REV. WILLIAM MOYSER
When dinner is announced we gather on the long porch, shoes left outside, and sit on mats while we partake of balls of sweetmeat as a first course, followed by curry and rice, a fruit for dessert. The dogs and the flies are anxious for their share, but it is a tasty meal, and served with that hospitality which is the best sauce. Later in the afternoon more tea appears to refresh the delegates.

‘What shall we do with church members who fail to give?’ That was one of the subjects for discussion at this gathering. Some were in favour of excommunicating them, but wiser counsel prevailed and that extreme step was not taken. A minimum amount must be given in church offerings before a member may take part in church business meetings. Our people have a flair for politics, and there are those who like to make speeches but do not take an equally active part in giving, so it has been found by experience that the privileges of church membership must be conditioned by the responsibilities of self-support. The matter of village schools was also discussed and the position of a church whose members had largely moved away. It was refreshing to see how the Indian brethren interested themselves in the actual problems of the churches they represented. There is no doubt that the church has really taken root in the soil of Gujarat. Before the meeting closed elections were held for the new officers of the Council. The right to vote is valued by many and there was a true democratic spirit pervading the gathering. While missionaries attend such gatherings because of their residence in the area, they do not go to the higher bodies of the church except by election. This is the foundation of true democracy in India, and much more than that, it is true Christian practice. The church can, under God, carry on without foreign help. The Doxology sung in very slow and stately time and the benediction closed this annual gathering of these neighbouring churches.

Going home, there is no bus, so one of the farmers yokes his big oxen with spreading horns onto his V-shaped cart, 12 or 15 feet long, with sides of woven cotton stalks and bottom of teak wood, and we proceed homeward through the gathering darkness. The oxen plod through heavy dust, but the beautiful sunset raises our thoughts to higher things. Cranes, tailor birds, parrots, monkeys, peacocks and giant antelope intrigue us, but our minds are filled with the peace of twilight and with the joy that we and those with whom we had fellowship during the day belong to the Church of the Living God.

R. H. Smith
RADHANPUR

Travel in India is difficult. During the rainy season it is impossible in some sectors. Just now we are patiently waiting and anxiously anticipating the time when we can re-enter Radhanpur. From Viramgam we can now travel 14 miles to Mandal. Between Mandal and Radhanpur, a distance of 56 miles, are found three swollen rivers. They are the Saraswathi, Rupern and Banas—the latter is about 75 yards wide at the crossing point. No vehicles, no... not even India’s traditional bullock carts can traverse the roads from Mandal to Radhanpur in the monsoon. Last year in an effort to start touring early we learned how cold a winter night in a river bed can be. Mrs. Morris and two children, two Bible-women, and our ayah shared 3 small single beds in a rat-infested, thatched-roofed, round, mud hut while Mr. Morris, in the river bed, used the jeep trailer as bed. There were no mattress, sheets, or covering. After four days the jeep was extricated.

We are glad to report that the city of Radhanpur and its outlying districts are not to remain inaccessible. A rail line connecting Radhanpur with the Delhi line at Deesa has been completed. After March of 1952 mail from Radhanpur will no longer go out by camel; the new train service will start then. The line from Radhanpur to Kandla and the coast on the west will soon be completed.

Radhanpur thus becomes a strategic centre. It will be the largest rail head in the centre of an area that will have a diameter of some 150 miles. In keeping with New Testament missionary principles we are bent on making this city a strategic centre for preaching Christ to the thousands in the four surrounding unevangelized counties. To this end the mission has secured a small plot of land in Radhanpur. On the plot are sufficient country rooms for national workers and also a good sweet water well. As funds become available a small residence for missionaries will be built.

As soon as the monsoon is over this year, our national workers and we shall with our tents proceed to Radhanpur to camp from where we shall daily visit and preach in the surrounding villages. At that time we plan to station our first permanent workers in this pioneer field. Our evangelist, Peter and his wife, Shanti (peace) with student worker Samuel, are to be the pioneers in this new area. So far as we know there is not so much as one believer who might have drifted into what was formerly the Mohammedan ruled State of Radhanpur. These valiant pioneer national workers will be 70 miles from the nearest Christians. Pray for them. Pray that God will keep them and will anoint them for a ministry that will result in His CHURCH being established among the heathen of this former closed state.

We trust that these young people represent just a token force of what we shall be able to place in Radhanpur State. ‘Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He will send labourers into His harvest . . .’ into RADHANPUR.

P. L. MORRIS
After being in India several months I had the privilege of attending my first Hindu Festival. I had read about such festivals in books, and had conjured up in my mind many ideas of what they would be like, but these presupposed ideas were tossed to the wind after I had been at the actual festival only a few minutes.

As we walked about one-half mile to the scene of the festival we were passed by hundreds of little covered bullock carts, with whole families, crammed in like sardines, making their way to the festival. From a distance could be heard the beating of drums, the incessant ringing of bells, and the blaring of the heathenish music.

The festivities took place in a large open field surrounding a temple in which the idol of their god was placed. Thousands of people set up temporary quarters on all sides of the grounds, and they could be seen huddled in little groups around their fires eating their humble meal of bhaker and dal. Many little shops with their cheap merchandise were set up, with the hopes of making profit out of the worshippers who had come. Around the main temple multitudes were seated, and entered periodically into the temple to pay their vows to the hideous looking idol, by pouring water over its form. Dividing two large hills was a narrow, muddy river in which hundreds of people could be seen bathing, washing their saris and dhotees, and even drinking the so-called holy water. When they had finished their ablutions, they would take a cup of the water to one of the temples and pour it over the idol. Many could be seen running back and forth from the temple to the river trying to obtain merit and salvation by the numerous times they performed this duty. On both sides of the hills leading down to the river were numerous steps, on which were seated hundreds of beggars, Orthodox Hindus could be seen going up and down the beggar row putting a little grain into each bowl, with the hope of obtaining favour of the gods.

Under a great spreading mango tree was the scene of another milling crowd, seeking to pour water and place flower petals on to the hideous god. Sadhus with their long uncombed hair were walking around the tree begging for money and directing traffic. Some men were lying prostrate on the ground with nothing on but a loin cloth, beating their breasts furiously.

In another section of the grounds were two large tents, in which about 50 Brahmin priests were seated day and night reading the scriptures, while women with prayer beads marched continuously around their tent repeating meaningless prayers to their gods and goddesses. In the midst of one tent was a great fire which was kept burning continually with gifts from the ardent worshippers. These people went to every means to obtain salvation and forgiveness of sins. Many had travelled great distances to find peace, but they went away from the festival with neither peace or salvation.

However, on one side of the great fair ground, was a large tent where the 'Wonderful words of life' were going forth night and day.
through the lips of national pastors and evangelists who had gathered
for that purpose. Through a P.A. system the Word of God was sent
piercing through the hubbub of the heathenish music and the
incessant ringing of the bells. The tent was filled night and day
with people listening to the message of salvation. Gospels were
sold to many earnest souls, and despite the fact that this was
truly Satan's camping ground, the seed was sown. The whole
scene gave us a fresh vision of the tremendous need of Christ
in the hearts of these people. The Psalmist has expressed our
thoughts most aptly in Psalm 115: 4-8 'Their idols are silver and
gold, the work of men's hands. They have mouths, but they speak
not: eyes have they, but they see not: They have ears, but they hear
not; noses have they but they smell not: They have hands but they
handle not: feet have they, but they walk not: neither speak they
through their throat. They that make them are like unto them; so
is every one that trusteth in them.'

MISS FERNE GERRIE

THE SUPREMACY OF CHRIST

Out of the listeners crowded about the jeep in the village meeting
place some fellow more bold than the rest breaks in to say, 'We have
listened to your preaching, but we are not convinced that your Jesus
is greater than our Rama, or Krishna (two of the most popular
incarnations of the god, Vishnu, who in turn, in many parts of India,
is the most popular god of the supreme triad of gods, Brahma, Vishnu,
and Shiva.) With that, a growing murmer of support swells in the
crowd, and as the meeting breaks up, some come closer to enjoy the
pleasure of embarrassing these Christians in argument, while others,
laughing, move away.

This does not happen every time. Sometimes it seems the Word
has been well received, but there are nearly always those who shrug
off the preaching with a smile of condescension. They are convinced
of the superiority of their gods. Could anyone do greater deeds than
our gods, they think. Why should we leave our gods just to accept
yours?

Every Monday afternoon at Bodwad, Bible Training School, I face
about a dozen boys, many of whom have recently left the ranks of
Hinduism to follow Jesus. I am supposed to go over the principles
of Hinduism with them and show them refutations for these princi-
ules from the Christian Scriptures, and help confirm their new faith
in the supremacy of Christ. How should I do it? Wherein lies the
supremacy of Christ, and with Him, of the Christian religion?

Is it in the incarnation of God? The Hindu gods have been
incarnated countless numbers of times. That some of these incarnations
have been in the form of fish, turtles, pig, deer, giants, dwarfs, or
ordinary men does not bother the Hindu mind. To the contrary it
shows the versatile capacity of their gods.
Did Christ raise the dead, and cast out demons? So did Krishna. He brought to life a baby that was born dead. He also resurrected two other individuals. Once when a demon in the form of a great bull attacked some people, Krishna slew the demon by sticking his fist in the mouth of the bull. The fist enlarged and tore the giant beast asunder. This Christian Jesus is nothing so extraordinary.

Shall we tell how Christ cursed the fig tree, so that it withered soon after, or how He stilled a storm on Lake Galilee? The Hindu listener will not say that these things are not so. Why should he? The supernatural is nothing out of the ordinary in Hinduism. Krishna lifted a mountain in sport and held it on his fingertips for a week as an umbrella to protect some cowherds from a storm sent by another irate god. On one occasion the whole earth became darkened, and lifeless when Shiva’s wife, in fun, slipped up behind him and clasped her hands over his eyes. When she released them the earth was restored to the former condition in a moment.

The night air in the villages often resounds with the stories of the gods being told and sung to enthusiastic audiences by the travelling gurus (religious teachers) and sadhus (holy men). The latter earn their living by this means. These listeners to the deeds of power and prowess of Hinduism’s gods do not think Christ superior for His miracles.

Then wherein is Christ superior to the Hindu gods? Ah, He came to save us from our sins. Hinduism too speaks of sin and salvation, but sin is mostly ceremonial uncleanness and breaking of religious rules, not offending a Holy God; Sin is cleansed by bathing the body in the holy rivers or afflicting it in some way, for sin is by the body and not by the spirit of man. Our idea that Christ died for our sins is incongruous to them. We are a bunch of softies, seeking the easy way out. So we concoct a scheme whereby God suffers for our sins. They are willing to suffer for their own by bodily affliction, or the periods of punishment in hell, between rebirths. If they have not suffered enough, they will be born again in some other form, higher or lower, of man or animal and so the cycle goes on. And that Christ should allow himself to be humiliated at the hands of men and crucified—that is not in keeping with the position of a god. Gods are supposed to do mighty things and keep men in subjugation and awe, but never be voluntarily embarrassed by men. That their gods, according to their own scriptures, lie and steal and commit adultery does not face them. It is the gods’ prerogative to enjoy themselves.

Are we then to prove the supremacy of Christ by skilfully proving to the Hindus in argument that their gods’ forms and actions are absurd and unworthy of the name of God? He who tries it will find himself the object of indignation and anger, or of polite sufferance. The ocean of Hinduism is too deep in centuries of repetition to be seen emptied by the dippers of verbal refute. The resultant riffle on the surface does not disturb the powerful force of the fathoms of generation to generation teaching.
Wherein is the supremacy of the God of the Christian Scriptures?
It is in His HOLINESS. Holiness is unknown among the gods of popular Hinduism, and the people themselves have a proverb: As the god, so the worshipper. This precludes an outlook on religion which does not include holiness of character. A man is a good Hindu if he observes the rules of Hinduism, and that standing is not embarrassed by lying, stealing, or far worse sins. But though a soul has grown up and lived in such a condition, still it has so been endowed by the true God as to recognize true holiness and to know it is the mark of God.

Holiness is the mark of God—holiness, and His desire and power to make men holy as He is. In this Christ stands supreme over the gods of Hinduism. His desire manifested itself in the vacarious suffering for us, which is foolishness to the Hindu. His power can only manifest itself in the holy life, the living example of the believer freed from sin, and in the witness of the Holy spirit. ‘The Spirit of truth which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me: and ye also shall bear witness.’ (John 15: 26, 27.) These are the only indisputable arguments of the holiness of our God, so sorely needed in India. I have not forgotten the testimony of the Scriptures, but those who do not accept them can deny them. The believer, in action, not in word alone and the Holy Spirit, are the witnesses to the holiness of our God.

Do you want a part in the testimony in India. Then pray for these two things—a holy church and the accompanying witness of the spirit of God. Too often we are content with the stories and events of Scripture without an application of the truths involved. God only gave us the facts to lead us to the truths.

---

NATVAR BECOMES ISAAC

It was a cloudy, windy evening in July. A group of young men and boys dressed in their scanty work clothes had met on the sandy river bank. The Monsoon rains had not begun in earnest but there had been some downpours in other localities which had given the river a good purging and at that point, though shallow, was wide and active.

Without previous intimation a car had suddenly come to Vasna. Two missionary men, one Indian pastor and Natvar, a candidate for baptism, had stepped out. Informing the young pastor in whose area Natvar lived and whose convert he was, of our purpose in coming, we proceeded immediately through the deep, loose sand the quarter of a mile to the river. Natvar, twenty years of age, had come with his father to request baptism. Being Brahmans, the teachers of the Harijans (outcastes, named Harijans—God’s ones—so named by Gandhiji) they did not want it known that Natvar was to be baptized until after it was over since none of their caste had become baptized in these parts and they would try their utmost to head him off in his intentions. We disapproved of any attempt at secrecy so chose the
place along the river nearest to his village for the administering of this holy sacrament.

After the spiritual exercises appropriate for the service, Natvar was asked if he wore a sacred thread. Sure enough, he had one on. Only the Brahmans of the Harijan class wear them. Having pulled the thread out from under his clothes the question was what to do with it. Natvar said, 'I'll throw it in the river.' 'No,' said the pastor. (That would have been the reverent Hindu way of disposing of it.) Someone else spoke up, 'Tear it to pieces,' and immediately proceeded to do so. Maynard, our son, chucked the pieces in his pocket.

The two pastors performed the ceremony. We on the shore were perplexed as to why they stood in the water so long before immersing Natvar. They were too far removed from us to hear what was being said. When they returned to shore I greeted Natvar, calling him by name. The three smiled and the elderly pastor explained, 'His name is now Isaac.' I informed him that Natvar is a name of Krishna, a Hindu god, and so was not befitting for a Christian. Natvar asked then that we give him another name, so I suggested Isaac which was satisfactory to him. With this explanation we understood the reason for the delay in the water. Usually deciding upon a name requires more time and more favourable circumstances.

Isaac is now in the Bible School. After having been here a week he went home to fetch a cot and other necessary things. His father, a Hindu priest, was away on a begging itinerary. (His mother died when he was twelve.) The men of the Brahman Harijans reproved Isaac sharply for having become a Christian. They threatened to beat him, then attempted to entice him to pay the fine of three or four dollars and again have the sacred thread ceremony, whereby he would be reinstated as a Harijan priest. Isaac assured them that he was going through with what he had begun. 'The Christian way is the right way, the way of salvation and you may do your utmost but I will not give it up,' he said. But they retorted, 'How about your marriage? We will see that your wife does not come to live with you.' Isaac, 'That is my wife's matter to decide. If she doesn't want to come and live with me I will manage without her. 'Natvar has not lived with his wife. He was married in youth and has worked hard and has paid personally most of the $235 which his wife cost him. Now only the 'fetching ceremony' remained and that was planned for this Fall. He shyly told me, 'To pay my wedding debt I nearly ruined my health. I quit my job and although a Brahman I ate two roosters and many eggs!' When their cajolling and threats had no effect Isaac was banished. Even his younger brother told him never to come home again. Isaac is not dejected over the treatment his home folks had given him. His cheerful smile and willing spirit indicate that he is happy in the Lord and in the Bible School. Pray for him and for the other students that they may become willing witnesses of the Lord Jesus Christ to the Christians millions of this land.

J. S. Ringenberg
Riding side saddle is a joy most every child in India experiences. As I sit here on the shaned-floor verandah I see one wee lad riding happily. His mother, dressed in a pretty green sari has one thin arm about his waist as he clings to her side, in side-saddle fashion, clutching tightly with his small knees. If a child in India has nothing else on, a hat is always in style. This boy has a heavy square orange cap pushed down around his ears. They are off to the bazaar.

There is another lady going by to sell her poultry. Oh! oh! one of her chickens has flown out of her basket which is sitting precariously on the top of her head. How adeptly she leans over, still balancing her ‘topli’, and catches it by its wing and puts it back with the other skinny hens.

Notice that all through India it is a rarity to meet someone without a burden. Some are children, some are produce in baskets, or, it might be a sadhu’s burden. He is in gay array. His face is painted with red and white marks. His hair is often very long sometimes to his knees and all of it well powdered. He is never without a beggars bowl and it is a religious privilege and duty to oblige him. If he stops before your small array of things and helps himself it is to your honour and heavenly merit, (so he teaches). You bear the burden of the loss. All of this because they know not our Lord Jesus and know no other way.

Would your heart not fairly weep if you too saw boys and girls as well as men and women take off their shoes then ring a bell to awaken the god of wood or stone? It is at this point that we receive a burden—a burden for lost souls, steeped in old superstitions. They have not heard the voice of the Holy Spirit saying ‘Christ is the Way, the Truth and THE Life.’ A Missionary’s first impulse is to give out a tract. How disheartening to realize that most of these village folks don’t read and that the precious portion would probably be sold to the shoemaker for the paddin’ he needs for a pair of sandals.

The next impulse is to then keep in touch with these people and help in every way possible to encourage them to want to read. There is an exceptionally good book published for this purpose. It employs the fundamental principle of linking a familiar object to an unfamiliar letter. In the class that I have been helping with it has been a delight to see the progress. Now some of the adults can read short sentences such as ‘God is love’ in Marathi. I take this opportunity to read a Bible story to them from the Gospel of Mark, as they follow the words. More and more of the characters become familiar to them. They are dear souls and it does not take long to love them. How our Jesus loves them; did He not die for THEM too? Oh that they might soon come to know Him, Whom to know aright is life eternal.

My heart was throbbing too as one missionary in language school told us that one man wanted to leave his heathen ways and come to
Jesus. This missionary, with his very limited vocabulary, could not make The Way clear to him. While he knelt beside this dark skinned Indian he implored God to bring the Light of Salvation into his soul. Oh how we need to know the Word and have a mastery of the language as well. We are grateful for your prayers.

In August there is the worship of the snakes, especially by women who wish more sons. Some people in the villages draw the picture of a serpent on the houses and then worship them. Others journey to the nearest ant-hill where snakes usually live. They plant sticks near and decorate the area with flowers. Their offerings are usually sugar or ghee (melted butter) or flour. They often pour milk into the hole for this is what the snakes like. The women and children join hands and circle the hole five times while they sing. If the snake comes out of its hiding place, which it often does, and partakes of their offerings they believe that the snake-king has heard their prayers and will give them his blessing. If only they knew Jesus' words, 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that Whosoever believeth in Him should NOT perish but HAVE eternal life.'

Another scene is ever evident in India that of women carrying water pots on their heads to the well. They carry such heavy burdens it is amazing. I have asked them if it feels heavy and they invariably remark Nahi (No!) I often wonder though, if their hearts are not heavy with the weight of their sins for surely through idol worship there is no assurance like unto that which our Lord gives. 'Ho every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters. The Spirit and the Bride say, Come; and let him that heareth say, Come; and let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will let him take of the water of life freely'. Jesus went OUT OF HIS WAY for He 'must needs go' to reach one woman. Is this not a challenge to us from Him who said 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to EVERY creature'?

---

The following are desirable traits in missionaries as set down by Ann Judson many years ago: 'In encouraging young men to come out as missionaries, do use the greatest caution. One strong-headed conscientiously obstinate man would ruin us. Humble, quiet, persevering men, men of sound sterling talents, of decent accomplishments and some natural aptitude to acquire a language, men of amiable yielding temper, willing to take the lowest place; to be least of all, and the servant of all, men who enjoy much closet religion, who live near to God and are willing to suffer all things for Christ's sake without being proud of it. These are the men we need.'
BROKEN CISTERNS, THAT CAN HOLD NO WATER

The hair-cutting ceremony of a high caste Indian boy of three years or more is a very important one. Hindus go to some sacred place of pilgrimage to perform it, some to nearby places and some to famous far off places. No matter how old the boy may be, his hair cannot be cut until after this hair cutting ceremony takes place.

After anointing the child from head to foot with oil and bathing him and smearing different parts of his body with sandalwood paste and rice and ornamenting him, the family priest then performs the 'Sam-Kalpa' rite. This is always done at the beginning of any religious ceremony for without it no undertaking would succeed, they believe; if it is not faithfully done, punishment of some kind will be sure to follow them.

The 'Sam-Kalpa' means 'intensive contemplation'. The priest must meditate upon the god Vishnu, the preserver of all things and must repeat his name and worship him; upon Brahma, the creator of all living creatures and worship him; upon the incarnation of Vishnu as a pig, in which incarnation he slew the giant, Hiranyaksha, and worship this god; upon Maqu, the ruler of the fourteen worlds and give him worship; upon the Kali Yuga and upon Jambu Dwipa, the continent in which India is situated in the centre of which continent is a mountain of gold on the thousand peaks of which the gods dwell; upon the tree called Jambuvruksha on the east side of this mountain and upon the juice of the fruit of this tree which falls to form a large river, the water of which has the power of changing everything it touches into gold; upon the great king, Bharata who ruled over this mountain and upon the side of the mountain which faces him and upon the corner of fire over which the Fire-god rules (in this part, India is situated); upon the moon and its changes and its path; upon the seasons of the year and pronounce the name of the season in which he is living at the moment; upon the day of the week and pronounce the name; upon the star of the day and pronounce its name; upon the year of the cycle in which he is living and repeat its name; upon the conjunction of stars of that day and repeat its name; upon the Ayana, or the division of the year during which the sun is either north of the equinoctial line or south of it and repeat the name of the Ayana in which he is living at the moment; upon Karma. He must faithfully concentrate his thoughts upon all these objects which are but other forms of Vishnu under different names. By the faithful performance of this Sam-Kalpa every obstacle can be overcome, which the evil spirits would put in the way of any undertaking, the Hindus believe.

The priest next offers the sacrifice of fire to the nine planets. He next marks off a square in the earth and covers it with unhusked
rice. The image of the gold, Vigneshwara, is put at one side and they do ‘pooja’ to this idol.

The child whose hair is to be cut is placed near the square. While the hair-cutting ceremony is being performed, the father holds twenty-one stalks of the sacred Kusa grass in his hand. This grass is always used in performing religious ceremonies. He sprinkles a mixture of warm water, butter and curds over the child’s head. He puts three stalks of the Kusa grass seven times into the child’s hair on the right side and says as he does it, ‘O divine grass, protect him.’ The barber after worshipping his razor by lifting it to his forehead, shaves the child’s head, leaving a lock at the top uncut. During the whole procedure, the men play musical instruments and the women sing.

The child must be purified by a bath at once from the defiling touch of the barber, who is of low caste. Then the Arti ceremony is performed. Oil is placed in a metal plate and lighted. The women catch a corner of the plate and hold it up over the child’s head, waving it around and around and back and forth. This is to remove the effects of the evil eye from the child.

The priest for the second time offers the sacrifice of fire to the nine planets. This hair cutting ceremony ends with a feast and Brahmans are given presents for their services.

On our way to Palanpur for our Day of Prayer, while we were waiting in the Waiting Room in Ahmedabad for our train, we met a dear little Hindu woman of twenty-five years. She had her four small children, two girls and two boys, with her. She was planning to meet her husband after a short visit with her mother, and they were to start out on a pilgrimage to Tirupathy for this same kind of a hair cutting ceremony for her two boys. Between the last girl and the first boy she had lost a child and she made a vow that if all would go well with her and the next child, she would take the child to Tirupathy on a pilgrimage, and would spend so much money in the name of the god, and would have the child’s head shaved there and offer the hair to the god. She was fulfilling her vow. Tirupathy is a famous place for hair cutting ceremonies, a place famous for offering one’s hair to the god. Hundreds of pounds of hair which has been offered to the god there are sold for hair mattresses and for hair switches for women. The two boys have begged for their clothes ever since their birth. The mother has never made any garment for them and will not until after the hair cutting ceremony is performed. She said that she would go up the hill of Tirupathy in a car with the children but her parents and husband would climb the nine miles of steps on foot as representatives of the family.

She poured out her heart to us there in the Ladies’ Room in the Station and told us of her distress. She had had three major operations and two Caesarean Sections. She had had her gall bladder removed. She had a duodenal ulcer. Milk she could take for the ulcer but it was poison for her other troubles. She said, ‘My trouble
is so complicated that if I eat what is good for one trouble, the other
trouble flares up.' She had got as far as Ahmedabad from her home
in Jodhpur on her pilgrimage when she had a bad hemmorhage. She
feared to go on lest she collapse on the way and lest there be no one
to look after her. So she decided to return home at once by the next
train. She told us that her Hindu friends tell her that in her previ-
ous birth she must have starved some one and hence vengeance is
going on now in this birth and she is forced to starve now.

We tried to tell her of One who is equal to all her needs, of the
Lord Jesus, the Mighty Healer, and the Mighty Saviour. She
answered as so many do. 'There is one God but many roads to
God and Heaven.' I told her that I had proved the Lord Jesus
personally and she said that she had proved Ram and Krishna. When
I left the room, she ran after me and asked me my name. I gave it to
her and told her that I was a missionary. She said, 'I wondered
why you were so interested in my case. I might ask you, as you are
living in my country, ‘Why do you not study our religions?’' I told
her that I had but that I had discovered no Saviour in them.

So we travelled by the same train. She travelled First Class.
Coolies took her to her compartment in a chair, and as she passed
our compartment, she made the coolie put her chair down. She came
over to our window and bid us Good-bye. At the first Station she
walked down to our compartment and begged us to come to her
compartment and sit with her and the Guard gave us permission to
do so. She was the wife of the Executive Engineer, so this was
easily obtained. At the next Station we went down to her compart-
ment and rode with her for a little distance.

Our hearts ached for her and they ache for many like her here in
India. How she needed the Great, Compassionate Physician for her
body and for her soul. The Remedy for her ills was so near at hand
and yet she would not receive Him. Oh, that she and others like her
would turn from the dry and empty cisterns, the idols that cannot
save, to God, the Fountain of Living Waters, who alone can quench
their spiritual thirst, give them comfort and peace and satisfy their
longing.

We never know how much our witness may count for God. We
pray that the Lord will bless this witness to her good and to her
salvation.

MYRA B. WING


The Immensity of the darkness through which the message of the Gospel must penetrate was more intensely made manifest to me a few days ago when an excited group of young women and children, richly clad in their gaudy cloths and wearing extravagant gold ornaments entered, unannounced, into the gate and invaded the mission premises.

They were apparently in eager search of something that they wanted. And they carried in their hands coconuts and on their heads small trays of sugared rice and other sweet tit-bits. When we questioned them, they told us that it was ‘Nag panchmi’ the festival of the snake god. They were therefore out hunting for the home of ‘Nag’ the deadly cobra; which each year takes such a heavy toll of human lives in this land. They also said ‘We have been informed that the mission compound is the very place where ‘Nag’ the cobra could be found!’ Hence they had come bringing along these offerings in the hope of discovering the home of ‘Nag’ and placing at its entrance these gifts of food for him to feast upon at his own convenience! This is not an uncommon practice in India, and is one that is observed regularly each year with much ceremony.

Incidently, a few days later I was attracted one morning early by a crowd of people gathered outside our wire fencing, some even had come inside with stones in their hands. All were apparently intent on something in the grass. I at once guessed what it was, it was a cobra! I went out after it and just spied it as it disappeared into its home—a convenient white-ant hill. After considerable digging, we managed at last, to dislodge the cobra and I shot it. Although quite young, yet it measured five feet in length, and after being shot it turned from a dark brown to a bright yellow colour, from the effects of the venom it had released into its system.

As a sequel to the first invasion of our compound, we were invaded a second time by another group of wealthy women of the town headed by an excited old lady. But on this occasion it was while we were at our Sunday evening service in the Church. Suddenly we were interrupted and made aware of our visitors by their loud talking in the doorway as they trooped into the Church. My wife approached them and enquired what she could do for them. She was informed by the old lady that they had heard of ‘Yesu Khrist’ Jesus Christ, and that they had come with the express purpose of seeing a picture of him, as they had been told that a large picture of Him was kept in the front of the church. My wife conveyed to them that she was sorry to disappoint them, but there was no such picture of Christ in our church. We did not worship Him in a picture but in our hearts by faith—‘in spirit and in truth’. But to
come again some other day to the bungalow and she would be happy to show them a picture of Christ—the ‘Warlya dev’ the God above all gods. The old lady seemed disappointed but seeing the bungalow was quite nearby, took heart and said she would surely come again.

The incident of the worship of ‘Nag’ the cobra is one instance of numberless others of the incredible nature of the darkness that exists in this, so called, enlightened age.

Cycling out to a nearby village the other morning with the student evangelist, I was once again very forcibly struck with the intense nature of the darkness that the several hundred benighted people of the village we were visiting, existed under. For as we approached the village I could not help but notice a small hillock or knoll, at the entrance of the village, studded all over with the familiar red paint marks with which idols are smeared. On closer examination, I found that nearly every fair sized boulder that jutted out, had a daub of the red paint, indicating that that particular stone is bowed down to and worshipped. But praise God, we had an attentive and respectful audience in the village that morning.

Although the darkness is great indeed, yet the Light of the Gospel is piercing this darkness and revealing the Truth. We see indications of great turning from the darkness and a searching for the Light.

We praise God for the privilege of serving Him in this section of the country. Mrs. Josephine Turnbull writing in The India Alliance of February, 1910 referred to Jalgaon as ‘that hard district.’ The hearts of the people towards the Gospel message are still hard. But we are confident that the Word of God will dispel the darkness and reveal the Light and the ‘Truth will make them free.’

Donald Capps
'WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT'

A year has passed since we moved into Palanpur. In retrospect we can only exclaim, 'What hath God wrought!' Shortly before we came there was only one Christian family living here but today there are nine. The average Sunday morning church attendance is 18 and in the evening there is a gratifying attendance. Over half of our Sunday School of about 25 are Hindu boys and girls who are hiding God's Word away in their hearts.

Daily, Monday through Friday, a persistent, concentrated witness is being given. It is the 'softening up' process. Now there are signs of deep hunger among some and inquirers are coming to the bungalow. Cornelius, the first convert, was baptized on April 7. He is of the Rajput caste. Considerable persecution both at home and at his work has been his lot, but steadfastness and the joy of the Holy Spirit has characterised him through it all.

Palanpur is ideally situated for Gospel work. It is the governmental, commercial and rail centre for 600,000 people—people for whom no provision was ever made to hear the Gospel until this year. Beside the rail connections with Delhi and Ahmedabad a new rail line has been constructed from Palanpur to Kandla Port on the Arabian Sea. The Kandla Port facilities are being rapidly and extensively improved since the Government intends it to take the place of Karachi now in Pakistan. This rail line passes through Radhanpur where mission property was bought this year. It is possible that in a few years, missionaries coming to North Gujarat will disembark at Kandla instead of Bombay.

One of the highlights of the year was the voluntary coming of ten young men from our Simpson Church in Ahmedabad for a full week of witnessing. A systematic tour of 14 villages was made and much Gospel literature sold. But aside from this special event we are often reminded of the words of Jonathan to his armour-bearer in I Sam. 14: 6, 'For there is no restraint to the Lord to save by many or by few,' for, to say the least, we are few in number here—just one evangelist fresh out of school and one experienced Bible-woman to help us in reaching our responsibility of 600,000 people. During the past year we have reached approximately 6,000 people with a witness, but those who have received repeated witness—that is, more than one time—are, of course, fewer. Though our helpers are only two in number, we feel that spiritually speaking they are of the highest quality. Benjamin, our pastor-evangelist has just completed four years of training in the Seminary where he has received, not only head knowledge of the Word, but has taken real ground spiritually. He has, only been with us since March but has already led at least three souls to Christ including one Hindu and has dealt intelligently with numbers of others. He has a burden for souls and prays and labours earnestly to win men to Christ. He also acts as pastor of our church preaching sermons that are a joy to listen to.
Ednabai, our Bible-women who works with Mrs. King, has had a number of years of experience in Gospel work in the villages and so is a wonderful asset to us since we are so new in this type of work. She, too, has a real burden for souls and not only preaches fearlessly in the villages but upon returning home prays with great earnestness and a burdened heart for those who have heard the message.

Thus there are four of us to reach 600,000 people. Pray for us that we may all continually live in complete conformity to the will of God and that God may be pleased to save key men in various villages who will in turn be witnesses to their own village people. Palanpur State has waited 2,000 years for the ‘Light’. It is now being heralded forth at the centre. The crying need is for labourers to take it to the ends of this large area.

LOUIS AND ESTHER KING

SOME REBUKES AND LESSONS THROUGH VILLAGE CHRISTIANS

1. A village woman was helping Grace with some potted plants on the verandah and I was in my study, or office, as it is called out here, when I heard a cry of pain and an exclamation and ran out to find the woman had been stung by a scorpion on one of her fingers. The first thing to think of in such cases is trying to prevent the poison from following the blood stream up into the person’s body so I grasped her wrist tightly with the thumbs and forefingers of both hands to stop the circulation as far as possible and called for someone to bring something with which to tie it properly, thinking when that was done we would perhaps be able to apply something which would relieve the terrible pain. But she said: ‘All this fuss and bother is useless. It will do me no good whatsoever. The only thing that will help me is prayer.’ We all felt properly rebuked and I released my grip on her wrist and we got down and began to pray. Pretty soon she said: ‘It’s all right now: the pain is gone’ and went back to her work praising God. There are a number of remedies used for scorpion sting. Besides the various concoctions sold for the purpose, methylated spirits, a shock from the spark plug of a running car-engine, etc., are often effective, but what works like magic on one person may not work at all on another and unless something is found to give relief, a scorpion sting ordinarily means about eighteen hours of gradually decreasing agony. On some, however the period of distress is much more prolonged and she told us afterwards she was one of the latter type; nothing gave her any relief and so before she became a Christian and learned to trust God a scorpion sting always meant two or three days of suffering for her.

2. It was during a camp meeting with hundreds of people living in shelters made of bamboos and bamboo matting and I was visiting
from shelter to shelter between meetings. We always make different sizes of these shelters: some only large enough for a family and others large enough to accommodate a group of relatives and friends, or the Christians from a particular village. The one to which I refer was of the latter type, occupied by a group, and when I entered I saw a village woman holding a little naked baby and quietly praying over it. Soon she opened her eyes and seeing me asked me to come and pray for the little thing. When I put my hand on it and began to pray its little body was burning with fever, but in a short time I noticed that it no longer felt hot to my hand. She, in her simple faith, was not surprised. She expected God to answer and He did just that, but I, in my unbelief, thought my hand must have become accustomed to the heat and for that reason it didn’t feel hot to me: so, to my shame, I took it off and after rubbing it on my pant leg a few times felt the little mite again before I realized a miracle had been performed. It was her faith; not mine that had made it possible and I feel very much ashamed of myself every time I think of that incident. She must have prayed through for the child before I began or nothing would have happened: at least the healing would not have been instantaneous as you can easily see my faith didn’t reach that far.

3. It was through village Christians that we learned to pray for and trust God to heal our animals. When we first began to keep a water buffalo to supply us with milk, if she got sick we would send her to the veterinary dispensary. But we had taught the Christians to trust God for healing for themselves when they got sick, so they reasoned that the same God who healed them would also heal their animals. Besides there are no veterinary dispensaries in the villages but only in the larger towns and cities, so they began calling us to pray for their animals when they were not well and we were glad to encourage them by responding and we saw miracles performed on animals, because of the simple faith of their owners. But that put us into a corner. How could we pray for their animals and continue sending our own to the veterinary dispensary? The result was that we began trusting God for our animals just like we did for ourselves, or as we would have done for our children if we had had any.

I am sure the heart of God is often made glad by the simple trust of such children while we, who should be stronger in faith than they, often grieve Him by our unbelief.

L. E. HARTMAN
A VISIT TO BHUSAVAL

Would you like to visit with us here in Bhusaval for a few minutes, in your thoughts? Bhusaval is a railway centre about a night's journey inland from Bombay. Because people from various parts of India have come here to work in connection with the railway and the military, an almost cosmopolitan spirit prevails, for which we are thankful.

The people from the surrounding towns come to Bhusaval for the special weekly market. This offers good opportunity for the local missionary and the young men of the church to preach the Word of God to crowds of people. A goodly number of people of various castes listen respectfully, and those who are especially interested, buy Gospel portions. Sometimes, the Lord gives opportunity for witnessing among the military folk.

Sunday morning, two large Sunday Schools are held. One in our Day-School premises and one in the Mission bungalow. The Sunday School in the Mission bungalow is held at the time of the Marathi Church service so that the Christian parents are free from the responsibility of caring for their children for that hour. Half of the children who attend this Sunday School are Christian children. Most of the rest of the children in both Sunday Schools are from Hindu homes. From the attention that is given to the stories, one would think them all to be from Christian homes and in their hearts we believe many of them have come to believe on the Lord Jesus. Children's meetings are also sometimes held in other parts of the city.

At the front of the Mission bungalow, in a glass case, is a beautiful picture of the Lord Jesus with a young man kneeling before Him. Beneath are the words: 'May the Lord make you holy.' All who pass by look respectfully and some few come inside. With the help of the Pastor, Evangelist and Biblewomen, homes are visited and the Gospel is preached in other nearby towns. As a result of preaching in the district, a Kurnbi man and his wife and children have come to the Mission bungalow for more instruction in the Bible, as they cannot read for themselves. They have asked to be baptized and say that there are three or four more families who want more instruction. You would be thrilled to hear this man pray, many older Christians cannot pray like he does.

Please pray that many souls may be saved through these various contacts. Also please pray for a man and his wife who were baptized a few months ago, and for other inquirers.

Yours for His Church in India,
FRED AND EDNA SCHELANDER
Thus began an interesting conversation with the officer of the Bombay District Police who entered the same compartment with us as we were on our way to Ahmedabad. His nicely pressed uniform, polished buttons, and neat, erect figure were quite a contrast to the dirty dhotis, unkempt manners, and slovenliness which are so apparent and common in the general run of the Indian people.

'Yes, that is true,' I replied to his question. 'We are stationed in Dhandhuka and have a nice chapel there. At present we have fifteen members with the hopes of adding more in the near future. Are you acquainted with Christianity?'

'Yes, I received my education in St. Xavier's Catholic High School in Ahmedabad,' replied Mr. Ghate, as we later learned his name to be, 'but I am still a Hindu, and worship my god, Krishna.'

'Now, let's see Krishna is the third member of the Triad of gods so that means he is the god of destruction. Tell me, Mr. Ghate, why do so many of your people worship this god?'

As he spoke in the moments which followed we were able to get a little deeper insight into the teaching and beliefs of these people to whom we have been sent to minister. Vishnu—the god of preservation—and Lakshmi, his wife—the goddess of good fortune—are naturally the most popular of the deities, for mankind in general is concerned more with the present than with the past or the future. They know they have already been created, so why concentrate all their worship on Brahma—the god of creation. All fear death, for who knows what the future holds in store for them, so they do worship Krishna; but the uppermost thought in the minds of most of them is: 'What is there in store for me today?' The merchants wonder who will trade with them today and what will be their volume of business. The money-lenders are eager to contact good 'customers' today in order to lend money at a high rate of interests. The poor beggar may ask, 'Who will give me money or food today?'

Hinduism is polytheistic, but underlying the thought of each worshipper, supposedly, is that he is trying to attain a place of perfection that he, too, might be god!

How true are the words of the India Prayer Band banner in Nyack: 'Millions of gods, but no Christ.' There are evidences of this along every railway, highway, footpath, and field in India. It is evident in every village and home, and in every special holiday season throughout the year. The god may be a carving in a rock, an idol of marble, or just a pile of stones. It might be hung from the trees, put up on the shelf, locked in a cage, or placed in a temple constructed for its safe keeping.

It is these things, made by the hands of men, which are the objects of their love and adoration. They offer their precious food
to these idols which see not, neither do they hear, nor smell, nor eat, nor talk! Their worship is built upon tradition and teachings which have come down to them through the centuries and have kept them in bondage and fear of listening to and accepting the teachings of our Lord Jesus Christ!

We naturally ask, 'What is the object of their offering food to these things which are made by their own hands?' First, they believe the gods are actually nourished by the aroma or essence of the substance offered. Another object is the desire for expiation, being performed through a substitute offering. Thirdly, it is believed possible by offerings to acquire super-human power, and to wrest from the gods any desired boom or object of ambition. Perhaps the last objective can be classified as the main reason for their offering food and worship to idols.

Need we say more to convince Christians all over the world to pray for these who are steeped in this heathen religion? and to pray for us who have been sent to minister the Word that we may be used of God to convince these 'prisoners' that Christ is able to set them free? Jesus said, 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me,' and 'There is none other name under heaven whereby man can be saved.' Christ died for the sinners... and that includes the Hindus!

As the train drew to a stop in Ahmedabad we alighted and said 'Good-bye' to our new friend. He has had a measure of Scriptural teaching, he is well educated in secular lines; and yet persists in believing in the superiority of his god over our God, in believing in the sacredness of cows and other animal life, in believing the day will come when his soul shall depart from his body and be embodied in that of an animal! He has promised to come to visit us in Dhandhuka and we trust that God's Word shall so penetrate into his heart as to make him realize that Christ alone is able to save, and that in Christ alone is the hope of an eternal home.

KARL KOSE
LABOUR REWARDED

In the mango grove where Mr. Vandegrift and others of us were camped just outside the village of Tarkhed, we were waiting almost tensely. This was the place, and this morning the time which had been set to privately deal with certain inquirers of the village. We had been touring in the vicinity of Tarkhed for about a week, and three outstanding brothers and their wives had shown unusual interest. Again and again had we gone for public meetings to their village; several times we had gone into their home and sat cross-legged with them on the floor for special prayer and instruction. And now, this was the showdown! Would they come out, forsaking the Hinduism which for centuries had bound their forbears, to be made free through the redeeming blood of Christ?

Presently they came, two and three at a time. We went off to the side of the tents, and there on the grass once more, the rugged road of repentance and full cleansing through the Cross were explained. I wish you could have been there to share the thrilling, quiet scene. It was like being on holy ground. Here were heathen hearts stammering out their confession to God for the first time. In their own words they admitted the sinfulness of their lives and of the awful idolatry which they said they were now casting aside.

Of course they wanted to be baptized right away. But for various reasons this had to wait. Yet one of the brothers and his wife showed particular zeal. They later attended, with much personal inconvenience to themselves, two different spiritual life conventions held especially for the benefit of young converts. Finally, after having been disappointed several times, they were baptized with a few others during special meetings at Murtazapur. Oh, but the singing was lusty there around the baptismal tank! This was sharing the ‘joy in the presence of the angels’ over these few who had been bought at such awful cost, and the shine on their faces testified to their glorious new freedom in Christ.

They became especially precious in the light of the keen disappointment received from the older brothers. To give them a special invitation to these meetings at Murtazapur, a cycle trip had been made with the circle preacher to their village out near the edge of the district. We arrived in the heat of one day during the hot season. After all the interest and hospitality they had previously shown, we found, instead of a welcome and listening ears, a fever of preparation to hurry off with honourable Hindu friends to a heathen wedding! There was almost none of the common courtesies extended, and a short lesson from the word was only tolerated. Naturally, the pain of this experience was cutting; our inquirers were hereby renouncing their interest in the Gospel. Yet, similar instances happen repeatedly, and surely the heart of the Lord is wounded for more than ours. This Hinduism is satanic; its customs are most binding;
and besides, the lust for honour and esteem holds subtle but powerful sway over the proud Hindu heart. Souls are not won without a stiff fight with the enemy. Will you not take up the lines of these needs and pray for the power of God in India?

There are, however, many things to encourage us.

Praise the Lord for the spiritual nourishment for village Christians given through Rev. G. L. Carner and Pastor Chavan of Akola in the last convention at Murtazapur.

Praise the Lord for the many who attended and gave such close attention.

Praise the Lord for the many illiterates who have become so hungry to learn the word. Possibly most of these have become literate this hot season through the intensive efforts of the workers in the Laubach Adult Literacy classes.

Praise the Lord for the nearly twenty people that have been baptized within the last few months. Please pray for them; upon examination it appeared that each of them really meant business, but they need your prayers!

Praise the Lord, too, for the freedom as yet to propagate the Gospel in this land of such political uncertainty.

Many feel that the length of time left for missionary endeavour is very limited. Certainly this is no time for trifling. One of these days we will see Him 'Whom having not seen we love. But may we not be ashamed at His appearing.'

'They're passing, passing fast away,
A hundred thousand souls a day,
In Christless guilt and gloom,
O Church of Christ, what wilt thou say
When in the awful judgment day,
They charge thee with their doom?'

J. AMSTUTZ
MISSION STATIONS AND MISSIONARIES

INDIA

Headquarters Address: Akola, Berar, C.P., India
Chairman: Rev. R. H. Smith

MARATHI LANGUAGE AREA BERAR, CENTRAL PROVINCES

Akola
Rev. R. H. Smith
Miss G. M. Jasper
Miss Ann Droppa
Rev. & Mrs. R. F. Perret
Miss F. A. Gerrie
Miss J. E. Woehrner
Rev. & Mrs. L. R. Carner
Boys' Boarding School
Rev. & Mrs. C. H. Dyke
Amraoti
Rev. & Mrs. L. E. Hartman
Rev. J. L. Amstutz
Anjangaon
Rev. & Mrs. A. C. Eicher

Chandur
Rev. & Mrs. T. Amstutz

Khamgaon
Miss J. E. Derr
Girls' Boarding School
Miss B. E. Steed
Women's Bible Training School
Miss H. J. Davies
Mrs. O. G. Schlatter

Malkapur
Rev. & Mrs. J. F. Derr

Murtazapur
Rev. & Mrs. G. F. Vandegrift

EAST KHANDESH, BOMBAY PRESIDENCY

Bhusawal
Rev. & Mrs. F. W. Schelander
Miss W. S. Sanford

Jalgaon
Mr. & Mrs. D. W. H. Capps

Nargaon
Bible Training School
Rev. & Mrs. G. L. Carner

GUJARATI LANGUAGE AREA

Ahmedabad
Mrs. J. F. Brabazon
Rev. & Mrs. J. L. Evans
Miss B. Dyke

Dholka
Miss M. B. Wing
Boys' and Girls' Boarding School
Miss R. E. Blews
Miss L. C. Burley

Dhandhuka
Rev. & Mrs. K. H. Kose

Mehmadabad
Gujarati Bible Training School
Rev. & Mrs. J. S. Ringenburg

Viramgam
Rev. & Mrs. P. L. Morris

Palanpur
Rev. & Mrs. L. L. King

Radhanpur
Occupied from Viramgam

SPECIAL LOCATIONS

Chikalda—Berar, C.P.
Missionary Children's Home
Miss A. K. Hansen

Gorakhpur, U.P.
Nepalese Bible School Fellowship
Rev. & Mrs. A. I. Garrison

Yeotmal
Rev. & Mrs. D. W. Cartmel

Retired on Field
Miss H. C. Bushfield—Kolar Town, South India
Rev. L. J. Cutler—Jalgaon, East Khandesh

At Home
Rev. & Mrs. E. F. Eicher
Rev. & Mrs. P. C. Haagen
Miss M. Ransom