blessing to other villages afterward.

During these meetings, while under a burden of prayer, they seemed to be entirely oblivious to everything and everyone but God, some prayed in tongues, yet there was no rolling on the floor or any other unseemly acts on their part. Others, who did not speak in tongues, had the most striking evidence in their lives that the Holy Spirit had come upon them.

L. E. HARTMAN.
With outstretched hand, in which was held a crumpled and much-worn note, a timid little woman came toward me. The note was from one of our missionaries, who had met the little woman in a village in the home of a friend. The bearer of the note was a widow in need of medical attention, and with a spiritual need that only the Physician of Souls could meet. The missionary was unable to come then and so sent her to me, asking me to take her to the hospital. Gitabai, for that was her name, had relatives, but not one of them would even go with her to the hospital, or give her care or sympathy in her sorrow. Why should they bother? She was a woman... and a widow! It was her fate to suffer!

Her husband had been well-to-do. Her only son died soon after her husband, leaving her no heir. Then her relatives turned her out of her own house and took her property. They even robbed her of the income from her husband’s lands. She took shelter in the home of a friend, and then came the missionary that morning with a message of love and comfort, and with a true readiness to help. And so she came to me. This had been her first opportunity to have help.

We went to the hospital. They gave her a room. Her case needed special attention, for an operation was imperative and she was weak and frail. For two weeks she was nursed and nourished, to strengthen her for the ordeal ahead. None of her own came to see her. I was her only visitor. I visited her almost daily, and told her the blessed Story, prayed with her, and tried to lead her to the Lord. After I had prayed one day she looked intently into my face, held out her hands imploringly, and asked me to go to a family in the city and bring a little girl from there to her. The child was
an orphan daughter of her brother. Gitabai had reared her and loved her as her own. 'Baisahib,' she said, 'tomorrow is the day of my operation, and who knows whether I shall live or die! And I so long to see Mani. And it may be for the last time. They will not let her come unless you go and bring her to me.'

The next morning I went to the hospital, and was astonished to find that Gitabai had been taken away in the night. The day before a relative had come with a legal document, and had persuaded Gitabai to sign over her claim to her property to his son. She did so. Then at midnight he came and took her away by stealth, before she could have the operation that might have spared her life.

Her name is Gita, which means 'a song,' but the song is of pain, disappointment and grief. May the Word spoken for Him reach her sad heart. May she find Him who is altogether lovely, who is the source of unalloyed and everlasting joy. May she have given her a new song, even praise unto our God.

MABEL RUREY.

**Wayside Sowing**

'Oh, Bai, you are going away now, and you will forget all about me,' said an old grandmother of high caste, in the town of Leh, where we had camped for a month.

The high-caste women of Leh were very friendly, and often came to the tent asking us to sing and talk to them. Always this old grandmother was among them. One day we sang a song about the prodigal son, and she wept all through. After that we always had to sing that song for her, until the other women begged us not to, saying, 'She always weeps so when you sing that song.'

One evening we were to show stereopticon pictures of some of
the parables, in the field near our camp. I invited the women to come, but they protested, saying that the men would not allow them to come so far at night. I promised to sit with them in a place away from the men if they would come. And they did come, twenty-five of them, and the old grandmother with her daughter were among them.

The next morning a woman timidly approached me, just after the men had left for a distant village, begging that I come and talk to her daughter before she left for her home. As we sat talking, in came the same old woman, and the woman explained, 'She is my friend, so I invited her to come to hear.'

Very simply, line upon line, we explained the way of salvation to this dear old woman, and she seemed to drink in every word. She promised to pray in Jesus' name, and I believe she was sincere.

On that day, when our stay in Leh was at an end, we were talking with her two grand-daughters, when she burst out with the words of our opening sentence, 'Oh, Bai, you are going away now, and you will forget all about me.' We promised to return, but she said, 'I am old, it may be that I will not be here next year.' But I said I would not forget to pray for her. Will you not join me in praying, not only for her and her family, but for many others in this town who seem very near the Kingdom.

RUTH T. SCHLATTER.

School Life in Santa Barbara

Rising early in the morning, the boys have only to pick up their blankets and sleeping mats, put them tidily on the bedding rack, and their bedroom work is done. Their toilet is made in the open air, by pouring a little water over their hands and feet, while
one finger serves as a tooth brush. This done, after smoothing their hair, they are ready for the day’s programme. Their dormitory is turned into an assembly hall, and here they gather for morning prayers. As soon as prayers are over the breakfast bell rings, and, plate in hand, they march in line to an open place on the compound, where they sit down and are served from one large cooking vessel. Breakfast finished, each boy washes his own dish and puts it in its place. This constitutes their dining-room duties.

Now they are off to their appointed work. Some clean the compound, some sweep the dormitory and classrooms, while others help in the garden and fields. At ten o’clock the bell summons them to school. The school furniture consists of a chair and table for each teacher. The boys sit cross-legged on the floor. Their recitations are carried on in a sing-song fashion, the more ‘sing-songy’ the better satisfied the teacher. ‘All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,’ so at four everything else is put aside and one hour is devoted to sports. The one rule rigidly observed is that they must play a fair game. Work follows play, and the two together guarantee a good appetite for the evening meal. At seven the family again come together for prayers, after which the little ones go to bed and the older boys prepare their lessons for the next day. This, in brief, is our daily routine.

On bath-days the boys go to the garden well, where the oxen draw up the water in a large leather bag. When it comes to the top of the well it empties into a long water run. Here the boys bathe and wash their clothing. They require neither washboards nor washing machines, but slap their clothes against the run until the dirt comes out. Even the seven-year-olds have learned to do it well. On bath-day the compound presents quite a spectacle, for all the hedges are clothed with shirts and pants. This makes up
the laundry work of the family. Each boy is given two shirts and two pairs of pants a year. Because we can’t find boy-proof cloth in India, the said articles become conspicuous for their patches by the end of the year.

The last two weeks of July were spent in special meetings. God worked and we had a busy time cleaning house. A number of the boys were saved, and some are going on into the deeper things of God. A few days ago a letter was received from an evangelist, which read something like this: ‘I am so glad that God let me attend the Santa Barbara School, because I found Jesus there. Now my wife and I pray for the school. We are telling the village people about Jesus, and we hope many of them will accept Him. Please pray for us and ask the boys to pray.’ This is what makes the school worthwhile, because many boys find Jesus here.

HARRIET BEARDSLEE.

The Feeding of the Five Thousand

(A Berar Hindu Boy’s Version, translated from the Marathi)

There was once a boy who started out with a lunch for his father. His father was working hard in a field and was very hungry, so he took for his lunch five bhakars (chapattis) and two fishes made into chutney. He learned that his father had gone to a big jatra, and he, too, followed the crowd to attend this jatra. There he listened to the good words of a great guru, Jesus.

When Jesus was through talking, He asked, ‘Has anyone here anything to eat?’ This boy answered, ‘Yes, I have my lunch here for my father, but I can’t find him.’ ‘There will be enough for all,’ said Jesus.

He told His disciples to make all the people sit in long rows
on the ground. There were twelve long, long rows of people. Then Jesus took the five bhakars and chutney from that boy, and prayed over them. Then He divided them equally between His twelve disciples. Each disciple had a long row to feed, but as they kept dividing the food so it kept increasing, till finally there was enough for every long row.

Every person ate a stomach full, and some crumbs even fell on the ground. Jesus said, ‘Pick up all the pieces.’ So His disciples each picked up a basket full. They counted all the people, and there were five thousand there that day who feasted on that boy’s lunch. His father, of course, got his share too. Then everybody salaamed Jesus and went to their homes happy.—From India Sunday School Journal.

Notes

It is with joy we welcome back Mr. and Mrs. Conant and family, Mr. and Mrs. Crocker and their little daughter, to the work in India. May the Lord give them faith to believe for a harvest, and courage to meet the foe, now that they return to the firing line.

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Misses Hansen and Karner are on the high seas, on their way back to the place of His calling for them. We thank God for their return.

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We are thankful to report that Mr. and Mrs. Amstutz, for whom we asked prayer, have been delivered from malaria.
Pray for Miss Blanche Conger, who is now passing through a time of physical testing.

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Pray for a real advance in the work of evangelism during this coming touring season. When this reaches you the touring parties will be hard at the task.

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Pray for our Indian evangelists and for the Church in India, which is entering into a new era; and may we together, friends in the homeland and workers here in this land, take courage, lift up our heads, and go forward in the work of the Lord, knowing no 'depression.' Believing that He will take care of His own if we but press on in His will.

Christmas and New Year’s Greetings

When our little paper reaches you it will be the Christmas season. We take this opportunity to wish you a happy Christmas and a glad New Year.

This year as missionaries we find ourselves praying for our loved ones, our friends, in fact for all our homeland folks, in a new way. ‘Lord supply their needs.’ And we thank you for your sacrifices and for your faithfulness to the cause of the Lord in the foreign field, that has made it possible for us to remain at our task, even when you are in the throes of a national, yea, an international depression. But the outlook is bright, for through Him there is ‘Peace on earth, goodwill toward men,’ and—
'Will the year bring the coming of the Master?
I cannot say;
But we would live and move and have our being
In Him from day to day.
We would walk softly, listening ’mid the shadows
Even for His small voice,
Which tells us “I am coming, coming quickly”;
And therefore we rejoice.'

Laura A. Barter Snow.
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