A. B. Simpson

We can see him now, as he stood before the hundreds of assembled believers in Christ, in Carnegie Hall, Pittsburgh, and pleaded with Isaiahlike eloquence and Paullike logic for men and money to carry the news of Christ’s love to the ends of the earth. His voice was vibrant with unction, his tall, manly figure, like an oak in a gale, swayed with rhythmic dignity in the great storm of feeling which swept the landscape of his soul. Two things were real to him—a present, living, loving Christ, and a lost and dying world.

It was a great privilege to see and hear such a man. It was a direct favour of God, years later while on furlough, to have him put his hands upon one’s shoulders and look into one’s eyes with a father’s love for a son, and say words which have lasted across the years and whose echoes will never die away.

Fifty years have passed since this man of God with other men of God, anointed with the Spirit, led by the Spirit, launched The Christian and Missionary Alliance. They were men of vision, seeing to far-off horizons of glory. Their horizons have come nearer now and the glory, too, is nearer. Yet there intervenes the conflict with darkness, the last and worst the world has ever seen. Will we keep faith with our Lord and these who have gone before? Will we, in very truth, follow in His and their train and go with the good news where only evil and darkness now are known?

How Far Can You See?

The servant of God needs good eyesight. He should be able to see farther than “the end of his nose.” Rather, he should have the kind of eyes Moses had. Moses could see, near him, the throne of Egypt and himself upon that throne, ruling over “the greatest nation on earth,” so far as his own times were concerned. But he saw something better than that throne. He saw a Person, and then chose suffering, and while suffering “endured as seeing Him who is
invisible” (Heb. 11: 27). With the glorious vision before him, he lived his great life—a life of such far horizons that it tells mightily still and will tell on millions who are yet unborn. After his suffering was over and his work was done and he was to be honoured as no other man has been honoured, by having a private funeral with God Himself as the undertaker (Deut. 34: 6), he had still such good eyesight that God could show him, on that day, from the top of Mt. Pisgah “all the land... unto the utmost sea” (Deut. 34: 1-2). He was one hundred and twenty years old, yet strong enough to climb a mountain the day God buried his body, and “his eye was not dim” (Deut. 34: 7). May not the reason for his wonderful physical eyesight lie in the fact that as a young man he chose to look unto Christ rather than to “the pleasures” of Egypt. Moses never saw death for he had kept Christ’s saying (John 8: 51). He was saved the torment of the last enemy.

We cannot be Moses, but with the vision of Christ like his, we can live lives vitally like the life of Moses. Without that, we are all shortsighted. Even missionaries become shortsighted if they look at anything else than the day of Christ’s glory. It is pitiful to see a child of God whose vision takes in only the present and his own small interest or his own work, and looks upon that as a world by itself! And there is always the danger that we narrow our horizon to our workers, our station, our district, our mission, our field. Let us pray for eyes that see “afar off” (II Pet. 1: 9), as well as near, for hearts that love like God loves and for lives that lay hold on eternity.
Snap-Shots

By H. FAITH CUTLER

First, that of a family for whom many in the homelands have been praying. It was taken on the occasion of their farewell visit to us. Ganpatrao had been transferred to a distant railway centre. He was ready for baptism and earnestly hoped to be baptized. But his wife's health prevented.

Their only little daughter, Kamli (Lily), aged four, died last year. Their sorrow was deep, and we trembled lest this would cause them to turn back from Christianity, feeling the “Way” too hard. But it served to prove the real work of God in Ganpatrao’s heart. His faith in Christ Jesus was not in the least shaken.

Later God graciously answered prayer and gave them another child. Though naturally their hope was for a son, yet there was sweet submission to the will of God when another little girl was given. And they thanked God for His gift to them. The widowed mother
said, “Jesus took away our little Lily into His Garden and sent this one to take her place.”

Ganpatrao was determined that this child, whether boy or girl, should be given to the Lord and its name, even, should be a further testimony to his neighbours of his faith in Jesus Christ. He wanted no Hindu god’s name. When asked what name he had chosen he said, “Mary Pramala.” Pramala means love.

As soon as possible he arranged a meeting at his house, inviting a number of friends to attend. We found on arriving there, everything in readiness for a service. On the table was the Bible. After father had given a message from the Word, prayer was offered. Then came the dedication service, when Ganpatrao and his wife stood together in the centre of a small circle of immediate relations and those who held the same faith in Christ as he. Wee Mary was dedicated to God in the Name of God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. The Presence of the Lord was very real. At the close of the prayer the old mother said, “Now she belongs to Jesus; may He keep her!”

The picture shows Ganpatrao’s aged mother, his dear wife, and baby Mary in the centre in mother’s arms.

Before they left that day we took them into the Church, at their request, as the women had not yet seen the interior. They were much impressed with the simplicity and cleanliness. We then all bowed in prayer and committed them into God’s safe keeping. They have gone from us but we thank God for this whole family won for Christ. Pray for them.

Second, that of N—, a Brahmin believer in Jesus Christ. One afternoon when he had called to see us, he spoke of the difficulty he found in getting his wife to “take in the teaching” as he termed it. He so longs for his wife to come into “The Light,” that together they may serve Christ. To show us the difficulty he has in teaching her, among other examples, he related the following: “When I was so sick a few months back, my only comfort was in reading the Bible, and I used to read it aloud to myself. At times my wife would be there to listen and at others I would be alone. One day I was so weary I did not care to talk with friends present, so asked for the Bible. Immediately they protested saying, ‘Why do you want to read that now. Read it when you are well.’ But as I was determined to read, they all left.
My wife, though, sat in the doorway. I felt that any part of God's Word would sooth me, so opened the Bible at random and commenced reading something like this, ‘Thou shalt kill the bullock before the Lord—thou shalt take of the blood of the bullock—and pour all the blood—etc., etc.’ Suddenly my wife spoke up, contemptuously, saying ‘Chay! chay! (Fie! fie!) how can you find pleasure in that religion? I told you Christians killed animals and ate meat! I'm not going to listen any more to you when you read that book! And up she got and left the room.”

Poor N—! He said, “Why ever did I hit upon that passage when she was listening? It did not trouble me, but I did not understand enough to explain it to her.”
However his wife’s mind is opening up and there is a marked change in her manner. When I visited them last she showed a real interest in the gospel message and readily assented when I suggested praying to Jesus before leaving. She related to her husband later in the day regarding my visit and what I had taught her and it pleased and encouraged him.

Third, that of five Brahmin women who, a few days later, sent word that they were coming in the afternoon. Though it was raining heavily, they came!

Their interest in the gospel, and understanding of the message, was encouraging. To our surprise a few readily joined in singing the hymns. We remarked on their knowledge of the hymns and were informed that as girls, in Indore, they used to attend meetings where these hymns were sung. One woman said that her husband was reading the book (New Testament) we had given him. He has frequently attended the Bungalow meetings. These five represented two homes and from each came an earnest request to visit them soon.

Fourth, that of a Brahmin widow.

Returning one evening in the car we noticed a Brahmin widow sitting at the corner where we stopped. Her face depicted great suffering. A few words of love and sympathy opened her heart. We found she was out for exercise so she declined the ride offered her back to the town.

Her nephew is a lawyer in town. She has been a sufferer for nearly two years and apparently cannot find or afford a remedy. She was more than delighted when we suggested visiting her, and urged us to “come soon.”

Heavy rains prevented the promise being fulfilled for some days but last Monday I went and found a glad welcome from her, her nephew, his wife and a visiting friend.

As soon as she saw me she said, “Has Aie (mother) come?” When I replied, “No” she burst into tears. Wiping them away quickly she said, “You know, I did want to see her again for, never do I remember anyone speaking to me with such love.” She was relieved and satisfied when mother’s message and greetings were conveyed to her. She remarked that, “That evening after our car left her she cried and cried because of the love shown her.” Pray for her
that she may know the joy and peace of salvation through Jesus Christ. Oh, may the love of Christ so continually be revealed through us that hearts will be drawn to Him.

"Not I, but Christ,
to gently soothe in sorrow;
Not I, but Christ,
to wipe the falling tear;
Not I, but Christ,
to lift the weary burden,
Not I, but Christ,
to hush away all fear."

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**Saved From Death**

*By Raymond H. Smith*

A deliverance similar in some respects to that of David as recorded in the 40th Psalm was recently experienced by one of our Indian preachers. While on his way to a weekly bazaar during the hot season, he stopped at a well to assuage his thirst. Like many of the wells in India, the top was level with the ground, with no
protecting wall around it. A herd of cattle had also gathered at the well, being thirsty too. After pulling up a bucket of water, Chintaman Master squatted down, Indian style, to drink. As he raised the bucket to his lips, one cow bunted another cow into him, and losing his balance, the next instant he found himself falling into the well. As he fell, he had presence of mind to grasp the well-rope, so although he plunged into the water, he somewhat broke his fall, and could keep his head above water. Is it necessary to say that he prayed? Providentially, some men in a field, near, had seen the accident, and came running up to the well-mouth. Seeing that the brother was not in immediate danger of drowning, they hastened to the adjacent village for help, and soon Chintaman was standing on solid earth, wet and bruised from his experience, but with a heart full of praise to the Lord who had brought him up out of a "horrible pit." He indeed had a new song in his mouth, even praise to his God.

He is working in a strategic centre, where there are prospects of fruit, so we can understand an attack like this. The year before, the same worker was very ill and was raised up in answer to prayer. May the enemy be thwarted in all his plans, and the counsel of the Lord prosper in this part of the harvest field, and many sheaves be gathered in.

In the Bible there is more that finds me than I have experienced in all other books put together; the words of the Bible find me at greater depths of my being; and whatever finds me brings with it an irresistible evidence of its having proceeded from the Holy Spirit.—Coleridge.
News and Notes

Our Annual Convention dates have been changed from Christmas week to early November (Nov. 3—10). It was believed by the majority of our missionaries that we should be in our stations at Christmas time in order to give our interest and ministry to our Indian Christian people.

Lauren R. Carner

"Down by the House of the Potter"

We give praise to our Lord for almost another whole year of full allowances. We are unworthy of such lovingkindness at the hands of our God. We thank Him and all His dear children who pray for us and sacrifice things dear to them in order that we may live in dark India as witnesses for Christ and for them.

The summer schools for our evangelists and Biblewomen, held in the rainy season in Dholka, Gujarat, and in Akola, Berar, were occasions of real blessing. The study of the Bible in order that the Word of Christ may dwell in us richly in all wisdom (Col. 3:16), can never be unprofitable.

A number of our missionaries have been ill of late. Some have had malaria fever and others have suffered in other ways.
Please pray for the return of health to all such and that the lives of these servants of God may be preserved.

Remember to pray for Mr. and Mrs. Hartman and for Mr. and Mrs. Amstutz and family. These friends are beginning new terms of service after furlough. The enemy will seek to make targets of them for his fiery darts. Shield them by your prayers.

Pray also for Mr. and Mrs. Gerald L. Carner, just beginning missionary work in India. The Lord has used them in the work at home, in London, Ontario. Pray that as they start upon the new service here they may have God’s “great grace” upon them.

Pray for the missionaries and Indian evangelists on tour. Only a little while longer, it now seems, will the good news be heralded. *Work for the night is coming!* None works more effectively than the one who really prays.

Lauren R. Carner

Dogs Clean Up The Dinner Dishes!
MISSIONARY DIRECTORY, 1937

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Chairman: REV. E. R. CARNER

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Names with a star * are those of missionaries retired on the field.

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