The India Alliance

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SAVED BY GRACE

— Fanny J. Crosby —

Some day the silver cord will break,
And I no more as now shall sing;
But O the joy when I shall wake
Within the palace of the King!

Some day my earthly house will fall,
I cannot tell how soon 'twill be,
But this I know — -my All in All
Has now a place in heav'n for me.

Some day, when fades the golden sun
Beneath the rosy-tinted west,
My blessed Lord shall say, "Well done!"
And I shall enter into rest.

And I shall see HIM face to face,
And tell the story - - saved by grace;
Yes, I shall see HIM face to face,
And tell the story - saved by grace.

Into Thine hand I commit my spirit: Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth. —Psa. 31:5

Gorakhpur, U. P., India
Dear Friends:

I would like to answer all your letters, but since that is impossible, please accept this as a personal letter. I thank you for your concern for me; for your letters and telegrams; for the words of scripture and poems you have shared with me.

Alle realized the desire of his heart in the opening of this Bible school. I thank God for the vision He gave me that though its founder has gone to be with His Lord, the work of the Nepali Bible School will continue.

March 7th he left Gorakhpur for Calcutta. From there he was to go to Assam for five days meetings, but instead the Lord called him to a higher service.

Monday the 8th was a very busy day visiting many old friends in Calcutta. When leaving home he remarked, "Any time the Lord comes to call me, I am ready to go." That evening when his room mate, a Norwegian missionary, came in at eleven, Alle was reading his Bible. They sat and talked about the Lord some time before retiring.

Tuesday morning this missionary found him unconscious on the bathroom floor. The finest doctor and two efficient Christian nurses were called. The doctor's diagnosis was cerebral hemorrhage. He hemorrhaged more or less continuously till the Lord called him home, 18 hours later. He never regained consciousness, so we praise the Lord that he did not suffer. Kind friends made all funeral arrangements, and notified me when Alle was first found unconscious. I could not reach Calcutta until Thursday morning, the day of the funeral.

A Church of England clergyman conducted the service, and there was a small group of friends present. The American Embassy sent a representative. They kindly inquired if they could make arrangements to fly his body home to the States. I was able to testify to many of the sustaining power of the Lord.

So many have written asking me what my plans are. As far as I have light from the Lord at present, I will stay right on in the school. The Lord has daily given the needed strength for the many tasks that have had to be attended to these past few weeks. I praise Him! I have found Him absolutely sufficient — moment by moment.

Your sister in Christ,

Mary L. Garrison
BLESSED ARE THE DEAD
which die IN THE LORD . . .
they . . . rest from their labors;
. . . their works do follow them.
—Revelation 14:13
On the train travelling towards Calcutta my Father wrote me a long letter. Almost his last words were, “I am eating with Him in sweet fellowship.” Little did he or any of us know that two days later he was to be ushered into a much sweeter fellowship — “forever with the Lord.”

If there was one thing more than any other in the life of my Father which challenged me personally, it was his burning desire to please the Lord. As far back as I can remember, there was always a light in his prayer-room at 4 or 4:30 each morning. It was in those early hours that he learned to know the Word of God so well. It was there that the Living Word became such a vital part of his life, and gave him a ministry of such unusual blessing and power all over India.

One day, my sister Margaret ran into our parent’s bedroom and was rather surprised to see the tears streaming down Father’s face. “I’m sorry, papa,” she said, “I didn’t mean to intrude . . .” “Oh, that’s all right,” he answered, smiling through his tears, “I was just telling the Lord I love Him.”

And it was just this love for a Holy God that gave him such a hatred for sin, and a message that was always heart-searching. Our people in Gujarat will not soon forget his words of admonition, warning and exhortation, always given in a spirit of love.

Another characteristic which grew out of his fellowship with the Lord was his strong faith. He knew the One in whom he had believed and trusted Him implicitly for his every physical and spiritual need. This faith was sometimes exercised against great odds. Just two years ago when he was laid very low with a heart condition which to human eyes was fatal, he told the Doctor, “I know the Lord is going to heal me. My work for Him is not yet finished.” God did raise him up in a most miraculous way and spared him for two more years of fruitful service.

As soon as we received the news of his home-going I called our Indian brethren into the home, and we had a precious time of prayer together. I took the opportunity of presenting myself more completely to the Lord, asking Him to give me more of that yieldedness to His will, and passion for souls which so characterised my Father’s life.

In these last days of unequalled apostacy and low standards in the Christian Church, may God raise up more men like my Father who will seek with all their hearts to exalt our wonderful Lord in thought, word and deed.
He Served His Generation
— L. E. Hartman —

"After he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep . . . ." Acts 13:36

The above statement from the Word of God beautifully applies to our beloved brother who left us during the night of March 9-10 in his seventieth year.

Rev. A. I. Garrison was born into a godly home at River-side, Long Island, United States of America on March 1, 1885. He was the first child in a family of five children. His father named him Allelujah (afterwards shortened to Alle) in faith that he would give much praise to God.

In 1893, while Alle was still a small boy, God called his parents to India. They came bringing their children with them. Here on April 5, 1897, the father died. He had left the impress of a godly life on his children and all others whom he had touched. On May 14th of the same year his mother left for America with the children. She did her best to raise them for her Lord.

In August 1899 God graciously saved Alle and called him to serve in India. In response to that call he arrived in India October 5, 1909, at the age of twenty four. In 1913 he was married to Miss Mary Leavitt who continued to be a bulwark of strength to him to the very end of his pilgrimage.

Brother Garrison served faithfully as missionary in charge of several different stations in Berar and Khandesh. Moreover he gave much time and strength to a revival ministry on other stations within and without the Alliance Mission. He was much in demand as a speaker in revival meetings and Bible conferences. This ministry took him all over India and sometimes into nearby countries as well: in fact the stroke which took him home struck while he was enroute to Assam as speaker in a missionary conference. Year after year much of his Hot Season vacation time was spent as a speaker in Bible Conferences on hill stations. As a result I am sure there are thousands who point back to crises in their lives such as salvation, sanctification, healing, etc., which took place under his ministry. They gladly rise up to "call him blessed."

In February, 1926, Mrs. Hartman and I took over Anjangaon District from Brother and Sister Garrison. The next year we began having sabbas (camp meetings) here and there in the district. The original plan was to hold three located in such a
way as to bring one camp within fifteen or twenty miles of each Christian or inquirer. However, folk from more and more villages began asking for sabhas. Within a few years the program changed to a number of small annual camps over the district and two held in our Anjangaon center—one in April and the other in October. In September and October, 1930, we held our first short term Bible School and for all I know, it might well have been the first one in the world as I had never heard of one before.

Why do I tell all of this? As already stated, Brother and Sister Garrison had been in charge of Anjangaon for a number of years before us and were therefore well known and greatly loved. In the Fall of 1929 they were freed from station responsibilities and appointed mission evangelists. That meant they were free to give their whole time to revival and teaching ministries. The Christian leaders in Anjangaon District were on the alert to make the most of the opportunity thus afforded and when it came to calling a speaker for a sabha or a teacher to help in a short term Bible School, “Gyarison Saheb” was always the one they thought of first. He came if it were at all possible and never seemed to mind the heavy schedule we invariably planned for him.

His ministry of the Word was always with fresh power and brought lasting results. Many, many times, after the message, the whole meeting place became an altar of prayer, with all praying at once, each mindful only of his own need as revealed to him through the message. Humbling themselves thus before God many met Him in salvation, filling of the Holy Spirit, and for other needs. Before the meeting closed they would give praise in testimony for the same.

Mrs. Garrison didn’t preach in the meetings, but she had a unique ministry of getting little groups together between meetings for prayer. Some folk who didn’t get through to spiritual victory in the regular meetings met God in her unscheduled meetings sandwiched in between. Thus their two types of ministry supplemented each other in a way that brought much blessing to the church.

We praise God for the happy times of fellowship we have had with the Garrisons. Apart from the times they were with us for sabhas and short term Bible Schools, there was the extended period when, after they were appointed Mission Evangelists we all lived together as one family. The memory of those days is sweet.
People were impressed by the behavior of Rev. A. I. Garrison. He displayed real Christian brotherhood. In his preaching and teaching one sentence was always very prominent—"We should always love our Christian brethren sincerely." Many people in this world talk about brotherly love for hours together, but they have only a nominal love in them for others as compared to their talk. But whatever Rev. Garrison talked about love he actually put into practice, successfully. For example, a Christian brother was in horrible sin. During revival meetings Brother Garrison preached on sin and repentance when this man was present. Being convicted of his sin, the man began to confess with weeping and repentance. Mr. Garrison went to that man and wept with him for he felt very much for him. He prayed with him and won the soul for God. The seeker became a real Christian man and now is quite away from worldly things. Mr. Garrison had real love and zeal for this type of weak brother. In the same way he had real love for those who were spiritually backward, and those who were disgusted and fed up with their home affairs. He always loved and took care of such people. Often many people who had nothing to eat came to his residence. He never let them return without giving them something to eat.

His home was open for all Christian sick people. He was a real brother to the sick. It has been noticed that many Christian people do not visit sick ones due to the fear of the disease, but they inquire about them from distant sources, fearing to go near them because of contagious diseases. But Rev. and Mrs. Garrison were not like this, they always visited such sick people. The bungalow was like a hospital for sick Christians, they being kept there and provided with food. If the cook got tired, Mr. and Mrs. Garrison would themselves prepare the food. They did not give medicine at the bungalow but earnestly prayed to God. There are many who could testify to this fact.

Rev. Garrison had brotherly love for poor Christian villagers. For example, in the early days people hesitated to send their children to the Akola Boarding School. Mr. Garrison

*The Rev. R. K. Cutler is a pastor of the Marathi Synod of the C. & M. A. of India, who for many years worked with Bro. Garrison. He would be much more fluent if writing in his mother tongue.
tried to send the son of such a man to school. He first brought the boy to his bungalow and treated him with more love than his own son. The father came to Mr. Garrison and said he had to take his son back to the mother, as she was weeping for him, being under the impression that he was being taken as a servant and that he would remain away from home for a long time and she would not be able to see him. So Mr. Garrison took the boy’s father inside the bungalow. To his great surprise he saw his son sleeping on Mr. Garrison’s bed under a mosquito net and Mr. Garrison’s own son sleeping on a distant bed. Tears filled his eyes after seeing this brotherly love and he said he would not take his son back, as he knew Mr. Garrison loved him more than even his own son. He felt the boy was safe, and was not worried in the least. So in this way the boy was sent to school. He returned home after his education was over and his life has been a happy one.

When Brother Garrison was on tour he lived with the Christian brothers very socially and freely as if they were his family people. Those people used to dine with him. His behaviour was somewhat like Jesus Christ. He was neither a hypocrite nor selfish. Many times it was mentioned by Indian as well as missionary brothers that whenever Rev. Garrison came in their houses the atmosphere of the houses completely changed and was filled with love. They felt as if some important personality had come and that they were very close to God.

When he was called for meetings at any distance, he always attended them without paying any attention to difficulties at home. Once when Mrs. Garrison was very sick he was called for meetings at a very long distance. He only prayed for her and left her like that and went away for the Lord’s work. Mrs. Garrison too very gladly allowed him to go for this service. In this way they both showed love for India.

Once there was a man who was in sin. Rev. Garrison told him to leave his sin but he refused and cursed and tried to beat Mr. Garrison. But Mr. Garrison only prayed for him and afterwards the man acknowledged his sin. This shows how much love he had for Christian brothers.

Teach me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame;
I would survey life’s narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

—Isaac Watts
Devoted to God
— R. H. Smith —

Allelujah Ireneaus Garrison was the name that his fond parents gave their first-born son in 1885, but to a multitude of friends he was always known as Brother Alle. His parents reached India in January 1893 under the Alliance Mission so newly started. After his father's death in Igatpuri in 1897 the mother took her two sons and three daughters home to America. God's hand was early upon Alle, but he dated his new birth from the time he was 15 years old. He returned to India again in 1909, so gave nearly 45 years of service to this land. He had early felt the call to the closed land of Nepal, but continued faithful in his service in the Marathi area until he was ready for "retiral". Then he and Mrs. Garrison went to Gorakhpur in North India, where they started the Nepali Bible School to train Indian and Nepali workers for service in that country. He would have thankfully laid down his life in Nepal, but the Lord, in His providence concerning life and death which is hidden from man, called him home from Calcutta on March 10th, 1954 while enroute to a missionary conference in Assam.

Devotion to God was, it seems to me, the greatest characteristic of Brother Alle's life. I have known no one who lived more wholly for the Lord than did he. Many other characteristics sprang from this devotion, such as his faithfulness in witnessing to others, even in the face of difficulties. Travelling on a train one day with a British doctor who was not friendly, he felt constrained to testify to him and warn him of his need of salvation. The witness was not acceptable to the man, but a few days later he was dead from blood poisoning contracted during an operation. When Bro. Alle was suffering intensely from gall stones from which the Lord miraculously delivered him when near death's door, he felt constrained to go with another missionary to a large town in his district. The Lord's servants were forbidden to hold meetings in the town, and school boys and others showered stones and abuse at them, but the workers faithfully did what they could. A gospel was given out at that time which remained unnoticed in a student's trunk for months until the Lord brought it to his remembrance. The reading of this was the initial step that led to his conversion. Today he is a capable worker for the Lord.

Devotion to God led brother Alle to be honest and sincere in his preaching, giving the bitter as well as the sweet of the gospel message. Many will rise up to call him blessed in that day because of his faithful warnings and exhortations which
led them to repentance. He was an intense Bible student and was able to expound the Word in English, Marathi, Hindi, and more recently, in Nepali. He had faith in the Bible, not only as God’s inerrant revelation of Himself, but also as the light for daily living in every department of life.

While Brother Alle was a true mystic in his devotion to God, he was truly practical in the outworking of that love toward men. His heart was overflowing with love for others, a true spiritual love that sought the highest good of others in spiritual things, but did not neglect the cup of cold water as well. Withal he had a practical bent of mind as his interest in photography and electronics proved, and he constantly drew spiritual lessons from scientific facts to enrich his messages.

Words seem futile in trying to express all that Alle Garrison was as a spiritual force, and he himself would be the last to want any eulogy from man. Being devoted to God, his greatest concern was to be well-pleasing unto Him.

Nearest of all is He - -
Dearest of all to me;
Mine in life’s lowly ways,
Mine in life’s common days:

True, in the time of care,
Fairest, when all is fair;
Strength of my helplessness,
Always at hand to bless:

Secret of joy untold,
Changeless, as years unfold;
Nearest of all is He, - -
Dearest of all to me!
Editorials

Eternal Gain

Brother A. I Garrison was for me the personal embodiment of the scriptural declaration: “For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.” — (Phil. 1:21) I came to know him only in his advanced years when he was mature in grace and knowledge—in the crowning days of a fruitful ministry and a triumphant life, the whole tenor of which loudly proclaimed: “To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.” I am glad that God gave me the privilege of sitting under his ministry and the challenge of working with him for a short period of time.

In our brother we had a man whose conception of life could be summed up in the one word—Christ. He KNEW his life was derived from Christ. He KNEW when that life was initially imparted in saving power, and he KNEW the reality of daily impartations that sustained him thru a long ministry in a land that saps both physical and spiritual energy. He recognized Christ as the giver of both physical and spiritual life and often waited upon the Lord as definitely for the former as for the latter.

The purpose of his life was to preach Christ, but he was further convinced that his own life should reproduce Christ to his fellow men. It was this that gave power to his ministry. At times he spoke ecstatically of exalted spiritual experiences. At such times his Indian brethren never felt he was speaking down at them for they knew he lived in the heavenlies. When they had a deep spiritual need they knew where they could go for help.

It was this Christ-centeredness that impressed you as you lived and worked with Brother Garrison. He lived not for his own sake nor for the fulfillment of his own desires. But neither did he live for the sake of his dearly-beloved Indians. He did not spoil them with kindness nor spare them in fear, as so many younger missionaries do in their zeal to serve. He was their servant “for Jesus’ sake.” The glory of Christ was his motivation as oneness with Christ was his goal. He could thus rebuke sin with the zeal of a prophet while at the same time displaying the love of the Aged Evangelist.

When life and Christ are synonymous, death becomes but a gate way to wider horizons and a fuller life. For such a one
to die is true gain. It may be loss to relatives and friends. It certainly is a grievous loss to the visible church; but personally it is eternal gain. It means to be with Christ which is far better than any companionship or honors this world has to offer. Such is the gain of our brother who has before us gone the way of all the earth.

INDIANIZATION

The Central Government of India is taking every possible step to accelerate the pace of Indianization in both the technical and managerial key posts of foreign firms operating in India. To date the government has refrained from using the force of legislation to accelerate the pace of Indianization but has resorted to exceedingly strong persuasive measures.

The 1,060 foreign-controlled concerns operating in India have responded by increasing Indian personnel in all salary brackets. Indians in the Rs. 300 to 499 salary group increased from 96% in 1947 to 99% in 1952. In the Rs. 500-999 salary group from 58% to 85%. In the highest salary group—over Rs. 1000—per month-Indian incumbents increased from 7.5% to 24.3%. This trend is continuing. These figures disprove the commonly created impression that Indianization has slackened since the advent of freedom. The oft quoted figures that there were 7,162 non-Indian employees in the high salaried group in 1947 and 7,653 in 1952, would seem to indicate an increase in industrialization rather than a slackening of Indianization.

The same pressure that is being brought upon foreign industrial firms operating in India is being brought to bear upon Christian Missions in India. Most missionaries applying for Indian visas are asked to show reason why Indian personnel cannot be trained to do their work. The Field Conference of The Christian and Missionary Alliance in India has created a special committee to consider this question and its practical outworkings in our Church and Mission. They have presented recommendations to The Foreign Board. Definite action is expected at our Annual Conference in November, 1954, to bring our mission and church organizations in line with government demands and present day trends in India. For this we will need wisdom from on high in order that we may be united in our purpose and efforts to continue exalting Christ before India’s needy millions.

We have not yet come to the end of missionary activity in India. We have definitely entered a new phase of endeavour which has little or no place for many of the old methods and
attitudes established thru decades of use. We are desperately in need of a new type of pioneer: — one who is the very antithesis of the rugged individualist; —one whose consecration enables him to work under Indian Church leaders who will generally be his inferiors in education and experience;—one who is willing to be all things to all men that he might win some for Christ.

That which is true on the individual level is even more pertinent on the institutional and organizational level. Our schools and churches must not only be staffed with Indian Christians, but must also be administrated by them. Our organization must be Indianized and naturalized until it gives offence to none, save the inevitable reproach of the cross which accrues to those who in a world in rebellion to God's sovereign will daily take up the cross in following Christ. May God give us more Indian men of ability, vision, and Christ-like spirit.

THE CHURCH WILL REMAIN

The Indian Constitution is quite fair in the rights it maintains for all minority groups. The position thus provided for the Christian Church in India leaves little to be desired. The implementation of these constitutional rights in a distinctly Hindu land is altogether another thing, leaving much to be desired. To date the main attack against the cause of Christ has been leveled at the foreign missionary and his foreign ways.

The Prime Minister, Mr. Nehru, has consistently insisted that India is a secular state. In a statement to the press on Augut 11, 1954, he said: "What exactly does (secular) mean: It does not obviously mean a state where religion, as such, is discouraged. It means freedom of religion and conscience, including freedom for those who may have no religion. It means free play for all religions, subject only to their not interfering with each other or with the basic conceptions of our State. It means that the minority communities, from the religious point of view, should accept this position. It means even more that the majority community, from this point of view, should fully realise it. For, by virtue of numbers as well as in other ways, it is the dominant community and it is its responsibility not to use its position in any way which might prejudice our secular ideal."

After praising the "very good work" done "in many parts of India" by 'foreign Christian missionaries", and reminding his audience that Hindu and Muslim missionary activities are likewise being carried on in certain areas, Mr. Nehru con-
continued: “There is also a tendency in some parts of India for an aggressive attitude to be adopted towards Christian missionaries. I think that this kind of thing should be sternly discouraged. It is no part of our nationalism and it gives reign to a narrow and bigoted approach to a problem which should be dealt with calmly on a national level.

“The result of this aggressive attitude is to create a feeling of apprehension in the minds of Indian Christians who form a very considerable and important element in the national community. Anything that creates such an apprehension in the minds of any group in India is to be deprecated. It tends to disturb and it is opposed to our secular ideal. We must always remember that minority religious communities in India, such as the Muslims, the Christians, the Sikhs, the Parsis, the Buddhists, the Jains, the Jews, etc., are as much a part of India as anyone else. Not to consider them as such immediately leads us away from both our secular and democratic ideals and weakens the unity of India.

“I want all Congressmen to bear this clearly in mind. We must not allow ourselves even unconsciously to adopt attitudes which are wrong and opposed to what we stand for. It may be that, by adopting a strong attitude in these matters, we displeasure some people—or we lose an election. It is better to do so than to loose our faith in our case and in our ideals.”

Here again there is wide divergence between friendly official pronouncements (for which we thank God) and the summary treatment that some missionaries have received.

Whatever changed conditions the New India may impose upon the work of God in that sinbound sub-continent with its millions who await The Light of Life, we rejoice in the fact that there is a blood-washed throng, most of whom could not give a formal discourse on Christianity in accordance with accepted western homiletical procedures, but who can and do bear their own humble witness—“One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see.”

Today in India, this vine of His planting is our cause for hope. Let us value it. Let us not despise its small beginnings. Let us nourish and fertilize it with our gifts. Let us water it with our tears of intercession. In a world of turbulence and change this divine-product is planted in India soil. It has divine life. It will grow, and it will bear fruit to His glory.

**TIME TO REMOVE THE SCAFFOLD**

“For we are labourers together with God: ye are God’s
husbandry, ye are God's building. According to the grace of
God which is given unto me, as a wise masterbuilder, I have
laid the foundation, and another buildeth thereon. But let
every man take heed how he buildeth thereupon. For, other
foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus
Christ.” (I Cor. 3:9-11) “Jesus Christ himself being the chief
cornerstone. In whom all the building fitly framed together
growth unto an holy temple in the Lord; In whom ye also are
builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit.”
(Ephesians 2:20b-22)

The scripture quoted speaks of a building task which is ours
here in India — that of building the church of Jesus Christ.
The parallels drawn for us in the Word are quite clear. Yet
our work is so very important that I think we as builders
would do well to check it with the blueprints, and then re-check
it again! And perhaps a reminder to consult often with the
Master builder over our plans and problems would not be
amiss. This may be particularly true in view of the fact that
the building here in India has come to a crucial stage of its
development. It appears we are now at the juncture where
some of the scaffolding, braces and props need to be removed.
This is not destruction, but an important part of the building
process. It will be the true test of the Church in India and our
work throughout past years.

— R. Perret

A CALL TO PRAYER

The present policy of several state governments restricts
missionary work very much. While the Government of India
is much more appreciative and much less antagonistic, there
are those there who side with the state governments. But we
still have the resource of prayer. There is not much comfort
in the thought that despite prayer, China was closed to the
gospel. So we should plan our work with that thought in mind
also. Suggestions will be brought to the Annual Missionary
Conference in November, 1954, regarding our turning over
much more responsibility to the Indian Church. We need now,
above all times, to think and pray thru these problems. The
time for exclusiveness has gone and we must as far as possible
be one with the people we serve. Whatever happens the final
victory of the Lord is sure.

“And he who sees the future sure,
The baffling present can endure.”

May the Lord give us clear heads and loving hearts as we plan
for the future. — R. H. Smith
The Challenge of Travancore

— Gladys Jasper —

Along the southwestern coast of India, from Ernakulum-Cochin in the north to Cape Comorin in the south, stretches the state of Travancore-Cochin. This area, about 175 miles long by about 75 miles wide, can truly be described as a tropical paradise. This is the land of verdant vegetation, palm trees, paddy fields and sandy beaches — the land of romantic rivers and canals in the north; hilly country in the central section; and flat, level stretches in the south. All the pictures one sees of moonlight shining through palm trees on silvery water could well have been taken in Travancore.

When travelling through this state, one is convinced that he is in a prosperous country with a cultured people. The houses are large and well built, most of them standing in separate compounds of their own. There are big industrial plants to be seen, and there is hydro-electric power to run the industries of the state. The small towns hum with activity, and the capital city of Trivandrum has all modern conveniences. Large schools, colleges and hospitals can be seen all through the area. The fertile fields produce rice, tapioca, pepper, cardamom, pineapples and coffee; while the many trees yield abundant crops of bananas, papaya, jackfruit, mangoes and coconuts. Transport is comfortable over good roads, or in some areas one may choose to travel by river launch or small boat through the intricate network of waterways. In comparison to other Indian states, Travancore is a wealthy country.

Travancore is entirely different from the rest of India in its prosperity, but even more striking is its difference in regard to religion. There Christianity has taken root as an indigenous church. One can see churches and crosses everywhere, and Christian ministers in their white cassocks are a common sight. The Christian women have a distinctive dress of their own in the way they wear their sarees, so it is easy to note the high percentage of Christian women in any group. Considerably over one-third of the population are Christians, and the Christians are people of position and influence.

Three other things impress a Christian visiting in this area for the first time. The Christian families are accustomed to observing family worship morning and evening and it is a thrill to see the family gathered around the Bible, singing and praying together. Should one ask a minister about his church membership, he would not report individuals but would count his flock by the number of families he serves. Some families
set aside some of their coconut trees for the Lord. All the yield from these trees is taken to the church for the support of the work. This emphasis upon family life in worship and in offerings is a contribution which is worthy of emulation by people of any country.

Tradition tells us that St. Thomas brought Christianity to Travancore in 52 A.D., and the Mar Thoma Church, with a membership of 200,000 is said to have been founded by him. Regardless of the past, today the Lord is blessing and working in that Church — especially among the young people. The first Protestant missionaries to Nepal — graduates of Union Biblical Seminary, Yeotmal — are members of that Church and are working under their Evangelistic Association. Last winter these missionaries took a few months' leave to return to Travancore. They spent their whole time visiting their churches and presenting the needs of the land where they serve. During the weeks of their deputational work they met 1,000 young people who said they would be willing to follow the Lord and to serve Him in any place He would indicate if He should call them. Of that number 500 gave their names and addresses, indicating that God had called them and they were willing now to enter training to prepare for His service. Later, in the month of May, 1954, one minister held five youth camps for teen-agers. During that time he saw 100 impressionable young people indicate a desire to follow their Lord even to the ends of the earth.

Consider the possibilities for the evangelization of India if these young people do completely surrender to the Lord and become aflame with a passion for souls! The foreigners may not always be in India, but these people are citizens of the country, and they can best give the message of life to their own people. This Church presents a challenge to all, and in it may lie the future hope of the Church of Christ in this land.

ARISE! SHINE!

I turned over rigidly on the thin pad separating my stiff body from the stony ground floor of our small tent. It was still dark outside, yet from the tent door a cluster of white objects could be seen moving up the mountainside, for the shepherds were already at work. Apart from these indistinguishable sheep and the dying glow of the neglected camp fires, nothing was visible but the dim shaft of rock that pointed like a silent finger into the star-set ebon sky, as if directing men's thoughts to God.

In the chill of the hour before dawn, I quickly dressed, per-
formed perfunctory ablutions, and began the slow process of heating water at 10,000 ft. altitude. While waiting I found for myself a ringside seat at one of the most wonderful spectacles I have ever been privileged to witness—sunrise in the high Himalayan mountains of India.

Thick darkness, alleviated only by the silvery glow of starlight covered the whole earth. Great clouds sat heavily over the narrow valley like a brooding hen reluctant to leave her nest. Mist rose in a twisting white serpent from the rushing ribbon of glacial waters that bathed the feet of the towering mountains. All was silent, serene, majestic—a daguerreotype of silvery blackness.

Then without my scarcely perceiving it there was a faint flush of pink on the side of one snowy summit. Then another, and another, and still another became illuminated. Dim, rose-tinted night-lamps seemed to be hung in the darksome sky.

Before my eyes the pink changed to gold, and the gold became deeper and deeper, and brighter and brighter, until each mountain peak was wearing a scintillating tiara of jewel-studded gold. Presently a halo surrounded the crowned head of each granite monarch, and I was at a loss to decide which dignitary excelled the other in glory.

Then suddenly, as if bursting from fetters, the great round ball of the sun fairly leaped above the shoulder of the opposite summit and flooded our elevated world with light. Trees, rocks, rivers, and camp sites that had been bound in the cloak of darkness, assumed definite and palpable form. The unknown and unobserved took shape before my wondering eyes. The whole world was changed as by a miracle. That which I could never have visualized nor even imagined thru my unaided senses was instantly and unequivocally revealed by the sun.

The thought came to my emotion-wrought soul: It was light that produced this miracle—light that came from God. The glory of the world and all that is therein is but a reflection of that light.

And then I remembered that Jesus had said of Himself: "I Am the Light of the World: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." All that the sun is to the world of nature, Christ is and more to the world of sinful men. He reveals. He heals. He delivers us from ignorance, darkness, and sin.

In the spring like morn of this new Himalayan day I mused on the innumerable components of this truth displayed on the
three dimensional screen of God's own handiwork. It was blessed. It was exhilarating. It was creative.

How long I mused I do not know. I was glad for my isolation. I was happy to be alone with my undisturbed thoughts. I didn't want the spell to be broken.

Not from without, but from within came the disturbing thought that ended my reverie. From the pages of the Old Testament to the surface of my consciousness welled up words of command as if spoken by a thundering divine voice: "Arise, shine: for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."

It was disquieting. It was brutal. It was madening. I wanted to build a tabernacle of contemplation on this holy spot. I wanted to record and preserve my emotions, my thoughts, my experience. By prolonged meditation I thought to impress upon my memory the holy hush of that hour, and jealously guard the nectar distilled with the dew of that chilly morn.

But these were the words of God! They could not be ignored. They had a claim to my attention. They had a patent on my obedience. As I thought about them the words were born up on the wings of song so that over and over again they raced thru my mind:

"Rise, shine, give God the glory, glory;
Rise, shine, give God the glory, glory;
Rise, shine, give God the glory, glory;
Soldiers of the Cross.

Without scarcely realizing it, I had set actions to these words and stood to my feet there on the edge of the sheer promontory overlooking Shishnag Lake, fairly shouting the words of the compelling chorus inspired by Isa. 60:1

Turning, I began to traverse the few hundred steps that separated me from the tent. The water had boiled, and my faithful wife had prepared the eggs. The pony boys were bringing in the horses for the day's trip, and just a short distance behind our tent saffronrobed sadhus were tieing up their meager belongings for the day's pilgrimage.

I was still stridently singing, "Rise, shine, give God the glory," to the rhythm of my steps as I approached the tent. Somehow its nearness and the length of the song did not coincide. The momentum and message of that chorus carried me beyond the tent. It carried me beyond the eggs steaming there in readiness. It carried me all the way over to those
saffron-robed disciples of Hinduism. In words that surprised even me I spoke to them of the beauties of this wonderful place and of the emotions the sunrise had just inspired. This was a language they understood. In their turn they told me they had already worshipped these elements and that they hoped that day to press on to Amarnath Cave to worship Shiva in the very holy of holies where the sight of the god in his dove-like incarnation would assure them of felicity in heaven.

Taking a Gospel of John from my pocket I read the fourth chapter. They listened intently, for the words and the thoughts were very strange to them. They had heard of Jesus Christ, but never from the lips of a Christian. They had only heard the testimony of His enemies. After a few superficial queries one of the sadhus turned away to fold the saffron robe upon which he had slept, but the other remained to clear his own thinking by intelligent and pertinent questions. When my brain fagged under the exhaustive interrogation, Mrs. Haagen came to my aid and took up the testimony for Him who dwells in no one holy place, but must be worshipped in spirit and in truth.
Long we gave God the glory. Eventually the ascending sun shone with such warmth that comfort demanded removing the outer layer of clothing which had insulated us against the chill of the wee hours. This reminder of the flight of time brought our witness to a close. Promising he would thoughtfully read the entirety of the book we were perusing together, my new-found friend folded it into the scantiness of the extra robe he was carrying. Then expressing the desire to fellowship with us again after his pilgrimage was completed, an admirable seeker in a faded saffron habit moved thoughtfully up the long treacherous foot-path that led to the stark, dead bleakness of a Hindu shrine on the roof of the world.

I have never met that saffron-robed figure again. To this day I have had no information about him. From time to time God reminds me of the earnestness of that seeking sadhu and I pray that the Son of Righteousness may shine into his heart just as fully and gloriously as the Indian sun burst upon us that never-to-be-forgotten morning at Shishnag.

All this took place some three and one half years ago, but the incident is as fresh in my mind as though it happened but yesterday. If the experience had terminated with the sunrise I am sure it would long since have been forgotten. That exhilarating experience is still remembered today because I arose from my contemplations and permitted the light and inspiration of the moment to shine forth thru me to a brother in dire need of the illumination and healing of the Son of Righteousness.

Scripture says: “Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.” (Isa. 60:1)

“God does not come into the preacher’s work as a matter of course or on general principles, but He comes by prayer and special urgency. That God will be found of us in the day that we seek Him with the whole heart is as true of the preacher as of the penitent.”

“Preacher and Prayer” p. 39

“Prayer is not overcoming God’s reluctance, it is taking hold of God’s willingness.”

—Phillips Brooks

“Luther spent his best three hours in prayer.”

—Robert Murray McCheyne
Let Us Walk in the Light

(Isa. 2:5)

— Hilda J. Davies —

“Come . . . , let us walk in the light of the Lord”. (Isa. 2:5)

The exuberance in the compound, the last minute scurrying and the gaily decorated study hall which serves as a chapel all proclaimed that this was truly a great occasion.

Seven young women in various states of excitement and joy were seated on the floor in the front row of the chapel. Dressed in their clean, if somewhat faded, torn and patched saris, their faces shone with delight and expectancy. This was promotion day.

Three months ago they had come from various villages, poorly clad, illkempt and bewildered at the thought of coming to school. Most of them had been baptized and had a slight acquaintance with the Lord Jesus. But the realm of The Three R’s was quite unknown and presented to them a puzzling and frightening prospect. As their patient and efficient teacher introduced them to the course especially designed for adult illiterates, their first response was, “It doesn’t come to me.” (I can’t do it). Every teacher in the school knew the meaning of that sentence. So they tried again. They showed the students that the sounds represented by pictures in their books were old friends; thus the meaning of the words and sentences began to “come.” They who had been taught all their lives that they were stupid and couldn’t learn found that they could! To be sure it was only the simple lessons in the book prepared according to Dr. Frank Laubach’s method for teaching adults. But it wasn’t long until they were slowly, but with understanding, reading the Gospel of Mark in large print. They found that the same words in other books meant the same things and they began reading lessons for other classes. The stories of the Lord Jesus took on new meaning as they read them for themselves.

After three months of hard work, their teacher felt they were really “Reading People” the name given to their classes in School. Now they were to be promoted from the illiterate class. From today each girl had the right to the word “Reader” in front of her name. The thrill of it, the joy of it, sent shivers through them all.

There was a little fright mixed with the joy. For the first time they would be asked to stand before the entire School
and to read a portion of God’s Word. Which one would it be? No girl would know until her name was called. The girls in the second row had told them how they had done it last year and that gave them courage. Their big sisters in the other rows who studied in different classes knew how hard the “Readers” had worked, for they had helped to teach them. All the teachers were there encouraging them with smiles. Helping to make the occasion very special was the presence of Mr. Virsen Hivarale who had helped write their first book. Many in the audience had known how to read for a long time but none of them could savor the delight of those who had sat in gross darkness and were now sitting in the blazing light of being able to read and understand God’s very Word. As the opening hymn was sung, each girl determined to do her very best to prove to these people that she was truly a “Reader.”

Shy Dwarka stumbled a bit as she began to read her portion of the Word; but there was no stumbling in her testimony as she said, “I’m glad God brought me here. Even after I was saved I went far from God but here learning to read God’s Word He opened my eyes and I have come back to Him. Even tho I have no father or mother yet God will look after me.”
Esther, sweet in spite of the sorrow which brought her to us, said, "When I came here I prayed, 'Let me know Thy Word and Thee that I might give the Word to all the world.'"

Laxmi, whose name means wealth, told of the new wealth she had found: "I didn't know the Living God, but I've learned to know Him in this holy place."

Subhakti shook from head to foot as she started to tell us. Helping to make the occasion very special was the presence of what it meant to her to be with us. In the midst of her testimony she broke into uncontrollable sobs. Instead of sitting down she stood bravely until she could conquer these sobs of joy. With tears streaming down her face she said "I didn't have faith I'd ever come here, but I came. And now His light is shining in my heart and Oh, I'm so happy." She had been sent to a relative in Khamgaon to escape a cruel husband. It was God's own miracle that she had come to us.

Bina who knew how to read a little when she came told us her heart's desire. "I didn't understand what I read in His Word, but God has taught me here the meaning of what I read. I want to go deep, deep into the Lord."

As each girl finished her testimony, she was handed, as a token of her new status, a Marathi Bible in the best binding available. Her name with her new title "Reader" had been written in it, as well as the date. Oh, the joy and pleasure on their faces, the delight that such a treasure could really be their own, as they folded the bright blue Bibles close to their hearts! Before she sat down, each girl thanked those in America who have made it possible for her to have such a wonderful "diploma."

With tears in his eyes and a shake in his voice Mr. Hivarale got up to give his simple but powerful message on Jonathan and his armor bearer climbing to victory on their hands and knees. God's presence was very real that morning as he congratulated the girls on what they had done, and challenged them to go on to other victories on their knees using their hands to work for Him.

These girls will go back to their villages to be a strengthening power in the Indian Village Church. It is they who will say to their families, "Come, let us walk in the light of the Lord." Because they have learned to read they will be able to replenish their lamps from the Light of His Word. From Him they can buy the oil of gladness which will spread not only through their own house but through their whole neighborhood.
THANK YOU, LORD.
The following are a few of the notes of praise that have come in from various parts of the field:

BAPTISM
Those of you who have been praying for Bhulibai will be glad to hear the evangelist in Shegaon assures us she and her husband are standing true. We trust their baptism will be followed by that of others who are counting the cost of publicly following Christ in baptism. Since persecution will now be their lot, please continue to pray for them.

NEW OUTSTATION OPENED
We praise God for making it possible for us to open an outstation in Jalamb, a strategic town of 3,000 people. Vikram Ingle, who was stationed there, inaugurated the work of starting an adult literacy class of 26 participants. By this means he became acquainted with low caste people. Eleven adult students have since finished the course. Two men are showing interest in the Gospel. We hope also from this new outstation to reach the town of Mathergaon with its 5,000 inhabitants.
— J. E. Derr

INCREASED ATTENDANCE
The Sunday School of The Simpson Memorial Church in Ahmedabad has shown a remarkable growth in the past five years. Attendance has increased from 65 to over 250. This Sunday School gives a powerful testimony throughout the Jamalpur section of Ahmedabad City.
— Mrs. E. Jacober

HIGH CASTE INQUIRERS
There have been many inquirers. We have experienced what we believe is a more or less general phenomenon these days—evidences of interest on the part of high caste and educated people.
— Fred Schelander

INCREASED GIVING
Tithing has been on the increase among Jalgaon Christians.
— Mrs. D. Capps

REQUESTS for BAPTISM
In Talegaon there were fifty or more people packed into a wee Christian home for the Christian Home Festival service.
Perspiration flowed freely, but with joy, for at the close of the message one young man and one young woman sought the Lord in prayer. Both these converts are anxious to follow their new-found Lord in baptism. The wife of the young man was absent at the time of the meeting but is quite ready to join her husband in confessing Christ openly. The father of the young lady also wants to become a Christian.—Marthena Ransom

SUPPLY OF MATERIAL NEEDS

Though the year has been one of drought in East Kandesh, the Lord has generously supplied our material needs. No student has ever lacked his Danielian diet of pulse and water plus jawari bread. Occasionally to add a bit of zest to the menu a mess of venison pottage has also been supplied, as another little blessing which maketh rich and addeth no sorrow.

— Lauren Carner

THE BLESSING OF SHOWERS

We have great cause for thanksgiving for the showers of blessing that have fallen in most parts of the field throughout the year. We rejoice that the monsoon rains have been good throughout most of India.

— R. H. Smith

SPIRITUAL GROWTH

We have heard that our rural pastors are very eager to get children from their parishes to attend The Khamgaon Boarding School. When asked, “Why?”, the reply was given: “Because they leave children of the alley and come back beautiful flowers.” What better channel to broadcast the fragrance of the Lord in places of great need.

— Bernice Steed

VOLUNTEER HELP

One little Hindu girl who attends the Sunday School goes home each Sunday and holds her own service. She gathers the children of her neighborhood together and teaches them the songs, stories and scriptures she has just learned.

— Ruth Schlatter

STRANGERS RECIPIENTS OF MERCY

The recent conversion of two fine young men from South India brings forth a special note of praise. They had travelled far from home, but Christ found them in the heart of the great city of Ahmedabad.
“About this tithing,” said a new wage earner, “would it be all right if I helped someone personally as well as give money into the church?” Receiving an affirmative reply, she said, “Well, here is five rupees—I’d like to help someone, but I don’t want her to know.” This was a direct answer to prayer for one of the senior girls was praying for a much needed sari. I confess I couldn’t see where that sari was to come unless a missionary fulfilled the request. I asked Shantibai if she were willing for her tithe to be used for that purpose for she didn’t know the girl had been praying about the matter. “Yes,” she said, but repeated, “I don’t want her to know I helped her. I just want to help someone as I have been helped.”

—Hilda Davies

THE THIRD BAPTISMAL SERVICE

While dealing with candidates before our second baptismal service the question of Christian marriages for her children was put to one of the women. She had seen a Christian marriage during the sabha and evidently liked the ceremony, pomp and display of a Hindu wedding better than the simplicity of the Christian ceremony. She said very decidedly that she wanted Hindu weddings for her children. We refused to baptise her. That night during a testimony meeting she was sitting near Mrs. Hartman and suddenly turning to her, said: “The Lord has worked in my heart and I am ready to give up the idea of Hindu marriages.” As a result she was baptised in the third baptismal service.

— Earl Hartman

PIONEERING

With the jeep we were able to reach up into villages in the Satpura foot hills among the hill tribes of Kurkus, Gondhs, and Bhils. In many of these villages we were told that no person in them could remember ever having heard the Gospel message. There are almost no Christians in this hill area. One evangelist has felt the call of God to go and live in these jungle villages where plains people are usually loathe to reside because of fear of wild animals.

— Bert Eicher

CONCERN FOR BABES IN CHRIST

Chavan a high caste lad of 18 years first came to us a year ago and has steadily grown in the Lord until today he is a truly born again child of God. He attends all Church Services and Prayer meetings, and boldly testifies that he is a Christian and refused to worship idols in his home or to take part
in any Hindu rites. He is having much opposition from his family but is strong in the Lord. He longs to be baptized but must wait until he is of age. A group of Nargaon Bible School boys heard of this young man and took him on their hearts and are praying for him. Some one of this group whose name is not known to us sent Rs. 10— to help him in his need. This loving thoughtfulness has greatly encouraged Chavan in his faith. Besides Chavan several others are earnest inquirers but need courage and strength to step out for the Lord.

Donald Capps

LEARNING THE WORD OF GOD

The Sunday School continues to be burdensome but rewarding task. Again a Dholka scholar (Madhu Premchand) won the medal for the best paper in the Intermediate Department of the All Gujarati Sunday School Union Examination. Nine other scholars won New Testaments and many others took lesser prizes. Our Sunday School now averages over 200 in attendance.

— Mrs. P. C. Haagen

THE GOSPEL BY FILM AND TAPE

Some months ago I was able to tell my diary: “For the first time since my arrival in India, the top of my desk is cleared.” A still later entry rejoices over the completed renovation of our water system made possible by a special gift from Dr. Brown. Monthly entries record our most recently added ministry—illustrated lectures and school and Biblical subjects. Because of the popularity of these presentations we have been forced by building restrictions to limit our audience to 500 invited students and guests. These lectures have brought requests from dozens of schools and villages for similar presentations. We hope to find time in the future to accept these invitations.

— P. C. Haagen

SPONTANEOUS WITNESSING

The young men of the two Alliance churches in Ahmedabad have been carrying out an evangelistic program on their own. Once every month groups go to nearby towns and villages, armed with gospel tracts, for the purpose of preaching, testifying, and selling literature. They have come back with glowing reports. Each time they have completely sold all their literature. They are learning in this way the joyous results of propagating the gospel and of truly becoming indigenous.

—Ed. Jacober
NOMADS HEAR THE GOSPEL

Several nights at Katepurna Camp a delagation from a nearby shepherds' camp attended the service. These nomads had never heard of the Saviour before. They showed an intense interest in the message and the Gospel pictures. There are thousands of such nomads who are yet without any Gospel witness.

— Mrs. E. F. Eicher

CAMP MEETING CLIMAX

There was a very impressive baptismal service at the river near the Katepurna camp. Thirty seven people from different missions witnessed thru baptism that they belonged to Jesus.

— Mrs. E. F. Eicher

PROVIDENTIAL GUIDANCE

One day recently one of our workers sent in a message from his outstation that his little boy was seriously ill with cholera. We could not go to this home at this time, but we had access to God by prayer. We prayed for the family and the little one. I also called on a local doctor for assistance and advice. He said the day was a holiday and consequently he had no patients. He went and found the lad in a very serious condition, but it was not cholera that he had. It was poisoning caused by eating castor beans. He gave the antidote for the poison, and in a few hours the child was out of danger. The doctor said that in another hour or two the little one would have been beyond human help. We thank God for sparing this child's life. The doctor, a Hindu by religion, recognizes the power of prayer and many times has acknowledged the intervention of God in giving physical deliverance. He charged for only his petrol and medicines and would accept nothing for his services.

— E. F. Eicher

INDIAN LEADERSHIP

Our hearts are encouraged by the splendid leadership we have in our Akola Church. The giving of the church has increased steadily through the year. Last summer instead of having just the usual Week of Witness by the people of the church, God enlarged their vision, and the members of the church had a month of special evangelizing effort, witnessing to non-Christians and distribution of tracts and Gospels. The church members were greatly blessed in this effort.

— E. F. Eicher
ADULT LITERACY CLASSES OPEN A CLOSED DOOR

To supply the girls with another tool Laubach Adult Literacy Teacher Training classes have been held each year. During the hot season one girl visited an uncle in a town where the people had refused to listen to the evangelist. She held a few meetings for the women and then started an Adult Literacy class with a large group of women. That village is now open to the gospel. The evangelist now reports that two people are asking for baptism.

— Hilda Davies

A FRUITFUL READING ROOM

Work in our Reading room continues. Every day from 20 to 40 people come to read and hear the Gospel through the faithful witness of our brother there. Recently three young Brahmin men have been coming almost daily. They have been shown the way . . . and pointed to Christ. They desire to become Christians. We would request prayer on their behalf.

— Roland Perret

A LITTLE CHILD LEADS

One of the school girls visited her own small village. The people wept as they heard her testimony. Some of the women find it hard to believe that this God of LOVE is for THEM. They have never heard such a sweet message before. Rachel is a living testimony among them. They know that she did not become a Christian for any ulterior motive for she wears the same sari as she did the day she went to school.

— Janet Woehrer

PREACHING BY POST

The present enrollment in the Jivan Prakash Correspondence Course in Gujarati is 3436, and thus far 861 have graduated. We are most grateful to Brother Hillis, who, under the good hand of the Lord, made possible the course in Gujarati, and who has provided for its maintenance. These portions of Scripture enter where no messenger could do so. Here is a sample of the kind of letters we receive from grateful students: “Jai Hind, from your disciple, Shaktisingh K. Rana. I have had great joy in doing the complete course about Christ. My knowledge has increased. I have read the book you sent three times. (John's Gospel). I also have gotten my friends interested in the lessons and in the Christian religion. I think my course is finished now and if you have another to study please send it to me.” We thank God that the course on Acts is now ready for all such seekers.

— J. S. Ringenberg
SICKNESS — HEALING — BIBLE STUDY

One of our camps while touring was at Apathapa and Apothi. We had a special invitation here from a man who some months previous to our visit had been very ill and was expected to die. One of our Christian workers had visited him and had prayed for him that God would give him healing in his soul as well as in his body. God gave this man his life and wonderfully healed him. It was our joy to see him grow in the Lord as we taught him and members of his family the Word of God. He is now at the Bible School learning more of God’s Word so that he can return to his village as a lay leader to minister to a group there who have stepped out for Christ. At another village near this place there are about ten families who have manifest an interest in becoming Christians. — E. Eicher and H. Dyke

ADEQUATE TRAINING

The enrolment of Bible School students is the highest it has ever been. We are thankful that more young people are studying the Word of God. We must put all the effort we can into the training of suitable young people. Four students are now taking higher studies in the Union Biblical Seminary in Yectmal. We are sure that our Bible School courses are efficient in preparing workers for our needs at their level; we also must consider the days ahead when a higher trained type of worker will be required, and give the Yectmal school all the sympathy and co-operation that we can. We are glad that our New York Board has given a grant for this institution. — R. H. Smith

PRAYER REQUESTS

Anjangaon District

Pray for Mahadeo and his wife who were among our most promising students in the Short Term Bible School. At present there are a good many inquirers. Among them is a Moslem hakim or herb doctor who with his wife professes faith in the Lord but who is not yet willing to openly confess Christ in baptism.

In another town the patel (head-man) and his wife show much interest. They have completely given up idol worship and pray only in the name of Jesus but stepping out in open baptism calls for spiritual boldness of a higher order.

Jalgaon District

A high caste young man though physically blind has come in from a village 7 miles away because he is hungry to know the
Lord. He claims to have seen visions and to have been directed by these to come to us and to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. He is a talented singer and has composed several beautiful songs about the Lord. He had obtained a gospel of John on one of our visits to his village and had it read to him by his uncle and friends. He said on his first visit, that all he had read was so sweet that he just had to come in to hear more. From the first day he heard the Gospel read to him he stopped worshipping idols. Pray for Ragunath.

Chandur District

In the town of Arvi there is bitter opposition. The Mahasabha, Arya Samaj and Communist folk have conspired together to remove all Christian witness from their town. In the month of June they had a public meeting in town, threatening to take Khatre Pastor’s life and saying they would lead his wife and children in procession through the town. Although this was unknown to me, immediately upon my return from the hills I called the whole Khatre Family to Chandur, and the workers, servants and I spent four days in prayer. This proved a great blessing to Khatre Pastor. The opposition nearly had him floored, but he met the Lord during those days, and the last time I met him he said, “If they want to kill me, it is all right now. I know God is going to work in Arvi.”

Malkapur District

It has been our observation that in most villages the interest seems keen for about an hour after which it rapidly gives place to antipathy. After a meeting has been successfully broken up by hoodlums, stones are thrown at the car as the party leaves in apparent defeat. At one meeting the missionary’s shoes, a bag of Gospels, and a small drum were stolen. At two o’clock in the morning, men walked six miles from that village, sent by the head man, with the shoes and drum. We pray that someone may read the stolen Gospels and receive light in his darkened soul. On another occasion, a stone, passing between the heads of the evangelists in the car, broke the windshield.

Palanpur District

A very special occasion was the baptismal service in lovely nearby Balaram of Albert and a young Rajput boy, Mukesh, who took the name of Andrew at that time. He had been working at the hotel where Albert lived and Albert had given him a New Testament. Reading it eagerly, Mukesh came to the pastor as a seeker, and in a short time confessed his sins and took
the Lord Jesus as his Saviour. After some teaching by the pastor, he seemed to us all to be ready for the baptism he requested. However, soon after this he slipped back into his old way of life because he couldn't give up his old friends. We are still praying for him because we believe a work was done in his heart. Albert says: "I have lost my brother." To see him on the street today you would hardly recognize him as the young man who stood beside Albert only a few months ago and with shining face said, "I believe on the Lord Jesus and now I have peace in my heart." Do pray for him that the Lord will lead him safely back into the fold. Albert is now in Bible School studying for the ministry.

Ahmedabad District

The mission bungalow plays a special part in the preaching of the gospel. Here inquirers come freely to hear and discuss Christianity. One particular man, Mr. Dave, an orthodox Hindu and monkey-god worshipper, comes for two hours each Saturday to discuss the Bible. He is seeking the light, he says, and we are praying that the light of the Gospel will shine into his heart. Many others also come for material help and as much as is possible are given both physical and spiritual help in the name of the Lord.

Murtazapur District

In Murtazapur, our biggest problem has not been that of open opposition but that of half-hearted Christians. The burden on our hearts is to bring them into a right relationship with Jesus Christ. We want to see them rooted and built up in Christ.

If we were allowed to pick a watchword for our Christians it would be Col. 2:6, 7. "As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in Him: Rooted and built up in Him, and stablished in the faith, as ye have been taught, abounding therein with thanksgiving."

Radhanpur District

We have two outposts of our work, on the eastern and western borders, named by Indian workers. Radhanpur has had an Indian evangelist permanently, and a student worker part of the year, to preach the gospel in this neglected area. We believe that the Lord wants us to go into such places, but the idea so commonly held at home, that people are anxiously awaiting the messenger of truth is a false one. Where the enemy has blinded men's eyes for ages, few want the truth, or
know it when they hear it. The Indian brother stationed there has been loath to go it alone. We wonder how much pioneering will be done in our work unless the missionary is there to lead. I feel we need to pray much more than we do for our Indian brethren. They are out in the villages, living very closely among the people, the real advance troops who must bear the attacks of the enemy. Some of them seem rather inferior material for the simple service they do. They need much upholding in prayer, for if fruit is to come in their localities, it will most naturally come thru their contacts with the people about them. If they maintain the spiritual glow, even their ordinary lives can count for God. Let us faithfully pray for them in their service for the King. — R. H. Smith

The Gospel belongs to all men.
It must be shared with all men.
Three fourths of mankind know not the Saviour.
We know the only Saviour from sin.
We must be a missionary people, anything less is a breach of Christ's trust. — P. C. H.
The Editor’s Mail Bag

Rev. P. C. Haagen

Dholka

Dear Reverend Haagen:

I am writing to thank you for the last issue of “The India Alliance.” It has been wonderful to read these articles that put us right into the heart of that mysterious country. We are a prayer group of “The Little Church of Sherman Oaks” — in Sherman Oaks, California. “Under the Mosquito Net” made us feel-almost—the task you have in that country. But when we turned the pages and read: “Witnessing in Jalgaon” our hearts leaped up and we felt the joy of the Donald Capps when the women and professors came from their Teacher Training Colleges to hear the Gospel—165. And to listen to their Prayer Song!

We have prayed for you and used some of this issue for our Sunday School and Young People’s Groups. We would appreciate something for the Primary Sunday School. “Missionary Sunday” (the second Sunday of the month) is a big day at our church and we put out large signs in all departments and have special speakers from our own church mostly—in that way the speakers themselves are learning about our wonderful missionaries.

We also used our own Miss Wing’s article in a young people’s group. She was with us a week. We hope to see her this furlough. The Shawes also have been with us and the G. L. Carneros. We are using the latter’s pictures (from the Alliance Weekly) to help on a large Missionary Map that we are using in the Junior Department.

Please pray for us. Remember we are only eight miles from Hollywood and we need prayer.

Altho we finished our new Sunday School unit, we also went over the top on our missionary pledge. I am sending $5.00 to headquarters to help a very little on the magazine.

Sincerely yours in Our Christ,
Mrs. Thos. S. Taylor

One of the Missionary Chairmen of the “Little Church of Sherman Oaks.”

P. S. What does “Ram-Sita-Ram mean? Mrs. T.

Thank you for your kind letter, your interest and prayers. Thanks also for the $5.00 to help finance “The India Alliance.”

I have noted your request for an article suitable for the Primary Sunday School on Missionary Sunday. What about Miss Dyke’s article on the Children’s page of this issue?

Rama and Sita are both deities worshiped by the Hindus. Rama is the famous hero of the Hindu epic “Ramayana” who conquered the island of Lanka (Ceylon) and destroyed the demon king Ravana who had abducted his wife. He is the seventh incarnation of Vishnu, one of the gods of the Hindu triad. Sita is his wife. The name “Rama” (pronounce as one syllable, for the last a is silent) is often used as a greeting. Just as we say “How do you do!”, so many villagers in India say “Rama, Rama!” upon meeting. The repetition of the name is supposed to be meritorious. The name is often repeated over and over again on ceremonial occasions and especially at death. Mahatma Gandhi died repeating these syllables — the name of the god he worshiped and revered.

— Ed.
Children’s Page

Go to the ant . . . Consider her ways.

(Proverbs 6:6)
— Betty Dyke —

Something simply wonderful happened not long ago as the Jacobers and I were waiting at the bus stand to go into the city. Little Ruthie got tired of the cookie she had carried with her from the tea table and so she threw it on the ground at the foot of a large tree. In less time than it will take you to read this little story something very interesting happened. A tiny ant smelled the sweetness and in a frenzy of excitement made a dash for the cookie. He really was beside himself for in his desire to get there his legs just wouldn’t go fast enough, but only seemed to get in the way. It was so funny we couldn’t help but laugh as we watched him. He reached that cookie in no time, stayed only a few seconds and then dashed off to tell his friends. We were so interested that we watched very closely as he started his race for home.

We noticed that he stopped just a second with each ant he met on the road in order to tell it the good news. We could almost imagine him saying to them, “Hurry, hurry I have found a treasure. It’s on ahead, it’s on ahead.” Then away he would go again spreading the news as he went. In less than a quarter of a minute he had reached the ant hole and conveyed the news. The ants streamed forth faster than we could count them, and the strange thing was they knew just where to go. This little messenger ant had given them explicit directions. They followed without a question. The thick black line of eager ants ran straight for that sweet cookie and soon were tasting it for themselves and bringing pieces back for those who were unable to come.

Really boys and girls, I was literally thrilled to the bottom of my toes! I always am when I see how God so lovingly tries to teach us lessons from His tiny creatures. The ant didn’t just stay and eat and eat and eat. I noticed that he only took time to taste the cookie and then ran off to tell everyone else. He was just like Andrew in the Bible who after meeting the Lord made it his business to bring others to Him.

I wonder how many of you have been saved from sin and as Peter puts it, “have tasted and seen that the Lord is gracious”? If you have, then I wonder if you have been as eager as the little ant was to share this good news with others. You know,
it seemed to me there wasn’t anything in all the world that ant wanted to do more than to tell his friends he had tasted a cookie and found it oh, so good. And truly boys and girls, if we love the Lord with all our hearts it will be the most natural thing in all the world for us to want to share Him with others, won’t it?

You will find a very interesting verse in the Book of Acts if you will turn to the fourth chapter and the twentieth verse. Here you will see what Peter and John said about this very thing. They were standing before the authorities who had arrested them for speaking to the people about the Lord. Even though they were facing an angry group of people yet without fear they spoke out, “As for us, what we have seen and heard “we cannot help speaking about.” (Weymouth’s translation) Yes, even though it might have meant their long imprisonment and possibly their death, yet they could not help but talk of Him who meant so much to them. They loved Him; that’s the reason. They loved Him with all their hearts.

You and I have a wonderful Saviour. He far surpasses any treasure that may be found here on earth. How deep is our love for Him? Each one of us will have to look into his own heart to find the answer and I trust that the Lord will use this little ant to speak to all of us. How else will others come to know Him as Saviour and Lord if we who are His children do not tell them about Him?

I think one of the sweetest illustrations I have seen along this line of being a witness for the Lord happened this past year here on one of our mission stations in Gujarat. One Sunday afternoon I attended a children’s meeting where many had gathered to hear the story given on the flannelboard. We sat on straw under a large straw built shelter and though it was well over 100 we soon got so interested in the story that we forgot the heat.

At the close of the meeting there were several who wanted to accept the Lord as their personal Saviour. They gathered in the front to talk and pray with the leader while some of those who were already saved sat in the back to pray for them. All of a sudden I noticed one of these girls who sat in the back started to cry. Soon she was sobbing as if her little heart would break. One of our Bible women went to her to see if she could help her and to find out why she was crying in this way.

I wonder, boys and girls, if you can guess what was on her heart. It wasn’t the desire to be saved for she had given her heart to the Lord just a few weeks before during some special
meetings in our Simpson Memorial Church in Ahmedabad. She was crying and weeping because she wanted these other boys and girls to be saved just like she had been. She was so happy in the Lord that she wanted them to share the joy of her new found Saviour. She had “tasted” and seen how gracious the Lord was and in turn wanted others to find the blessing and joy of sins forgiven.

My own eyes filled with tears as I watched her there. She was sitting on straw, under a thin straw roof with the hot, hot sun beating down on her, and yet forgetting all this she was sobbing for lost playmates and friends who were in the groups praying with the leader. It made me wonder how many tears you and I have shed for those around us. There are those who play with us, who study with us, who walk to and from school with us but have never yet given their hearts to Jesus. The Lord doesn’t promise that every one we speak to about Him will be saved, but He does tell us not to be ashamed that we are Christians. He bids us to be witnesses for Him every where we go.

If you know the Lord as your own Saviour you will love Him. If you love Him you will want to serve Him. You don’t have to grow up to be a missionary before you can serve Him, for you can serve Him now. You will be surprised at what the Lord can do through you as you yield yourself to Him and are not ashamed of telling others what He means to you. Let’s ask the Lord to make us messenger ants for Him this year and help us to tell others about Him who has done so much for us.

WE BROUGHT A NILGAU BACK ALIVE

After a long hard day spent in catching up with neglected correspondence, I left the bungalow for a stroll about the compound in the gathering gloom. The sight I saw made me suspect that I had bent too long over the written page and that I had bent too long over the written page and that my eyes were consequently playing tricks on me. Thru the main gate walked four of our Dholka men leading a year old nilgau by two ropes tied about the neck. The stampede of boys who crowded around assured me my eyes were normal. Immediately I told several of the bigger boys to catch and tie the dog. Before they could obey Nigger came thru the crowd like a shot and bit the nilgau on one of his hind legs. The nilgau went straight up in the air and when he came down he was no longer the docile animal he had appeared to be—he was definitely a wild animal and he created a scene that made our compound
look mighty wild and dangerous for a time. The frightened panting animal was finally lashed to the nearest tree but not until a half dozen folk received rope burns and bruises that made them lame for a week. We thank the Lord that no one was seriously hurt in the frenzied melee.

— P. C. H.
Language Schools

— Mary Ann and Laird F. Stengele —

Have you ever wondered how the new missionary goes about learning a new language? No doubt there are different methods employed on different fields, but I would like to tell you how we are learning Marathi.

A special language school has been established in the beautiful hill station of Mahalaleshwar. Missionaries from all missions working among the Marathi speaking people come to this school, usually as soon as they land in India. The regular course of study takes from one and a half to two years. The missionaries are taught by well-educated Indian pundits, most of whom are Hindus. These men of course know English well, so they are able to explain meanings, pronunciation, and grammar. Classes are held in one-room tin choppers with dung floors and hard wooden chairs (so you won't fall asleep, I suppose!) The language is taught very differently from the way we study a foreign language in high school or college at home. The stress is laid on proper, fluent speaking, so from the first day we learn sentences that can be used practically in every day life. As we progress in our study, we read “Mark,” “John,” and “Acts,” and in this way we become acquainted with the Biblical terms which we will need in our missionary work. In class we are required to tell each story found in these books, thus preparing us for a teaching and preaching ministry. We begin the first class of the day with prayer, and in the second year we pray in Marathi so that we will be able to enter the homes of our Indian brethren and sisters and pray together with them. Several Marathi hymns are also included in the curriculum of study. Of course, the inevitable examinations must be held! These occur in February, May, and October. They are given jointly by a senior missionary and an Indian examiner.

Language study can become tiresome, tedious, and monotonous, but as we look ahead to the goal—that of telling Indian people in their own language about the love of the Lord Jesus and the salvation He has provided for them—then we can endure the weariness, forget the monotony, and really enjoy this portion of our missionary work.

(Mr. and Mrs. Stengele have successfully passed those inevitable examinations and have recently been stationed at Amravati to work with Rev. and Mrs. L. E. Hartman, and to apply their knowledge of the Marathi in making Christ known. — Ed.)