Unto the Uttermost Part

They that sow in the field of the world
Must sow with a faith sublime,
For the seed they sow must lie in the
ground
And wait for God's own time.

But nevertheless the harvest is sure
Though the sower the sheaves may not see,
For never a word that was spoken for Him
But shall ring through Eternity.

Go, labour on, enough while here,
If He shall praise thee—if He deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

Sometimes in the most inaccessible and unlikely places of the earth, Grace stoops low and lifts the fallen.

The other day four missionaries and a Government officer went in a car over rough country roads. They thumped down a bank into a creek, and then dug the car out of the gravel of the creek bed. The journey also included picking a way through fields of bending jawari, wading creeks and crawling through thorn fences. What the trip did to the tires of the car would be a sad story! There was good fellowship, but this was not a pleasure trip. It was for the purpose of selecting a building site in a distant village.

The head man of the village was expecting his superior Government officer, but he had long disapproved granting land for a Christian place of worship. In fact, in the plot that had been asked for was ensconced a new stone idol, which effectively barred the Christians from that plot because it had become a Hindu place of worship and therefore could not be touched. The tactful Government officer wisely asked the head man, 'Just which piece of land are you willing to let the Christians have for their church?' The head man indicated a place at a great distance from the village. Finally another and better plot, acceptable to the group, was agreed upon. Thus the matter was settled. The Christians had a place for their church and the Hindus were not antagonized. A short service of thanksgiving was held with the happy Christian group.

This may seem like a very simple transaction, yet to the Christians there it was the long-looked-for answer to prayer and faith. Twenty years ago a man of that village with his wife stepped out to follow the Lord. They stood alone, but they witnessed to their friends and neighbours and relatives of their new-found joy of salvation. Others followed them in baptism. They began to pray and save for a church. These first Christians died 'having not received the promise'. Now at last, the faith of the Christian group there has surmounted obstacles. They have promised a tenth of their crops, their labour and that of their oxen to put up the building. And in the village that has slept inertly for centuries will appear a house of worship to the true God. Here, from at least three villages, will meet a small group of those who 'wait for His Son from Heaven'.

Many such groups of Christians are now to be found in our districts. The seed has taken long to germinate but it has lived, and now we begin to see the harvest from the cities and mud villages of this land.
News and Notes

From October 17th to 20th a great Christia Youth Rally convened in Akola. All but twenty-five of 1,000 young people, were present representing seven different denominations and coming from many scattered areas of Berar and Khandesh in order to fellowships with one another at the feet of Jesus. The chosen as their motto: 'The adequate evangelization of Berar and Khandesh in this generation.'

The annual conference of the missionary of the C. & M.A. in India convened in Akola from November 2nd to 5th. Much of this session was devoted to prayer and to waiting upon God for the revelation of His will through His Word. A spirit of unity in the Holy Spirit was manifest as the missionaries planned for the work of the India field in this day of opportunity and crisis. Principal speakers were Brothers K. D. Garrison, A. L. Ringenberg, and Fred Schelander.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Garrison and Margaret Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Ringenberg and children Mr. and Mrs. T. Amstutz and children, M. and Mrs. F. Schelander and children, Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Carner and children, Mr. and Mrs. S. Kerr, Misses K. Williams, E. Lothia, and H. Davies are all expected to leave for furlough in the U.S. in the near future. Pray for their journeys and for fruitful furloughs for them all.

Consider the great gap in our thin ranks caused by missionaries departing for furlough and pray that Misses E. Moore and M. Ransom, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Eicher and son Mr. and Mrs. E. Carner and Mrs. L. Carne and son may soon safely return to the India field.

Late winter and early spring is camp meeting time in our part of India. Pray that as the saints from many a little village gather for spiritual refreshing, the rain from heaven may fall upon them.

A New Offensive

By GERALD L. CARNER,
Men's Bible School, Nargoon

'This is just what I have been seeking all my life,' was what an old Hindu woman said as she heard the story of Jesus told her by another old woman—a Christian who was on her way home from camp-meeting. 'The came to our next camp-meeting,' was the reply. She went and there met her another old woman—a Christian who was saying mercies in these war days and a fruitful furlough for them all.

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is witnessing an ingathering of souls which has not been equalled in the history of our work in this area. Now, instead of having to go to the people they are coming to us, and in several places the response is greater than can be adequately met. We are on the threshold of a great opportunity.

With this opportunity comes great responsibility. These new Christians and enquirers need instruction in the Word and the new flock need shepherds. We are faced with a serious lack of workers. ‘The harvest is great—the labourers are few—pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth labourers into His harvest.’ We urgently need a large number of young Indian men and women who have caught the vision and heard the call to devoted service.

How remarkable, that with this new ingathering there has come a new awakening among our Christian young people. May God link these two prayer-born movements to reap a great harvest for His glory.

Where the spirit of God begins an offensive, we can be sure that Satan will counter-attack. This he is already doing. One young man in a city which for decades has been defiant to the gospel, has openly declared his faith in Christ, and as a result his parents and acquaintances and the whole Hindu community have made him a prisoner in his own home, refusing to let him read the Bible or to visit the Christians. In a village where for years the people refused to listen to the Gospel and greeted God’s messengers with hoots and jeers and stones and cow-dung, a group of people have come out for Christ. The night before they were to be baptized the leader of this group was bitten by a snake and died. Such are the terrorist tactics of our defeated foe. Let us be strong in faith and faithful in prayer. Then we can be sure that though the enemy may fiercely assail the Church of Christ here and around the world, ‘the gates of hell shall not prevail against her’.

She is dead

By HILDA J. DAVIES, Akofa

She was lying with her face covered. I thought nothing of this as our Indian folk often sleep with a cloth over their faces to keep off insects and flies. Two women, bearing a stretcher, stood in the partly finished operation theatre of the new wing of the hospital talking to the nurse who stood near her bed. The nurse, not seeing me enter, gave a little nervous start as she almost collided with me. She looked at me, then at the prone figure and said, ‘She is dead’. What finality in those words!

The two women brought the stretcher near the bed. The nurse whipped off the face cloth, quickly covering it with the sheet. I didn’t see her face, but her form looked young. They hadn’t removed her bangles, those bits of coloured glass which were the joy of her life—they left them with her until the end. The women were moving her to the stretcher when I left the room.

I returned later in time to see four of them—two nurses and the two women—struggling with their burden as they carried her to the morgue. My heart was sad as I watched, and who could help wondering: ‘Did she know Him Who is life? Had she ever heard? Had she ever had a chance to come to Him Who is the source of all joy? Was she in torment even then?’ True, ‘she was only a woman’, but even for her, He Who is Life gave His life a ransom for hers that she might live eternally.

She is dead, but there are thousands—hundreds of thousands—like her who live, and who will live eternally if they can but hear of Him Who is the Resurrection and the Life!

Lights

By MYRA WING, Ahmedabad

It was the evening of the Divali Festival—the Feast of Lights. Divali is the last day of the Hindu year, a day of great rejoicing. Divali commemorates, according to tradition, the return of the gods Rama, Sita and Lakshman to Ayodhya after fourteen years exile. On that joyful occasion many years ago the capital was decorated and lighted; the people out of love for their king illuminated the road with lights. Ever since the Hindus have celebrated this festival in honour of the coronation of Rama.

Whole rows of houses near and far on both sides of the street were illuminated by hundreds of primitive, little earthen saucer lights of uniform size with flickering wicks protruding from the vegetable oil they contained. There were rows of lights along the roofs, in all the niches in the walls, in the window frames of houses, along the front and the sides of the houses, on the walls of the compounds, on the gate posts and along the railings of one story above another in the taller buildings. Every home was alight with gay little lamps. It was a pretty sight to me as I slowly rode along toward home in a rickshaw. I feasted on the beauty of the sight. The night was dark and in the darkness of the night these tiny lights twinkled. A beautiful picture of light!

When I was about half way home I passed a large banyan tree. I noticed that there was something unusual going on by the side of it. I noticed that an archway had recently been built there with boughs and Ashopalav leaves. They were twined around the arch, from it to the tree and from the tree
trunk to the spreading branches. Lights were also shining there. I got out of the rickshaw to investigate as to the meaning of it all. A sadhu came forward to meet me. He very courteously salaamed me and told me that he was a servant of Rama and had come from Brindaban to observe Diwali in Ahmedabad. I looked around and saw little lights burning in the hollow of the limb of the banyan tree which had grown out at right angles to the tree to a distance of some yards and then had grown downward and taken root in the ground. There were lights before this root branch. There were lights in the hollow of the main tree and the root branch before it. The sadhu told me that this represented the bridge which Hanuman, the monkey god, made with the help of the others, and over which Rama went to lead his army to fight Ravan in Lanka (Ceylon). The lights were placed there in honour of Rama and Hanuman. Before the archway I saw the fire pit from which the smoke of an offering was ascending. Here the sadhu makes his sacrificial offerings to the gods, and before it he performs his austerities. An idol of Hanuman was placed at the foot of the tree. An idol of Rama was tied around a limb of the tree. Pictures of gods were strung up from limb to trunk. Around the sacrificial pit the sacred red powder had been sprinkled. The sadhu said that the ground around the sacred fire was holy ground and that I should not come too close without removing my shoes. I noticed a small padded swing hung by chains to a limb of the tree. The seat of the swing was in size about one foot by two and a half feet. I asked him what that was for. He answered that it was to support his body. Another sadhu, standing nearby, said that this Maharaj had taken a vow that he would not sit down or lie down day or night, not even to sleep. When standing on his feet becomes unbearable he throws himself on this swing, balancing his body on it in order to rest his feet. When sleep overtakes him he lies on his stomach downward for fifteen minutes or so and sleeps and then gets up. He took the vow to practise this rigid austerity nine years ago.

Hindus believe that all sufferings are due to Karma, that men will go from birth to birth until all Karma is worked off. They have a great desire to be freed from all existence as an individual, to be saved from further rebirths and to again return to Brahma of which impersonal Absolute every soul is an emanation. In order that this may be they think they have to renounce the world, business, family, property and the pleasures of life and practise religious austerity. High caste and low, rich and poor, give up everything in order to find this 'salvation'—release from the never-ending cycle of rebirths. Many in India are vainly struggling, groping about in hopeless spiritual darkness, seeking for light and trying to find God by the way of tapas or religious austerity—mortification of the flesh through penance, practices of mental and personal self denial and the infliction of bodily tortures. They try to atone for the sins committed in this life as well as for those committed in previous incarnations. This sadhu said that he renounced the world and his family to become a mendicant when he was but a youth. He said that God had revealed to him what his incarnation was to be, what his destiny was to be—sadhu, and that God had led him according to that which was written on his forehead.

The sadhu said that he was not living this life of austerity in order to seek a kingdom to gain wealth or fame, but in order that he might gain Muki—release from future rebirths so that he might find God. I asked him when he was going to be relieved of his vow. His answer was: 'When God releases me from the vow. So long as it is His will that I continue this austerity I will continue. As long as there is strength in my body to keep it up, so long I will continue. When there is no strength left I will sit down and lie down. If we do good works we will receive salvation. I want to find God and go to Him and in order to do this I must do good works.' What a picture of spiritual darkness!

On that festival night and on other occasions I have had the opportunity to tell this sadhu the true way of salvation: 'Your austerities will not save you, your sacrifices will not wash away your sins. The Lord Jesus is the one Sacrifice that saves. What you do shows that you long for God. Give that up. Receive salvation through the Lord Jesus, and your longings will be fully satisfied.'

Looking on the flickering lights that night, the words of Scripture kept going through my mind: 'Shine as lights in the world.' We pray that this sadhu and many others who have sought God so long may turn to Him Who is the true Light and be lighted by Him and receive the Light of eternal Life. May the day soon come when instead of the lights shining on the outside of India's homes, the light of His presence may shine inside, in the hearts of India's people, when many of them may shine as lights in the darkness of the world as those festival lights shone in the darkness of the night of the Diwali festa.

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