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"HOLY MEN" AT A HINDU FAIR

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The Marathi Language School at Mahabaleshwar

By Jack Derr

That is such a cold and formal name to all but to those who have studied there. To hundreds of young missionaries in central and middle-western India, "Mahab," as the town is affectionately called, is more than a place; it is their Alma Mater. The mere mention of the name arouses nostalgic memories that bind together the hearts of all who have struggled there in one common purpose—to master Marathi, one of the most difficult of India's many languages.

The school is open from the first of March until the end of May when the heavy rains force everyone to leave the mountain top. On opening day, the schedule of class and private hours is read and diplomas are given to those who had passed their examinations a few days previously in Poona before coming up to Mahabaleshwar. There are new and advanced classes for first year students and the same for those in the second year. This past season there were over eighty students but there have been as many as one hundred and ten students just following the war when many new recruits arrived at once. We had a dozen language teachers, all of whom are Indians, of course.

Mahab means more than class hours in the four corrugated iron huts perched on a hillside overlooking the bazar; it is more than private hours under spreading, shady trees; it is the constant companionship with others in the same struggle. It is a morale boost over a hurdle which can be most discouraging alone. We laugh together over our mistakes so study doesn't become too serious.

Again, Mahab is more than a language school. It is a place of instruction in more than that: we learn that God's laborers include more than those of one's own mission, of one's own country. At least eight nationalities and twice as many denominations were lost in a single life—Jesus Christ. Mahab is a big boost for intermission cooperation. Unconsciously prejudices are lost and missions are bound together in sincere, personal friendships the strongest bond for understanding.

In the Union Church and in the evangelistic program of the bazar chapel, the union of spiritual desire finds an outlet publicly. There is a concerted effort in the ten days of spiritual conference to refresh all our hearts before we leave for the plains.
Each denomination by turn takes charge of the Sunday services, but no mention is made of denominations, such boundaries being lost in worship. Easter, with its annual sunrise service atop Wilson Point, is an opportunity for real fellowship about the risen Son of Righteousness. The Sunday evening singspiration and testimony meetings are also a source of inspiration to our souls.

In the bazar chapel, which is surrounded by vegetables vendors and typical bazar life, students may testify or preach in the vernacular. For many it is the scene of the first testimony, the first prayer in a foreign tongue. Rev. L. R. Carner was in charge of the chapel this year. With him were two of his evangelists who are especially gifted in Indian music. Their united ministry not only drew many Indians who might otherwise not have heard the Word, but taught new missionaries the value of a knowledge of indigenous music to attract village Indians.

Another great help is in the form of lectures. One was on the balance of the mission and the Indian Church. Another lecture was about adult literacy. Mr. Tilak spoke to us about his father's hymns and his mother's autobiography which is part of the second year course.

In short, the “Marathi University” as it is jokingly referred to by Dr. Graham, the convenor, is a place of concentrated study in Marathi, evangelism, and lessons in living in harmony with fellow missionaries.

India is still the same, or is It?

By C. HERBERT DYKE

The streets of the great Indian metropolis showed signs of modernization and improvement, but still there were many things familiar to me returning to India after nine years in the homeland.

Cows grazed nonchalantly in market places; and although there are sidewalks, it seemed that most of the people were walking in the streets as they always have done. We saw the familiar beggars everywhere lining streets and walking among shoppers, always crying out for “buckshees,” a word understood almost throughout the Orient, with one palm outstretched while they slapped their empty stomachs with the other hand to show their need. Yes, it was all the same, the very same. One still had to be on the alert to avoid being overcharged. Nine years had not changed India's bent to bargaining over the price of an article. Among the various odors we recalled—some not too pleasant—were enticing cooking odors that I had not smelled for so long, the familiar incense and flowers in shops and temples. I wondered if village life had changed since the city seemed so much the same.

The station platform teemed with thousands of people, as usual. Vendors were selling the familiar articles: tea, sweets (which includes more than candy), “soda water”, and pahn, that great, Indian substitute.
for chewing gum. Pahn is a large green leaf upon which various spices or pieces of betel-nut are spread. Sometimes lime is spread on the leaf and the combination of various ingredients makes one's saliva bright red. The posters asking people not to spit pahn juice seem to go unheeded for the red spittle is seen on floors and walls in all railroad stations as well as along the streets of the city.

Coolies swarmed upon us, all endeavoring to grab some part of our luggage, so they would have a part in the pay when everything was loaded aboard the train. The compartment was crowded and dusty, etc. (You'll have to ask a missionary from India about the "etc."). We travelled over familiar landscape as we climbed the western mountains and eased down to the plains of Central Provinces which is to be our home for a few years.

In Akola, the first night we heard temple bells which brought back more memories. The voices of the drivers of the two-wheeled carriages called tongas could be heard urging their undernourished horses on. Occasionally we heard the claxon horn of a bus or a truck going by the bungalow. Cow bells tinkled and crickets chirped. Everything, both day and night is the same; has there been no change in India?

Yes, there has been a change: the change from darkness to light wrought by the preaching of the glorious Gospel. The precious old story of the Cross has brought eternal life—eternal change—to those who have believed in the risen Lord their Saviour and coming King. National independence is established, and the independence of the Church is underway. India is making her place in the United Nations; the Indian Church is also assuming her responsibility of self-government and self-support. The familiar sights make us feel we are "home," and the change brought about by the Gospel makes us especially happy to be in India at the present time.

A Memorable Weekend

By L. EARL HARTMAN

There are two distinct sides to missionary life: the hard, sacrificial side and the one of unspeakable joy. The following is an illustration of both.

It was on a Saturday during the hottest part of the year, just before the rains when I had an appointment with an Indian pastor to meet him in a village four miles from his town and twenty miles from mine.

In Wathoda there was a Christian widower who wished to marry a Hindu woman of a nearby village. The thought was that she should be baptized and then the wedding could be held. I started out early that morning on my motorcycle hoping to arrive there before the hottest part of the day. After I'd gone four miles, the rear axle broke and I had to push the cycle all the way back to Amraoti to weld the axle. By the
time I was ready to start again, it was almost three in the afternoon and really hot.

I think that was the hottest trip I ever made. The first fifteen miles were good road and I fully expected to make fast time that far, but it didn’t work out that way. The wind was so hot that it dried the perspiration and burned my body. The faster I drove, the hotter it felt; beyond a moderate speed was unbearable.

Finally I arrived but there was no wedding. The bride had gone to another town to buy clothes and her Hindu relatives were holding her prisoner somewhere. No one seemed to have any of the details as to just what was going on.

After a visit with the Christians of Wathoda, we walked to another village three or four miles away for a meeting and returned for a night meeting in Wathoda. Perhaps you wonder why we walked when there was a motorcycle. Gasoline rationing was the chief reason and a river which had to be forded twice with a stretch of sand between crossings was the second reason.

The next day we again walked to the other village for a meeting and baptism, returning to Wathoda at nine that evening for the last service of the day. Before the meeting began, I was introduced to a handsome old man and his wife who said that they wanted to become Christians. When I asked them what had influenced them to make this decision, they mentioned a fine Christian who had died two months previously. It seems he died of cancer after much severe suffering, but in it all he manifested a devotion to the Lord which was beautiful. These old folk wanted what they had seen in that dying man. We had felt somewhat disappointed that the Lord hadn’t healed old Shrawan, but since this particular night, we have felt differently, for He does “work in mysterious ways.”

In response to the invitation following the message, the elderly couple came forward with their friends and began to pray. The man spoke to the Lord very simply, “Lord, thou hast called me and I have come.” He continued for some time, causing all our hearts to rejoice in his penitence and faith.

I had to be back in Amraoti early the next morning and the pastor had arranged to in his village early too. After the meeting was over and we were making ready to leave, the Christians insisted we stay and have a baptism in the morning. That brought on a verbal tug-of-war with “You must stay” and “We can’t stay.” To break the deadlock, I asked if they would like to have the service right then. With a joyous response of approval, the group started off for the river at twelve-thirty midnight!

After the usual Scripture reading, singing, and prayer, the Indian pastor took the old man by the hand and led him into the river where he was baptized in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Then, while his wife was being baptized, he went a little distance away to change his clothes. They have a way of changing clothes without undue exposure,
so it wasn't necessary for him to go far. Soon I heard him talking and I looked toward him to see who was with him, but I saw no one. Listening closely, this is what I heard: “Lord now I belong to Thee and Thou art mine. I am not in the least afraid of what may happen, for I am trusting Thee and I know that Thou wilt take care of me.”

In that moment when I realized that the Lord Jesus had become so real to the old man that he was talking with the Lord as though He were visible, as you would to your dearest friend, do you suppose that I thought of the hot trip, the broken rear axle, the miles I pushed the motorcycle, the miles we walked to save gasoline, the so-called sacrifices a missionary makes in his work? Would you? Certainly not! Moments such as these blot out all memories of the hard things we have to go through to realize them. Best of all, this man is still going on with God, rejoicing, praising, and witnessing.

“Perfect Love Casteth Out Fear”

By MARTHENA RANSOM

Radha was born into a Hindu family where one baby after another was snatched away by death. To protect this babe from such a fate, the parents offered her to the goddess Janamai and the child lived in mortal terror of this deity. Each Saturday she spent in fasting in an attempt to appease her wrath.

She was married in childhood and both she and her husband were ill most of the time. They made pilgrimages to many “holy places,” spent the Indian equivalent of three hundred dollars in offerings to the many idols, all in an effort to get relief for their souls and bodies.

Some time later, the Gospel came to their village and found a welcome entrance in the heart of Radha’s nephew who witnessed to his aunt and uncle of his new-found joy and pleaded with them to yield their hearts to the Saviour. Having spent all their money on the idols, and having found no relief, Radha’s husband said, “This is enough. Let us become Christians.” Her answer was, “You may; I shall not, for my life has been offered to Janamai. If I become a Christian, she will take my life.”

Some evangelists camped near that village and after they had faithfully proclaimed Christ over and over for a few weeks, some turned from their dumb idols to serve the living and true God. One convert said to Radha, “Come, let us be baptized.” Because of her fear of the terrible goddess, she refused. Her friend reasoned with her, “Why be afraid? What can these stone idols do before the Lord?” Taking a sari for Radha, she accompanied her to the river where our seeker after truth finally yielded her heart and went into the waters of baptism.

Following this action, the Lord marvelously worked in her body
giving her perfect health. However, her husband continued to be tested in his body, suffering dreadfully. One day Radha said to the one who had persuaded her to be baptized, “Although my husband is so ill and doesn’t seem to improve in answer to prayer, still I have much joy in my heart. Truly I am converted! When the Lord came in, the fear of Janamai went out!”

Radha is a widow now, working hard in the fields and daily witnessing joyfully for the Lord. Her grammar is imperfect and sometimes difficult for the missionary to understand, but the shine on her face tells what words cannot.

“Persecuted for Righteousness’ Sake”

By JOHNATHAN AMSTUTZ

The life of Bhonaji has made a tremendous impression for God. Though he is unlettered, he has an immense heart which is consuming with love to Christ as he pours out his life, unsung, in the obscurity of India’s villages. While he is on tour, people flock to him in groups, so great is his influence over them. After a morning’s meetings, people are frequently loathe to let him return to camp.

Bhonaji’s background is very simple, his livelihood having been earned by tending fields. However, he was not content with a mere animal existence; he felt a growing spiritual hunger in his heart. Beginning his search for God, he became the disciple of Gopal, a famous religious teacher. As a Hindu “holy man,” he trudged many a weary mile along back roads and through forests trails singing to the tune of his one-stringed guitar and meditating in jungle solitude as he sought rest for his soul.

Many months later, a missionary came with the Gospel message to Bhonaji’s village with a story so beautiful which seemed to meet the need of this aching heart. After returning many times to hear the missionary speak about the Lord, this inquirer finally made his decision to follow Christ. Along with two friends, he applied for baptism. When that day finally came, after the preliminary service was finished and it was time to go down into the water, the two friends backed down. In addition they tried to dissuade Bhonaji from taking this step. Thank the Lord, he and his wife stood true and that day followed the Lord in baptism.

To save their own faces, the former friends began to ridicule Bhonaji. His relatives and neighbors terribly abused him. His parents forced him out of the house and refused to feed him. He made a makeshift shelter where they could sleep, helped his wife gather weeds for food, and sticks for the fire. In such an environment, their baby was born. The grandparents refused to come to see the baby—a great slight in India.

Not only has Bhonaji withstood all this affliction, he has been a
faithful witness for his Lord. People were amazed at his ability to take all the gaff. Presently he won a soul to the Lord, then a second, and a third, and so on until he had won twelve. Mind you, all this without any Bible training whatsoever.

Today, after a period of Bible school training, Bhonaji is one of our most faithful catechists. Perhaps the reason for his boundless inner joy lies in the fact that he has counted the gain of Christ worth all the misunderstanding and persecution. Although he is responsible for a circle of villages in which Christians live, his heart is burning for “the regions beyond.” A few months ago, he discovered a whole section of villages along the hills where the inhabitants were very friendly to the message he brought them. Through his contact, a very promising youth has been won from among these tribes people. After many weeks itinerating in those mountains, he has expressed the burden of his heart to go even beyond. However, he is vitally needed just where he is at present, for the Christians in his circle are constantly surrounded by the deadly atmosphere of heathenism, so that our Bhonaji has the constant care of the church of Christ, daily instructing them in the Word of the Lord.

Pray ye therefore that we may have more like him to occupy ‘til Jesus comes.'

Building Stones of the Church

By TILMAN M. AMSTUTZ

Twenty years ago, a small boy named Petras, which in the Greek means a rock, was sent to our boys’ boarding school in Akola. Following his father’s death, the boy had gone to live with an uncle who regarded him as his own son. His uncle, one of the early converts of our society, was a faithful and true witness, serving the Lord as a catechist. From him, Petras early learned the story of salvation.

In the boarding school, according to his own testimony, he “was not always a good, little boy,” but the Christian atmosphere and training bore fruit as Petras grew physically and spiritually. It was there that he gave his heart to the Saviour.

He studied carpentry for three years and tried his hand at that trade, helping missionaries in their need for furniture. But soon he realized that he was not where God wanted him; and, although he had a good knowledge of the Bible from his years in our boys’ school, he felt a need for more intensive training, so he enrolled in our Marathi Mens’ Bible School.

There he found that his special gifts were Sunday School work and child evangelism. Together with three or four classmates, each Sunday he would go out to some village from the Bible school to hold classes for children. Always groups of adults listened in, for everyone likes stories in India.
After graduation, Petras and his little family were stationed in Amraoti where there was plenty of opportunity for him to serve the Lord, building up the church, the Sunday school, and visiting the sick and shut-ins.

Besides his duties on his station, Petras goes touring during the winter months with the district missionary. Using charts and the "wordless book," and Gospel songs, he captivates the hearts of the children who soon grow restless and noisy during the preaching services. Very soon, the children's meetings are the center of attraction.

During our Christian Home Festival last year, Petras worked out a unique program in which the children wore crowns labeled "Faith," "Hope," "Love," "Industry," "Patience," etc., illustrating the foundation stones upon which the Christian home is built. The dialogue was most effective in reaching our Christian families to stir them to build not only a better home, but also a better church.

Christ has need of many "stones" like Petras in the up-building of His church. We thank God for every one of them. The church in India is being built upon young men and women, who, like Petras, are "lively stones a spiritual house." Brethren pray for them.

Hindu Fairs and Moslem Villages

By MR. AND MRS. F. W. SCHELANDER

We attempt to visit all the annual religious fairs in the four counties surrounding our station in Malkapur. Our procedure has been to pitch our tents for the workers and a large awning for the audience on the edge of the fair grounds. The public address system, phonograph records, and singing attract constantly changing crowds day and night.

By day we illustrate our messages with charts and Sunday School rolls. At night we throw still and motion pictures of the life of Christ and other Biblical subjects on a large screen visible from all over the grounds. Because our "show" is free, we become the greatest attraction in the fair, and the envy of all the side-shows which, of course, charge admission. In each fair, we sell hundreds of Gospels and usually run out of supplies.

Only in one fair did we encounter opposition. Every fair is held in honor of some local idol that is particularly popular. Out of tactful respect, we always try to launch our Christian propaganda away from the temple. This one time, the only available space was near the temple entrance. While we were showing our pictures to nearly a thousand people, attempts were made to distract and disperse the audience. There were loud jeers and appeals not to listen and demands that we cease. When missiles were thrown, we took the "mike" and appealed to the disturbers to give us the same courtesy that the public in America gives.
to exponents of Hinduism. This resulted in quietness for awhile until we were almost through.

Then the boisterous elements shouted and made a lunge at us. In the melee which followed, the microphone cord was broken and some tent ropes detached. Miraculously our valuable projector, films, transformer and other equipment were undamaged. Before dawn some hoodlums had pulled down one tent. The next day we preached without the public address system as too big a crowd would have invited more trouble. That evening we moved to the deserted weekly market place in another part of town where the public address system soon gathered about five hundred for a good meeting without any interference.

Apart from these fairs, our main evangelistic effort is among a group of Moslem Bhils who live in a string of villages along a mountain range on the northern border of our district. These Bhils were aborigines who were given their present village sites for embracing the Moslem faith hundreds of years ago. A young man from this group has been baptized and we were invited to camp and tour in and about his father-in-law’s village. Much interest among these people was aroused until a Moslem priest visiting the area stirred upon trouble against us. We have made valuable contacts there and we hope to return to these friendly people as soon as the rainy season is finished (about November or December). It will not be easy to secure a break; only the mighty power of God in answer to earnest prayer can accomplish that.

We ask you to pray for a number of Hindu youths who are expressing an interest in learning about Christianity. Pray also for a fairly-well educated young man who wants to be baptized but lacks the courage to step out. And, of course, we desire your intercession for the Bhils.

“A Heart from Sin Set Free”

By WINIFRED SANFORD

What a thrill it was to be visiting Indian homes at my first station after almost two years of language study at headquarters! As I walked along the streets of Bhusawal with Emilybai, my Bible-woman, my heart was eager to hear the testimonies of some of the Indian Christians with whom I was becoming acquainted for the first time. One morning while we sat in a humble mud hut, my heart’s desire was granted as a young Indian woman spontaneously broke forth with her testimony of praise to God. She said that three years ago she and her family were Hindus but that she had heard about Jesus Christ. At that time she had a dream. In her dream she was in a deserted cinema building. The doors and windows were shut tight and she tried every way to get out—but in vain. No one came to set her free. Panic gripped her, for it seemed she would be confined there and die. While there was apparently no
hope of escape a voice said to her, "There is only one Man Who has
the key of salvation. That One is Jesus Christ." Immediately the woman
awoke and found that her body was filled with fever and she was shaking
with fright. Getting up from her bed on the floor she went into her
cook-room and falling down cried to the Lord for salvation. The fever
left her body, peace came to her heart, and she became a new creature
in Christ Jesus. With shining eyes this young, slender, Indian woman
seated on the mud floor of her rude abode told of the preciousness of
her Saviour. One could not help but be convinced that she had a
treasure in her heart which made her humble home a lighthouse in the
darkness of heathenism.

As Emilybai and I walked away from that home that morning, I
asked for more details concerning this woman’s life. I learned that she
truly does bear a shining testimony before her Hindu friends and neighbors.
She tells them that she was like they are but that God has changed her.
She tells them that Jesus Christ is the true Lord and that she loves Him
with all her heart. There is a fearlessness and zeal in this life which
is lacking in the lives of many Christians who have no need to fear
persecution. As a result of her coming to Christ her husband and children
were also saved. Whenever it is possible friends and neighbors are
gathered in to hear the Word of God. This mother cannot read or write,
but she has sent her daughter to our Khamgaon Girls’ Boarding School
so that the girl can read and write and sing hymns. The mother herself
desires to learn to read; for she loves to listen to the Word of God and
wants to be able to read it for herself. She loves to pray, too. One
time after she and her family had become Christians, her husband was
provoked to anger and struck a man. When called to account the husband
told his wife that he was going to lie and say he hadn’t struck the man.
His wife said to him, "You must tell the truth. If you tell the truth
God will help you. If you lie, God will punish you.” The husband told
the truth and he was set free.

Oh for more conversions like this in India! Will you join us in
prayer that there may be?

Great Masses Still Untouched

By MRS. JANE S. VANCE

It was a thrilling experience in the wee, small hours of the morning
when the giant bird "Sphynx" circled the Bombay air field and settled
herself on the runway in front of the main building. With eager eyes
I sought and found my son-in-law, Gerald Carner, who was waiting for
me just inside the airport gate. This air journey had brought me from
home in Georgia to visit my daughter and her family.

I have now been in India seven months and have been a guest in a
number of mission stations. Travelling in India often involves stop-overs, but the delays are more than compensated for by the opportunity they give for visits with missionary friends en route. I am grateful for the privilege of seeing first hand the actual operation of mission stations. In all the homes I have visited, I have found life more normal and gracious than I had somehow expected on the mission field.

Missionary work in India has held unusual interest in my thoughts and prayers since my own dear ones came to serve the Lord in this needy land. I have been impressed by the transforming power of Christ as is so clearly shown in the lives of the students who come to the Men's Bible School in Nargaon. This July, new students came in from their villages to study. I could see a difference in many of them from those who had left last April after having completed one, two, or three years of training. Most of those men were going back to their own villages to witness of their own acceptance of Christ as Saviour and to seek to win others to the Lord Jesus. Even though there are some failures, the work in the Bible school is most encouraging.

Even now, after many years of mission work, India's great masses, I find, are still untouched by the Gospel message. Until one sees for himself, he cannot fully appreciate the great need for earnest prayer at home. We know that when there is real and definite prayer, God hears. The answer comes in many forms—the calling and sending out of Spirit-filled missionaries from the homeland, the calling and sending forth of Spirit-filled Indian evangelists and Bible women, and the blessings of the Lord upon the work that is being carried on patiently amid many discouragements of the Enemy.

Mission stations and Christian workers' homes are as spiritual oases in a dry and thirsty land. Oh, that there were more of these springs of Life-giving water!

"Fervent Prayer of Righteous Men Availeth Much"

By LOUIS L. KING

Special meetings were held in the heart of Ahmedabad (in our Gujarati speaking area). For eight nights the city's transportation system put on extra buses to accommodate the crowds which came from every section of the city. All five churches—the two Alliance churches, the Anglican, Irish Presbyterian, and Methodist—cooperated to the glory of God. Nightly congregations of Christians, Hindus, and Parsees (about three thousand in all) gathered to hear the good news of redeemed grace. The Holy Spirit was present in power. For weeks beforehand, special prayer meetings had been held. There was a great burden for the souls of the lost that they might find the Saviour. Before the meetings began, we were sure that something unusual would transpire.
It was my privilege to be the speaker the first four nights. Bishop John Subhan of the Methodist Church addressed the audience the next four nights.

The first sermon was "Glorying in the Cross." It was one of those rare occasions when the Spirit's presence was sensed, when the preaching was "not in word only, but in power and in the Holy Ghost and in much assurance." When the invitation was given, fifty-three people entered the two inquiry rooms. Midnight came before all had been dealt with and found peace in believing.

During the next three nights, the scene of the first meeting was repeated with about one hundred people finding Christ as Saviour. Bishop Subhan directed his ministry more to the Christians than to the unsaved. He gave his testimony, speaking with directness about the surrendered life and service for Christ. Appealing to the Indian Church of Christ to evangelize, he brought a challenge to all our hearts, a challenge so needed in this land today.

We praise the Lord for all He did in us and through us in these special meetings. Pray with us that this fruit may remain and that it may abound more and more.

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Does It Pay?

By Paul G. Haagen

"Whatever can be keeping the mail boy?", my wife asked for the third time. Suspicion mounting in my own mind, I went to his room. Sure enough, his bed was bare and his suitcase gone. No doubt about it; the mail carrier had run away.

Sitting in my office and thinking about the circumstances of his departure—no word of farewell, no indication of appreciation, no consciousness of obligation—I was overcome by a sense of frustration and asked, "I wonder if it's worth while, putting so much money into orphans?"

The Indian gentleman sitting across the desk from me gazed in amazement. After a long pause, he said simply, "I was an orphan."

With a far away look in his eyes, he began his story of wandering the streets of Ahmedabad as a homeless waif searching for food. Some kind missionaries took him to their home where they scrubbed him clean, gave him new clothes, and the first hot food he had eaten in many months. He continued reminiscing about the train trip to the mission school where he became a member of the orphanage family, where he heard about the Lord for the first time, where he received good care and a fine education. He told of his first fears which made it impossible for him to believe the Gospel. He spoke of the beginnings of faith in his heart and recounted experiences of his growth in grace. God answered prayer for him in many ways, including the securing of employment.

"Do you know, Sahib? sometimes when I lie down at night, I
think back over my life—about these things I have been telling you—and I think of God's great mercy, for I know how it might have been."

"What do you mean, Master?" I prodded.

"I was no child, Sahib. I was a boy of eleven and well acquainted with the community and conditions from which I was saved. I knew its exclusiveness and selfishness. No one need tell me of its hopelessness and despair. You have lived your life, except for the last four years, in a Christian country. You can't appreciate how degraded my life might have been."

"But what about your thoughts as you lie in bed?" I asked.

"Sometimes I wonder: suppose that kind Christian couple had been indifferent to the plight of that filthy street urchin? Suppose they had been too proud to take me into their carriage? Suppose the mission school had not taken me in? Suppose God's people in America hadn't sent in money for my support? Sahib, don't ever ask again, 'Does it pay?' You can never know how that question makes me feel." and with that, he was gone.

For some time after that I stared blankly at the open ledger before me. What figures did I see there? Instead of number figures, I saw human figures: figures of some of our alumni and alumnae who had come to us as orphan boys and girls years ago.

There was that weather-beaten old man who takes an active part in the Church Council meetings. I saw the slight figure of one of our teachers instructing his classes in a village school. I saw some of our evangelists, standing on street corners and under shady trees, declaring the love of God to needy sinners. The praying form of our matron passed before my eyes. A colporteur selling Gospel portions on station platforms and a Bible woman entering a home to witness to the women there and the pastor of the local church—all these and many more seemed to be saying to me as they passed in a vision, "I was an orphan. Don't ask, 'Does it pay?'"

As I thought upon the lives of these men and women who love and serve God, men and women of faith, filled with the Spirit who might never have been saved were it not for our mission school, I knew the house father was right when he urged me never to question the worth of rescuing orphans. There are many who are grateful for what has been done for them and they more than "balance the books"; they are priceless jewels for His crown.

Two Kinds of Lives

By RUTH ELLEN BLEWS

Two services had already been held that morning and we were walking down a side street in Viramgam wondering where the Lord would give the next opening.
At the end of the street stood a small, black idol. As we approached, we spoke to an old woman who had worshipped there. Finding her interested in what we had to say, we sat down on a small bed under a shady tree and invited her and other women to sit with us for a service. She gave good attention to the Gospel and yielded her heart to the Lord right there.

Each time we have seen her since, she has told us, with face aglow, of her faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. We praise God for this victory. Here is a soul won, but a life lost.

Hannahbai, on the contrary, for forty-one years has been trudging the dusty roads of Gujerat, carrying the message of light to those in darkness. Being left an orphan at the age of six, she was taken to the mission school where she learned about the true God and His Son who died for her sins. Although she attended all the spiritual services of the school, it was not until she was twelve that Hannah realized her lost condition.

Once at evening prayers, she had a vision of the Lord, on His judgment seat, dividing the sheep from the goats. It dawned upon her for the first time that she was not one of His sheep. Going to her bedside, Hannah prayed, “Oh, God, I am a sinner and worthy of hell, but, for Jesus’ sake, forgive my sins and save me.” In answer to this prayer, the girl’s life was transformed.

At the age of twenty-one, Hannahbai presented herself a living sacrifice to God. The fulness of the Holy Spirit came into this young life and she, with others, began to go out witnessing in the surrounding villages as she has been doing ever since.

Sitting under the tree, she related this story to the Hindu women. “Sometimes I am weary now,” she said, “but I am happy in His service.” Praise God for this victory. This is a soul saved plus a life of useful service for the Master.

The challenge of India’s boys and girls faces us on every hand. Which kind of life will each one live? That largely depends upon whether or not they are given the Gospel now.

In an effort to reach them, we have several weekly children’s meetings in various sections. In these meetings, the children are learning Gospel songs, memorizing Scripture, and hearing salvation messages illustrated by the flannel board. May we count on your prayer support that some of the “other sheep” may be brought in?

The Regions Beyond Beckon

By PAUL MORRIS

When India became independent two years ago, it was the native states that were to profit most. India had had religious freedom while
many of the states had been denied the Christian message. One of these was Radhanpur.

Radhanpur until Independence Day had been ruled by a Muslim although the population is largely Hindu. The state’s southern border is just thirty-six miles from our Viramgam station. We are also responsible for the territory lying to the east of this state and the land to the north of it is unevangelized too.

Touring season was over, but the Macedonian call came clearly through the highest government official, a Christian, and from the thousands who had never heard the message of Christ.

After prayer and hurried preparations, our party of six Indian workers, two missionaries, and a Muslim cook set out on the seventy-mile trip to the state capital. The jeep ride over pasture-like roads was not too comfortable for the four in the front seat. We arrived just ten minutes before the deputy collector was to close his office for the day. We explained our mission and we were given accommodation in a well-furnished government bungalow for the night.

Early the next morning, after prayer, we began our ministry at the bus stand. Mr. Haagen’s trombone echoed the unfamiliar strains of “Whosoever Will” which immediately attracted a crowd. A seminary student gave a lively testimony, after which the first Christian message ever delivered in that state was given. The response was immediate and encouraging. “Sell me a Testament;” “Come to our village; everyone will listen;” “How long are you going to be here?;” “Tell us more about this Jesus.” God was opening the hearts of these needy people.

Leaving the bus stand, we moved next to the bazar, opposite the police station. The crowd was so large and bought so much literature that we could hardly keep order and meet the demand.

We soon realized we were treading on enemy soil. Arya Samajists, a sect of reformed Hindus, small in numbers but loud and determined in purpose, did all possible to thwart the preaching of the Word. Two young lawyers frantically screamed to our large audience that even to listen to our preaching is sin.

The next day, Gujarati papers carried an article which was written to incite all Hindus and Muslims in the state. It was in the form of a question, “Who gave Christians the right to come to Radhanpur where there never has been such a menace? They are taking advantage of famine conditions and by offering bribes to the villagers are converting many to Christianity.”

The same charge was made to the local police who visited our camp to investigate. They were satisfied when we offered to take one of them daily with us to the villages to see what we were doing.

The same Arya Samajists tried to incite the Muslims to violence against us. A group of local Muslims called on our cook while we were away preaching. They had been told that we were holding him against his wishes, making him work for us, and forcing him to become a
Christian. He quickly silenced this opposition with, "I chose this job and I am happy working for the missionaries. I cook for and eat with the Christians. Furthermore, I am no child; I am thirty years old and have a wife and baby. I am free to remain a Muslim if I choose or become a Christian, just as I wish."

I am glad to say that the challenge of Radhanpur and the encouragements during our brief stay were far greater than the unsuccessful opposition which only served to publicize our ministry.

In one small village the whole populace gathered to hear us. They had never heard this message before and due to famine conditions were penniless. Yet two New Testaments and over one hundred Gospel portions were purchased. Later, on two occasions, people walked four miles from this village to our camp for consultation and New Testaments.

In Tatiyana, a young merchant promised to read the Bible daily for a half hour. The entire village eagerly promised to gather to listen. Pray that the reader and the illiterate listeners may be saved by the reading of the Word.

In another village, for lack of sufficient shade to accommodate our large crowd, we were invited into a Hindu temple. The group listened as carefully as any large audience in the States. At the close of the message, in a Hindu temple, with its managers who had invited us in now scoffing, we sold a Bible worth a dollar and many Gospel portions.

Many interesting experiences could be added but most encouraging are the following facts: Radhanpur’s highest government official, an evangelical Christian who has spoken in a number of Alliance centers in America, is begging us to open stations in his state and adjacent areas. Please pray about this great need.

High Hindu and Muslim officials welcomed us most kindly and seemed anxious to render every assistance possible. Despite the opposition described previously, one official told us that the government gives us liberty to proclaim our religion so long as we carry on peacefully. We praise the Lord for friendly government permission to preach the good tidings of peace.

Radhanpur State has never before had a Christian evangelistic program. I feel that this state is our responsibility, for there is no one else nearby and ready to enter with the Gospel. "How shall they hear without a preacher?" Christ said, "Go ye therefore."

In Memoriam

Miss Caroline Hilker, who was one of our missionaries from 1901 to 1909 and later served as matron in our rest home in Lonavla near Poona, died on July 30, 1949. She had been matron of her own missionary rest home in Ootacamund, South India for many years when she was attacked in her home by thieves. She died in the hospital a week later of the injuries sustained. To the best of our knowledge, Miss Hilker left no relatives.
**MISSIONARY DIRECTORY, 1949**

*Headquarters: Akola, Berar  
Chairman: Rev. E. F. Eicher*

### BERAR

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Missionaries</th>
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| Akola            | Rev. and Mrs. J. F. Derr  
Miss Ann Droppa  
Rev. and Mrs. C. H. Dyke  
Rev. and Mrs. E. F. Eicher  
Miss Gladys Jasper  
Rev. and Mrs. A. B. Shaw  
Rev. and Mrs. G. F. Vanderscript |
| Amraoti          | Rev. and Mrs. L. E. Hartman  
Miss Marthena Ransom |
| Anjangaon (Surji)| Rev. J. L. Amstutz  
Rev. and Mrs. L. R. Carner |
| Chandur (Ry.)    | Rev. and Mrs. T. M. Amstutz |
| Khamgaon         | Miss Hilda Davies  
Miss Julia Derr  
Miss Edith Moore  
Miss Beatrice Shrum |
| Malkapur         | Rev. and Mrs. F. W. Schelander |
| Murtizapur       | Rev. and Mrs. A. I. Garrison |

**EAST KHANDESH**

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<tr>
<th>Location</th>
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<tr>
<td>Bhusaval</td>
<td>Miss Winifred Sanford</td>
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<td>Jalgaon</td>
<td>Rev. and Mrs. F. W. Schelander</td>
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<td>Nargaon</td>
<td>Rev. and Mrs. G. L. Carner</td>
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### GUJERAT

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<tr>
<th>Location</th>
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| Ahmedabad           | Mrs. Ruth Brabazon  
Rev. and Mrs. L. L. King |
| Dholka              | Miss Luella Burley  
Rev. and Mrs. P. C. Haagen  
Miss Myra Wing |
| Mehmedabad          | Rev. and Mrs. J. S. Ringenberg |
| Viramgam            | Miss Ruth Blews  
Rev. and Mrs. P. L. Morris |

**SPECIAL LOCATIONS**

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<tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Chikalda (Amraoti Dist.), Berar</td>
<td>Miss Agneta Hansen, <em>(Matron of Children's Home)</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kedgaon (Poona Dist)</td>
<td>Miss Bernice Steed</td>
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**ON FURLOUGH**

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<th>Missionaries</th>
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| Mrs. Donald Capps  
Rev. and Mrs. A. C. Eicher  
Mrs. Ruth Schlatter  
Rev. R. H. Smith |

**RETIRED IN INDIA**

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<tr>
<th>Missionaries</th>
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<td>Miss Helen Bushfield</td>
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