"Other sheep I have... them also I must bring."

"Multitudes"

By A. I. Garrison

"Multitudes, Multitudes in the valley of decision! The day of the Lord is near in the valley of decision." "And seeing the multitudes He went up into a mountain". "But when He saw the multitudes He was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted and were scatted abroad as sheep having no shepherd. Then said He unto His disciples, The harvest truly is plenteous but the labourers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He would send forth labourers into His harvest."

"A great multitude which no man could number out of every nation."

"Many shall come from the East".

If you were permitted to stand on an eminence overlooking a great religious fair in India, and thence to behold tens of thousands of Hindus drawn from far and near by the unexplicable attraction of an idol, if you were one whom Christ had redeemed from sin, you would undoubtedly, like your Master, be filled with compassion for the fainting multitudes without a Shepherd. If you could further extend
the horizon of your mind's eye to visualize the 240 millions of Hindus in India (including Burma), comprising 68 per cent of the total population, and were to compute that for each one of the perhaps twenty thousand persons within the limits of your vision,

there are 12,000 other Hindus in India, you would surely be appalled at the enormity of the task which our Lord appointed His Church to perform, of making His gospel known to every one of all the multitude. If you loved your Lord you would ask Him what part you are to have in fulfilling that commission.

The last census calculated that approximately ninety millions of Hindus are included in what are called the “Depressed Classes”. Most of these are “untouchables” to caste Hindus. Mr. Gandhi has invented the name of “Harijans” or “people of God” for them. But little figuring is necessary to realize that out of every three Hindus one is of the “Depressed Classes.”

Thousands of these outcastes have determined that they will not die as Hindus, but will throw off the yoke of untouchability by changing their religion.
The Christian forces at hand to meet this emergency are pitifully inadequate, not only as to the number of workers, but as to spiritual vision and experience in soul winning. It appears to be a divine arrangement that we should be inwardly stirred to action in the will of God by the sight of the eyes, both physical and spiritual. Even our Lord was stirred to compassion when He saw the needy multitudes. He wished His disciples to lift up their eyes and behold the fields ready for harvest, but perishing for lack of reapers. During the past year we visited two large Hindu fairs not many miles from where we live. I assure you that our hearts were stirred as we looked. We took numbers of photos that you, too, might look. This short article is written with the prayer that as you look at the accompanying pictures you may with us be stirred—stirred to pray for the necessary labourers, whether from abroad or from among the millions of India; stirred to do something if possible in addition to prayer, to turn from darkness to light many of those who are today in the valley of decision.
Opposition

By L. E. HARTMAN

In our touring work of the past season we were made to realize anew the terrible pressure which is brought to bear upon those who want to find God; especially in a section where, as yet, there are no Christians. The Satanic hatred, the threatenings and subtle arguments which they are called upon to face are such that, unless desperately in earnest, they will be turned back. This is true of the outcastes, as well as of the caste people, as you will see from the following instances.

In one town where we had a number of meetings, there was a young man from one of the lower divisions of the outcastes and a caste man, who openly showed their intention of becoming Christians. There were other young men who, though not so open about becoming Christians, had promised interested and less fearful friends from another nearby town to come to our camp with them daily, after a certain date, for Bible study.

What was the result? The man in this town who seemed to have the most influence in matters of religion was a wealthy
merchant and money lender and the caste man who had said he was going to become a Christian was one of his servants. One afternoon this merchant and others of the town leaders got his servant and the interested outcaste man and kept them until evening, trying in every way to turn them back from their purpose.

Imagine if you can the two illiterate men, who have heard only a little of the gospel and who have not yet gone on far enough to know its power in their lives, in the presence of a wealthy, educated, man who knows church history, and about the divisions in Christendom, Romanists and Protestants, and how the one has persecuted the other; how so-called Christian nations have fought each other. Think of this man as skilful and experienced in argument, able to take the facts and colour them to suit his purpose, and with all the leaders of the town on his side, while the two stood alone, and you have a picture of the scene which was enacted that day.

Do you wonder that we heard no more of the servant’s desire to become a Christian and that the young outcaste, while disclaiming any fear, was not so open in his friendship with us and was not so enthusiastic about becoming a Christian after that, and that the other
young men who had promised to come to our camp for Bible study were afraid to come?

I have great sympathy for these men, knowing as I do, the one they had to face. He attended a number of our meetings and would sit and listen to the message and then begin to ask questions and to argue, trying to break down the truth and thus prevent any of the listeners from accepting it. He is one of the best informed and most skilful men I have ever been called upon to face in that way, and what an oily tongue he has! His language is perfect, he is always suave, smiling and never the least bit ruffled. This, of course, made him the more deadly as an enemy of Christ.

Something this man said, which I had never heard before, may interest you. He is a worshipper of Krishna and gave a new “interpretation” (!) of the prayers of Christ. He believes that the one thing which God reserves to Himself is the right to punish sinners. Therefore, he said, by killing off wicked men rather than forgiving them Krishna proved his Deity, while by interceding for those who persecuted Him, Christ showed that He was only a good man and devoid of the one essential quality or power of Deity!
A young man from another town came to us in camp one day. He said he had been wanting to be baptized for several years, but his relatives had managed in various ways to prevent it. His wife was then in another town from the one in which he was living and after instruction and prayer he left with the intention of bringing her to the camp a few days later. But we saw very little of him after that, though we stayed in that section several weeks.

It was so managed that he never got back to the camp and we saw him only twice and that by going to different towns where we learned he had gone. All that know him believe that he is determined to become a Christian and even tell us that he is one of us, but in devious, mysterious ways he has been prevented from being baptized.

The Pictures

In this number we have a series of pictures provided by Rev. A. I. Garrison. For the most part we give the explanation of them in his own words. "The Great Day of Worship at Changdev. This is presumed to be a day of fasting. But fasting means abstaining from the daily rice and bread. One who is hungry may satisfy himself by eating peanuts or sweets!"
“Hindus’ Religious Bathing in the Tapti and Purna Rivers, below the temple of Changdev. Without the ‘snan’ (ceremonial bath) a religious Hindu will not eat or worship.”

“*The Sangam.* The confluence of the big Tapti River (seen in the centre) and the smaller Purna River (flowing from the right). Here is held an annual ‘yatra’ or religious fair, for the worship of Changdev, a Hindu saint. The picture shows only about a third of

The assembled multitude. They come in hope of making a confluence or union (sangam) of their spirits with the god, Changdev, whose immense temple overlooks the ‘sangam’ of the two rivers.” “*The Courtyard of the Temple of Changoba,* at Changdev. The worshippers ring the bell, then go in to the dark interior beyond, to worship the idol. *Waiting their Turn to Worship Changdev.* The courtyard of the temple. Hundreds were waiting outside, to enter.” “*Darkness in Contact with Light.* One of the Hindu ‘holy’ men at the ‘rendezvous’, reading a Gospel just given to him.” “*Building on the Sands.* An annual encampment of from ten to twenty thousand Hindus at Changdev fair, all on the sands of the banks of the Tapti and Purna rivers at their confluence. During the monsoon each year the floods cover the entire area of this encampment. Herein is a parable.”
The Church has Lost a Greatheart

We have heard with poignant sorrow of the passing of one of the biggest-hearted men it has ever been our privilege to know. He was a great preacher and a great evangelist but to most of his friends he was known by his plain name, Paul Rader—without any prefixes or suffixes. He knew human nature and could analyze it as few men have been able to do. He hated the pride and smugness of modernism and could cauterize these deadly symptoms with all the fine skill of a great surgeon of souls. But he knew and loved Christ with all his big mind and heart, and the eloquence of every sermon he preached, the sweetness of every hymn he wrote, was Christ, only Christ.

It follows that, like Christ, he loved the souls of men everywhere. He was a missionary, with the wide, wide world in his heart. Bigotry and snobbery were never near him, and his warm hand was ready to clasp that of his fellows of every class and colour, always, if by so doing he could lift them nearer to Jesus, the Giver of rest to the weary and broken in heart. A multitude of saved sinners will spend eternity in heaven because they heard Paul Rader preach Christ. What a gift from God! to be able to preach Christ in such a way that men will want Him to come into their hearts to live! Paul Rader had this gift.

He has left us now, and we feel an ache in our hearts when we say it, though for him we are glad, because he is "with Christ." We shall cherish the great messages he left in his books, such as God's Blessed Man, and the beautiful hymns he wrote, such as Only Believe; but most of all we cherish the memory of—just himself—"until the day break and the shadows flee away."
Two of our Gujarati workers were recently ordained. Samuel Govindbhai was ordained at Mehmadabad on July 30th. He is serving three churches in the territory of the Mehmadabad Church Council. Bhulabhai Ashabhai was ordained in Railwaypura, a suburban part of the city of Ahmedabad, on July 31st, and will serve as pastor of the Railwaypura church.

The people of the Railwaypura church, about 150 members, have begun a church building there. The corner-stone of this building—to be known as the “Bethel Church”—was laid at the time of the ordination of the pastor. The majority of the families constituting this church were orphan boys and girls of our Alliance work in earlier years. Pray for the money needed to complete the church building, a thousand dollars at least.

The rains this year have been unusually heavy. India’s country roads at present need only to be seen to be known to be impassable for carts and cars, or anything short of water-buffaloes! But India’s sun will see to all that by the time the cool season is here. So begin now with prevenient prayer for the work of the coming touring season and a harvest of souls.

Our Annual Missionary Conference convenes, D.V., on October 26th. Pray that it may be a season of blessing and revival to us all.

While the years of childhood glided slow
There was all to receive and nothing to give:
Is it not better for others to live?
And happier far than merriest games
Is the joy of our new and nobler aims:
Then, fair fresh flowers—now lasting gems;
Then, wreaths for a day—but now, diadems.

—F. R. Havergal.