The Missionary

O matchless honour all unsought,
High privilege surpassing thought,
That Thou shouldst call me, Lord, to be
Linked in work-fellowship with Thee;
To carry out Thy wondrous plan,
To bear Thy messages to man;
In trust with Christ's own word of grace
To every soul of the human race.

—Selected.

"OCCUPY TILL I COME"
“Up in the sweet pre-dawning, with its tang of frosty chill,
When the foremost rays of the coming sun are crowning the blue-black hill;
The comforting smell of the camp fire, and a hasty cup of tea,
And a word of prayer for the little group now faring forth so free.”
The Touring Season

With the coming of the touring season there is a bustling about, mending tents and getting together the camping outfits. And then off go the touring parties from each station to the distant parts of the districts, there to make known the "unsearchable riches of Christ." The "winter" days are cool and fresh, and the simple camp life, under the shade of some large tree, and next door to the little mud villages, brings one into the very heart of village India.

The telling of the Gospel story imparts new spiritual life to the teller, for "even so hath the Lord ordained that they which preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel." What if, at the close of the day, or perchance in the wee small hours of the morning, when the "telling" is done for the day, the body be tired. The soul has taken a new draught from heaven, and, with the assurance that he has pleased his Master, the weary one may lay his head down. The silent stars seem to look down in approval, and "He giveth his beloved sleep."

The "poor missionary"! Ah, no, Beloved. This is a life that brings no sorrow at the close of the day. Perhaps some soul has
been won that day. Perhaps not. But the disciple is conscious that he obeyed the Master's "Go ye and preach"—and so surely there is the conscious fulfilment of the promise, "Lo I am with you always."

* * * * *

In the Zenanas

This morning my Bible-woman and I went to a nearby town, where there is a large Moslem population. We took a promised New Testament to a home. We spent a long time talking to the group and answering questions as to how Muhammadanism differed from Christianity. The Moslem people are often fanatical, and I prayed that I might tell them the Truth about Christ and Muhammad without offending them, for Muhammadanism has enough truth to make it sound good and lies enough to make it deadly.

We were taken to another Moslem home, where a group of women greeted us cordially. At their request we sang, introducing little Gospel messages. When we asked permission to go, which is according to Moslem courtesy, our hostess detained us, saying they were making tea for us. While we were drinking the over-sweet tea, we were called to the home of the head-man of the town; we were urged to visit this one's sister and that one's brother's wife, and another's mother. In most of the places we had time only for a greeting and a promise to return, but in the last place they insisted: "This is the oldest sister in the clan, and you must not leave without meeting her." They seated us on a rug on the verandah, and we waited while the lady in question changed her clothes and prepared to receive us. Once more, by request, we sang and told the sweet, old Story. And again, as the Bible-woman
talked, my heart went up in prayer that these who had received
us so kindly might open their homes and hearts to the Lord.
Their need is great. Sin and sickness and superstition are their
companions, and injurious customs often mar their homes and
dwarf their lives.

Another day was spent “behind the veil” and I received an
inner glimpse of the life among Moslem women. It is the custom
among Moslems that their women should veil their faces before
men who are not near relatives. They live closely confined behind
the walls of their own homes, and if circumstances demand that
they must go beyond their own home, they wear a shroud-like
garment, covering them completely, having two small holes over their
eyes through which to peer. It is not strange that there is a larger
percentage of tuberculosis in the Muhammadan community than in
any other in India.

A Government officer, who had been to college in England, and
who conducted himself with the ease and courteous bearing of an
English gentleman, had a daughter with whom I made friends.
She invited me to go to an educational conference of the Moslems
of Berar. Her mother was the president of the women’s division.
I gladly accepted the invitation, for it is very difficult to form
contacts with the better class of Moslem women.

I went to my friend Achan’s house on the appointed day, and
waited for them to get ready. A car drove up to the door, and the
driver and assistant alighted and went behind the house, so the
women could come out! After further waiting these appeared, dressed
in silks and bedecked with jewels. The back of the car was closely
curtained, and I gasped as I realized they expected me to share it
with three women and a number of children. So I suggested that,
since I did not usually live “behind the veil,” I would not mind
riding in front. But I soon repented when the assistant, a man of ample proportions, the driver and a nine-year-old boy climbed in to share the seat with me. All the 14-mile drive Achan’s head was close behind mine, as she peeped through a crack in the curtain at the outside world she had seldom seen, and she whispered questions into my ear about everything we passed. On arrival we found a huge tent erected, with a corner curtained off for the women. Someone was lecturing and we listened to the unseen speaker. Some of the women whispered among themselves, while others hushed them up impatiently so they could hear. At the close of the meeting I went with my friends to the home of a Muhammadan lawyer, where we were to be entertained. Being with them, I followed their customs, and hid my face at the sight of man, or dodged behind a wall as we went down the street. Our hostess was very cordial and made every arrangement for my comfort. They fixed a table for me at which to eat. But I asked to eat with them on the floor, and was seated in the place of honour beside Achan’s mother. The food was delicious, and I did not mind eating it with my fingers. The only drawback was that they had flavoured the drinking water with asafetida. After this they insisted on my taking a rest, and conducted me to an upper room. A servant woman thought this would be a quiet place to say her prayers, and knelt by my bed for twenty minutes, while she recited prayers from the Koran, which is their sacred book.

The afternoon meeting was held in another wealthy home, and we sat around in a circle on rugs on the floor. At that time I understood nothing of Urdu, the language of the Indian Moslem. So they seated a girl, who had been to a mission college, beside me to act as interpreter, and she told me in an undertone the meaning of the papers read by the various women. Her comments
showed me that she had been wholly unfitted for this narrow life by her contact with the outside world, and that she was very discontented.

That day, as I sat among these women, some richly dressed in beautiful silks and others poorly clad, I promised the Lord that with His help I would try to get enough of their language to give them the Gospel. Most of our work is with the Hindu women, who speak Marathi. Since my return from furlough I have been doing this, and find that even my broken speech gives me many openings among the Moslems. Few people think of India as a Moslem land, as three-fourths of the vast population are Hindu; but there are also over 70,000,000 Moslems—a higher number than in any other country in the world. This religion teaches them that there is only one God and to call Jesus His Son is rank blasphemy. It gives Muhammad, the false prophet, a higher place than Jesus. Islam has no remedy for sin. Moslems are often immoral and the Koran sanctions it; in fact, Muhammad himself was so. They need God, and many of the Muhammadans are thinking about Christianity these days. Pray for us as we work among them.

JULIA E. DERR.

Tivan Takli

Tivan Takli is one of our oldest out-stations. It is conveniently located, and there is a comfortable missionary room as well as suites for two evangelists. There is a well-built schoolroom, which would make an ideal house of worship, but the congregation is lacking! There is only one Christian family in the surrounding community.

This yearas, we looked to God for guidance as to where to
begin the touring season, we felt strongly led to go back to Tivan Takli, and stay there until we had won someone for the Lord. We centered our interest chiefly upon the five or six nearby villages, and witnessed and warned of the wrath to come, and prayed earnestly all the while that a small company might be gleaned out of these villages to worship Him in Spirit and in Truth in that little school building which, by faith, I had dedicated to God as a House of Prayer.

Enquirers began to come and our hearts were encouraged. A nine-year-old boy in the village close by became very ill, and there was despair of his life. The parents sent for us to come and pray. With dependence upon God and realizing our own weakness and inability, the evangelists and missionary went to that home to pray for the boy. What if he did not get well? What would these people say about our Lord of whom we had spoken. He healed the sick as well as saved the sinner! To our great joy, the boy recovered and the parents and neighbours were greatly impressed. For a time they felt that they wanted to get right with God and live for Him, but the cost of leaving caste was too great and they are still in their sins! As we saw people so near to the Kingdom and yet not having the courage to step out, we got desperate, and took off every Monday for fasting and prayer, and although after six weeks of faithful witnessing and warning we did not baptize anyone, we and our evangelists have a new grip on God and a deeper desire to follow Him all the way. With tears and loud supplication our young water-carrier and our evangelists have re-dedicated their lives to God. By faith we saw some of the weaker ones among us become strong as lions for God. I know these prayers and tears are not in vain. We have determined to keep on praying until something does happen. God says we
“should not become weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.” God is able to deliver these people from the fear of caste. He is able to keep them after they do step out. Praise His Name! He shall still see the travail of His soul and be satisfied in Tivan Takli.

ESTHER AMSTUTZ.

The Toils of the Road

India’s jungle roads hold many surprises. They often start out well, but before one goes very far he sometimes finds himself in a peck of trouble. But invariably at the end of such a road there are multitudes of needy souls, who would listen to the Gospel story if there were someone to tell it to them.

Early one morning two lady missionaries started out on such a road. They had heard of a village lying far out in the jungle, and they knew that they were debtors to those people to tell them of the Saviour. The sun had not yet risen when they, together with their Bible-women, knelt in prayer, asking for guidance and help to reach that village. They started out in the Ford, making their way through the jungle, over stocks and stones, around rocks and boulders, up and down ravines, through river-beds and narrow
"By bullock cart or motor car to the villages small and far,
To the home of the Indian peasant and the country-side bazaar.
Through desert and smiling cornfields, o'er roads unfit for men,
To sing and preach to the ryot great things beyond his ken."
paths. They often found it necessary to alight and help the car out of a deep rut or over some obstacle, but they were pressed in spirit to go on and find a way to that village. After three hours of tedious travelling they seemingly reached their destination, to find only four or five houses. What could it mean? Were they mistaken in that day’s appointment? No, for God never sends anyone on a fool’s errand.

It was only a short time until they saw a man running toward them. He was the bearer of an invitation from the patel of the very village for which they were looking. The village, nestled in a hollow place well surrounded by trees, had escaped their notice. Following the messenger, they found all the people—men, women and children—gathered together to receive them. The patel had given an order that no one was to go to the fields to work, but they were to sit down and listen to what these strange visitors had to say. They carried out his command to the very letter, and sat for two hours as though they were glued to the ground, while the story was told and retold and told again. When they learned that these ladies carried books with them which gave “the very same story,” the three men of the village who could read promptly produced a rupee (several days’ wages) and asked for the book. They could not afford to forget even the slightest details of such good news. With what joy God’s children turned their faces homeward that day. Out in that lonely spot they had not only left a New Testament, several Gospel portions and tracts, but they had the consciousness in their own hearts that the Holy Spirit had witnessed to the truth of the message. The way back to the camp didn’t seem half so long, because the memory of those upturned faces was constantly before them, obscuring, as it were, the stones and thorns.

Very often the roads do seem rough and long, but we covet
your prayers that we may continue to faithfully sow the seed, for we know that “the toils of the road will seem nothing when we reach the end of the way.”

ONE OF THE LADIES.

Hearing the Gospel Gladly

One morning, in December, Emilybai and I made our initial visit to a village. We wended our way slowly through the dirty, narrow streets, eagerly searching for our morning congregation. Finally we spied some women sitting together on an elevated verandah. We saw at once that they were high caste, and wondered if, as in so many cases, there would be a cold reception. However, when we greeted them, they salaamed us graciously and seemed interested to know why we had appeared so suddenly in their village. Immediately we made known our business, and inquired if they had ever heard about the Most High God.

“Who should inform us?” they answered.

“Shall we tell you?”

There were whisperings among them, and we soon discovered they were planning to honour us by bringing down chairs from the hayloft for our most humble usage. By this act of friendliness we knew we were most welcome, so we seated ourselves with great expectancy.

Music is the best way to reach the Indian heart, and as we sang about the loving Teacher who came to save us from sin, about 20 women gathered around us. How they listened! They seemed to hang upon every word, as if they understood and really desire the truth.

When we prepared to leave, several of them spoke up and said, “Please come again and tell us more. In the afternoon we would
have much time to sit down and listen to all you have to say, and besides a big crowd would gather at that time.” So we promised to return again some afternoon in the future. As we moved away we could hear them whispering among themselves, “This is indeed a good story. They are not telling us anything bad.”

About the middle of January we again returned to this village, and drove right up to the house where we had been entertained the first time. I confess it was with some misgivings that I approached the work of that afternoon. So often it has happened in my ministry, that after hearts have been really touched that the men come along and say, “Uh, why do you listen to their lies? Their business is to steal little children and to poison the wells, and you’ll only be cursed if you let them come around.” But, praise God, this day it was different. Hearing the noise of the motor, the women ran to the door, excitedly saying to each other, “Hurry, hurry! Let us get ready. The white woman has returned.” This time they invited us right into the inner courtyard, and seated us very courteously. Not only this, but they sent the children to call the other women. “Shall we have the town caller beat the drum to inform them of your arrival?” they inquired. But we said that this would not be necessary.

It was not long before 40 or 50 women had gathered together on the verandah to hear God’s message. We felt well repaid for travelling there in the heat of the day. One little woman, who at the first showed great interest and urged us to come back, said, “It’s been such a long time since you were here. I’ve been watching every day. You didn’t come, and didn’t come, but now you are here.”

Our message this day was the first entrance of sin into the world, and the only remedy whereby God and man could now be
reconciled. A Brahman woman inquired, “Who created all these earthly gods? Did not the living God place them here?” The questioner seemed very much surprised to know that these idols were nothing more than the work of man’s hands, and the command, “Thou shalt have no other gods before Me,” was a new one to her. Again we sang, then another woman timidly spoke, “Who, then, should we worship?” A personal question, no matter what its type, shows that they are thinking for themselves, and we always encourage them to express themselves. What a joy to show to these dear women, JESUS, The Way, The Truth, and the Light. Four of these women repeated this Name over and over again, trying to memorize it. I urged them to get acquainted with this living Jesus, and prove Him, whether He is false or true.

After about two hours of singing and teaching we prepared to leave, and then our little friend, Anapurna by name, came close, whispering so pleadingly, “WHEN will you come again?” We felt impressed that the Holy Spirit was creating a real spiritual hunger in their hearts, and so we promised to set apart every Tuesday afternoon for their special instruction. “We will be waiting for you,” she said, and the others wagged their heads in acquiescence.

The following Tuesday many women were awaiting our arrival. This time we brought them the story of Cain and Abel, urging home the truth that without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin. At the close of this meeting we were invited to another home, where we were served fruit and sweets, the deep meaning of the latter object being that we should hold sweet feelings in our hearts one for the other. In this group there was a woman who had never seen a white lady before. How intently she listened. Later on she said, “Come to my house and tell this story to my people.” The picture of Christ on the Cross impressed her
very much, but we always have to explain that these are not idols, but merely pictures to reveal the story.

Last week we arrived at the village to find that some of the women in that section had gone to a nearby lake in celebration of some vow. Anapurna, however, had remained home. Why? Because this was the Jesus teachers’ day. Anapurna said, “Come, I will take you to the lady who called you last week. Shall I show you her house?” So we invited her to sit in the car, and, much to our surprise, she accepted the invitation. This to us was a real expression of love and confidence, for are not all Christians considered as outcastes! When some of her friends saw her driving away in the car, they sneeringly said, “See, she has become the caste of the Sahibeen. Go and remain with them.” She was not at all frightened, and smilingly replied, “Yes, I will go with them, for they tell the true story.”

Our friend of the previous week welcomes us most cordially. Not only were messages sent by her servants, but she herself went and brought in neighbours and friends, until a large group had gathered. Most of them were new faces, as she lived in a distant part of the village. The husband in the home was very curious and urged the women to listen to our story. This was most unusual. Little Anapurna whispered, “Sing ‘Behold what a Friend is Jesus.’” We were glad that she remembered the name of the song, and gladly complied with her request. Emilybai, with real unction in the Spirit, told very beautifully and graphically the entire story of our Lord, from His miraculous birth, through to His death, resurrection, and second coming. Hearing about the resurrection, they readily agreed, “None of our gods has ever done that.” The husband sat quietly in the next room, listening most intently to everything which was said. After about an hour he came forth,
and said most impressively, “Now please tell these women very plainly whom they must worship and whom they must not serve. They are very slow of understanding, and they must know the truth.” Again we took pains to tell them that broken cocoanuts and flowers could never appease the living God. And so the hours of the afternoon passed. These people, too, were high caste and very rich, and as I was ushered through their home, from room to room, and even upon the housetop, I was amazed to see the magnificence of this dwelling, tucked away in such a simple little village. They also served us fruit, hot milk, cloves, cardamon and sweets. “Do continue to come” was the final word as we parted from them.

I believe the time of God is ripe here in India to turn many souls out of darkness into His marvelous Light. Will you not
wholeheartedly pray, so that you may have the joy of sharing in this fruit-bearing.

ESTHER KARNER.

A Deliverance

In the little grey mud-walled village, just opposite our tent door, lives a family who are relatives of the head officer of the village. Husband and wife of this family have been attending the regular afternoon meetings at our camp for over a month. Baija Bai heard with her heart the message of Christ in His wonder-working power of healing the sick, casting out demons, and pardoning sin. She had been tormented by an evil spirit, which periodically made attacks, of which she lived in deadly fear. She was assured of Jesus’ ability to dispel the powers of darkness, and we urged her to call on Him for deliverance should this demon make another attack. One night, before going to sleep, the horrible presence seemed to overpower her; then in desperation she cried out to Jesus for help. The darkness and horror was immediately dispelled, and she lay down and slept peacefully till morning. Faith in Christ was so real that when her sister lay in the throes of death, after three days’ labour in child-birth, she rushed over to our camp for prayer. We could not go to the bedside again. We urged her to go and pray that Jesus would deliver. She went herself and prayed beside her dying sister. God heard and answered, speedily gave her sister a normal baby-boy. Baija Bai went home, gathered up her household idols, and told us to throw them in the lake at our door; that she had no more use for them, that henceforth she would trust only in Jesus.

This is only one case among many who have lost faith in the vain things on which they were depending for salvation. The
fierce struggles through which some of these souls have passed we cannot describe, but it is real, and bitter will be the opposition and persecution which they are sure to meet, should they come out openly and receive baptism! Therefore we do beg of you who know God to take the burden of these struggling half-enlightened souls upon your hearts, and pray through to victory for them. “All things are possible with God.”

HELEN C. BUSHFIELD.

Mud Versus Stars

“Two men looked out from prison bars,
One saw the mud and the other the stars.”

It is naturally not easy to attain a steadfast look toward the stars, when there is so much horrible mud around. Souls are imbedded in the miry clay of sin’s desire, idolatry and bigoted caste. But we dare not allow our gaze to be arrested or our vision blurred. “Look up” is the command of our Creator, the Almighty God. “Lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest,” was the command of our Lord and Master to His wondering disciples, at a time when only a lone, sinful woman, believing upon Him, was saved.

To see our caste-bound fields white already unto harvest is truly faith’s vision. It causes us to believe that God has set in motion forces which are working in harmony with His will, to bring forth according to His plan a people for His Name. Indeed, in these days, in our evangelistic ministry we are actually seeing evidences of His working to this end.

Comparing present notes with some of our earlier ones, we register a vast difference in several respects, which we list as
definite encouragement and for which we praise God. To cite a few of the changes we see. Now we can generally enter caste precincts free from the embarrassments which formerly existed as to where we should tread, where sit so as to avoid one's shadow falling where it would defile! This in itself is a relief. Who likes the feeling of being considered so unclean as to cause food, in the process of cooking, to become so defiled by one's shadow falling upon it that it must be cast away and fresh prepared; and the floor re-smeared with cow-dung because touched by our unholy feet! Well do we remember how Hindu friends used to time their visits to us prior to their religious ablutions, so that all pollutions caused through sitting on our chairs might be cleansed away immediately on their return home! Praise God that is gone; and now they come into the bungalow at any time, whereas formerly, according to their own statement, they would not be seen even entering the compound! And yet a further step—only this week have three high caste friends sat at our meal table and partaken of fruit, saying, "Recently we would not have dared to have been seen thus, but now we do not care." Fear, which was the underlying reason, is being dispelled. This is evidenced again through the purport of their visit, which is to hear the Gospel message, and in the fact that they do not come alone, but endeavour to bring others with them.

We would make mention also of a deep undermining of faith in their religious beliefs and rites, which is shown from their own testimonies. Only this week, when in the home of a dear Brahmin woman, did we hear from her own lips, "In the month of Shrawan we observe such and such a rite and perform all its ceremonies, but all for naught—we receive no spiritual benefit." How preciously sweet the message of Jesus seemed to her. Others, men, have said, "We do not place confidence, as formerly, on our 'beliefs';
there is so much that is conflicting in them and so much hypocrisy. We realize that you have what we need, and therefore come to you for it.” There are many who now are reading the New Testament thoughtfully, and which is most promising, for “The entrance of Thy Word giveth Light.”

Those of us who work among this caste-bound, idolatrous people cannot underestimate the value of even the few above evidences of God’s working among them. They may be, it is true, but small; still, we take them as the earnest of the greater work for which we are praying and believing, when those who are now “secret” believers will come boldly out for Jesus Christ, bringing many more with them.

And so we look forth, not to the enemy’s mud about us, but to the bright star-like lights, which engender hope and bring aids to faith, and we toil and press onward toward the day of deliverance for India’s people.

A. C. Cutler.
Notes

Rev. and Mrs. R. A. Jaffray spent about two weeks in India on their way to Borneo. It was a pleasure to have them, and Mr. Jaffary’s messages were an inspiration to the churches.

Mrs. L. R. Garrison, formerly a missionary to India, under our Society, and mother of our Messrs. A. I. and K. D. Garrison and Mrs. J. F. Brabazon, went to be with the Lord on February the 4th.

Praise

For echoes of blessing in the districts, of souls being saved, of others being made ready for baptism.

For health this year, and freedom from the epidemic of typhoid fever that was in the Akola Boys’ Boarding School last year.

For Miss Ransom’s recovery from a severe attack of malaria. Miss Ransom’s friends will be glad to know that she is out on tour now, and will be going on furlough soon.

Pray

For Miss Ransom and Miss Moore, going home on furlough for a much-needed rest.

For the little woman of whom Miss Bushfield wrote, who was delivered from an evil spirit and cast away her idols. For spiritual blessings in our Indian Churches.

For the souls whose decisions for Christ are hanging in the balance.
For Mrs. Cutler, who is now recovering from what seemed to be a sudden breakdown, after forty years of strenuous service in this land.

For the many high caste men who are on the threshold of the Kingdom, who have seen the Light through the ministry of Mrs. Cutler.
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Rev. and Mrs. S. Kerr
Miss E. Wells
Miss T. Wright
Rev. R. H. Smith
Miss A. Backlund

* Due to go on furlough.