“Soon Shall the Shadows Flee”

“That darkest hour,
Before the veil of night was rent, went by,
And hearken! Far away beyond the seas,
Among the sacred hills, a maiden sings
Whose heart has caught the Dawn. She sweetly sings,
For, set apart, and blessed, and called of God,
She waits His promise. In the crystal East
Her day is breaking. Angels come and go
Across the fragrant hills, to visit her
In those still hours of her mysterious hope;
And by the cottage door she sings: “My soul
Doth magnify the Lord; my heart is glad
In God my Saviour.” Happy song of one
Whose heart has caught the Dawn!

“And now, once more
We wait for Him. It is a little while
And He shall come again. A day shall break
That knows no eventide. A sun arise
That shall no more go down; and now we hear
Not one sweet maiden singing by the door,
Among the sacred mountains far away,
For every Christian heart has caught the Dawn,
And every faithful spirit joins the song—
‘Soon shall the shadows flee; the day shall break
On every weary land; the King once more
Shall have His own, and reign from shore to shore.’”

—Selected.
The Spiritually Underprivileged

This number of THE INDIA ALLIANCE is intended to serve as a window through which you may catch a glimpse into the lives of Indian village Christians; to explain why they look forward so eagerly to the annual Mela.

“When shall I come and appear before God?” asked one, centuries ago, whose heart panted after God. He was a member of the nation chosen to be custodian of God’s revelation of His will. In that day all the men of the nation went up at least three times a year to “appear before God” at the central place of worship. Once they went to commemorate the national redemption, once to bring the first sheaf of ripened grain, acknowledging God as Sustainer of His people; and once again in joyous thanksgiving after the harvest had been gathered, crowning the year with His goodness. These happy gatherings were intended to do more than to foster the individual spiritual life of a worshipper. They brought the whole nation together before God, thus doing much to erase tribal animosities and to keep the worship of God free from individual vagaries. When teaching priest and reigning king were true to their anointing these gatherings prospered the spiritual life of the whole nation.

But the Indian village Christian is not a member of a
nation devoted to the worship of Jehovah. He is rather the representative of an isolated household, cut off from many features of the social life about him. Probably he is ostracised and persecuted because of his change of faith. He has debarred himself from the frequent and colourful occasions with which Hinduism enlivens the life of its followers. There is not a fortnight that passes without some special religious observance for the Hindu. In only a very few villages are there enough Christians for the building of even the simplest mud-walled chapel. Add to this the illiteracy of the average villager, so that frequently there is no Christian in the village who can read the Word of God to the rest, and we begin to understand that in some ways the village Christian in India today is less privileged than the Old Testament followers of the Lord.

**Mela**, the vernacular word for camp meeting, implies, like “convention”, a getting together, but it is not merely a social affair. At the mela one sees the joy that comes to lonely believers as they mingle with like-minded persons. It is an uplifting experience for a family which throughout the year has sought to render praise in feeble and wavering song to be where some five or six hundred other voices join in. The mela singing swells and soars hour by hour, and no amount of it seems too much. Then there are the testimonies of God's gracious answers to prayer, which quicken the faith (and the pulse) of lonely, struggling men and women. And, best of all, there is the Bread by which man's spirit lives. Appropriately, the melas come just after the harvest has been gathered; many of the poor, paid in grain rather than in coins, have stored away some measures of grain for the coming months. The unfolding in simple language of the teachings of God's Word provides food for the moment, and a small store also to be laid up in memory for the coming lean months when opportunities for hearing the Truth will be few.

A name much in vogue for India's outcastes is “the
underprivileged.” Herewith we offer you a glimpse into the very hearts of those who, though emancipated and redeemed by Christ, are still underprivileged in spiritual matters. Can you appreciate what the fellowship of the saints means to them?

This bulletin goes to press in Midsummer. But as things are in the world today it will probably not reach you until about Christmas time. For many the festivities of the season will be subdued this year. But loss of the commercialized aspects of Christmas will be no real loss. Wherever the love of God is shed abroad in human hearts by the Holy Spirit there will be the true Christmas spirit. It was into an eastern village, not unlike our Indian villages, that Jesus was born, surrounded by the cattle and worshipped by lowly shepherds. And from these villages, where Christ is being born anew in the hearts of the lowly, we send you with this bulletin our sincere Christmas Greetings.

The Spirit of Christmas

Mr. Satralkar is a gifted Indian evangelist and Bible teacher who has rendered much valuable help to our work in recent years. He spent last Christmas in his own happy home, surrounded by his family and in the joyful Christian worship in his home church. He then left immediately to come up to Berar, where he was to lead a band of workers preaching in the great Hindu fair of Rin Mochin, in a district where the missionary in charge was just recovering from enteric fever.

While camping in a tent at the fair, Mr. Satralkar became very ill. His fever went high and he knew himself to be on the verge of pneumonia, and in need of help; so after a long, hard ride in a bullock cart, and another wearying trip
in a motor bus, he appeared at the door of the Hartman home in Amraoti. With their usual open-heartedness, they took him in and carefully nursed him back to health, for which our brother has shown touching gratitude.

One day, when he was lying ill in the Hartman home, his fever still high, and with pensive thoughts of home flitting through his mind, there was a rap at the door. "Someone to see you, Mr. Satralkar," the voice said gently. "Please send him in." And in went a village man whom Mr. Satralkar did not remember having seen before. His clothes were far from clean, but he wore a warm smile on his rustic face.

"I want to pray with you, sir," he said.

Surprised and touched, he replied, "Please do".

Down on his knees went the visitor. He gave thanks for the partial recovery of the sick one, and poured out his soul in prayer for his complete restoration. And then in our brother's own words, "He did something infinitely tender, embodying the very spirit of Christmas. He fumbled in his shirt and brought out five sweet limes, wrapped in a none-too-clean handkerchief."

"These are for you, sir," he said.

Feeling a bit embarrassed to accept them, Brother Satralkar said, "Please, like a good fellow take them home and eat them for me. They are so dear you must have paid a lot for them!" A look of pain crossed the rugged face as he replied, "Sir, I brought them for you! They only cost a day's wages! It is such a small gift and," apologetically, "see, they are not the best quality!"

The sick one stretched out his hands and reverently took the love gift of this simple-hearted village brother. He felt deeply humbled that he had been slow to accept what love offered, for he realized that in this gift, so costly to the giver that it might reasonably have been withheld, was the love that could not be satisfied without giving. This was the very spirit of Christmas. It is thus that God gave.

"Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable Gift!"
Marching Saints

ALBERT C. EICHER

Bands of weary village Christians came trudging through the front gate. They were dusty and hungry, and some of them sick. One man whose wife was critically ill carried her in a box on his head. His village was twelve miles away. Another was brought in a bullock cart shaking with a malarial chill. Women walked long distances with small children on their hips and bundles on their heads. Some came in carts, some by bus, some by train, but many walked. Everyone was happy at last to be at the camp meeting. India’s sun in late March generates heat that in Kipling’s words, “Fairly makes the eyebrows crawl.” And so it was that those bands of Christians who came on foot walked in the cool of the early morning. They rested during the blast of noon, and then struck the trail again till evening shadows brought them to a Believer’s home where they had supper. After the meal they had a song and testimony meeting to which the Christian family invited their Hindu neighbours, and then they stretched out under the clear sky for a sound sleep till dawn would see them on the march again.

“Saints, these? you say—“These dusty, ill-clad illiterate villagers!” Yes—these are Saints. Forget their dusty tattered clothes. Look at their happy faces; their eagerness for the Bread of Life. See their readiness to witness to the goodness of the Lord in spite of being weary with their long march. Yes, these are Saints, Marching Saints.

The Marathi Camp meeting should have been held in a pleasant mango grove 22 miles from Akola, but the increasing difficulties in transportation made it impossible to do so. Instead, it was held at the newly-rented Amraoti Mission Bungalow with its spacious accommodations in buildings and grounds. Tents and temporary bamboo matting shelters clustered the compound. Brother and Sister Hartman and
Pastor Aglave attended to the entertainment whole-heartedly and efficiently. Two large audience tents were pitched under spreading tamarind trees, and annexed to these were the flies of two other tents, which together afforded shade from the withering sun, and seating accommodation on the floor for the six hundred and fifty people who attended the camp meeting.

The meetings had a schedule—for guidance, not impediment. Early prayer meetings, six to seven o'clock, were led by Bro. A. I. Garrison. The morning Bible studies from Malachi taught by Bro. Satralkar, and the evening services under Bro. Bakat Singh Chabra were fluid as far as time goes. But come, it is almost time for morning service.

Listen, drums and cymbals are warming up. Bands of Christian lads march from different parts of the compound, singing as they come. Leading them are nimble-fingered rhythm experts with their two-foot drums. Do you catch their melody?

"Take your cymbals, take them.
Sing with one accord.
What name is worthy of them?
Jesus Christ the Lord."

Souls are uplifted in song. Weariness and the heat are forgotten. Often after the jubilant song service there is a shout of victory for the King of kings and Lord of lords, when everyone throws up both his arms on the final "Victory." What a forest of hands and fingers!

The final Sunday programme was as filled with interest and blessing as it was lengthy. Immediately following the early prayer meeting a baptismal service was held in a tank near the well. It lasted till ten-thirty because there were a good many last-minute candidates who had not announced their desire for baptism prior to the meeting. These late comers were carefully questioned. A few were refused. Among these was a young rascal who had no experience of salvation, but wanted to be baptized to improve his chances of getting married!
We re-assembled in the tents for the Communion service led by Bro. R. H. Smith. The oneness in Christ one feels about His Table is a bond of love uniting the lowly villager and the more sophisticated city folk, the brown and the white, all in that Mystic Union which is the Body of Christ. The service ended at 2.30 p.m.

After an hour and a half off, for a belated noon meal, we gathered again at four o'clock. Song service till five-thirty; preaching till seven-fifteen; and then a delightful prayer and testimony meeting which melted into an anointing service, reverting again to prayer and more testimonies until three in the morning. Many testimonies were given of remarkable answers to simple faith.

One said, “I fell sick on the way here. I thought I would die, but God delivered me and gave me strength to come the rest of the way on foot.”

There were answers to prayer for financial needs, for work, for bodily healing, for the salvation of loved ones.

What a gleam of joy came into old Shimon’s face when he shouted for gladness, “They are all in now. Every one of my seven boys and their wives are saved!”

We would not have you think that only village Christians took part in this meeting, for many city Believers gave ringing stories of God’s goodness to them; but the vigour of the witness of the unsterotyped villagers is refreshing to hear.

Much blessing increases responsibility to witness for the Lord. So it was planned on Saturday to have a corporate, militant testimony given in the city of Amraoti. Permission from the police was kindly granted for the procession. The four-and-a-half mile route chosen led through the main business streets of the city. Some 350 Christians took part in the marching testimony which lasted from five in the afternoon till almost eight o’clock. We walked five abreast. First came the young men with their leader, Bro. Satralkar. Then the boys and girls, followed by young women and older women, many of whom carried babes and infants on
their hips all the way. Men brought up the rearguard. Smothering heat and dust parched our throats. Water from barrels carried in a bullock cart behind the procession and buckets filled from the public water taps helped to slake the thirst of the marchers during the long hot tramp.

Little pennants marked with a cross and large banners with Scripture verses were carried high by eager young hands. Mr. Satralkar, with his stentorian voice led the whole company in shouting Scripture texts from the Lord’s teachings such as:

"'Jesus said, 'I am the Bread of Life.'
'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.'
'I am the Resurrection and the Life.'"

Shortly before this there had been communal strife and rioting between Hindus and Mohammedans in the streets of Amraoti, but when our Marching Saints made their way through these same places, I saw nothing but respect and interest on the faces of the thousands who witnessed the procession. Streets and shop fronts were jammed, second story verandahs crowded, and faces peered from every available window. Some seven hundred Gospels were sold or given away, and the tracts distributed were limited to hundreds because the available supply was exhausted. Three hours of slow marching on hot city streets with little water and much dust, and the tremendous shouting left our throats hoarse, our mouths dry, but our hearts filled with joy for having had a part in the witness of the Marching Saints.

"Christ is more than a torch-bearer—he is the light. He is more than a teacher—he is the truth. He is more than a way of life—he is the life!"—Gordon Palmer.
A Procession forming to start out to witness as they did in the marching saints

The Preaching Service. Six hundred and fifty people were present

Three Men of God—Workers at the Camp Meetings, Mr. Bakht Singh Chabra, Mr. E. Timothy, Mr. V.A. Satralkar. All educated gifted Christian sons of India. Mr. Timothy is 6'4'', the other two are not small.
A little group of India's Alliance people en route to Camp Meeting. Note their home-made banner with its scripture text.

Another group of Alliance Village Christians on their way to Camp Meeting. Their missionary shares with them the heat, the dust, the sun, comradeship and opportunities to witness.
The Testimony of an Illiterate

GERALD L. CARNER

"Thy Words were found, and I did eat them; and Thy Word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart."

—JEREMIAH 15: 16.

The annual melas or conventions are occasions to which many of the village Christians look forward with great anticipation. Most of them are scattered in small groups of one or two or three families. They live surrounded by Hindu relatives and neighbours, with all that that means. They have little or no Christian fellowship. And they are often scorned and persecuted by their own loved ones. So that even though for most of them it involves a long journey by foot in the hot sun, over dusty roads—sometimes taking several days—yet they come with glad hearts. And one of the most blessed parts of convention is the time when these simple-hearted “country folk” give their testimonies. They tell of loved ones won to Christ, of bodies healed, of persecution borne, and often too, they humbly confess their failures and unload the burdens of their hearts. Many of their testimonies are worth recording, and no doubt are recorded by Him Who hears all, but we can only take time to give you one.

This testimony comes from a poor village Christian, who, as you will see, can neither read nor write, but who is truly born again, and who has been growing in grace through the years. His salvation and transformation from a factious, hot-tempered, disliked Hindu, to a sweet, humble, winsome Christian is another story which we will not be able to tell here. One could wish that all those who read these lines could have seen our brother, Punaji, as he poured out his heart in praise and thanksgiving, his face aglow with the Joy of God.—

“Two years ago, at the big Convention in Murtizapur,
the Lord spoke to me through His servant, Mr. Bakht Singh, and told me to buy a Bible. Now, I cannot write, I cannot read, I never even learned my A–B–C's and yet God told me to get His Word. So I obeyed. It cost me about four days' wages, but I did as He told me. Some will be quick to say, 'How foolish for a poor man to spend his money buying a Bible when he can neither read nor write.' I did not think it would be any use either, but God showed me otherwise.

"After I got my Bible I took it with me to meetings. At each meeting I would ask some friend who could read and write to mark the passage in my Bible from which the preacher was speaking. Then I made little marks of my own in the margin to help me remember. When at home, in the evenings, as I found time after work, the Lord would lead me to go to some man in the village who could read, and I would ask him to read to me one or two of the marked passages. The other Christians in my village cannot read either, so I would have to go to the Hindus. The men at first would refuse to help me, and then I would get some schoolboy to do it. They were usually willing enough to show off their learning. And of course the men were often close by to hear what kind of a book this foolish old Christian carried around with him. Needless to say these times of listening to God's Word were of much blessing to me. But that is not all. God blessed His Word to the Hindus too. They became more and more interested until now I have no trouble at all in finding a reader, for they say—'Your Christian Bible has lots of good things in it, and is very interesting.'

"Later, I began to take my Bible with me when I went to work in the fields, and when we were all resting under some tree during the noon hour, I would get someone to read out of God's Word. Often, I can remember, God spoke to our hearts at these times.

"The last two years have not been easy. They have been full of trial and hardship, and persecution—the hardest
years in all my Christian experience. Often I have been refused work by the Hindus because I am a Christian. Sometimes my family and I have sat down at night to eat the last piece of bread that we had in the house, with nothing for the next day's provision. The very shirt on my back, and the shoes on my feet have been given to me. Hard years, yes, but blessed years! For through it all God's Word has been my comfort and strength. He has never left me nor forsaken me, and I have learned to trust Him and to draw strength from His promises day by day. How I praise Him and thank Him for His precious Word! How thankful I am that I obeyed Him and bought a Bible! God's Word to me now is my most treasured possession."

Gopibai

F. W. SCHELANDER

"How great the virtue and the art,
To live on little with a thankful heart."

Yesterday Gopibai came. The last time I had seen her was about four months ago when she had said "Good bye" after attending a short term Bible school. With deepest foreboding in her voice this penniless, homeless widow had said, "Sahib, it looks as if the crops will fail this year. What shall we eat? If there is a famine, won't you please start building the church here and employ me among the labourers?" Then, probably because of my silence, she had added, "Not just now of course, but in the hot season?" I had looked at the frail, ragged form and at the withering crops around, then, feeling I just had to encourage the poor old woman, I had promised, "If there's a famine we'll start work on our church building, even though we don't have much money toward it now. And you shall certainly be among those employed."
God was kinder than our fears. The weather moderated and the grain harvest, though not plentiful, was enough to remove the shadow of famine. However, this week’s unseasonably rains have washed into the soil the last stray kernels of wheat that poor folk like she gather one by one from the gleaned wheat fields, and now ahead looms the bleak summer, always a time of semi-starvation for the poor. So when I saw Gopibai through the window yesterday, my heart sank. “She’s come to remind me of my promise and ask for some work,” I thought. I knew the work on the church building was as unlikely as ever. Dreading the interview, I delayed a few minutes, then called her in and braced myself to listen to a tale of hardship and woe, which I knew would be all too true.

I knew her condition. Twenty odd years ago this woman’s husband had gone mad, then blind, and she, an illiterate, outcaste Hindu woman, had become responsible for the support, not only of her burdensome husband, but of a brood of small children. There had been also a debt of two hundred rupees, a staggering sum for one of her class. God alone knows the amazing toil by which her labouring hands paid off that debt, built a decent house, secured good marriages for her four daughters, and educated and married her son. The most marvelous feature of all is the education she gave her son. She sent him to school till he qualified as a government school teacher with the princely salary of twenty rupees a month. This while almost all her outcast community were content to remain illiterate! But new troubles came. This school teacher son became periodically insane. He drove away his wife. For years now, even when sane and on work, he has squandered every cent of his pay and sent nothing to his mother, although time and again she has rushed to him to nurse him through a spell of insanity. For a year and a half past she does not even know his whereabouts. The youngest daughter contracted leprosy and her husband divorced her and sent her home. Fortu-
nately this daughter is now in a mission leper hospital, but meanwhile Gopibai herself contracted the disease. Unscrupulous relatives and neighbours, taking advantage of her helplessness and frequent absence, have appropriated, stick by stick and tile by tile, the materials of her fallen house. When I was at her village about a year and a half ago, I saw her old, blind, demented husband squatting, all but naked, on a mound of earth and rubbish, the site of the house she had built. (Her husband died soon after that.) Her sons-in-law have long refused to harbour her for fear of her leprosy infecting their children. Nor do they help her in any way. But blessed be troubles if they bring us to God! When I first knew this woman about six years ago, she felt no need of the Lord Jesus. She was then settled comfortably with her schoolmaster son. Two years ago, destitute, deserted and diseased, she asked for and received baptism.

But yesterday there was no tale of trouble and woe. I ought to have noticed at once that she had on a new sari (woman’s garment) and that her face was very, very happy. As soon as we were seated on the rug she reached out a handful of coins and said, “I’ve brought my offering to the Lord, a pice for every Sunday since the last time. And oh, God had been so good to me! He’s taken such good care of me all these months, and healed my disease, even without medicine.” Then, before I could collect myself sufficiently to take the coins from her hand, she began to weep. For full half an hour or more she wept and sobbed before the Lord. They were tears of gratitude, tears of worship. I had to get a handkerchief and weep a little too.

Then she gained composure enough to pray. She said, “Lord, Thou hast been so good to me these two years since I was baptized. I thank Thee. And Thou knowest, four months ago when I left here, I was so weak I couldn’t carry anything. I could hardly walk. Yet Thou didst give me strength all through cotton harvest to pick and carry heavy loads of cotton. Thou didst help me earn eight small measures
of wheat and three big measures of *jowar*. And Thou didst cause all my enemies in my village to become my friends. Thou didst make my enemies give me work and feed me all these months. Thou didst make everybody love me and be kind to me. I haven’t lacked anything. And Thou didst cure my leprosy without any kind of medicine. Otherwise I’d be all disfigured with it by now, like Pandu of my village is, although he has spent hundreds of rupees trying to be cured. Thou didst make that widowed *patilin* [high caste woman] have pity on me and she gives me a place to sleep and to keep my things. Oh, look after my boy, wherever he is! Bless the coming convention in Amraoti, Lord. Bless my girl in the Leper Hospital. I’m so glad she’s learned to read; may she always read and love the Word. And help me to learn to read and to go around and spend my time in telling others about Thee.”

Of course I cannot remember all her prayer; there was very much more. I think she ended by asking God to bless her offering. And when I finally took those tear-sprinkled coins from her hand, I felt that God looked on them as something more than just twenty copper pice. I felt I was handling something sacred. And, as I write this, I am contrasting the pleasant course of my life with the succession of calamities that has made up hers, and wondering if I also ought not to shed a few tears of gratitude and, maybe, present Him a thank-offering. Some others may feel the same way.

“Neither will I offer burnt offerings unto the Lord my God of that which cost me nothing.”—II Samuel 24: 24.
Heard at a Tent Door

MARY L. GARRISON

We were guests at the Mahuli Camp Meeting. Our tent was under a large tamarind tree. Every day there, was a blessing to me. We were privileged to meet many of the village Christians whom we had known before, but had not met for some time as we had moved to another part of the field. One after another came to the tent, eager to tell what God had been doing for them.

One woman said, "There has been one miracle after another all this year." She continued, "Do you see this child? She was dying for three days. My mother [who was still a Hindu] held the child in her arms day and night. She told me that I could not love the child, else I would show more concern, but I assured my mother that God would heal my child, and He did! After that my mother said, 'I too want to become a Christian, for now I am convinced that this is the true religion.'"

The old lady was there with her own personal testimony. She came to us the last night we were in Mahuli. She showed us a swollen foot. "I slipped at the baptismal service at the river and I want you to pray for my foot," she said. We knelt in the dust and called upon the Great Physician. She began praying when we had finished, and asked God to teach her to pray.

This is what she said: "O Father, Thou dost see that I do not know how to pray. Teach me, Father! There is no one in my village to teach me. They are all Hindus. Do, then, O God, teach me to pray! Thou dost know how my son lost his position, and we promised Thee a rupee if Thou wouldst answer prayer and enable him to get it back. Thou didst answer, and he has been teaching again for four months. O God, teach me how to pray! Turn my son's heart to Thyself. Thou seeest he is not a Christian. Work in his
heart, and O Father, teach me to pray.” So she prayed, all the while humbly asking to be taught to pray.

Shewantibai told me one day that last year they were without food for three days and that God had worked for them. Turning to her husband, Poonaji, she said, “You tell.” It was finally decided that he should do the telling, and with an injunction to her to “be still” then, and let him tell it if that were her desire, he began:

“For three days we had no food. No one in the village could lend us any money, for they were all more or less pressed in the same way. One friend promised to help but said, ‘My money does not come for eight days. Till then I can do nothing for you.’ The hungry children tossed and cried out in their sleep at night. I called upon God, ‘O God, quieten them! And remove this grief from before my eyes!’ He quieted them. Then I prayed that He would quieten me, for I could not sleep. And He quieted me. On the third day a man said, ‘Come, let us go to the bazaar. There will surely be someone there who will help you!’ We went, but there was no one there who was willing to help me. I said, ‘O God, I cannot endure to go back home with empty hands, when my children expect me to bring food!’ I thought it would be better to die than to go home with no food.

“I began walking away from the bazaar, when I saw a buffalo coming toward us. She looked very familiar. Could it be mine? Yes, it was! Then I realized that God had caused her to run away from her grazing place ten miles away, to the bazaar, to save our lives! I began trying to sell her, but no one wanted to pay cash. I had to have money, so finally I sold her for seven rupees ($2.32); but God had heard me and I went home to my family with food and He has, from that day on, kept us in food!” In prayer afterward, the wife weeping tears of joy in her praise said,

“O God, it is just as though Thou art our Servant. We ask and Thou dost run to our help.” In speaking of
sickness she said, “My doctor and my medicines are free.”

One couple told me that it seemed that they would be unable to attend the mela. The wife said, “We had no money and our crops were poor. My husband went to sell the little there was, and lo! on his return he found two rupees (64 cents) on the path!”

“Yes,” she continued, “when that tall Sahib from America visited Schelander Sahib they came to our village. We had no money with which to prepare suitable food for them. My children had an old envelope in their hands playing with it. I took no notice of it, thinking it was of no value. After a while they came running with a rupee that had been in the envelope, and had been forgotten. God let us find it, and I made a meal for the tall Sahib from America!”

One little mother said,—“Before this child was born I remembered that one who tried to walk on the water to Jesus. He was afraid and stretched out his hands and cried to the Lord, and so I stretched up my hands to Him and cried to Him in my pain, and He delivered me.”

May God bless these dear friends who are again back in their villages. Will you pray for them as they are pressed by many a foe?

1 Brother J. R. Turnbull.

“He shall lead His flock like a shepherd: He shall gather the lambs with His arm and carry them in His bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young.”—Isaiah 40: 11.
The Local Impact of the Camp Meeting at Mahuli

F. W. SCHELANDER

Our Camp Meeting in Mahuli three years ago resulted in an apparent set-back to our work. At that camp meeting a family from the Mang caste was baptized. Now our converts have all come from the Mahar caste and the Mahars have no dealings with the Mangs. So about forty persons, inquirers, packed and went home at once. They said they could not join a religion that admitted Mangs to equal fellowship. What a stir was created! Our stock went away down and tremendous point was given to the propaganda of the Roman Catholics, who tell the people, “What the Protestants teach you is exactly what we also believe. The only difference between them and us is that they admit Mangs, while we admit only pure bred Mahars.” (Since Mahars outnumber the Mangs in these parts about fifty to one, they can well afford to exclude the one to attract the fifty.) Well, after that the Roman Catholics made a lot of converts in Mahuli, and placed a teacher there. And during these three years our local Christians have suffered much social ostracism from the Mahars.

Among the enquirers of that time was a young man whom we had long coveted for the Lord. So when we came to Mahuli to prepare for this year’s camp meeting one of our first inquiries was about Gopal. We found him associated with the Roman Catholic group and about to be baptized by them. He had lost all interest in us. Curiosity, however, brought him to the meetings. God worked in his heart, and he and his wife were among those baptized on the closing day. Our local Christians consider Gopal’s baptism an amazing demonstration of God’s power. They are overjoyed. “Gopal is a great leader,” they say, “and will bring many others.” Please pray that their expectation may be fulfilled.
At the close of the convention, the local Roman Catholic teacher came to see us. He was agitated. He said, "Your convention has unsettled all our people. They are all on the verge of coming over to you." He himself wanted to join us. And all this in spite of the fact that the very Mang family, whose baptism had proved such a stumbling block three years ago had been present in these meetings too! Do pray for this Roman Catholic teacher, whose conscience is calling one way and his bread and butter pulls the other —there are several in this area in a similar state—and for the many who were "unsettled" through the service of the camp meetings.

Near Mahuli is a village called Lehegaon. Here also the Roman Catholics have a teacher and a large following. We were recently invited there by a young man who said that he and some friends wanted to become Christians. But when, two weeks before the convention, our workers went there to contact these inquirers, they received such a cold reception that they broke camp in three days, and reported the situation hopeless. But some of these young men attended the services of the convention and seemed to be genuinely converted and were baptized. Now we have a very hopeful footing in that village. The happy young workers who made that discouraging camp there are praising God for this astonishing turn of events.

Not only were wavering inquirers from the out-caste Mahars brought gloriously over the line by the camp meeting tide, but local caste people were profoundly affected as well. Many such attended the meetings throughout, in a most friendly and receptive way. From their attitude and remarks, both during and after the services, it was clear that they had been favourably impressed. The camp meeting brought nearer the day when Hindus from this area will dare to step out openly for Christ. Some individuals already declare themselves believers. The local townsmen seemed really sorry to see the services close and many, many times we were
asked "When will you have another convention here? Next year?"

We were amused at a widely circulated report that Vithalrao, headman of Kanholi (another village bordering on Mahuli) had become a Christian. He must have praised the meetings he attended very highly to his friends, in order to start them talking like that!

The music and singing in the Convention have aroused widespread approval, for a few days later the headman from a village fifteen miles distant sent a special messenger to ask us to kindly send a party of singers and musicians to his village. He explained that he had heard them praised by his friends, who had heard them at the camp meetings. "Let them come during the forthcoming fair at our village," he added, "when you will have great crowds to preach to."

THE BIBLE TEST

A Mohammedan trader in India asked a European whether he could not secure a Bible for him.

"What for?" he asked in surprise. "You would not be able to read it."

"True," replied the Mohammedan. "What I want is a European Bible."

"What for?"

"Well, when a ship brings a trader who is unknown to me but wishes to trade with me I put the Bible into his way and watch him. If I see that he opens it and reads it I know that I can trust him. But if he throws it aside with a sneer or even with a curse, I will have nothing to do with him, because I know that I cannot trust him."—Selected.
Emma Anna Krater

Miss Emma Anna Krater went to be with the Lord on May 21st, 1942 from the E. T. Cowen Memorial Hospital of the Methodist Mission in Kolar, South India.

Miss Krater came to India under the Christian and Missionary Alliance forty years ago. She had given up a promising business position to enter the Lord's service, and had worked her way through Nyack before coming to the field.

Many will remember Miss Krater as an unselfish, generous, efficient worker. Those who had the privilege of being at Khamgaon when Miss Krater was in charge of the girls' school there, and those who were brought under her influence in her district work and Sunday schools, speak of her as their "beloved Mother". Miss Krater's cordiality and friendliness made her well-liked by all who knew her. Her last appointment was the charge of the missionary Rest Home in Lonavla. It was from that task she went to the hospital.

Friends of Miss Krater and all who have prayed for her during her long illness will be interested to know that every tender care and provision was made for her. One of her own fellow missionaries remained with her in the hospital. Miss Krater did not seem to suffer much severe pain, which was unusual in such cases, and it was felt to be an answer to prayer. When the time of her departure drew near she longed to go, and with eagerness she looked forward to seeing her Saviour face to face.

Julia Derr.

"The Saints of God their wanderings done,
No more their weary course they run,
No more they faint, no more they fall,
No foes oppress, no fears appall,
O happy Saints, forever blest,
In that dear home, how sweet to rest."
Mary Goss Moyser

As this bulletin goes to the press we have learned of the Home-going of Mrs. William Moyser, from Glendale, California, on July 23rd, 1942. It is again with a sense of personal bereavement that we record the passing away of another of our fellow missionaries.

Mrs. Moyser came to India fifty years ago. In 1894 the records speak of Miss Mary Goss being in charge of the Girls’ School in Khamgaon. That year we read that smallpox had broken out in the school and Miss Goss took care of the sick ones. The next year again there was a case of smallpox in the school. Miss Goss, it is recorded, anointed and prayed for the sick one. The disease was stayed. The skin scaled and healed right up. The sick one recovered. Mrs. Moyser’s early years were filled with loving service in the districts of Amraoti, Malkapur and Akola, as well as in Khamgaon. For some years Mr. and Mrs. Moyser were in charge of the Boys’ School in Akola, and for many years they lived in Akola, when Mr. Moyser was the Mission Chairman.

Mrs. Moyser’s later years were ones of physical suffering bravely and uncomplainingly borne. She had always a cheering smile, a word of wise counsel, and a kindly interest in all about her. A host of friends, young and old, found their way to her.

While in India, Mrs. Moyser gave of her interest and love not only to a wide circle of missionary friends, but to the Indian people. What would compose quite a large family had been adopted or brought up by Mr. and Mrs. Moyser, and long after they retired in America their charities reached back to India. Many a garment or a blanket or a Christmas dinner were provided by them for the aged Christians, the poor or for those “for whom nothing was prepared”.

May the God of all comfort uphold Mr. Moyser in these days of loneliness.
News and Notes

Friends who have read "In Peril in the Sea" and "To Their Desired Haven" in the last issue of THE INDIA ALLIANCE, and who had noted that Brother and Sister Gustafson and Brother Smith had arrived in India with little more than suitcases, and that their heavy luggage had been lost, will be happy to read the following sequel from the pen of Brother Smith.

"When we escaped from Java with our lives, just before Singapore fell, it did not seem to matter so much about our trunks. They had not reached the steamer with us, and as we sailed in convoy we could not wait for them. No one expected to pass through the dangerous Sunda Straits without seeing the enemy, but we reached Ceylon in safety. Now, after a delay of about three months, our heavy baggage has safely arrived in India, and we look upon this as God's super-kindness to us. When people were hurriedly evacuating Java it seemed that our luggage would be left behind, but the One who cares for the sparrows was mindful of our need and watched over even our things. No doubt the agent in the United Missions Business Office continued his kind concern after we left, but we cannot thank him, for he is probably in enemy hands. There was some loss, but when we consider the dangerous seas over which these things wandered and the trans-shipments that we made, it is truly a miracle that we got anything at all."

Another evidence of God's tender mercies to us is the fact that Mrs. Brabazon and her daughter, Betty-Ruth, have reached America in safety.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Eicher have been loaned to Mukti Mission for a few months in time of special need there.

Prayer is requested for the work in India. Changes are taking place that would merit reinforcements and our present depleted forces must carry on without those of our number who would return, were it possible to do so, but are detained at home because of war restrictions.
To date of writing the political situation has not very seriously interfered with the work in our stations. Thank God with us, for every day we are able to work for Him unhindered.

In these difficult days when personal letters are necessarily fewer and delays unavoidable, this BULLETIN may serve as a link between missionaries and those who are interested in what Christ is doing in this land. So long as war conditions will permit, it will be sent out every four months, as a message from the missionaries of The Christian and Missionary Alliance working in India, to their friends at home, and to the supporters of the work in India.

It would be greatly appreciated if you could help to extend the ministry of this publication either by placing it in the hands of a responsible leader in your Missionary or Young People's Society, or by tacking it upon your church bulletin board. It may be that in some such way as this new praying friends may be created for the work in India.

About Pictures.—In the tropics, light and shade are intense and a successful picture has to be carefully timed. In dealing with situations and people, especially in the work of the Lord, it is difficult to have camera in hand, adjusted to light and distance and atmosphere, at the right moment to catch a quick action or fleeting expression, and pictures posed are often disappointing. The best pictures of scenes and people, the ones we would be happy to present to our friends, seldom are taken; so we still must depend on word pictures to convey to you the scenes about us.

Kindly let us know if any change of addresses is required. Any word from you regarding the receiving of the paper would also be appreciated. Communications may be sent to The Editor, INDIA ALLIANCE, Mission House, Akola, Berar, India.
Mr. and Mrs. A. I. Garrison at their tent door at Mahuli ready to receive their Village Friends

*See page 15, "Heard at a Tent Door."*

Some of the friends who walked fifty miles to the Camp Meeting and the same distance back. To them the Christian fellowship of the Convention days, and the spiritual blessing of the messages well paid for the "Toils of the way."
### Missionary Directory, 1942

**Headquarters:** AKOLA, BERAR  
**Chairman:** REV. K. D. GARRISON  
**Editor of India Alliance:** MRS. K. D. GARRISON

#### Berar

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| Akola             | REV. AND MRS. K. D. GARRISON  
|                   | REV. AND MRS. A. C. EICHER  
|                   | MISS HILDA J. DAVIES                             |
| Amraoti City      | REV. AND MRS. L. E. HARTMAN  
|                   | MISS H. FAITH CUTLER                             |
| Anjangaon         | REV. AND MRS. FRED W. SCHELANDER                  |
| Chandur (Ry.)     | REV. AND MRS. TILMAN AMSTUTZ                      |
| Khamgaon          | MISS HARRIET BEARDSLEE  
|                   | MISS BERNICE STEED  
|                   | MISS AGNETE HANSEN  
|                   | MISS JULIA DERR                                     |
| Malkapur          | REV. AND MRS. E. F. EICHER                       |
| Murtizapur        | MRS. O. G. SCHLATTER                             |

#### Gujarat

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| Ahmedabad                 | MISS MYRA WING  
|                           | MISS LUELLA BURLEY                                |
| Dholka (Ahmedabad District)| REV. AND MRS. AUGUST HELFERS                       |
| Mehmadabad (Kaira Dist.)  | REV. AND MRS. C. A. GUSTAFSON                      |
| Sanand                    | (Vacant)                                          |
| Viramgam                  | REV. AND MRS. J. S. RINGENBERG                     |
| Visnagar, Baroda State, North Gujarat | REV. AND MRS. SAMUEL KERR |
| SPECIAL LOCATIONS         |                                                  |
| Kedgaon, Poona District   | (Ramabai Mukti Mission)  
|                           | MRS. N. H. PHILLIPS                                |
| Ootacamund, South India   | (Children's Home)  
|                           | MISS E. LOTHIAN                                    |
| ON FURLOUGH               |                                                  |
|                           | REV. AND MRS. E. R. CARNER                       |
|                           | REV. AND MRS. LAUREN R. CARNER                    |
|                           | MISS EDITH MOORE                                  |
|                           | MISS MARTHENA RANSOM                              |
|                           | MRS. RUTH G. BRABAZON                             |
| RETIRED IN INDIA          |                                                  |
|                           | MRS. MARTHA RAMSEY, Akola, Berar                  |
|                           | REV. C. W. SCHELANDER, Anjangaon, Berar           |
|                           | REV. AND MRS. L. J. CUTLER, Amraoti, Berar        |
|                           | MISS CORA HANSEN, Mehmadabad, Gujarat             |
|                           | MISS HELEN BUSHFIELD, Jalgaon, E. Khandesh        |
|                           | MISS E. WELLS, Sirur, Poona District              |

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