How a Heathen Mother was Saved from the Coming Wrath

AUGUST HELFERS

It began during the great annual gathering of the Gujarat camp-meeting at Mehmadabad about ten years ago. The energetic pioneer missionary, the Rev. William Moyser, who spent many years in India and helped found the Alliance Mission, was speaking. It was his last meeting before leaving for America on retirement. He was giving a vivid description of the sufferings that were coming.

India still has wild elephants. When first captured they resist with all of their great strength. But when surrounded by others of their kind, which have been tamed and trained, they become docile and learn soon to do the things which are required of them.
upon the earth during the Great Tribulation days. To emphasize his message he asked those in that large audience who had been stung by a scorpion to indicate it. He asked them to call to mind the awfulness of the suffering from such sting.

Scorpions in this land, he reminded them, were numerous and one might meet them anywhere. They invaded the home, got into places where one might put the hand unwittingly, greeted you at the door, or got into your clothes or boots. One marvels how so many people escape being stung by them. There were many present in that meeting who had been stuck by scorpions or who had seen the agony of those who had been stung. They had seen strong men writhe in pain for hours and crying out in terrifying agony.

This agony was nothing to be compared with the whole army of scorpion-locusts which would be let loose upon mankind during one of the plagues to come. They were led by the king of the bottomless pit, Apollyon, and had power to torment mankind for five months. Men would have to suffer on, for even death would flee them. This was only one of the plagues. What of the others to follow?

Among those who were present in that meeting was one named S——, from Newton village. He remembered very vividly the agony of a scorpion sting. Could there be anything worse? Yet, here was the Word of God declaring the awful agony of those who persist in rejecting the grace of God. He thought of his mother with whom he had pleaded many times. She was adamant. Would she have to suffer these awful agonies? and that forever? The thought was terrifying. He could not rid himself of it.

The meeting was over and every one greeted some one and there was great gladness in the hearts of the people. When evening drew near many began to leave for their villages. S——too, went home but the burdening thought of the suffering of the lost, and especially that in store for his old mother unless she repented, kept increasing in his mind. When he could contain himself no longer he went to a lonely spot at a river bank and sought God in prayer. He continued that day in prayer and received the assurance that before he ate another meal he would see his mother yield to God. However, he promised God that he would not eat or touch food until she had promised to receive the Saviour.

In the evening when he returned his mother placed food before him, but he made an excuse and refused it. The day following he again went to pray, praying very definitely that God would save his
mother from these awful agonies. On reaching home that evening he found that visitors had come and a special meal had been prepared. It was with difficulty that he was able to refuse having food with them.

The burden on his heart was increasing and the hour of its answer had not yet come. Yet he was specific in his request before God and continued to present that request continuously. The third day dawning found him on his face before God. Surely God would do something today. He went home a little earlier than the two preceding days with a lighter heart but with a determination to continue without food until his prayer was answered.

What would his mother say today when he refused to take food. This was the third day without any food. The mother was beginning to get alarmed. She begged of her son that he tell her why he did not take his meals. S—— finally told her it was because of the heavy burden on his heart for her salvation. He then told her of his praying to God and his promise to God to continue in prayer and fasting until his prayer was answered and she was saved.
The idol-worshipper became infuriated. This fury broke forth in increasing and divers waves of expression. She vowed that she would not forsake her idols, nor her ancestors’ religion. According to the way she had been taught she could do nothing more despicable. The thought of the humiliation added flame to her wrath, and she cursed and swore at her son. She threw brickbats at him, wounding him in the head. Then she gathered what few things he had and threw them out of the house. Finally, her fury exhausted, she ordered him out of her house and sight.

But her bursts of fury had also raised the neighbours. They gathered together. So did the townsmen. People began to try to solve the mystery. Some one went to an adjoining village and called the Christian pastor. This was a new thing. A man praying and fasting for the welfare of his mother. The people of the village had heard of hunger strikes, but this was something new. It took the pastor to inform them. He encouraged S—— in his faith and determination, and told the mother to repent and be saved through
the Lord Jesus. Even the heathen neighbours joined in trying to persuade the mother to seek the God and Saviour of her son. Late that evening there was rejoicing among many, as well as in heaven, when the mother who had so cruelly treated her son recanted and promised she would seek the Lord until she found Him. The food tasted exceptionally good that night!

The mother had grown old in her heathen worship and Apollyon made a desperate struggle to keep her. It was nearly five years before she finally came out openly to confess her Lord and Saviour. Today she rejoices in the Lord Jesus and is a bright testimony of what God does in answer to a son’s persevering prayer. She encourages her son to give a tenth of their income, and in his desire to have a “God’s acre” for the support of the ministry in the little church that meets in Newton. They have purchased a small field, prominently located by the main road, which he hopes to give to the church on which to build a house of worship. May his faith increase and may God add souls to this little congregation! There still are many parents and sons and daughters in other villages who have not yet sought the Lord. But they do not have a loved one who will pray “through”. The Lord wonders whether there shall be an intercessor.

Hannah’s God Still Lives

GERALD L. CARNER

In a little jungle village, six miles from Chandur, at the side of a much-travelled road, live two humble Christian families, the only witnesses for Christ in all that neighbourhood. One of these families, especially, has been an encouragement and joy to the missionaries for a number of years. Humble, faithful, industrious and happy, this couple, Silas and Mary, have been letting their light shine to the glory of God.

While we were camping near their village not long ago, one night Silas, in his simple way, was telling of the goodness of God to them and praising Him for His grace and mercy. In the course of his testimony he told the following story:

One place where Mary, his wife, had opportunity to witness was down at the creek where she went regularly, with other women of the village, to do her washing. Sometimes the women would ask,
“Why are you a Christian?” And she would answer and tell them of the power of Jesus to save from sin. One day when Mary had been “gossiping the gospel,” she got this answer—“If your God would give me a boy I would believe on Him. I’ve prayed to many gods but none has answered and I am without a child.” And Marybai replied, “Let us pray to the Lord Jesus. He is able to give you a child.”

The God of Hannah is the same today. They prayed and God answered. The child was a boy, as they had asked. The father and mother have thrown away their charms and have stopped bowing down to idols. They worship Jesus now.

The simple faith of these humble saints is a lesson and an inspiration to us. As they believed God for a child in the flesh, may we, and you in the homeland, not believe for many spiritual children to be born unto everlasting life, in this barren land of darkness and death?

Nearly every high hill or mountain in India which is conspicuous for beauty has an idol shrine or temple somewhere near its top. In this picture a banyan tree is seen in the foreground.
The Gospel in Jhinjhuwada

J. S. RINGENBERG

Among the numerous small and large States in and around Viramgam Taluka (county) is Jhinjhuwada. It is sparsely inhabited, low, flat and semi-desert, and borders on the Little Ran (desert) on the west. Once an independent State ruled by a native king, it is now, like so many of the smaller States, wholly administered by the British Government. The ruling class nominally own the State, but its towns and lands have been divided and sub-divided among the descendants until there are only two or three who have sufficient income to keep up appearances as darbars. Most of them are so heavily indebted to merchants that their income from their holdings goes directly to them, and obtaining food for the day often becomes a problem. The drink-habit is also common. One way they get money is by marrying additional wives, as each girl must be accompanied by a dowry. Not having the wherewithal, they find it difficult to get their own daughters married, so the number of girls of marriageable age is reported to have increased out of proportion.

The inhabitants are mostly illiterate. Schools are found in one out of five villages only. The people are poor as the soil is unproductive and usually both darbar and merchant await the time of harvest for all they can get. Some are employed in the adjacent salt works. Those working steadily absorb so much salt into their systems that their lives are shortened, and the fire of the funeral pyre is ineffective upon their corpses.
Jhinjhuwada town was once strongly fortified. Most of its walls and imposing gates still stand. In the desert, six or eight miles from the town, is an oasis. It is about twelve miles square and is sparsely covered with shrubbery and small trees. A number of fountains spring up in this oasis. These have tanks built around them and are named after so-called holy men. Fanciful tales are told explaining how each one's name came to be associated with the fountain. Wild cows, and pigs, deer and wild donkeys are plentiful here. The latter is an unusual species, said to be habitant in only two places in the world. They are about the size and build of a zebra, light brown with white stomachs, and are fat and swift. We chased one by car for a considerable distance across the smooth desert. The Government forbids shooting them.

Although parts of the State had been touched by the gospel, this was the first time for an evangelistic group to camp there. We praise the Lord for giving us favour with the Thandar, the highest authority in the State. Our evangelists were given two fine rooms in an enclosed compound, while I stayed in the rest house, the stopping place for officials and guests. Each evening the Thandar came for a friendly chat about the day's work and gave us a fine opportunity to tell him of the Saviour.

On the whole there was an attitude of welcome toward the gospel. The darbar class was unresponsive, but as in our Lord's time the poor heard the message gladly. At no time have we seen the women attend meetings where men speak, as they did in these villages. Sometimes both men and women would clap hands and join in with the singing. At Jhinjhuwada town the Depressed Class community expressed their desire that we send them a Christian teacher. They do not want their children to grow up in ignorance and superstition as they have done. We have had no suitable man for this situation but trust the Lord will enable us to do more
intensive work among the darkened souls of this barren little State.

A Household of Faith

In the last issue of the Bulletin we recorded the sad death by snake-bite of Nalinata, wife of our headmaster at the Boys' Boarding School at Akola, and daughter of Rev. and Mrs. M. Jalaji. The above picture shows the members of this home of faith. Their names from the reader's left are, Ruthbai; Nalinatabai (the one who has gone to be with the Lord), back of whom is her husband, Raguel Chavan, headmaster; then, Kantabai with her little girl in her arms; back of her is her husband, Barnabas Kulkarni, house father in the Boys' School; to Kantabai's left is Maggiebai the wise and efficient mother of this unusual family; then, Mugganrao Jalaji, the faithful pastor of the Akola church; in front of him is the youngest daughter, Gitabai; to her right is Prabhakar, her little brother and the youngest member of the family. In front of Nalinata are her two children, now motherless, Anant and his little sister, Sudha. Pray for these dear friends who make up the membership of a family which is loved and honoured by all who know them.

Through part of July and all of August our Mission Workers have been gathered in Akola and Mehmedabad for Summer School Bible Study. This annual change from their work of village preaching and pastoral visitation ministry is helpful to them and brings refreshing to their souls. Nearly all of them manifest keen interest
in their studies and go back to their humble service among the villages with renewed interest in God’s precious Word—more precious now than ever before in the presence of the dark clouds of approaching judgment upon the pride and rebellion of unregenerate man.

Special seasons, for the discussion of the problems of our work and prayer for the same, are held in both Gujarat and Berar, at the time of the Summer Schools. These Retreats, as we call them, are times of special blessing. One of our subjects this year in the Retreats has been the Cross of Christ. Messages were brought by missionaries and Indian pastors on such phases of this infinite subject as “The Cross of Christ in God’s Plan for the Ages,” “The Cross in Relation to the Forgiveness of Sins,” “The Cross in Relation to a Life of Victory,” “The Cross and the Individual,” “The Cross and the Coming Judgment,” “The Cross in the Ages to Come.” These and other messages on this great theme were blessed of the Lord to all our hearts and gave to us a renewed sense of God’s marvellous love and of the eternal debt of love which we owe to Him.

‘Five-Brothers’

This is not an advertisement for the brand of tobacco which used to bear the above name in America. We are not slaves of nicotine but are bondservants of the Lord Jesus Christ. The editor is honoured to stand with these ordained pastors whose names from left to right as you look toward them, are Douletrao Bunsod, Ragunathrao Khandare, Mugganrao Jelaji, and Shaurao Bower.
Indwelt

Not merely the words you say,
Not only the deeds confessed,
But in the most unconscious way
Is Christ expressed.

Was it a beneficent smile,
A holy light on your brow?
Oh, no. I felt His presence while
You laughed just now.

For me, 'twas not the truth you taught,
To you so clear, to me so dim,
But when you came, you brought
A sense of Him.

And from your eyes, He beckons me,
And from your heart, His love is shed,
'Till I lose sight of you and see
The Christ instead.

(Written to Rev. G. L. Morgan, Windom, Minn.
by an old-time friend.)
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