The INDIA ALLIANCE
FALL ISSUE, 1950
A HEATHEN WOMAN'S FACE

By Mrs. W. M. Turnbull

Have you ever read the sorrow in a heathen woman's face,
As you met her eye to eye amid the throng?
She who is by sex your sister, though sunder'd far in race,
Have you ever wonder'd why she has no song?

She's a prisoner that beats against the very bars of life,
And she longs for death, yet dares not, must not die.
She is cursed with cruel curses should she be a sonless wife,
And a baby daughter answers cry with cry.

She's the daughter of her mother, who before her trod the road,
She's the mother of a daughter who will know
All the depths of her own anguish, all the heavy, weary load,
All the bitterness—a heathen woman's woe!

No, 'tis not a heathen woman—'tis a piteous, captive throng,
In the deserts, jungles, paddy fields and marts,
In the lands that know not Jesus, lands of cruelty and wrong,
Where there is no balm for wounded, aching hearts.

Shall we let this stream flow downward in its widening, deathward way?
Shall we let this flood of misery hold its throng?
We can stem the deadly current if we go and give and pray—
They must join us in the glad redemption song!
FALL ISSUE, 1950

EDITORIALS

Prospects and Promises

JAMES LORING: "Do you think the prospects bright for the speedy conversion of the heathen?"

ADONIRAM JUDSON: "As bright as the promises of God."

The Missionary has no more right to expect to reap where he has not sown nor to gather where he has not strawed than does the farmer. Fruit is not harvested by desire nor by presumption. Converts are not won by lettering C. & M.A. across the map. The occupation of a few scattered Mission Stations does not automatically evangelize a people.

The Missionary task is to plant the seed of God’s Word with love and to water it with copious tears of importunate prayer. When this is done we have a right to expect a harvest. Due to the unproductiveness of the soil it may be a small thirty-fold harvest. Due to the barrenness of the district it may be a delayed harvest. With the exercise of patience the harvest is a sure thing provided we have used the good seed of His Word. "The husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain."

"God’s Word shall not return unto Him void. . . ." We have a right to expect a harvest—a proportionate harvest; not proportionate to the machinery we employ, but proportionate to the seed we actually sow.

Have we sown the Seed? How much of the Seed have we sown? Has our sowing been haphazard in trying to cultivate too large a field? Have we watered it with agonizing prayer? Have we taken time to cultivate the increase?
May the zeal of sowing God’s Word consume our every thought and action! Then the prospects of a harvest will be “as bright as the promises of God.”

**Hair-splitting or Atom-splitting?**

The more a missionary pleads with philosophic minded Hindus who delight in allegory and hair-splitting distinctions the more he realizes the impotence of man’s wisdom and speech. As a language student he feels that all must yield before his ardent and enthusiastic presentation of the Gospel when he can but present it in the language of the masses. As a worker he soon finds he is not so strong as he had thought. Hair-splitting is a most tedious and exasperating task exceeded only by its unprofitableness. Certainly there must be some stronger instrument than speaking. Oh, for a power that would blast and shatter and expose sin and filth to the purifying rays of the Son of Righteousness!

There is such a power. It is the atom-splitting power of prayer. Unimaginable power is locked up within it. The Maker of the universe has entrusted this incalculable power into the hands of His workmen. He expects us to use it and holds us responsible if we do not.

Words are weak, but prayer is strong. Words are dissipated into nothingness, but prayer explodes over its target. Words are impotent to check the unleashed uprush of passion, but prayer can blast out its roots. Words cannot stem the steady, swift current of deep gorged habit, but prayer can divert the stream into new channels. Words can be brought to bear on a life but infrequently, but prayer can sustain a chain reaction throughout every day and every hour of life. Words cannot raise a response in the ignorant soul whose ears are deaf to truth, but prayer like a thunderous explosion can awaken the slumberer to a newness of life in which Christ will give him light. Words cannot induce man to pray, but prayer can bring to the lips of the penitent the new-born cry of ‘Abba, Father’.

Prayer is of the essence of little things. It is infinitesimal in the eyes of the world, “but God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty.” (I Cor. 1:27) Prayer splits the spiritual atoms and releases the inexhaustible power of the Almighty God. Prayer is the secret weapon that gives us superior striking force enabling us to be “more than conquerors” over the adversary of our souls. If we are to win the Battle for India, it will only be thru round-the-clock prayer bombardment.

God has designed that every division of His forces should use this selfsame weapon. We of the ground troops occupying the beach heads must use it at close range, but our efforts will be too little and too late unless you in the homeland soften-up the enemy by heavy gun fire. The fervent, importunate, effectual prayer of the righteous man is the greatest force on earth for it is linked with Heaven. It sets off the Problem-splitting, atomic power of God. The force of prayer extends ‘round the world effecting the “exceeding abundantly above all we ask or think.”
“What do you need out there?” is the thoughtful query in many of your letters. What do we need? There is no need to split hairs over that question. We NEED PRAYER! We need the importunate prayer which agonizes in the Spirit, “Lord, give me India or I die.”

“What do we need?” Call unto Me, and I will answer thee, and shew thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not.” (Jer. 33: 3)

Our Coverpage

The upper left hand corner is a river scene at Benares the Holy City of the Hindus. Behind the ghats the spire of a temple points heavenward. You will recognize the upper central picture as the Taj Mahal—probably the most perfect structure ever built—a monument to death. In the upper right hand corner the magnificent Kutab Minar points its rosy finger skyward reminding us of the magnificence that was India's under the Mogul Rulers. The lower picture is a bazaar scene—the gate and main street of almost any large city. Note the woman carrying the child on her hip. She is wearing her saree Gujarati style. The woman who with her daughter is watching the snake charmer is wearing her saree Marathi style. The third woman is a Marwari. These line drawings were prepared by D. N. Walli, a Hindu artist.

PILGRIM FEET

By Bernice E. Steed

Pouring rain did not dampen the spirits of the pilgrim band gathering in the early morning gloom at Poona. Two large horses decorated with blankets of flowers were touched in worship by many hands. Even baby faces were pressed against these creatures in an act of veneration. There were many pilgrims who bore aloft orange flags mounted on long poles, thus advertising the fact that they had taken a vow to make annual pilgrimage to the temple of Vithoba.

The center of excitement, however, was an ornate palanquin borne on the shoulders of men. Why are all those coins and flowers being tossed into what seems to be an empty conveyance? Pushing through the crowd and peering into the same we saw two silver footsteps of a saint of long ago. He was a devotee of Vithoba and made pilgrimages to his shrine. The multitudes still follow in his footsteps. As I saw that pedestrian band set their faces toward the temple one hundred and twenty miles away, I thought of the stream of souls who had preceded these pilgrims in the centuries past. Each succeeding generation has given its toll of worshippers to the gods of darkness, and still the procession marches on.

Two weeks later I came face to face with these very pilgrims and hosts of others in the sacred city of Pandharpur where stands the temple of Vithoba. As I saw the muddy water of the Bhima River in which many were seeking soul-cleansing, as I moved with the jostling throngs on the Walk of
Merit the pavement of which seemed specially designed to torture weary pilgrim feet, as I looked at the unattractive outer walls of the place of worship (only a few are privileged to see the gilded dome), as I saw the poverty of those who gave again and again to hands outstretched for offerings, as I looked into the faces of thousands of men and women waiting for the moment when they would be permitted to enter the inner sanctum of the temple and, as they say, "get a vision of god" in the fraction of a second allotted to each worshipper, I wondered what it is that impells these pilgrims to suffer so much hardship for a god of stone. I realized as never before how great is the power of the enemy of souls and how real is the battle for those who would have a part in freeing these captives.

As I saw the great host of women thinly clad and footsore, I thought of a pilgrim of yesterday who trod the length and breadth of this great land vainly searching for the peace for which her soul longed. This disillusioned Hindu pilgrim became a saint—a saintly follower of the Lamb with her pilgrim feet ever set toward Emmanuel's Land. Her footprints have not been preserved in silver but a trail of blessing has followed where her feet have trod. There is an ever-widening stream of those who follow her to the feet of the Master. Her name was Ramabai.

Thank God for the band of Bible Women Pandita Ramabai trained and sent to Pandharpur many years ago and for the faithful witness which still continues with unabated zeal. Thank God for the five Gospel Bands who this year broadcasted the Gospel message during the entire time of the festival resulting in Gospel portions being carried to villages far and wide where the True Light had not yet penetrated. The feet of such as these are described in Romans: How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace and bring glad tidings of good things.

But alas, the witnesses of truth are so few! Are there not those in the Church of India and from other lands who are willing today to be pilgrims for the sake of making Christ known to souls who sit in darkness? Are there any with the pilgrim's zeal? We are reminded of the words of Samuel Rutherford: "Our fair morning is at hand, the day star is near the rising, and we are not many miles from home; what matters the ill entertainment in the smoky inns of this miserable life? We are not to stay here, and we will be dearly welcome to Him whom we go to." Do Christians really believe the promise of the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory for those who suffer the light affliction which is but for a moment?

In India weary pilgrim feet are still on the move—moving from one false shrine to another in search of satisfaction. Oh that the tramp, tramp, tramp of their feet might raise in your heart the response: Here am I; Lord, send me.
EVERYWHERE

It was a Sunday morning in early May, a beautiful, hot, stifling day. The train in which we lolled rattled on monotonously toward Delhi. The increasing heat made us drowsy, for the rest and quiet of the night had been disturbed at every station by the rush of passengers and the cries of venders. With an effort we appraised the heterogeneous group among whom we traveled.

Sitting cross-legged in one corner a Hindu stared blankly into space as his lips moved incoherently in a series of short ejaculations prompted and tabulated by the fingering of a rude rosary hung about his neck. Next to him sat a trim, immaculately attired Parsee gentleman and on the same seat a rather dishevelled Hindu merchant wearing coarse khadi and white Gandhi cap. Both were intent upon the reading of Gujarati and Hindi newspapers. The next man was bare headed with European style hair cut and European clothes, but the long lock of hair at the crown of his head bore certain testimony that he was a Hindu. By the window in the seat across the end of our carriage sat a tall man of excellent muscular development. He wore a plain white dhoti or loin-cloth and a purple-striped English-made shirt, the tails of which reached all the way down to his knees. His features and build indicated that he hailed from the North-Western part of India or perhaps even from Afghanistan. He had taken off his Jinnah topi and laid it on the seat beside him; but when he opened his tin suitcase, I noticed a Gandhi cap folded across the top of his belongings. We fixed our attention on this man for there was an element of mystery about him. We noticed that, unlike the Europeanized Hindu who sat opposite him, he seemed to be indifferent to all that happened in our compartment. Then the mother of the Mohammedan family on the seat opposite us decided it was too hot to remain in her burkha. Her husband, who had just rolled up his prayer mat from the seat where he had been prostrating himself and speaking to the angels on his right and left, helped this ghost materialize into a rather plump, aggressive woman who was soon taking an active part and interest in all that transpired.

In such surroundings we decided to hold our Sunday worship service. Sitting just as we were, for to move would be to throw the whole compartment into confusion, we prayed aloud. Then one of the missionaries seated in the middle of the carriage, directing his attention toward the other seated missionaries, preached a full length sermon replete with Scripture Lesson and exhortation. The newspapers and magazines remained poised in mid air as before, but we could sense that the people behind them were no longer reading but listening. The unveiled face of the Mohammedan woman was turned inquiringly toward her husband; however, he ignored her for he must listen intently if he is to understand this
foreign tongue. Even our muscular conundrum seemed to listen now and then. The sermon finished, we prayed again, asking God that His Word might bear fruit in the lives of the hearers. No one was offended. No one resisted or spoke out above a whisper. No one was even shocked, for the Christians were simply performing their religious duties as the Hindus and Mohammedans had been doing. They expected us to do so in a different manner for after all we were Christians. They were curious about these differences.

Worship terminated, our unsummoned audience immediately constituted itself into a question bee: “What is that Book? Where can I buy one? Is that what Christians do when they worship?

GUJARAT THRU THE EYES OF A JUNIOR MISSIONARY

By Karl H. Kose

Gujarat is a very small part of India; its total area is approximately that of the State of Pennsylvania; its people comprise but four per cent of the total population; but there are literally millions in the Gujarati-speaking territory who have not received Christ into their hearts.

After having been in Gujarat for ten months there are many incidents and impressions written indelibly upon my memory. Naturally, when we left the shores of America, we had certain preconceived ideas concerning the customs of the people, their mode of worship, their standard of living, and their attitude toward the Gospel and its messengers. Some of these preconceived ideas have been proven true, other anticipations were very wide of the mark.
listen; they ridicule the evangelists; they disperse the crowds. In spite of all this we must remember that Christ died for them. We must be patient and persevere until they perceive that Christ alone can save.

Another unforgettable impression is the effect of the caste system upon the lives of the people. Although caste has been officially outlawed by the government, the majority of the people still live under its domination. Imagine a comparatively healthy young man going about the streets of the village, day after day, begging for an anna here and a pice there. He is strong and healthy and has the ability to work, but because he comes from the beggar caste, he may not do any other type of 'work' during his lifetime.

Every village and city has a great number of holy men. These are easily recognized by the clothes they wear and by the paint which they smear across their foreheads and on their cheeks. Their object in life is to care for some animals or to perform good deeds. One such sadhu comes by our house each day with a large can of puris from which he feeds the passing dogs. He "earns" his living by the donations people give him for performing this good deed.

It has been well stated that India is a land of "millions of gods, but no Christ." In the temple near our bungalow the people daily worship the sacred bull and elephant. Around the lake near our station are 365 places of worship, one for each day of the year and each to a different god. As we travel along the countryside we see evidences of worship on every hand: small temples built beneath the trees in which are placed gods of stone or clay; common stones piled in neat order with an offering placed before them; a few clay dishes scattered over the ground, evidence that a feast has been made to an idol.

This is a land of vast opportunity. The Gospel has been faithfully preached for many generations and still is being proclaimed to India's millions. The opposition at the hand of Satan is strong, but we have the promise, "My Word shall not return unto Me void." As we continue the work which has been carried on for years, we trust that the True God shall permit us to help bring in the harvest, for truly "the harvest is plenteous."

Christianity does not subvert the relations of the household . . . But in all these relations, the obedience of the wife to her husband, the love of the husband for the wife, or the submission of the children to the parents, are never to supersede love and obedience to God. . . .

This is one of the places where Hinduism breaks down, in that family caste relations are made to supersede obligations to God and their fellow-men. This is the rock upon which so many reformers make shipwreck. This is the cause of much unhappiness on the part of the educated Hindus who sacrifice their convictions to these considerations. This is the point where so many hundreds of men and women in India reject the Gospel, which is the very hope not only of India's women, but of India herself.

—The Wrongs of Indian Womanhood, by Mrs. Marcus B. Fuller
MISSIONARY LETTERS
The following are portions of letters selected from the Editor's mail bag. They have come to our desk largely in response to our own letters of inquiry regarding the work. You could receive many like them by employing our method. Try it.

Akola, Madhya Pradesh

Dear Paul:

Greetings in the Name of our Precious Saviour Jesus. We have much to praise the Lord for as we look back to all His constant provision for our needs and His touch in body when there was a need that way. He doeth all things well and as Miss Williams always used to write, "He abideth Faithful".

Now to bring you up to date with our activities:

PHYSICALLY we have had our taste of sleepless nights with Nancy who had diphtheria and every once in a while gets bothered with an allergy that we haven’t traced down yet. Betty has had a time in bed and we both are fighting the Amoeba bug right now.

SPIRITUALLY we are hungry to see God work through the Holy Spirit in a new way among the individuals of the Church.

MATERIALLY we are glad for the continual supply of every need.

STUDYINGLY we are still making a daily dent in the books and hope we are putting a buldge in our heads with the proper aims of course.

DOINGLY we have had a turn at giving a short message in Marathi and even though we lost a few pounds thru fear, we came out none the worse. I have had a little advantage in knowing Hindustani and have led the compound prayermeetings, have helped in the Young Men’s Society, have taught in Sunday School as a regular teacher, and have spoken most every Sunday to the Junior Boys’ Society. At least once and most often twice a month there is an English lecture on Spiritual topics given in the Akola Church. Those of us still studying have taken turns so far in speaking—the others will have a turn. As a result of these meetings a Brahman professor has asked to come to the bungalow to read the Scriptures with us. May God use this contact for His Glory.

FOR FUN we have had fellowship together with all the Akola Missionaries whenever there is a Birthday or Anniversary. A Surprise Party is generally the plan even when it is a few days early or late it most often is quite unexpected and truly fun and relaxing after the day’s grind.

GENERALLY we have problems with those who come begging for work and food, with red tape in getting ration cards, parcels through to America, licenses and countless daily interruptions. We have our laughs too at our words being taken at their face value when we really meant something quite different. This is not at first but on looking back.
That is it. Although tomorrow is not known we are confident that He which hath begun a good work in us will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ. (Phil. 1: 6)

Sincerely,
Herbert, Betty and Nancy (Dyke)

Murtazapur, Madhya Pradesh

Dear Friends:

In connection with our imminent move to the Border of Nepal, we are claiming His promise: ‘‘And the Lord, He it is that doth go before thee; He will be with thee, He will not fail thee, neither forsake thee: fear not, neither be dismayed.’’ Deut. 31: 8

As we expect about mid-November, D.V., to leave central India, where we have been in missionary service for forty years, the time has now arrived for us to notify you of our change of address. Anything you write to us so as to arrive before November 15th may be addressed as above. After that kindly address us at our new home:

The Nepali Bible School Fellowship
Bungalow 43, Notified Area,
Gorakhpur, O.T. Ry., U.P., India

We have been able to rent one suite of the bungalow at the above address. Although our quarters will be rather cramped until we can rent other rooms, we shall have at least a place to stack such possessions as we can take with us. In order to have sufficient room for ourselves as well as for Bible School classes, the whole bungalow will be required. We probably will have to purchase the entire site...

During the latter part of September we are to hold a Short Term Bible School at Murtazapur for village Christians and candidates for baptism. From November 3-9 we shall attend our annual Mission Conference at Akola. Then there will be the final packing and preparations for getting off. We plan travelling northward in easy stages with Jeep and trailer. We shall need to be present in Lucknow when our goods are trans-shipped to the narrow gauge Oudh Tirhut Railway for carriage to Gorakhpur.

We are keeping in touch these days with several Nepali young men. We earnestly desire your prayers that the Lord, Who is calling us to Nepali Bible School work, may also be preparing young Nepalis for study and help in the School. We may not be able to begin Bible classes until some time next year, as there will be much to do in preparation for School work.

Your Brother in Christ,
Allie Garrison
My dear Mr. Haagen:

There were 19 of us missionaries present for the very profitable day of prayer here at Murtazapur recently.

In the midst of the preparation for the above day of prayer a young woman was brought here by her brother from a village a few miles away. She was in a serious condition as a result of mental oppression which had resulted in her refusing food for about two weeks previously. She had studied for a time in our Women’s Bible School at Khamgaon some years ago when Miss Beardslee was in charge, and had later gone back to live with her Hindu husband to whom she had been married as a Hindu child. He had not treated her kindly, even refusing to permit her to have or read a Bible. When she had become distracted her husband sent her to her brother who is a nominal Christian, and he and his wife brought her here for help.

We sat down in the midst of those who were polishing silver and making other preparations for the day of prayer. We spoke to her of the Lord, His blood and His faithfulness. We then urged her to praise the Lord which she feebly did. She cried out to the Lord for forgiveness, and being urged, thanked Him for hearing her. This continued for about an hour. After that she took some nourishment and slept. She has remained for some days and seems to be fully recovered.

For three years in her husband’s Hindu home, with a second wife installed, she has been starved for the Word, being fed only with what she had memorized in Bible School. It was lovely to hear her sing and pray and praise. She spent much time with the Bible which was loaned to her while she remained here. She has now gone back with joy to her village. Pray with us that her husband and relatives may be saved.

One of our village Christian men was sick for three months. He sold off what possessions he had to get money for food. When the money was gone he had nothing to eat for three days. Being very hungry, when someone offered carrion such as he used to eat before becoming a Christian, he partook of it. The Christian worker finally found him in this desperate state, and prayed for his healing, and for the
supply of needs. However the conscience of the village Christian troubled him over the eating of carrion. He felt that the Lord would not hear any prayer for him until he had repented: He was heartbroken and truly repentant. When we heard of his need we sent some temporal help. Later when better and stronger this man with his wife came in to Murtazapur, and were full of praise for the Lord's forgiveness and restoration to fellowship. We were able to give them work for a few days to meet their immediate need. After a time they departed with great joy.

Yours in Christ,
Mrs. A. I. Garrison

Akola, Madhya Pradesh

Dear Anna and Paul:

We just received your letter... What shall we write? We had special meetings for the boys at which time the Word was given forth in faithfulness but we saw no tangible fruit.

On the 11th, we begin a three weeks village Bible school at which time we may have about 40 adults and a number of children. This has not been done in Akola for at least five years...

Otherwise there is nothing special going on here; just the routine—serving the Lord and people, people, people. We shall be glad to see you at convention.

Best wishes in Him,
Bernice and Al (Shaw)

Malkapur, Madhya Pradesh

Dear Paul:

... Now, as to us and Malkapur. If the deepening of the burden on our own hearts is any indication of the work God is intending to do, we will see spiritual fruit in Malkapur. There is a depressing apathy among the Christians in the town, but those on our compound, I believe, evidence growth in perception of spiritual values. Since getting our jeep we have visited Christian families and held open air meetings in Malkapur and in some surrounding villages, that is after we had succeeded in getting the jeep to run; it seems to feel it has already done more than its share of work, and is grouchy about starting and little things like that.

Our fall program? Having had a little experience with making a schedule and trying to live up to it in India, I am leary of making any exact statements. We do hope to start touring right after Convention for a month, either in the north section which is really Jalgaon Taluka (Berar) but has
been appended to Malkapur District or else in the eastern section of our district around Nandur, a railway stop on the run to Akola. Then after a time of recuperation at Christmas, restocking with food, etc., we hope to tour again in the southern area of the district around Motala, a large bazar town half way to Buldana. We have never been touring before on our own and so have a lot of tent equipment to acquire.

You can put it down, Paul, that I'm counting on a real, last-day outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the few who are ready. Aside from that I see no hope. This last is not just copy, but a conviction based on the impossibility of the task as seen in the apathetic faces of the crowds that listen to a purely humanly given message. God bless you and draw us all to seek for the gifts of the Spirit—the enduement of Power.

Sincerely in Jesus,
Jack Derr

Dear Mr. Haagen:

This past year has been one of varied experiences including touring, nursing, teaching, etc. Joining Miss Derr on tour for five weeks was very interesting and helpful to me, this being my first experience of constant touring. God blessed and we had many opportunities to give out His Word. Many heard the message of salvation for the first time. I helped in caring for the sick at the Hospital in Basim and then took sick myself requiring treatment and rest for several months. God was good to me and I praise Him for renewed strength and health. The physical testings are not always easy but He giveth grace. Returning to Akola in the Rainy season I tried to pick up where I left off in the Akola city work. It seems coldness and indifference are creeping rapidly into our church. This brings forth the cry from our hearts for revival. The spiritual needs of our Akola Church are great. Oh for the showers!

A few weeks ago I went to Akot to help in the sakha for our workers and their wives. I had classes with the women, which seemed a great blessing to them as they have so few opportunities for such meetings. God blessed my own heart and I trust these women too will be better fitted for service in their villages.

We are now in our Short Term Bible School for village Christians. Bernice Shaw and I have the women's and children's classes. It is a joy to minister to these women and children as they seem to drink in the messages given. We desire and pray they will return to their villages to be better men and women and children, that through their lives others will be influenced for Christ.
With Conference catering taking much of my time in the near future I will be occupied until after those days. After that I am hoping to go out on tour again. The rest is in His hands as is my life and my plans. Sincerely in Him,

Ann Droppa

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Bhusawal, E.K.

Dear Mr. Haagen:

As my Bible Woman is detained at home because of a sprained ankle, I find I have time for that chit chat you so desire. Perhaps the best way I can acquaint you with my work is to give my weekly schedule.

Sunday at 7.45 a.m. I hop onto my bike nicknamed Herkie to go to the railway firemen's quarters here in Bhusawal for our Sunday School among the children from Hindu homes. This Sunday School is held in connection with our Mission Day School in which there are now four teachers—all Christians—and 220 pupils. When Herkie arrives at the school on Sunday, one of the girls relieves me of my bag of books, pictures, etc. All the children are friendly and eager to hear God's Word. When I left my nine nieces and nephews in America, I did not know that God would give me 99 and more who would call out, "Salaam auntie", and then settle down on a schoolroom floor to listen to the message of our precious Saviour. The largest attendance at the Sunday School has been 111. During the week also the teachers give Bible instruction each morning before class-time, and on Friday afternoon after class one of us missionaries, using the flannelgraph, presents the Gospel to all those children who elect to attend. This is not in any way compulsory but we find that many children who do not come to Sunday School are in attendance at these periods of instruction. A large number of children have signified acceptance of Christ as their Saviour from sin. Our hearts were made glad when one boy told of his desire and his parent's willingness that he should go to our boarding school at Akola when he finishes the work in this school. Many of the Hindu parents also are very friendly and open to the Gospel. Please pray earnestly that Satan will in no wise be permitted to hinder this working of God's Spirit.

While the Sunday School for children from Hindu homes is being held at Agwalla Chawl, a Sunday School for children from Christian homes, with some other children besides, is held on the verandah of our bungalow. At the same time, Sunday School is held in the church for Anglo-Indian children. A Christian Anglo-Indian woman is in charge of this Sunday School. After Sunday School comes the morning Marathi Church Service. There are about 35 Christian homes connected with our Alliance work and quite often the church is nearly filled.
for the morning service and sometimes it is so full that
some folks have to sit on benches outside. Our Marathi
pastor and his wife are fine servants of God who have served
faithfully and fruitfully for many years. It is quite a
common experience in the church here for sick members to be
restored to health through the prayers of these servants of
God. During the past hot season there were a number of
baptisms down at the Tapti River. I was sorry to miss these
occasions.

A missionary, from another mission who has been in many
churches in India doing evangelistic work, recently made the
remark that he has never been in any church in India where
there has been such a fine and promising group of young
people, especially young men. Bhusawal is a railway center and
many of these young men work in the railway here. Recently a
young people's society has been started for them in the church
on Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock, and we have been happy to
see a good number of young men and young women in attendance.

Besides the Sunday Schools, morning Marathi church service
and afternoon Marathi young people's meeting, there is an
evening service in English for Anglo-Indians and Indians who
comprehend English. Many Anglo-Indians have left India so that
the work among them which at one time was rather large has
become a minor part of our present Alliance program in Bhusawal.
Nevertheless there are still souls to be reached and we covet
your prayers for them.

Monday morning I hop onto the train for an hour's ride to
our Bible Training School at Nargaon. There it is my
privilege and responsibility to teach the wives of the men
who are in training for Christian service. Most of these
women have heard but few of the Gospel stories which have
thrilled and inspired our hearts. My language is necessarily
very simple for I teach them in Marathi, but I ask the Lord
to make His Word real to them by the witness of His Spirit. I
would so much appreciate your prayers to this end. The use
of picture rolls and flannelgraph is a big help. I encourage
the women to retell the story so that the truths may stick in
their minds.

On Tuesdays and Fridays Mrs. Don Hillis and I go out
together among the Hindu people, singing the Message of Life
and telling the old, old Story which is so very new to many
of them. Attention is very good on the whole, and sometimes
the groups are quite large while at other times we deal with
the ones and twos even as our Lord did when He was upon earth.
I'm sure there is no truer joy this side of heaven than to
witness even one soul praying the simple prayer of repentance
and faith as one aged lady did so very recently.

One Friday morning when we were out among the people Mrs.
Hillis told the story of Noah and the Ark. We also spoke
about the sin of breaking God’s commandments and the need of a Saviour. In the afternoon, when I was on my way to the school for the children’s Friday afternoon meeting, a little girl came running toward me all out of breath. She said in Marathi, of course, ‘‘Auntie, when you and the other auntie were telling the story this morning you lost the kitten and I found it and want to give it back to you just like today’s lesson said.’’ Then I remembered that the kitten from Noah’s ark had fallen to the ground and had been left behind and this precious little girlie had gotten the point of the teaching concerning God’s commandments and didn’t want to be guilty of keeping even a wee paper kitten. These are some of the experiences which make one want to give up all and give out more for the Saviour.

The usual schedule for Wednesdays and Thursdays is visitation in the Christian homes with my Bible woman who is the Marathi pastor’s wife. I have come to dearly love these Bhusawal Christians. I believe God has a real revival in store for Bhusawal; yes, for INDIA! We all can have a part through prayer.

I thank God for the convenient little apartment He privileges me to have. With the aid of an Indian woman I find that cooking, cleaning, and shopping do not take too much time from my missionary work. A little black Cocker Spaniel pup provides diversion now and then. It’s a joy to ‘‘keep house for the Master’’ and to be able to entertain one of His children now and then.

‘‘Bless the Lord, 0 my soul: and forget not all His benefits: Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; Who healeth all thy diseases; Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; Who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies.’’

In His Service,
Winnie Sanford

Khamgaon, Madhya Pradesh

Dear Mr. Haagen:

. . . I am going to surprise you by replying at once.

First. It brought great joy to our hearts to stand by and watch a young Hindu from Shegaon baptized into the Christian faith after he gave clear testimony to Salvation from sin. This lad had been won to the Lord three years ago by one of our Indian evangelists. Before his baptism could be arranged, he was called back to his regiment in the army. Now, with three months leave, he came home and at once asked for baptism. After baptism he stood at the bus stand giving out tracts to all and sundry. His mother who is a widow lives with her parents in Shegaon. We are seeking to win them also. She and her father wish to become Christians, but her old
mother says the Christian teachings are too difficult to follow. She has had Christian neighbors and has learned that a Christian cannot even tell a lie.

Second. Recently we again visited the home of the Marwari Brahman priest in Shegaon who wishes to become a Christian. As usual when anyone seeks the Lord the enemy attacks. I heard in March that his children had smallpox. I wanted to visit them to comfort and pray with them, so bought a bottle of disinfectant, took some old clothes to wear for the occasion, and went to Shegaon. Our Indian preachers objected so strongly to my plan to visit the family and return to bathe and change my garments in their enclosed courtyard, that I gave it up. Later when we saw the family, we found the mother very sad, since her darling three year old boy had died in agony with confluent smallpox. However, the Lord has wonderfully answered prayer for the mother. When we first saw her last February she had a terrible T.B. ulcer on the calf of her leg which for over a year had made it impossible for her to walk. The surgeon who operated on it told her husband if it did not heal he would have to amputate the leg. We prayed and Sugunabai claimed deliverance from the Lord stipulating that it should be so healed within a month that she might be able to stand. When we saw her, she was walking about and even visiting her neighbors. The wound is not yet completely healed, but will be soon. Best of all she, her mother, and husband all gave us a warm welcome and listened again to the Gospel story. The 12 year old boy, a sweet lad, sang the Gospel songs we had taught him while they all listened proudly. Please pray especially for this Family.

The Marwaris are the strictest of all Hindus. He knows that when he becomes a Christian openly he will lose his home, his work, his friends. He does not ask for charity but only that we will help him find work to support his family. This will be very difficult since his education has been mostly in the Hindu sacred books and he knows nothing practical. It may be the Lord will lead him into His service, but these are matters we cannot force prematurely. For an entire year he observed the daily conduct of our Christian book-seller. Watching this life created the desire in his own heart to become a Christian.

There is another matter for which I request prayer. A Christian young man, living across the road from us, has had T.B. for over 2 years. Medical help has failed and their poverty makes the expensive food and treatments recommended impossible. Wilson has turned his eyes to the Lord for healing. About a month ago he asked Mr. Amstutz, who was then visiting here, to anoint and pray with him. He himself wept and prayed, first for forgiveness and cleansing from his sin, then for healing that he might be raised up to witness for the Lord. Thus far there is no change in his condition.
We often go across to encourage and pray with him. We are looking to the Lord to show us why He has not yet answered prayer and to give him a surrendered heart and speedy deliverance.

My love to Anna. We’ve been very interested in hearing about the homey place you’ve made out of old Dhandhuka and pray the Lord to bless you there. I’d hoped to get over to Gujarat before another convention; but as usual pressure of work has hindered, being coupled this time with a month of poor health. Thank the Lord, I’m feeling O.K. again.

Yours in Him,
Julia E. Derr

Dholka, B.P.

Dear Mr. Haagen:

Well, at last the Bible School is started. (For Gujarati women. Gujarati Men’s B.S. is at Mehmedabad. Ed.) The need of trained Bible Women is pathetically dire. We pray that the Bible School may develop and that others may come and join who feel the call of God. The girls take a great interest in the class on Bible Survey which I am teaching.

The second volume of “Power From On High” by Dr. Simpson has been translated, and Dr. Simpson’s Exposition on Romans is being translated. Earnestbhai has worked hard and willingly during his holidays and spare time. We have gone over every sentence together in Gujarati. Many of Dr. Simpson’s long, deep and parabolic sentences have exasperated the young translator. He kept such until I came to help him extricate the thought. (He has confessed that his work on ‘The Holy Spirit, or Power From On High’ has so influenced him that he no longer participates in Church politics. Ed.)

As you know each Mission takes its turn in supplying an editor for the Gujarati Sunday School Quarterly published by the United Missions of Bombay Province. This year the task fell to our Mission. I was appointed to be editor for three years. It is a great ministry as all the Christians in this Province study from it. I always ask the Lord before taking up the preparation of any lesson to quicken me mentally and to quicken my spiritual perception that I may write only that which will be a blessing to all who read.

Our Message of salvation by grace and not by works is a strange message to the Indian people. We and our customs are also strange to them. When I was returning from Ahmedabad where I had gone on some business, a little girl by the side of me leaned over to her grandmother who sat opposite and asked, ‘Is this a man or a woman sitting beside me?’ Her grandmother answered, ‘It is a woman.’ I looked up and smiled for it amused me. The girl continued, ‘But she is
wearing boots." (Only men wear boots in India. Women wear sandals.) I said to her, "I am a woman like your grandmother." A young girl in back of me, after scrutinizing me for some time with open mouth, said: "If it isn't a man, why isn't her nose pierced and why doesn't she wear a nose-ring like us? (All Hindu women have their noses pierced for wearing jewelry.) In this way I found opportunity for conversation. After making friends I was able to tell them about the Saviour of the world who came to save them.

Last Friday I was returning from my translation work. Before the train pulled out two young Jain women came into my compartment. One of them made straight for the seat and throwing herself down immediately closed her eyes. I asked her companion if she were ill. She replied, "No, she is finishing a fast of eight days." I asked if she could not eat fruit. She answered, "No, it is not permissible to take a mouthful of anything except hot water, not even cold water." During the eight day fast they are obliged to go to the Apashra (Jain Monastery) every day and there perform religious rites. They were traveling home from the Apashra to the next station. Through Tap (austerity) such as fasting, going on pilgrimages, feeding the Brahmins, and bathing in sacred rivers, they think they will earn salvation. How often my heart goes out to them in their blindness, knowing that the Remedy for their sin is near at hand if they would only believe on Him and accept Him.

I trust that the Lord is blessing you and Mrs. Haagen and the evangelists and using you all for His glory.

Yours sincerely,
Myra Wing

Marathi Bible Training School

Dear Paul:

Our new school year began July 4th. There are now 15 single men and 12 married couples in attendance. The First Term Exams will be held the last week of October. Between semesters we hope to form the students into witnessing bands and send them out into the surrounding villages. Also our Berar—Khandesh Youth Rally comes between semesters and is being held this year in Nandurbar, West Khandesh, November 9 to 12. A number of our students will be attending this rally with hundreds of other young people. May God meet our young people at that time.

The second semester begins November 16th, and the Lord willing we will be opening this new term with special meetings. Pray that God may meet us at that time. God has been speaking to the students and there is a new spirit of
prayer evident in our midst. Of their own accord students are meeting for prayer during the week. Oh, for a real revival in our midst—the outpouring of God’s Spirit in conviction and power. This is what we need. Pray with us. Other lands are having it—why not India?

One of the students in school is rather an unusual character. He is an Indian bard, about 45 years old, who has spent his life singing Indian folk tales to the village people. Now he has found his Savior, and is here to study God’s Word that he may go out and from now on sing the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Pray for him.

We feel the need of a loud speaking outfit to make our witnessing in religious fairs, market places, and village night meetings more effective.

The walls of the new married students’ quarters are now up. The roof will soon be on, and the four rooms ready for four student couples. Bricks are already being hauled for the new chapel, and we will soon be starting work on that.

Pray for the staff of the Bible School, and for the solution of the problem of more resident teachers. Brother Jack Derr comes once a week from Malkapur, Brother Fred Schelander from Jalgaon gives two days a week, Brother Don Hillis from Bhusawal also gives two days a week, and Mrs. Hillis and Miss Sanford (Bhusawal) come one day each to teach the women.

Rainfall has been very scanty in this area this year and this will mean a sub-normal crop with suffering and hardship for the poor.

Pray for the ministry of the Life of Christ Bible Correspondence Course started by Brother Don Hillis of the Evangelical Alliance Mission. The students here are doing the Marathi lessons in this course, in which nearly two thousand have so far enrolled.

Greetings and God bless you,
Gerald (Carner)

Dear Mr. Haagen:

Wonderful, isn’t it to have had a good monsoon once again? We have been most thankful for it and also for the new roof over the girls’ rooms. Remember how someone used to have to go out and move the girls’ beds, and scarcely find space to keep them dry? None of that this year. It will be a great day when we get the same kind of roof over the school rooms and chapel.

We have nearly 160 children in boarding this year. They are still on rations which are rather short. Among our number are 10 Hindus, 2 Parsees and one Mohammedan. Our girls’ quarters were filled before we realized the fact. One day
when Lakibai saw two new girls coming, she asked in a frantic tone, "But where do we put them?" It wasn't because they were Parsees (fireworshippers). There just wasn't room for another bed.

The children have been unusually well this year. When exam time came the few cases that were lingering on disappeared like the flies in Egypt, "There remained not one." Little Kathy, daughter of one of the teachers living on the compound, became afflicted with polio. We have not had a single additional case. How we praise God for His goodness!

You probably heard that our faithful old farmer was buried the first day of school—registration day. The young man who replaced him found the work heavy and announced he would leave at the end of the month. It is an ill wind that blows no good, even in India. That flood a few weeks ago which did so much damage to property, railways, and even houses, hit his fields in the village. Now his people are glad to have him stay on here.

Do you recall our old bullock, the one we used to spare as much as possible? Well, he worked till noon one day and was gone by evening. So we've had to buy a new one, quite a task for ladies even with kindly help! I would never say we bought this one for his horns, but if horns add to an animal's value, this one is well worth the price we paid!

This summer seven young people were baptized. Among them were three of our orphan girls—Sumati, Ramila, and Kanta. This year we won a fair number of prizes in the Sunday School Examinations. Rubina received the silver medal given her division for the highest grades in all Gujarat. We rejoice over these and many other triumphs but we are sad that the revival we usually see early in the year has been delayed. We have had our monsoon, but will you not pray with us for an early spiritual refreshing.

Christ's and Yours for the little ones in India,

Luella C. Burley

The C. & M.A. Mission Girls' School
Khamgaon, M.P.

Dear Mr. Haagen:

I hardly know what news will be of interest to you. We now have 134 Boarders and a good number of Day Students. We have the same group of teachers as last year. We are conducting the First year of High School, and also have 10 girls living in the Hostel who attend the Girls' High School in the town. It has puzzled me why you have made the mistake of calling our School a Primary School; that is just a small part of the school. Please rectify this in your next Issue. I notice

(Continued on page 22)
The Indian Symphony of nature's voices and human-induced sounds is just as weird and unusual to the newcomer in the Land of the Indus as are the strange sights that greet him on every hand. In this great, vibrant open-air serenade, ever changing its movement but seldom accelerating the tempo, you will distinguish several familiar voices—the rasping caw-caw of the ribald crow on the open verandah, the chatter of monkeys in a nearby tree, the shrill call of the peacock at the edge of the village, and the blast of the train whistle far in the distance. You will also become aware of an odd, unfamiliar, yet persistent solo. Early each morning you will hear this unusual sequence of sounds until they almost become a part of your rising ritual: First the loud staccato shouts of someone trying to back a pair of bullocks. Then the creeking sound of a slowly turning wooden wheel followed by a subdued splash and several swishes in diminishing volume as of some large object submerging and resubmerging. Then the long, weary whine of a wooden wheel turning under a heavy load and the sound as of many leaking faucets dripping a simultaneous accompaniment. The long, complaining, soulful whine is climaxed by a sudden swish and gush as of fast moving water which subsides almost as soon as it begins. Then the whole progression of tones begins all over again with the harsh
HEADMASTER AND WIFE, DHOLKA BOARDING SCHOOL

VILLAGE AUDIENCE (See p. 25)
SOWING THE SEED (See p. 1)

VIRSENRAO V. HIWARALE (See p. 28)
THE SONG OF THE KOSE

KOSE FILLING

KOSE EMPTYING
stoccata commands and the occasional dull thud of a light stick on yielding flesh.

What is it? Why is this mournful ballad repeated over and over again, and why so early in the morning?

It is the Song of the Kose. But for that mystic song there would be no water. No water in a dry and thirsty land can lead to most serious consequences. The Song of the Kose with all its weirdness and weariness, as if telling the aches and sorrows of two hundred years of servitude, nay, 2000 years of slavery to sin, is yet a song of life, a song of salvation. Slowly, slowly the unwieldy oxen are made to back up the incline by the well as the kose descends slowly, slowly into the water. Then several bars of rest in the medley as the kose quietly fills with the life-giving gift of God. Now the oxen start down the incline, and the kose begins its tedious ascent. Then the joyous gurgling release of the waters that flow thru the prepared channels to every corner of the field.

Oh, Song of the Kose, why do you haunt me so? Why is my soul stirred by your plaintive lay? 'Tis not one barren field I see, but a nation, a parched and barren country of 400,000,000 souls, an immense concourse of people, a vast harvest of lives, blighted, scorched, dying for want of the living water that would bring life, and growth, and fruit.

But why should such a harvest be permitted to go for naught? Is no one concerned about the great waste? Is there no water to change the barren field into a pool, the place of death into the garden of the Lord?

Ah, yes, there is water. It gushes out freely from the Living Rock. There is no dearth of the life giving substance, but alas, the well is deep and there are so few koses wherewith to draw.

In Maharastra we have but 38 koses installed. In Gujarat there are only 16. Our co-workers in other missions have installations here and there. Wherever the living water is brought to the fields, there we see life and fruit, but the field is so vast, and the koses for delivering the water so few!

What can we do? What ought we to do? What does God expect us to do?

In the Scriptures we read: "Pray ye therefore..." Friends, it is prayer that installs new koses. God expects us to pray the Lord of the harvest that He may provide for the cultivation of His fields. Is it not possible that He is seeking to lead you to pray: Here am I, send me?

Within the past year Mr. and Mrs. Karl Kose and little Rodger Kose have been installed at Viramgam. But we need so many more koses for dispensing the Water of Life! Join us in a ministry of prayer that the needed koses may be installed.

Pray also that the koses already in service may be kept pliable and fit for use by the frequent and periodic application of oil. Without the oil they crack and leak and fail to deliver the needed water to the fields.

All the forces of Hell cannot shut off the flow, but you and I can do so by our indifference to the call of God. Let us espouse His cause and take our part in the humdrum but glorious Song of the Kose.
you have classified the other Schools as Boarding Schools. (o.f. Ans. below)

The girls attending High School must take their stand against certain things. This has not been easy but it is good that they have this Christian home with its counsel and prayer to teach them how to overcome. They will be all the stronger when they are called to go through more severe testings.

Mr. J. Amstutz was here auditing books and remarked that he was amazed to see how the younger group of girls carried on the Junior League Meetings. The Lord has some very fine young girls and women here in the school and they are very promising. We praise the Lord for their lives of devotion, faith and love to Him.

Though we are busy from morning until night, day after day, yet we are happy, genuinely happy in His service. It is a joy to teach the Bible to these young people who are so responsive.

We always feel that people who have invested in these young lives have laid up for themselves treasures in Heaven where neither moth nor rust can corrupt and their investments will yield some thirty, some sixty and, we trust, some a hundred fold.

Yours sincerely,
E. F. Moore

My dear Miss Moore:

My memory must have been on a holiday when I wrote concerning your school. I assure you no slight was intended for fine as our other BOARDING SCHOOLS are they do not and probably cannot surpass the Girls' BOARDING SCHOOL at Khamgaon. Let me state it correctly a third time then I'll be sure to remember—the Girls' BOARDING SCHOOL at Khamgaon!

How easily we slip into circumscribed provincial thinking! Here in Bombay Presidency we speak of the first seven standards of vernacular training as a Primary School. At Dholka we use the terms Boarding School and Primary School interchangeably. In the future I shall try to remember that in Madhya Pradesh you divide the first seven standards into Primary and Middle Schools.

Your apologetic Editor

If you are the Salt of the Earth, you will create thirst in others.
Dear Editor:

In answer to your request for news concerning Dholka, I might say that we as usual are having our trials, but God is helping us to triumph at least in some instances.

We praise Him for the favorable report given by the Government School inspector when he made his annual visit here September 22. We were told that our school should continue even though some private ones are being closed. A month ago when the flooded Sabarmati River overran all the surrounding lowlands He spared us from damage and loss. Two weeks ago Daud, one of the High School boys, was overtaken by a severe pain in his abdomen. God delivered him in answer to prayer. For these and many more mercies we are grateful.

One of our teachers is still out of victory. He has such great possibilities yet is constantly causing trouble because of his unspiritual condition. We long so much to see God call some of our students to His service and pray that He may not only call but make a way for them to prepare for this ministry in spite of the claims their families have upon them. We are definitely asking God to send the showers of revival blessing this year. The ground has become so parched. Your prayers in behalf of Dholka School will be greatly appreciated.

In His Service,
Ruth Ellen Blews

ADULT LITERACY AND THE MISSION OF THE CHURCH

By Gerald L. Carner

For those living in lands where compulsory education has been the accepted policy for years, where everybody reads and reads every day, it is hard to comprehend the true situation in a land where illiteracy is the common thing. To thoroughly appreciate what is our privilege as a literate people it would be well for us to sit down and take time to consider how much of our daily lives would have to be deducted if we had not the gift of reading. No newspapers, no magazines, no books, no accounts, no records—no Bible! How empty, yes, how empty!

That is the life of over three hundred million in India alone. So you can easily see that one of the tasks on the mission field begins right here—teaching them to read. Our mission from Jesus is a teaching mission: "... Go... and make disciples... teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." (Matt. 28: 19 and 20) Here in India that often means teaching them how to read all that He has commanded. Before we can give them a tract, or a gospel, or a Testament, or a Bible, their eyes must be opened so they can understand these things—Yes, part of our ministry is to "open the eyes of the blind."
Thank God that many have turned to Christ by the hearing of the Word, but how limited and confined our ministry is if it is solely dependent on speaking. The more we work among these people the more we are convinced of the importance of giving these people the gift of reading. We only regret that we have been so slow to catch the vision. For so long we held the idea that the only solution was to educate the children. But in a society dominated by ignorant, prejudiced, superstitious adults the children still grow up illiterate and carry on the traditions of their illiterate elders. To break the vicious circle we must capture the adults, and now. Thanks largely to the vision and message of that great missionary, Dr. Frank Laubach, we realize that this is possible—that if approached in the right way, adults can learn to read and write quicker than children. Moreover they are doing it. Last summer over two hundred adults learned to read on the Marathi side of our India field in the six weeks campaign held at that time, when some twenty classes were organized in as many villages.

This Adult Literacy work is a two-fold ministry—it is an effective means of evangelizing the unsaved, and a very necessary step in the edification of believers. All over the country the village people are now anxious to learn to read, and so it is not hard to start a class in almost any village. Each day the teacher has an opportunity for witnessing as he teaches. As the student advances he is given simple stories and lessons from the Gospels which he takes home with him to pore over sentence by sentence. How much more effective this is than to tell him the Gospel once and let him go home with only his own memory of the message to help him.

In addition there are the many illiterate Christians, scattered in dozens of villages, who sorely need instruction and guidance in the Christian Faith and Way. Thank God for the pastors, evangelists and missionaries who labour among them, but how few there are of these under-shepherds of the flocks. Most of them, even if they make a visit to a different village every day of the week, cannot tour their circuits more than twice a month. Besides, these village Christians are so widely scattered and thinly dispersed that the brief contacts possible are entirely inadequate for their proper nourishment. We who work among them have often despaired of the task in the natural, as we have seen their pitiful condition and the discouraging circumstances of their lives. Surrounded by idol-worshipping relatives and neighbours who are continually observing their numerous Hindu festivals and ceremonies; persecuted, ridiculed and ignored for their faith in Christ; with scarcely any Christian fellowship save for one or two opportunities a year of attending Christian conferences—how can they grow in grace and resist the evil surrounding them unless they can feed on the Word for themselves. They must learn to read, and must develop the habit of reading. This is no easy task, but it is worth all the effort put into it. As we have tackled the problem the results have warmed our hearts. To see those who a few weeks before could not recognize a single letter, now read-
ing from the Word for themselves is a thrilling experience. To accomplish this has entailed sacrifice, patience, hard work and perseverance. The classes have not been held at the convenience of the teachers but at times suitable to the scholars and during the hottest part of the year when the village people have more free time. For instance, one young man found that the most convenient time for the villagers was mid-afternoon. He lived five miles away from his class. Nevertheless, during the hottest time of the day, when the temperature was often above 110 in the shade, this teacher went on his cycle in the blazing sun, five miles every day for six consecutive weeks to teach these people how to read. We can thank God for such a spirit and can see in such service why the hot season program was a success. For this work we have just completed the lessons for a new Marathi Adult Primer which has been written and planned according to the latest methods recommended by Dr. Laubach. This book will soon be off the press. It is a four colour job with illustrative pictures for every lesson. In the blessing of God we believe it will go a long way in making the task of learning to read a delightful and interesting business.

As the number of Adult readers has grown we have felt it necessary to have suitable, simple reading to give them regularly. The best answer to this problem was a monthly magazine. This magazine was started in the fall of 1948. In simple Marathi, large type, and geared throughout to the village situation this paper, the Khristi Jivan Prakash (Christian Light of Life) is filling a great need. We are now printing two thousand copies a month. This magazine goes out with its Gospel message and Christian teaching to every section of the Marathi speaking part of India.

Thank God for the gift of His Word, for the ability to read His Word, and for the privilege of giving out His Word to others. However, let us remember that there are still millions in darkness unable to read. Our job is to bring to them the light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Pray for this work of Adult Literacy that in the power of the Holy Spirit we may be used in the opening of the eyes of the blind and in proclaiming release to the captives.

"The Lord gave the Word: great was the company of those that published it." Psalm 68:11.

MINISTERING TO THE VILLAGERS

By Tilman Amstutz

Come along with us for a visit to the village where we will preach the Gospel. Get into the Gospel Van and we will be off. Do you have your Testament with you? How can a soldier go to warfare without his sword? Let's check and see that our equipment is all here: the four large heart charts, a folding chair, a large cotton rug, a cane for pointing, and a large assortment of books, tracts, and gospels. Yes, our supplies are all in the car. Now before we start let's have a word of prayer.

As we drive along we see women cooking food in the fields for a picnic lunch. They all seem very
happy. Are they celebrating some special festival?

Only a short time ago the people were facing a shortage of rain. God in His mercy sent it just in time to save the crops. These people are thanking their deities for the rain. They rightly say, "The God of Heaven sends the rains", and yet they perform a ceremony of thanksgiving to their earth-bound deities.

Approaching the appointed village, we send out a scouting party to locate a suitable place to hold our meeting. The town hall is directly opposite the school and would not be suitable at this time of day. Boys would play truant to observe our meeting and the noise of several hundred children studying aloud would make preaching difficult. The scouting party returns advising a site on the other side of the village.

Our meeting begins with an Indian Choir of three voices singing, "The Cross of Christ is our Banner". As they sing our audience gathers from here, there, and everywhere. The first heart-chart picture is on display: an angelic messenger presenting the Word of the Cross. Everyone knows by now that a Christian lecture will be given. Yesterday they had listened to speeches on choosing men for election to local offices. Today the Christians challenge them to choose Christ or Barabbas.

The first speaker arouses mixed feelings of resentment and interest as he addresses the audience respectfully on the folly of worshiping gods after the manner of knaves and thieves who pray for success to be granted in their nefarious work. Then the speaker talks about the chart hanging before them. It depicts a man with his heart ex-rayed, showing a huge lion, a shy fox, a sleek and crooked serpent, a sneaky mouse, a filthy dog, a high flying vulture and a lumbering elephant. All these are directed by Satan as ringmaster. Even the illiterate can recognize characteristics and sins thus depicted and will often name individuals of his own town which the various pictures bring to mind.

Then the chart is changed. The audience sees a man on his deathbed with the reaper of death in charge, and a small insert showing the torment his spirit is about to receive in hell. What a picture! Some in the audience are noticeably moved. What will be the fate of those who reject the Gospel?

While a third picture is being hung the Indian Chorus sings, "Into My Heart, Come Into My Heart, Lord Jesus." Now before the eyes of the audience is portrayed the Dove of Peace and the heavenly light of truth entering man's heart and driving out all the unclean animals. Who but Christ can bring peace and cleansing to the heart?

Interest is keen but the service has many interruptions: "Is this God you present only the white man's God?" "Do you really believe that all men have sinned?" As we look around to observe the questioners we see that our audience is composed of students and labourers, shopkeepers and their customers, men weaving hemp to make rope, and many men enjoying a leisurely hooka or clay pipe as they listen. Critical young men are at the edge of the crowd leaning against a wall and looking down on the seated group before them with an air of tolerant disdain. They call out to see our books before we have an opportunity to
formally offer them for sale. They thus advertise their ability to read and their familiarity with the ways of foreign missionaries. Old mothers mingle with the crowd and the younger women form a little group at a respectful distance. On the right the town clerk stands listening and the owner of the house before which we are speaking comes out on his elevated verandah in order to have a better hearing. All the windows and doorways opening toward our service are filled with vari-colored, veiled forms.

The last speaker is now announced by Gopalrao who was the first speaker. He brings the audience before the judgment bar of Christ. A vivid scene of the last judgment is drawn when even the sea will give up its dead and “every man shall receive his own reward.” The fourth chart illustrating the home-going of a godly man helps greatly in dramatizing the varying results which follow man’s choice or rejection of God.

The sun is now high and hot. How could time pass so quickly? Several words to arouse interest in the books and gospels are spoken. The meeting is closed and the workers move among the dispersing crowd selling scriptures. Equipment is folded up and packed away in the car and we are ready to go home. No, one of the workers is engaged in an after meeting with the young fellows over by the wall. As we approach we observe that it is a question and answer meeting with the usual questions being asked: “Are you doing this just for money?” “Do you expect me to become a Christian?” “After all every religion is alike in its aims. You certainly wouldn’t claim that Christianity is superior to the great Hindu shastras, would you?” These questions must be answered before we may leave and also the query of a young Hindu with conspicuous caste mark who says: “I want to be a propagandist in some kind of uplift work. How much will you pay me?”

The aftermeeting takes almost as long as our formal presentation of the Gospel but many questions are eventually answered and an opportunity for emphasizing the need of confession of sin and surrender to Christ is afforded. Finally we are on the road to the Mission Bungalow but before we arrive we have stopped several times to sell tracts and gospels at towns along the way where similar services were previously held, to pick up an inquirer from another village, and to fix a puncture.

Now that you have once gone with us to proclaim the Gospel in a heathen village, you will not easily forget the great need of these villages. If you cannot go along with us everytime, you can remember in prayer our little bands of workers who do go out daily to village after village with the message of life. Their ministry will be fruitful as we stand fast behind them in prayer.
From Sorcery to Soul Saving

MEET MR. CHRISTIAN

The personal testimony of
Virsenrao V. Hiwarale
as told

By

ALBERT C. EICHER

District Missionary, Anjangaon

One Sunday morning, Pastor Virsenrao V. Hiwarale, preached from John the Baptist’s cutting text, "Oh generation of vipers (in Marathi it reads, ‘Oh children of snakes’) who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?" His message indicated that he had more than an ordinary acquaintance with snakes. I wondered where he acquired his knowledge.

When Virsen was about ten or twelve years old two missionaries visited his home town of Telhara, some fifty miles from Anjangaon. Telhara is a progressive, prosperous and militantly Hindu village. The two missionaries were driven away with stones and fresh cow dung, but before leaving they gave New Testaments to several boys who could read. One of these Testaments fell into young Virsen’s hands. In his sixth standard history book there was one lesson about Jesus Christ. The Brahmin school master did not teach that lesson. Instead, he gave a scathing lecture against Christianity. Virsen’s New Testament was put away unread.

Some time later, Pastor Jagdhane was posted to Telhara. Although Virsen found him to be loving and friendly, he despised him as a Christian. During his studies in the seventh standard, family finances forced his mother to move to Vihigaon, only four miles from the Mission House at Anjangaon. His father had died when he was too young even to remember him.

At Anjangaon, in the person of Rev. Fred Schelander, Virsen again saw that loving, friendly spirit of Christ. He began to read his long-neglected New Testament. Later Brother Fred gave him a Bible. A keen struggle began in his heart between his old beliefs in Hinduism and the new message he read in the Gospels. Although only eighteen years of age he had chosen to follow three local gurus (religious teachers) and had gained considerable fame as a youthful sorcerer. One of the mantras (incantations) taught by his guru was supposed to be absolutely effective if pronounced exactly 1000 times. With his slate before him to mark off the repetitions by tens and hundreds, he would recite the three-sentence incantation 1000 times. When he complained to his guru that it was frequently ineffectual, he received this reply: "You must have said it only 999 times or perhaps 1001. It must be exactly 1000. Begin again." And so he would return to the ineffectual repetitions. Centipedes, venomous snakes, ordinary
scorpions, and a black hairy variety of scorpions that are particularly poisonous were his pets. He kept them about his person, fed them and used them in his incantations. He even wore a golden ear ring in the form of a hissing snake. No wonder he could preach so effectively from the "Generation of Vipers" text!

One day one of his gurus died. Devoted followers buried his body in salt. Exactly one year later the grave was opened and a great festival was held, during which hundreds of people worshipped the exhumed remains. It was fervently hoped that the holy man would be restored to life. Sacrifices were offered, many incantations were made, spirits were worshipped in the cemetery but the skeleton lay perfectly still.

Fred Schelander came to that festival and preached powerful sermons on the futility of worshipping a dead man. He told them of a Risen, Living Christ. Among his listeners was Virsen, now under deep conviction. The doubts concerning Hinduism which had come into his mind while reading that New Testament were revived. He was convinced that his mantras were wrong, for many of them were pure demon worship; however the people still flocked to him to break the evil spells which they believed were binding their sick ones. He was torn between his own heart belief and his desire for the applause of his followers. Moreover he honestly desired to spare the feelings of those who trusted in his efforts. When called upon to practice his sorcery, he would often sit as if casting the magic spell when actually he was praying secretly to the Lord Jesus to heal the afflicted one and to give him strength to witness openly.

The struggle in his heart became more violent. Finally he came out into the sunshine and persecution of a fearless witness to salvation in Christ. There was another young man of the same outcaste group (Mahar) passing through a similar experience at the same time. These two became inseparable companions. Together they studied and marked their Bibles. Together they left the filth of the mud huts of the village and went out under the dense foliage of spreading mango trees to pray for grace and strength to stand firm in Christ. Thus encouraged they earnestly testified to being Christians long before baptism definitely marked them as Christians. This brought threatenings, even the threats of being beaten with a shoe, which is the most ignoble of India's many beating techniques. Invited to family social functions, they would be rudely told to get out. Thru all this they kept on witnessing in Vihigaon and in nearby villages.

In 1938 Virsen and his friend, whose Hindu name was changed to Joseph, were baptized together with four other young men of their village. The following year, three of their number went to our Bible School in Bodwad. Their wives, to whom they had been married in childhood, were sent to our Women's Bible School in Khangoon where they received training to help in the Lord's work.

During his studies in Bible School, Virsen developed a serious case of stomach ulcers. Much prayer was made for him but an
operation was deemed necessary. His Hindu relatives said, "Our household gods have laid hold on you. Give up Christ and your own sorcery will heal you." Doubts flooded his mind, but Christ gave the victory thru faith. Instead of renouncing his faith, he sent word to his relatives that prayer would be effective if they too had faith in the Lord Jesus. During the course of this long illness his elder brother and wife believed and were baptized, but his mother waited to be baptized in the presence of her son, whose Lord she now trusted as her own Savior.

An operation was performed at the splendid Presbyterian Mission Hospital at Miraj. Complications set in, and for a time it seemed that there was no hope for his life. A second operation was performed and the Lord answered prayer and spared him. Through all the months of suffering, his constant companion and nurse was his faithful friend Joseph.

Graduated from Bible School after completion of the five year course of Bible study and student evangelism, he and his young wife Bhimabai started out in the Lord's work together. They now have a happy little family of three sweet girls.

He is the first boy in his family, as far as he knows, who ever learned to read and write. It was through the written word of God that his own salvation had been wrought. Is it any wonder that he became particularly interested in the huge task of teaching India's illiterate adult masses to read and write? After taking a course of training in adult literacy methods as instituted by Dr. Frank Lauback, he began this work by teaching forty lepers in the Kothara Leprosarium of the neighboring Kurku Mission. Equipment was limited. Students used old pieces of tin for writing on and held chunks of slaked lime in their stubby hands while they learned.

Now, although he is the regularly appointed pastor of the Anjangaon circuit of village Christian groups, Pastor Virsenrao is spending approximately half of his time in adult literacy work; especially as an instructor of adult literacy teachers, and also as co-editor with Rev. G. L. Carner of the Khristi Jivan Prakash (Light of Christian Life)—a Marathi periodical in large type and simple language especially designed to give Christian teaching and other information of use to those who have newly learned to read. His friend Josephrao is the much loved pastor of the South Daryapur Circuit of village Christians. As these lines are being written, both of these brethren, together with other faithful Indian co-laborers are taking a major share in teaching in our Anjangaon District Short Term Bible Schools where most of the students are comparatively newly won converts. Praise God for his abundant power in turning a man like Virsenrao and many others also from darkness to light and from demon worship to become pastors of the flock of God!
Soul Cleansing

Supposing a washerman puts a number of soiled clothes in a box, and then carrying it to the riverside carefully cleans the outside of the box; will this process wash the clothes? So though a man's bathing in the Ganges may indeed cleanse his body, can it have any effect in purifying the soul?

—Lacroix ("most eloquent of Bengali preachers")

Full Measure of Devotion

A rebellious son once left his father's house and joined a band of robbers and became in time as bold and ruthless as the rest. The father called his servants and ordered them to go to his son and tell him that if he would repent and return home all would be forgiven, and he would receive him into his home. But the servants, in dread of the wild country and fierce robbers, refused to go. Then the elder brother of the young man, who loved him as his father did, set off to carry the message of forgiveness. But soon after he had entered the jungle a band of robbers set upon him and mortally wounded him. The younger brother was one of the band, and when he recognized his elder brother he was filled with grief and remorse. The elder brother managed to give the message of forgiveness and then, saying that the purpose of his life was fulfilled and love's duty done, he gave up the ghost. This sacrifice of the elder brother made so deep an impression on the rebellious youth that he went back in penitence to his father and from that day forward lived a new life. Is it not right, therefore, that My sons should be prepared to sacrifice their lives in order to bring the message of mercy to those of their brethren who have gone astray and are ruined in sin, just as I also gave My life for the salvation of all?

—Sadhu Sundar Singh

HIGHROAD TO THE HEART

By Ruth G. Brabazon

The women's compartment of the local train was already crowded beyond belief. Two corpulent Mohammedan women, robed in gay satins and hand embroidered shoulder scarfs, sat guarding the door. They glared menacingly as I attempted to enter, and then called loudly and angrily to their tribe of children to sit down. The young girls promptly squatted upon the benches pulling their younger unwilling brothers from the windows so as to hold their places. Pushing aside a tiny baby hanging in an improvised hammock that was fastened to the chains of the upper berth, I secured a tiny retreat left vacant by a disobedient tot who still preferred the outside world to the confusion of the compartment. Outside, the western sun was painting a glorious evening sky, but my companions seemed too busy holding their places and wiping perspiration to take any notice. The train jerked and began to creep slowly out of the station. This was the signal to bring out snuff and pan boxes.
and establish friendly relationships. My day had been very full and I was tired, so I felt content to remain silent and rest. As we jostled on the sun sank lower leaving a rosy and then yellow tinted sky that bathed the dust-covered trees and grain fields with a golden glory.

A young Hindu woman near me gazing meditatively on this fading splendour began to hum a native air. It was a plaintive, minor one with changes into a bright major and back again into the minor. An unusual rhythm tapped ever so lightly on the window sill was her accompaniment. Her performance arrested my attention.

"Bai," I exclaimed, "the tune is beautiful, will you not sing the words?"

"You would not understand them," she said. "It is one of the Hindi Bhajans."

"Sing it anyhow," I replied. Eager questions were asked. As the train came to a stop the Hindu woman whispered, "Remember me in your prayers."

Once again the Lord had found responsive hearts to the Word of Life thru the introductory power of song. Yes, we find in India that next to the actual Word of God—the Scriptures, there seems to be no more effective instrument than song in touching the springs of the heart. Not mere song for song's sake, but as St. Paul, inspired by the Holy Spirit wrote, "teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord."

Many and varied have been the contacts we have made on rattling trains, in dusty villages, and in city homes thru the medium of native songs. They silence distracting thoughts, and focus attention away
from the foreign messenger to the message of the song made familiar by an old native air. Educated Hindus and humble village folk alike come under the spell of rhythm and music. Both are susceptible to our message when presented thru known native melodies.

Radios and hotel loud-speakers blare out their songs of idolatrous devotion for every passerby to hear. Training schools are instructing their teachers in the art of conducting chorus groups. Retired educationalists are giving their full time to the reduction of hard poetical forms to simple terminology suitable for children to sing. The temples of Shiva and Kali are overflowing with great crowds listening to choruses of well dressed young people singing to the accompaniment of native instruments. Are we doing as much to fill the minds of the people with easy-to-be-remembered thoughts of Him who is the Fairest of Ten Thousand?

Pray with us that God will raise up Spirit filled singers and song leaders, who thru the channel of impassioned song and outpoured hearts of devotion, may be able to exalt the Saviour before those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death. "O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His Name together."

BOOK REVIEWS

Missionary

The author, a missionary to India for more than a decade, finds beauty in India which she wishes to share with others, and so she has given us twenty-five pen sketches of village life in Central India.

The book will interest all who have an honest concern about the Church of Christ in India—its conception, struggles for existence, growth and expansion: for Mrs. Cattell gives enlightening glimpses of Caste, Superstition, Fear and Prejudice that keep the people of India from the Gospel.

Indian evangelists who blaze trails for God in out-of-the-way, lonely villages; a little goatherd who blazes the trail in her own family circle; Khuba, who blazes the trail in his caste—these and many more short biographical portraits are presented. Herein is material which should be tremendously helpful to pastors and young people's workers as well as to missionary societies.

As one reads he cannot help but realize that this book is the product of a missionary who knows her people well and has become one with them. Your heart joins with hers in questioning, "Oh, beloved India! Why art thou poor and naked? Why do thy children want for food? Food for the crows, milk for the snakes, fields for the monkeys, seed for the birds, hospitals for the cows, and what is there for thy sons and daughters?"

The church in India has taken root and grown up, in spite of persecution, and the work of sowing the seed of the Word goes on. As the trail blazer goes forth he asks, "Is there a man anywhere who cares, beside myself, enough to pray that the seed will bring forth fruit that shall remain? And if he
prays will he help watch the crops?"

If you read Till Break of Day I believe the Lord will burden your heart to pray until the harvest is safely gathered.

V.T.M.

Secular


The author of this easy-to-read book lived in India approximately ten years ago, before India received her independence. Last year she made a return visit to observe the change which independence had wrought. The casual yet lucid comments and observations which she makes on social, economic and political life are concerned mainly with the new India of today. Thru the pages of this book you will be convinced that great and significant changes have taken place. At the same time the writer observes: "Whatever happens in the cities, the villages of India will change at their own pace, or change not at all."

India for the Indians is not a great book but it is an interesting one. It does not discuss the religious or missionary implications of the changes that are now taking place. It does share experiences and conversations that will enable you to put your finger on the pulse of this bouncing three year old baby girl—the Republic of India—whose breast already "swells with the consciousness of what she feels to be the path of duty and destiny" towards the smaller nations around her. "If she survives the insidious effects of the intoxicants she will be quite a woman when she grows older, this India."

P.C.H.

A competent knowledge of the languages where the missionary lives, a mild and winning temper, and a heart giving up to God in closet religion, these are the attainments, which more than all knowledge, or all other gifts, will fit us to become the instruments of God in the great work of human Redemption.

—Carey

* * * * *

We ask for toys to amuse ourselves when we should be asking for islands and sub-continents. "Ask of Me", is our Lord's directive, "and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession."

(Psa. 2:8)

(Continued from page 40)

prominence as His Church increases.

14. For our Colportage work.

15. For fruit from the Seed sown.

16. For growth in grace on the part of each national Christian.

17. For God's will regarding all Mission property.

18. For the safety and well-being of the children of missionaries.

19. For the missionaries studying the vernacular languages.

20. For the many requests mentioned in the various articles of this paper.
THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

How would you like to have the children pictured above for playmates? You would have lots of fun learning their games of hatututu, kho, ahtahpahtah, langadi, and itiopitio. Well, come along and I'll introduce you.

The boy on the left is Abdul. He goes to a special school where he learns Urdu. Although he's just a small boy, he can speak both Gujarati and Urdu. He studies faithfully expecting to assist in his father's hardware shop after he passes the Government examination given to those who have completed seven years of study. He knows the names of some Old Testament characters although he has never read the Bible, for they are mentioned in the Koran, the sacred book of the Mohammedans, about which his father and the old Mulla tell him. Each Friday he goes to the Mosque to pray. He likes to ride his father's horse and is very proud of his red fez (hat) with the long black tassel. If he learns to like you he may even let you try it on.

The boy on the right is a Jain. He is wearing a white Gandhi cap and a plain white, collarless shirt that looks to us for all the world like an old-fashioned night-shirt because he wears the long tails outside his short trousers. He attends the public school in the village and is very strict in his observation of his religion. His people emphasize the doctrine of ahimsa (harmlessness) and will not kill anything—not even the smallest insects. He likes to collect stamps and will gladly exchange Indian issues for American. During the early months of the year he spends much time in flying kites with powdered glass rubbed on the string. He fights his kite with the other boys' kites until one of the strings is severed and the kite is blown far away.

The little girl's name is Kanta. She wears her saree over her head like a prayer shawl. She will not be seen outside the house without her earrings, bangles (bracelets), and the round, red mark of tumeric powder on her forehead. She goes back and forth from her village to the Mission school each day, that is every day except Hindu holidays, for she is a Hindu. If you ask her to play she will probably pull her saree over her face and giggle. She wants very much to play but she doesn't know how and is embarrassed. She spends most of her time caring for her baby.
brother and crotcheting fancy work.

The capless boy is an Anglo-Indian and the son of an agnostic. He lives over by the Railway Station where his father is Station Master. He attends a large Catholic Boarding School and only comes home during the vacation periods. At this time he rides the switch engine, throws lumps of coal at the egrets, stilts, lapwings, and plovers that wade in and about the mud holes along the railway line and takes long excursions thru the bazaar for sweets and soda water. At night he collects the many bugs, beetles and insects that swarm around the petromax light by which his father reads *The Times of India*. No, he's not making a scientific collection, but only supplying himself with materials for pranks when he gets back to school.

Well now, these boys and girls are not so much different from you, are they? Some are studious, some bashful, and others tricky. They all love fun and adventure and lots of food, especially sweets. They are full of life, ready for a good laugh, and anxious to be friends.

Is there any significant differences between them and you?

At first you may think they are very different. You will notice their brown skin, their strange clothing, their unintelligible language, their unfamiliar games, the different way they do things. After you really get to know them, you won’t notice their darker skin; you will discover that their clothes are especially suitable for the village way of life; you will learn that their language is well developed and more regular than your own; you will soon enjoy playing their games; and you will find out that under the Indian skies many of their ways of doing things are superior to your way of doing them. When you get over the shock of external appearances, you will find more similarities than differences.

Are we then to say there are no important differences? No! There is one difference. I believe just one! Although they are very religious, they do not know the Saviour of the World. They have had no opportunity to accept Jesus as their Master and Lord. They are enslaved by harsh masters who do not care for them. Some of them would love and serve our Jesus if only we told them about Him. Do you believe this? If you do, you should do something about it. If you believe that some of these boys and girls would serve Jesus after hearing the story of His love, then you should see to it that they hear that story. We all ought to do our bit of missionary work.

Jesus said: “I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me.” Do we believe Jesus’ words? Then ought we not make it our business to pray and give our money for these children until they learn of His love and have an opportunity to accept the true Way? Let's have a part in breaking down the one great difference between us and our Indian friends — the difference of eternal life and eternal damnation.
QUESTIONS ASKED THE EDITOR

Is There Anything of Value in Hinduism?—G.D.

Yes, from a moral and cultural standpoint there is much of value. Hinduism contains some fine moral teaching. It insists on the reality of the unseen spiritual world, the hindrance of materialism, the value of prayer, the efficacy of sacrifice. This is the strength of Hinduism and accounts for the strong hold it maintains over the affections of the people of India. Have you any argument with the sentiment of writings such as the following beautiful extract from the pen of a Gujarati poet and religious reformer by the name of Akha (A.D. 1615-1675)?

Though the whole city be on fire
What do the song-birds care?
The wingless cats and rats lament,
Who cannot cleave the air!
Heed not, my soul, the fires of care!
Rise Godward on the wings of prayer!

Beautiful lines are they not? What's wrong with them? Nothing, except the author's concept of the God to whom his prayer is addressed. Nothing, except the fact that he does not know the Lord Jesus Christ, who is at the right hand of the Father to make intercession for the one bowed in prayer. No, there's nothing wrong with this gem of a verse except that it does not include Jesus, who is the only Mediator between God and man.

Yes, there are things of value in Hinduism; but it stands condemned as a way of salvation for it rejects Jesus Christ, He who is The Way, The Truth and The Life. "There is none other name . . . whereby we must be saved."

EXPERIENCES IN TRAVANCORE

By Louis L. King

For nine days recently Brother Fred Schelander and I were in Travancore holding meetings with the Independent Brethren. We arrived after dark one Saturday evening. Our arrival to those who had called us was as foreboding as that moonless night. A schism had divided the sponsoring group. Ill-will was rampant. Only a faithful few remained to carry on the Bible Conference. Added to this were the evil reports circulated about the speakers who had traveled 1500 miles to minister the Word: We were Seventh-Day Adventists. We were Pentecostal. We were false teachers. One group had strictly forbidden their members to attend.

Such was the prelude to our nocturnal arrival.

But "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform." The meetings were not a failure but a glorious success. There were contributing causes. Mr. Schelander's lantern pictures on the lives of Christ and of Paul shown during the first part of the evening meetings had an irresistible appeal to everyone. People came in defiance of the ban. The strange sight of two white sahibs swimming and playing water tag with a score of Indian boys each afternoon attracted a large audience to the river bank. It proved to be a wonderful advertising medium.
Most all who came to see us bathe came also to hear the Word preached. In addition the peculiar circumstances of schism and false report made us throw ourselves upon the Lord in prayer. The Word went forth in great power. The many hundreds who came were definitely moved upon by the Holy Spirit. Before the week was passed, all groups—Jacobite, Mar Thomite, Anglican, Pentecostal, Congregational, Plymouth and Independent Brethren—were united in the meetings.

Travancore has several places of historic interest for Christians. In Chengannoor we visited a church nearly 600 years old in which services are held every Sunday. In Kottayam, a city of half a million population seventy percent of whom are Christians, we saw a cross carved from stone. Scholars from many parts of the world have come to see it and have endeavored to decipher the writing on it. It is reputed to be a cross that the Apostle Thomas set up when he came to Travancore in A.D. 52. Here also resides the venerable Catholicus—a very old man with a long white beard whom we found dressed in a silk crimson-colored robe. He is head of the Orthodox Church of Malabar which numbers nearly 300,000 members. We visited him in the monastery and were granted the privilege of attending evening prayers in the seminary. There we heard an ancient, ornate, fascinating ritual in the Syriac language. The old chapel contained no seats since the ritual consists of many genuflections.

The visit to the headquarters of the Mar Thoma Church—a reform group which years ago separated from the Jacobite church—was our most interesting experience. Here was a high school with nearly 800 students, a Cathedral Church, a Men’s Bible School with 19 students housed in a splendid brick building, a Women’s Bible School with 40 enrolled, and a lovely orphanage, all of which were manned by well-trained Indians and maintained solely by contributions from their own churches. This church seeks to have “every member a missionary.”

During conversation with officials of the Mar Thoma Church interesting facts were learned. Forty percent of the population of Travancore is Christian. One hundred and five percent of the children in the state are enrolled in school. (Some must have enrolled more than once.) The Christians in the 12th century were given privileges and status among the high caste. Until the merger with the Union of India, Travancore time was 22 minutes later than the rest of India. The Mar Thoma Church has two mission fields in India and are seeking to open a third on the Nepal Border.

Northwest Travancore seemed exceptionally blessed with a vast quantity of canals, rivers, forests and every variety of tropical fruit and verdure. Rice fields are ubiquitous. Two monsoons come each year. The temperature seldom goes above 90 to 95 degrees. The hills and valleys afford picturesque scenery. In a word, it’s a place “where every prospect pleases” and Christianity has flourished.
IMPORTANT DATES IN INDIAN HISTORY

2000 B.C. (approx) ... Aryan Invasion of India.
525 B.C. ................. Birth of Gautama Buddha.
508 B.C. ................. Persian Invasion under Darius.
408 B.C. ................. Beginning of Modern Hinduism.
327 B.C. ................. Greek Invasion under Alexander the Great.
250 B.C. ................. Asoka makes Buddhism state religion.
1001 A.D. ............... Mohammedan Invasion of Punjab under Ghazni.
1498 A.D. ............... Portuguese Expedition under Vasco da Gama.
1500 A.D. ............... First Catholic (Portuguese) Missionaries.
1525 A.D. ............... Founding of Mogul Empire.
1542 A.D. ............... Francis Xavier landed in India.
1600 A.D. ............... Akbar the Great patronizes Christianity.
1600 A.D. ............... British East India Company establishes military power.
1602 A.D. ............... Dutch East India Co. and Dutch Protestant Missions founded.
1606 A.D. ............... Robert de Nobili, Jesuit Missionary.
1681 A.D. ............... First English Church founded.
1705 A.D. ............... King of Denmark sends first Protestant Missionaries (Ziegenbalg and Plutsch.)
1709 A.D. ............... First English contribution for Missions in India given to Danish Mission.
1750 A.D. ............... Schwartz arrives in India.
1757 A.D. ............... British interests in India established by victory at Plassey under Clive.
1758 A.D. ............... Kiernander goes to Calcutta.
1793 A.D. ............... Wm. Carey, First English Missionary and Father of Modern Missions arrives in Calcutta.
1800 A.D. ............... Carey’s first Hindu Convert baptized.
1806 A.D. ............... Henry Martyn begins work in India.
1812 A.D. ............... First American Missionaries: Burma (Judson.)
1825 A.D. ............... Abdul Masih, first native clergyman, ordained by Bishop Heber.
1828 A.D. ............... Brahmo-Samaj founded by Ram Mohan Roy.
1829 A.D. ............... Abolition of suttee.
1857 A.D. ............... Sepoy Mutiny; East India Co. dissolved.
1858 A.D. ............... Government of India transferred to Crown.
1875 A.D. ............... Arya Samaj founded by Dayanand Saraswati.
1883 A.D. ................. Indian National Congress instituted.
1888 A.D. ................. Miss Helen Dawlly, first Alliance Missionary to India joined independent work under M. B. Fuller.
1892 A.D. ................. C. and M. A. took over North Berar Mission making Fuller Superintendent.
1893 A.D. ................. 47 missionaries in India under C. & M. A.
1894 A.D. ................. New stations opened in Khandesh and Gujarat under C. & M. A. (60 missionaries.)
1901 A.D. ................. Severe famine in Gujarat.
1906 & 1908 ............... Revival throughout C. & M. A. Mission.
1922 A.D. ................. Violent political agitation leading to arrest of Mahatma Gandhi.
1947 A.D. ................. Independence.
1950 A.D. ................. Republic of India inaugurated.
1951 A.D. ................. ??? (Fill it with prayer.)

PLEASE PRAY

1. For each Mission Station. (The underlined names in the map on the opposite cover are C. and M. A. main stations occupied by missionaries.)

2. For Radhanpur, Akot, and Arvi. Help us pray a line under these three places.

3. For consecrated national evangelists and teachers. (We repeat this request because of its importance.)

4. For a missionary spirit and vision within the indigenous Church.

5. For a promising young worker who will finish his seminary course in the spring.

6. For the Bible School for Gujarati Women recently opened at Dholka.

7. For the long established Bible Schools: Marathi Men's Bible School at Nargaon, Marathi Women's Bible School at Khamgaon, and Gujarati Men's Bible School at Mehmedabad.

8. For the Preparatory Schools at Akola, Khamgaon, and Dholka. Recent Provincial action is curtailling our educational ministry in the Bombay Presidency.

9. For Rev. and Mrs. A. I. Garrison who having reached retiral age are opening a Nepalese Bible School at Gorakhpur, U.P.

10. For the evangelistic efforts now in progress as each district missionary tours his assignment.

11. For those engaged in Adult Literacy Work. May they not only minister to the intellectual thirst of their mature students but to their hearts hunger as well.

12. For the adequate publication of simple, fascinating, wholesome Christian literature to meet the reading needs of the recent literate.

13. For the missionaries. We want to be adaptable, but only God's grace can enable us to fully live out our role of decreasing

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TWO WOMEN GRINDING AT THE MILL