PROPAGANDA

It wounds the hearts of those who love God to see, in these last awful days, how His enemies are scheming to banish faith from among men. In unsleeping activity, with cunning words, artful advertizing, ceaseless ranting and infernal lying, this propaganda is maintained. The faith of our fathers is flouted, God’s Word is blasphemed, and the boast is made that “the idea of God” soon will be driven from the earth. The very atmosphere is surcharged with this spirit of wickedness; the lurid lightnings of Satan can be sensed if not seen by those whose hearts are awake to what is happening. It is the beginning of the end and points to the last stand of that sinister being whose head was bruised at Calvary. On man’s part it is his approach to the climax of his long, long rebellion against his Maker.

But this raging of the nations, this pyrotechnic programme of rebel Satan and rebel man can last only while the night lasts. God’s children have naught to fear. Above and beyond the sputtering, dying rockets, and the
popping "Roman candles" which "the kings of the earth" and "the rulers" use in their puny war against the Lord and against His Anointed, faith can see the constellations of heaven shining as serenely as when Jehovah showed them, with immutable promise, to His servant Abraham. And faith can hear today the voice of Him who called to Israel through the herdsman prophet, Amos, telling His people to "seek Him Who maketh the seven stars and Orion, and turneth the shadow of death into the morning."

Our God, too, has a means for propagating His plan for mankind. It is as simple as it is sublime. The agents of His propaganda are sinners saved by grace, through faith in the risen Lord Jesus Christ. He calls us to surrender our lives to Him and be filled with His Spirit and then to witness to what He has done, unto the uttermost parts of the earth (Acts 1: 8). And when this good news of God's kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations then shall the end come (Matt. 24: 14). Just a little while longer and He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the Lord shall have them who hate Him in derision. Then will they be broken to pieces like potters' fragile vessels of brittle clay. Then will the righteous shine as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. Till then let us stick to God's programme and be God's propagandists in God's way.

Preach it and pray it and sing it and shout it,
Wonderful story of love;
Men are now dying—they perish without it,
Wonderful story of love.

"This then is the message which we have heard of him, and declare unto you, that God is light, and in him is no darkness at all.

"If we say that we have fellowship with him, and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth;

"But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John 1: 5–7.
happy. Muhammadan brothers, if you will consider the matter it will be evident to you that the cow-mother is the treasurer of joys, as explained above.

"It is a false idea to say that grain is expensive because it is exported. India has always done that. Because India has always been prosperous it has ever accepted the work of helping others. Even the kings here have gone to the gods in heaven and helped them. Brethren, we are their offspring. Even in these times we can be like them. The means to that end is this—we must appease her whom we esteem so highly, the all-supplying cow-mother.

"Mahadev Shresamb and Shri Gopal Krishna themselves worshipped the cow and instructed the people that mankind could procure their welfare by pleasing the cow. So be attentive to diminish the cow-mother's pain and using strength, mind and money, learn to preserve her.

"To this end we entreat you earnestly, consider old oxen, cows, buffaloes, etc., as your children, and do not give them to those who cause them pain. Make for them such arrangements as will not cause them trouble; give them grain, fodder and water with your own
hands and serve the cow-mother well. This is the way to welfare in this terrible ‘Iron Age.’

“It is imperative that you should help the printing and distribution of this tract to all brothers and sisters. Whoever will labour at this will receive the blessing of serving the cow-mother, and his life will be fruitful. But whoever, on reading, or even hearing this tract, is not ready to do so liberally will have to suffer untold trouble and at last he will fall into Hell.”

News and Notes

Before the next number of the Bulletin goes to press our ranks will be depleted, temporarily, by the departure from India for furlough of Mr. and Mrs. K. D. Garrison, and Mr. and Mrs. Ringenberg and their little ones. Mr. and Mrs. Garrison have stayed a year beyond the time for their regular furlough for the sake of the work. Mr. Garrison, with great ability, as Mission Chairman, has worked faithfully and painstakingly in the interests of the Indian Church and India’s people. Mrs. Garrison has carried on with great efficiency the manifold tasks that belong to the bungalow of the Mission headquarters. They deserve the good rest which we all pray that they may have while at home. Mr. and Mrs. Ringenberg, too, have served well and with fruitful results in their work among the people of Gujarat and will be greatly missed while away from us. We wish all these friends God’s best while they are absent from India.

Many of our missionaries have been ill with fevers, influenza, and other maladies during the cool season. Some were very seriously ill and we are grateful to our heavenly Father for sparing their lives and restoring them to health.

The touring work of the cool season has been much hindered in some districts by the illness of missionaries and by the impassability of the country roads, due to the heavy out-of-season rains in November.

There are still several weeks ahead before the hottest weather comes, and in that time the village people will have more leisure from toil, in which to listen to God’s messengers, than in the months just
gone. Pray that the work of evangelism may be much blessed and that souls may be saved.

May we announce the glad news that Gerald Latchaw Carner and Sara Elizabeth Vance were happily married at the bride’s home in Fort Valley, Georgia, on December 23rd; and that Gerald and his wife are joyfully looking forward to coming to India early this fall to be ambassadors for the Lord Jesus in this most needy field?

Do not forget the wide and deep unrest that characterizes India’s people at the present time. Pray that thousands of dissatisfied hearts may hear the gospel and seek and find the rest they long for, at the feet of Him Who Alone of all among men has the right and the power to say, “I will give you rest.”
Study The Pictures

One Snake Less to Fear belongs to the article by Mr. Gustafson. Read the article and think once more of the terrible darkness which overshadows India’s people, because they have “worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator.” Horned Owl—Wing-Spread of Seven Feet explains itself, except to add that, as Mr. Gustafson wrote us when sending the snaps, it, with the other wild-life photos, “shows a bit of the variety of animals we have roaming about our compound, night and day.” Fronds, Friends and—Fry? will be understood—all but the “fry.” We can explain why we have suggested this title by quoting, again, a sentence or two from Mr. Gustafson’s letter: “The porcupine was a good sized one, and one of the many we have shot as they tried to eat our slim corn-crop. The chap with the tousled turban is a Vagri and his caste eat porcupines, so the grin on his face is real!” You will understand Patient Servants, but—Saviours? No! if you read Mr. Smith’s article on “Saved by the cow.” Which Is the Christian? You could guess it perhaps, by seeing the
Bible in his hand, but we think his face also tells it. His name is Narayan and he loves the Lord Jesus and loves his own people. At his left hand stands his father, still a Hindu but seriously thinking of openly confessing Christ as his Lord.

“Others”

Lord, help me live from day to day
In such a self-forgetful way,
That even when I kneel to pray,
My prayer shall be for others.

Help me in all the work I do
To ever be sincere and true,
And know that all I’d do for you,
Must needs be done for others.

Let “self” be crucified and slain
And buried deep; and all in vain
May efforts be to rise again,
Unless to live for others.

And when my work on earth is done,
And my new work in heaven’s begun,
May I forget the crown I’ve won,
While thinking still of others.

Others, Lord, yes others,
Let this my motto be,
Help me to live for others,
That I may live like Thee.

—C. D. MEIGS,