DARE WE HOLD BACK?

In old time went our fathers forth
Beside far; waters, casting
With open hand the bread of life,
Divine and everlasting.
They sowed in faith the precious seed,
And watered it with weeping:
But not for them the waving sheaves,
The song of happy reaping.

And now - - when doors that would not yield
For all their intercession,
Stand open wide, shall we, their sons,
Refuse to take possession?
The fields they watched with wistful eyes,
Few blades of increase finding,
Are golden now - - shall we withhold
The cutting and the binding?

Shall we betray the trust they left,
Their fellowship disclaiming?
Dare we hold back with coward hearts,
Their noble ardour shaming?
To Thy great harvest, Lord of Love,
O may Thy Spirit call us!
O lead us forth with mighty hand,
That no such doom befall us. —A. M. S.
"Under the Mosquito Net."
—Paul C. Haagen—

Outside the mosquito net the insects buzzed and hummed as if holding air maneuvers. Inside I lay on a short Indian charpoy with my legs curled up under me trying unsuccessfully to lapse into the arms of Morpheus. Involuntarily I breathed a word of thanksgiving for that cloth curtain, so fragile and insignificant in appearance, that protected me against those abominable six-footed marauders. Just outside the net they crawled, and droned, and beat their wings in frenzied gyrations. Inside we were annoyed only by their noise and the insufferable heat that seemed to spawn them.

Off in the distance my ears—attuned to night noises—caught a faint but rhythmic pulsation that almost seemed to be the approach of yet another monster insect. So subdued was it that I did not resent its intrusion upon my sleep-concentrating efforts. Intuitively I sought to identify that muffled sound of the night. What was it? Why? By imperceptible degrees it grew louder. Whatever it was, it was approaching. Dull, nonresonant, and subdued; it fit perfectly into the dark night that shrouded it. Dum, Dum, Dum-Dum, Dum! Dum, Dum, Dum-Dum, Dum! Slowly it shuffled toward us.

Now I was all ears. The rhythm seemed to carry a message. What could that message be? What instrument sustained the sound? It could not be a drum. All too well I knew the voice of the drums that beat without let thru the whole night. Maybe . . . . . . Yes, it was! It was the voice of words. It was the sound of human voices. Listen closely and we'll hear what message they bear:

"Say Ram, brothers, say Ram."

And then the response: "Ram, Ram, Sita, Ram! Ram, Ram, Sita, Ram."

Again the command: "Say Ram, brothers, say Ram."

And again the immediate answer of subdued voices in unison: "Ram, Ram, Sita Ram! Ram, Ram, Sita, Ram!"

Repetitiously this cadaverous dirge continued. Now I could distinguish the shuffling feet of those who spoke the plaintive requiem. Full soon they passed within a few feet of my net-covered cot.

On my cot I lay listening until the chant was diminished to a whisper by the distance that intervened. A little later I
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could no longer be sure whether I still heard it or whether it continued to surge thru my mind. Now the incident was passed, and I rolled over on my cot hoping to sleep. Try as I would I could not get away from that doleful rhythm, the one sharp, clear commanding voice; “Say Ram, brothers, say Ram.” Followed immediately by a muffled chorus of voices repeating: “Ram, Ram, Sita, Ram! Ram, Ram, Sita, Ram!” ceaselessly this antiphony beat out its rhythm in my mind to the accompaniment of sandaled feet upon the hard surface of the road way.

I knew what it all meant. Death had claimed another victim. Not an unusual thing in India. I was familiar with statistics of daily deaths in India, but somehow I couldn’t stop thinking about this death. Was it a man, or was it a woman? If it had been day time I would have known by the colour of cloth in which the corpse was wrapped. Maybe it was an adult; perhaps a child suddenly beheld life’s morn decline. That too I would have known if I could have seen the wrappings and the size of the lifeless bundle slung by ropes from the pole used to convey it on the shoulders of the mourners. Oh, but these are mere trifles! What of the eternal welfare of that dead person? What of his soul? Ah, that I knew too well! If only I could stop thinking about these things and go to sleep! But no, the whole scene of what must have preceeded came flooding into my mind. Yes, too often I had witnessed it.

The death—probably sudden, of unknown cause. Consterna-
tion. Confusion. The piercing, sickening wail of the women. The frantic preparations—men rushing about putting up dec-

orations; servants or neighbours sweeping, cooking, shouting at one another. The incongruity of the moaning dirge within that rose by times into a hideous wail, and the carefree chatter and laughter without. All this surged upon my memory.

The arrangement of offerings for the priest —probably a haughty, callous Brahman. The ceremonies: the dead carried into the courtyard under the prepared decorations. An intel-

ligent face showing promise of great things marred only by the marks of the trident * painted on the forehead. How elo-

quently those marks told of promise and hope unfulfilled. Had he ever heard the truth? Possibly, but probably the claims of Christ were not pressed upon him personally. Obvi-

ously he had not received Christ. He had died not knowing what fate lay before him. He had gone on to the next world vaguely hoping that his good deeds and accumulated merit would be sufficient to raise him to some higher station in life in his next incarnation.

* Sign that he was a worshipper of Shiva.
Next came the bathing of the corpse as the priest muttered incantations. Then I recalled a jumble of ringing of bells, waving of incense, and lighting of tapers which had no meaning for me and was therefore indistinct in my mind. Now the bathing over, rich balls are offered to the spirit of the dead to nourish him in that uncertain future state. Perhaps tapers were carried round and round the bier to light him on his darksome way.

Then, if he were an adult man, his widow, supported by a woman on either side, would walk round and round the form of the departed with tears of sorrow, perhaps even hot tears of resentment, flooding down her face. She stops each time she passes his feet and embraces them. Now and then as all restraint is thrown to the winds, she clasps the lifeless form in her arms fervently. Her true grief contrasts markedly with the dry-eyed wailing of the paid mourners, for all the time she wails the widow's frantic wail—the wail of one who lays her heart bare with every utterance — the complaining, questioning of one who asks “why” of the Almighty — the lament of the desolate.

Gone! He’s gone! He who was her very life — her lord. Gone like the birds that fly south. Gone from the home. Gone from her life. Gone to the burning logs of sandalwood. Where then? She does not know. She searches her mind, her memory of the sacred Hindu writings. She grasps at every straw that presents itself. She finds no answer; and so the dirge goes on, and on, and on.

Had St. Paul seen some such heathen funeral ceremony? What was he thinking of when he wrote: “that ye sorrow not even as others which have no hope”? How true it is that we need not sorrow for our dead who have died in the Lord! But what of this one who was just carried by my netted cot? Ought not we sorrow for him? Certainly the Lord does not intend that we be callous to his fate. Why is it that the sorrows of the neglected do not touch us? Why does not the Lord’s command stir us? What’s wrong with us? Could it be that our own pursuits and pleasures are insulating us from the electrifying challenges all about us? Can we afford the tremendous price our selfish pleasures are exacting? God forgive! Take not Thy Holy Spirit from us, Lord! Open our eyes to reality, our hearts to obedience! God keep us true, and faithful to our trust.

A light breeze rustled the mosquito net and breathed a promise of inducing sleep. In the distance the chattering syncopation of finger drums abruptly stopped. Darkness in-
tense surrounded me. Quietness intense sought to soothe me into unconsciousness. The very elements seemed to say:

“What does it matter after all? It was only a poor, unknown Indian. This has gone on for millennia. With all your efforts it will go on for many years more. Why upset yourself so about it?”

Although the night was still, my mind would not be still. Constantly I seemed to hear the lament: “Say Ram, brothers, say Ram.” And the response: “Ram, Ram, Sita, Ram.” If only I could get that incessant rhythm out of my mind, I might be able to rest. Still it persisted: “Say Ram, brother, say Ram”... Yet again, and again, and again, I recalled it: “Say Ram, brothers, say Ram . . . . “Ram, Ram, Sita, Ram! Ram, Ram, Sita, Ram!”

Can you hear it? Or is India too far from your thoughts and life for its need to penetrate? Get still before God and listen, my friend. Then you will hear. You will hear the call of India. You will hear the call of lost souls groping in the intense darkness of the morass that is Hinduism. You will hear a Macedonian call in the Saviour’s quiet statement: “Other sheep I have which are not of this fold . . . .” You will hear your Lord’s command, “Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in.” You will hear; and you will feel—BUT that, will not save souls; it cost Christ Calvary to win us. It will cost us fellowship with His sufferings if these for whom He died are to be won to Him. Listen, your Saviour says: “Son, go work today in my vineyard.”

Behind your protective curtain of ease and indifference, get still before God and listen to the night noises of a world lost in sin. Then you too will hear that which is not easily forgotten. You too will hear; and we trust you will not be disobedient.

From Wm. T. MacArthur's sermon “Jeopardy.”

“Once when that great pioneer missionary, Marcus B. Fuller, of India, was home on furlough, someone remarked to him concerning the dangers of the Indian climate. He simply replied: ‘India has the most healthful climate in the world to me.’ ‘India, especially in those early days, was a veritable white-man’s grave, but to Fuller it was the only safe place on earth, because God had called him there. He would not have dared to go elsewhere, and the more utterly he cast himself upon God while there, the safer he was.”
Evangelism in Palanpur
— James Evans —

For the third successive year a group of men and women came from Ahmedabad to participate in a week of intensive evangelism in the Palanpur area. With the exception of Pastor Madhavlal these were lay men and lay women — Government employees, school teachers, and housewives. They gave their annual vacation time to bring the Gospel to their Indian brothers and sisters. Their devoted spirits and enthusiasm were an inspiration to our own hearts. This was truly a labor of love. They received nothing for their efforts except as one man put it, “the joy of serving Jesus.” Furthermore, all expenses for train fare and food were paid from a common fund to which each had contributed during the year.

An effort was made to hire a Jeep or bus, but none being available the party travelled on foot from village to village in the New Testament tradition except in a few instances where their destination could be reached by train. Some days it was necessary to walk as far as twenty-five miles in order to reach an outlying village in which the Living Bread had never been broken. They returned at night weary in body but rejoicing in spirit and singing. One evening while returning to the bungalow I said to Obedbhai, “You must be very tired.” “No,” he replied, “when we sell many Gospels and tracts and people listen to the story of Jesus, we do not feel the tiredness. It is only when they do not listen that we feel the tiredness.” That day he had testified to a crowd of two hundred people gathered at a railway station.

These men and women literally “went everywhere preaching” — on station platforms, in trains, along the roads, to farmers in their fields, to small groups carrying their wares to the bazaars. At Chhapi, a predominantly Moslem village on the Ahmedabad-Palanpur rail line, a crowd of 300 stood for forty-five minutes listening to the Gospel in song and testimony and many crowded around afterwards to buy Gospels and to find out more about “Eesa.” Some said, “You are the first Christians we have ever seen.” A few asked who this Jesus was.

The last morning was given to tract distribution in Palanpur. Several hundreds of tracts were passed out in the city including Hindi and Gujarati translations of Dr. John R. Rice’s tract, “What Must I Do to be Saved?” The afternoon was devoted to a prayer and testimony service. The Spirit of God
was manifest in the songs, prayers, and testimonies. Many prayed with a real brokenness of spirit.

One obvious fact bears repeating. The Indian Christian can reach his own people in a way the foreigner cannot. Even in the most provincial, isolated villages there was curiosity but never fear, no preliminary period during which the Sahibs white skin and clothes were submitted to careful scrutiny, no distraction of hearing an alien voice or suspicion of an utterior motive. Many hardly seemed aware of my presence.

During this week of witness the Gospel was preached in 17 villages, in many for the first time. When we will be able to return only God knows. In the total area for which we are responsible we have only scratched the surface, and that with the sketchiest type of evangelism. The great majority are yet to hear of the true God and His redeeming love in Jesus Christ.

Although introduced into India in the second century, Christianity has never erased the stigma of being a foreign religion, probably because of the impetus given it in modern times by the missionaries. As nationalism (and perhaps Communism) increases the missionary’s direct efforts to evangelize will undoubtedly become more circumscribed. The future of the Indian Church and the evangelization of India’s millions therefore lies in the hands of the type of men and women about whom we have written. Given encouragement and guidance they show promise of developing into the substantial lay witness and independent endeavor for which we have prayed and worked. One of the most encouraging remarks in this regard was made to me by a member of the party just before they returned to Ahmedabad.

“We see now that it is our work to preach the Gospel to our people. We want to do it if you will guide us.”

Pray God it may be so.

"IT IS THE LAST TIME"
(I John 2:18)

Let us not be overwhelmed with the difficult issues of the last days, but let us rather thru sincere faith, lay hold of the “exceeding great and precious promises” of God.

“Let us lift up our heart with our hands unto God in the heavens.” — Lam. 3:41
Liberty to the Captives
— Myra B. Wing —

“There was neither voice, nor any to answer, nor any that regarded.”

Durga is the most worshipped goddess of India. According to Hindu belief, she has come to the earth in many incarnations for the purpose of slaying mighty demons which were troubling the world. She destroyed them by creating illusions, by sucking their blood, by slaying them with the dagger and by biting them to death. She slew nine such mighty, ferocious demons and made the world safe against them. It is said that the goddess fought a demon who had troubled the earth for ten days. She overcame and slew him on the tenth day. During the Navnorata festival, this goddess is worshipped in her nine warlike manifestations. The Navnorata, or first nine days of celebrating, together with Dasara the tenth day are observed as sacred days.

This goddess, Durga, is hideous and fierce looking in appearance. She has a black face and body. She wears a long garland of dead men’s heads and another garland of bones. She wears a girdle of dead men’s hands and arms. Her eyes are blood shot and bulging. Her tongue protrudes from her mouth and is covered with blood. The palms of her hands and feet are bloody. She has eight arms and hands. At her feet lies one of her headless victims. In one of her hands, she holds the head of this victim by the hair; blood is dripping from it into a platter which she holds in another hand. In still another hand she holds the dagger dripping with the blood of the one she has just slain. This is the goddess of the “bloody teeth”, the “bloody goddess”, the goddess that thirsts for blood, the goddess that works havoc if she is not obeyed, worshipped and appeased. This is the goddess that is worshipped during the Navnorata and the Dasara festivals. This is the goddess the people in the compound across from us were worshiping and to whom they on the ninth night offered the “homhavan” or burnt offering.

During the first eight days of this festival, they fast, eating only fruits, nuts, milk and light things. They worship the goddess three times a day with flowers, lamps and the recitation of mantras. They fast and pray in honor of Durga. On the ninth day they feast and make merry with great celebrations.

On the ninth day, a group of men congregated by invitation in the compound opposite our Mission Compound in Dholka, to
take part in the sacrifice to the goddess. For the sacrifice a pit was dug in the ground. This is called the yagna-kund, or sacrificial pit. The sacrifice to the goddess was by means of fire. They kindled a fire. The "kund" or sacrificial pit in which the sacred fire burns, was then consecrated by the recitation of mantras. Dharba grass was placed around the pit. Then they threw in pieces of wood which had been gathered from one of their sacred trees. From time to time, they threw grains of rice dipped in clarified butter on to the fire. While the sacrifice was going on, they recited mantras and prayers or rather invocations to the goddess to be merciful towards them. This constituted the burnt offering to the goddess. Around this pit, they beat their drums and shouted praises to the goddess all night: "Victory to Durga, victory to Durga," they cried.

Such things as rice, wheat, clarified butter, sesamum, fruits, pulse, saffron, vermilion, sandalwood powder, incense, flowers, coloured rice, betel, areca nut, Tulsi leaves, mustard seed, Dharba grass, and Pipal leaves are considered articles acceptable to the goddess and are offered at the times of sacrifice. Hindus consider the Tulsi plant to be the wife of the god Vishnu. They greatly revere it and worship it every day. Just a look at the sacred Tulsi brings a man pardon from his sin. He is purified from all defilement by a touch of this plant. No religious ceremony is ever performed without the use of the leaves. If a man offers a spray of the plant dipped in saffron to the god Vishnu he, according to the Hindu Scriptures, becomes like the god Vishnu himself, and is able to enjoy some of the god Vishnu's happiness. If a twig or leaves of the Tulsi are given to a man in any trouble or difficulty, his troubles and difficulties immediately come to an end, so they believe. Anyone who waters it and cares for it every day, is sure to receive salvation. They use these leaves whenever they perform their religious sacrifices and rites. The Dharba grass is also necessary in all their sacrifices. The story of its origin is that some of the hairs of the god Vishnu were rubbed off when he once held a mountain on his back in one of his incarnations. These hairs took root and became Dharba grass. Hindus consider this grass as part of the god Vishnu himself. Hindus worship it and offer sacrifices to it. It is used in all their sacrifices and ceremonies. No ceremony is ever performed without it. It purifies everything that is touched by it. And so this sacrifice to the goddess by means of fire would not be complete or auspicious without the use of these articles.

Early on the morning of the tenth day, or Dasara, I heard
the beating of the drums very loudly. I looked out to see this large group of men coming outside of the gates of their compound in procession bringing fire along with them to the middle of the road. I quickly went out to the road to see what they were doing. They drew a circle in the dirt in the middle of the road and clustered around it. In the center of the circle, they placed an earthen utensil on which were live coals which they had brought with them from the sacrificial pit. They offered incense, limes, coconut, flowers, and sesame seeds, which are considered very efficacious in purification. They sprinkled water over it all and all around it. Then they turned to the sun and worshipped. Following this they turned to the four points of the compass and worshipped at each point. The sacrifice of fire was made to the nine planets as well. They sprinkled kanku powder (red powder prepared from tumeric, alum and lime juice) profusely. They brought all this outside of the compound to the middle of the road because they believe that the goddess takes all sickness and demons outside with her. Thus they believed the compound would be preserved from their molestation during the year. After coming outside the compound, the priest drew a long line on the ground in the dirt before the huge gate, in the belief that the demons could not go beyond that line. I asked one of the men what they were doing. He said, “we have offered ‘homhaven’ (a burnt offering) to the goddess.” The nine days of the Navnorata festival were ended and in order to close this festival auspiciously and to herald in the Dasara festival auspiciously, they had done this. Another man told me that this was the ninth day of giving glory to the goddess. They were trying to appease and propitiate the “goddess of the bloody teeth.”

The planets play a great part in the destiny of men. There must be a favorable conjunction of planets for any undertaking if it is to be successful or if any festival is to be ushered in auspiciously. The influence of planets over men’s fortunes may be evil. The circumstances in which men find themselves may be those of prosperity or of adversity according to the influence which the planets have had upon them. To the Hindu the planets are deities which have a definite influence upon his daily life. Some of these deities are kind and some are evil. Each of these deities has his mood, and a malicious planet when in an auspicious conjunction of stars may be in a pleasant mood and grant blessing, while a kind planet in an inauspicious conjunction of stars may be in an unpleasant mood and cause harm. So Hindus carefully study every day of the month and every hour and minute of the day in order to be able to propitiate the proper deity. It is only by doing this that the Hindu ever hopes to escape the wrath of the gods and obtain
salvation. And so in this sacrifice to the goddess, they also propitiated the planets to remove their evil influence. One man turned to each of the four points of the compass with his hands raised to heaven while he recited the magical mantras.

A mantra is a prayer or consecrated formula — a mystic and magic formula consecrated by a religious sacrifice. It is used as a charm or spell. It is composed of various strange and harsh sounds difficult to pronounce,—such as, h’hom, h’rhum, sh’hrum. These mantras are considered by the Hindus to be so powerful that when pronounced without mistake, they can bind the power of the gods, and have such an influence over the gods that the gods can’t help but do that which is asked of them. The Hindus are taught by their priests how to use the mantras so that they will be efficacious against evil. The effect of this particular mantra on this particular morning to the gods of the heavens (planets) was thought to check them in their act of bringing evil.

On the tenth day, or Dasara, animal sacrifices are offered to the goddess, or some cucumber or vegetable is cut which is symbolic of the animal sacrifice. Delicious eatables are offered to the goddess. By giving the goddess due honor and worship on this day, they believe that she will not be merciless toward them during the year.

This is but a very partial picture of what our Indian Christians have been saved from. When a Hindu finds Christ, this is the vanity, bondage, superstition, uncertainty, fear and unrest from which he is delivered. Christ sets him free. The Lord Jesus has given liberty to many such captives and has opened the prison to many who have been bound. It is a wonderful experience for such a worshipper of gods and goddesses to come out into the “glorious liberty of the children of God.” It is an unspeakable relief to find peace and rest in Christ, and deliverance from the fear of malignant goddesses.

THE SPIRIT OF PRAYER

“In regard to my own experience, I will say that unless I had the spirit of prayer I could do nothing. If even for a day or an hour I lost the spirit of grace and supplication, I found myself unable to preach with power and efficiency, or to win souls by personal conversation.”

“Memoirs of C. G. Finney”, p. 142
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BACK AGAIN

— Edgar Lewellen —

Yes, back again, but after some twenty years away from India and her needs. Many concepts of this land had faded from remembrance, yet many remained clear. While in the homeland, memories of the Mission Station, bungalow, compound, Indian playmates, our station master at Dholka, touring in the villages with my parents, and many other people and places remained as my ties to India.

For years my main desire was to come back to India, yet until the time of entering Bible School, God had not laid a definite call up my life. Human pride said that I wouldn't return to India, for fear of people saying that it was simply because of my parents being there. Yet God's plan had no place for human pride, and thus after more schooling and church work, in the Fall of 1952, we sailed for this land. As we stood at the ship's railing and steamed into the Port of Bombay, we had a strange, but wonderful feeling of being "at home" in India. First the sight of coolies scampering here and there on the dock and then the smells; we knew we were now in India.

Shortly after arrival we buried our faces in language books. They have remained there for some eighteen months. These are proving to be months of testing and hard lessons, yet they are at the same time a preparation for future service in His vineyard.

Each day without going out of our way, we see physical disease and poverty, idolatry, and utter hopelessness revealed in Indian faces all about us. The shrines in the fields, the numerous Hindu temples, the continual funeral processions drums that extend on through the evening and night hours, travelling down the road, accompanied by the weird beating of drums that extends on through the evening and night hours, reveals to us the agonized reaching out after some hope, which as yet so few have found. Thus, as week after week goes by our prayers continue to rise, "Lord, give us Thy love and burden for these people. Then Lord, give us the language quickly." Pray with us for India — a land white unto harvest — millions to be reached — yet laborers so few.

“If ye abide in Me and My words abide in you, ask whatsoever ye will, and it shall be done unto you.” John 15:7
Why the Christian Home Festival

— Mrs. J. S. Ringenberg —

One afternoon a happy father and mother went strolling through their wheatfield with their little son. Each parent thought the other held the hand of their little boy. All at once they realized the boy was not with them. They called but got no answer. They became more and more disturbed, then terrified, as they found no trace of their precious little one. They hunted everywhere with no results. A searching party was called. Willing helpers searched all night, but without success. At last someone suggested that they join hands and cover the entire field, leaving not a square foot uncovered in this last search. They joined hands and in doing so soon came across the body of the child. A hush spread over them all, because they found the child too late! As they stood there in broken-hearted silence, one exclaimed, "If only we had joined hands before it was too late."

Our object in instituting the annual Christian Home Festival in every Christian community is to bring to the attention of parents the need of serving the Lord as a family unit—the need of making the home Christ-centered; a place where it will be easy for children to come early to the Saviour; a home which will be a Christian witness to all who come and go through its doors; a home where the Christian virtues and graces will be evident; in short, a happy home because Jesus abides there.

Where the festival is to be observed the Christians are notified a week or two in advance so they will have ample time to give their homes a thorough cleaning, such as 'limping' the floors, whitewashing the walls, polishing the brass vessels, taking down the old, ant-eaten pictures and in their place putting up new ones. (These pictures we sold to them ahead of time.) Some homes were made especially attractive by hanging overhead in criss-cross pattern, paper pendants of various colours of paper which were glued to string. Then, during the week of festival, when the pastor and any of the Christian group who wish to join him, (and sometimes the missionary) go from house to house to call and have a brief service of prayer in each home, it is indeed a happy occasion for each family. An appropriate message from the Word is brought to show what a truly Christian home should be like.

What then, are the points we seek to emphasize to them? According to F. E. Gaebelein such a home has four chief
characteristics: It is one in which both parents are “born again” Christians. It is a home where the occupants are individually and unitedly serving the Lord. It is a home where the Bible and prayer are central. It is a home where the children are trained according to the Word of God.

When we first began to “talk up” this festival our pastor, an elderly man, showed little enthusiasm, but at least expressed his willingness to follow our lead. After attending only three or four of the meetings held in the homes during our local home festival, he remarked, “This is a very good thing. Our people need this kind of teaching very much.” One of the younger pastors proceeded with the observance of the festival without any assistance from the missionary. In order to visit all the homes of members of his church, he, together with his church Board, walked to five villages during the week. We joined them only for the closing day on Sunday, at which time all the villagers came in with a joyous, festive spirit. The church had prepared a noonday meal for all.

When the time for the festival at Mehmedabad drew near you should have seen the women working to make their homes clean and attractive. Shantibai, worked several afternoons to get all her brass buckets, water vessels, platters and tumblers polished until they really shone. Little Ruthie joined in with her mother to polish her set of miniature vessels, and on the morning when we held the meeting in their home we noticed Ruthie’s vessels all lined up on one end of the wall shelf, shining as brightly as her mother’s. “Oh, see the new picture of Jesus, the Good Shepherd.” “How neatly you have your boxes and trunks stacked along the wall.” These were some of the remarks heard. From somewhere they had pulled out strips of matting, or carpet, for all the guests to sit on while they listened to the message, which sought to answer the query, “What was there about Mary and Martha’s home that made Jesus like to go there so often?”

“Ten reasons for the family altar”, as given by W. E. Beiderwolf were referred to in some of these meetings. The following ideals for the home were printed in large letters on a wall plaque and kept in a prominent place for all to see during festival days:

The Sustenance of the home is Industry;
The Health of the home is Cleanliness;
The Efficiency of the home is Orderliness;
The Beauty of the home is Unity;
The Strength of the home is Godliness;
The Attraction of the home is Joyfulness.
To reach the Christians in one village the pastor and a small group went by train. Since we had only a few hours between trains, a meeting was held for all on the open veranda of the evangelist’s home, the message being directed to parents. Following this, a message from the Wordless Book was brought to the children. After a friendly cup of tea together with the evangelist and wife, and a brief visit to each home, we hurried back to catch our train. It was so crowded that our party had to split up and get in wherever we could. Sumitrabai, several of the young men and I got into the same coach. Not only was every seat, and the aisles fully occupied, but folks hung out of the doors and windows. Among the latter was a beggar standing on the step outside and singing in a mournful, droning voice for alms. Our little quartette began singing the lovely hymn, “I Have Found the Priceless Pearl,” and the beggar desisted. All got very quiet and listened with somewhat of wonder in their expressions. Our hearts were blessed as we had opportunity to witness to non-Christians also, letting them have a glimpse of the joy of the child of God. We felt that the morning’s trip had been very worth while.

A father during family worship prayed earnestly for his little boy, dedicating him to the Lord. When he had finished the little boy asked, “Father, what does that big word, ‘dedicate’ mean?” So the father took time to explain it to him. The little lad listened very soberly, then hung his head and said, “But father, sometimes I tell lies.” So the father instructed the son that he must tell Jesus about it and ask His help, and then tell no more lies. Thank God for homes where children are taught the difference between right and wrong, and where their hearts are pricked when they do wrong. The Christian home is the mightiest agency for good in India as in America. Our prayer for Gujarat and for India, is “God, give us more real CHRISTIAN HOMES.”

“DELIVERING HIS MESSAGE”

We know not what was in the mind of the Hindu Poet, SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE, when he wrote the following lines:

I shall ask the King to make me one of his postmen,
That I may wander far and wide, delivering his message from door to door.

We do know that the King of Kings has appointed each Christian to be a postman. May we recognize the importance of our “Special Delivery” Message and see that it reaches promptly those to whom it is addressed. The undelivered messages for India are innumerable

——Ed.
Village Preaching in Dhandhuka District

— Karl H. Kose —

Preaching in two villages that had never heard the Gospel Message before was the most thrilling experience we had during touring season this year. Ironically, these two villages lie only fifteen and twenty miles to the north of Dhandhuka, but because of seemingly impassable roads and being in an out-of-the-way place, we had never gone to them before. Accompanied by our two evangelists, the wife of one of the evangelists as Bible Woman, our caretaker, and several women of the church, Mrs. Kose and I managed to get the jeep through two dry river beds, over open plowed fields, past cotton and wheat fields until we reached our destination. Crowds of children and men closed in around the jeep as we wended our way through the narrow streets to the town square. The women followed slowly in the distance.

After the singing of a hymn, the ladies managed to collect the shy, illiterate but eager women into the home of the village patel. The Gospel was preached to men and boys in one group and to women and girls in another.

Following the preaching of the Gospel message, Christian literature was distributed. Since these villages had never been reached before, the portions were sold rapidly. The five head men of the village called me aside to bargain for literature for their village library. Although we are accustomed to selling literature at its cost price we decided in this case to cut the price in half for the benefit of these people. Our part of Gujarat has suffered from drought for two years, money is scarce, so these people were grateful for any help we were willing to give them by reduction of our prices. The joy was ours, however, to see how eagerly they wanted to know what is truth, and our hope for these two villages, and all of India, is that Christ may be found through the reading of His Word.

Before we departed, they showed their hospitality by serving hot spiced milk to Mrs. Kose and me, and tea to our helpers. As we prepared to leave, they crowded around the jeep and asked us to return to their villages soon.

Reception was not so cordial in all the villages we reached. At no place was there any open hostility to our message, but often times the crowds were small and the attention poor. In
several places it was very difficult for the ladies to gather a
group of women together for a meeting. In other places no
meeting place could be found except in the busy streets. How-
ever, we are thankful for every opportunity we had to witness
to the Christless, for every piece of literature that was dis-
tributed, and for every one who seemed to be interested in
our message. There is to be a great harvest day in the land
of India, may it be soon!

TEST YOUR MEMORY

1. What is a charpoy? (Answer will be found on Page 2)
2. The trident is the symbol of which Hindu god? (p. 3)
3. Who is Field Chairman of the Christian and Missionary
   Alliance in India? (p. 1)
4. Who is the missionary stationed in the pioneer district
   of Palanpur? (p. 6)
5. What is the name used by Indian Mohammedans for
   Jesus? (p. 6)
6. Which of the Hindu goddesses is most worshipped in
   India? p. 8)
7. What is the meaning of the term "homhaven"? (p. 10)
8. What is the name of the second generation missionary
   who arrived in India during the Fall of 1952? (p. 12)
9. What is the purpose of The Christian Home Festival? (p. 13)
10. What Hindu group sang a prayer song based on the 23rd
    Psalm? (p. 17)
11. For how many seconds does the all but perfect dome of
    the Taj sustain an echo? (p. 20)
12. For what purpose is The Taj Mahal used? Why is it such
    a fitting symbol of India? (p. 21)
13. How many converts were baptized at the recent baptismal
    service at Shivra? Why were there so few? (p. 23)
14. What is a sarus? Describe it. (pp. 24—26)
15. What is the name of the poet who wrote the following lines?

   I shall ask the King to make me one of his postmen,
   That I may wander far and wide, delivering his message
   from door to door. (p. 15)

For how many questions was it necessary for you to look
up the answers? Are we giving you the information you
desire? What questions about India remain unanswered in
your mind? We want to make this little magazine interesting
and profitable to you. To that end we invite your comments,
questions criticisms, and suggestions. —The Editor.
Witnessing in Jalgaon
— Donald Capps —

The end of Conference in November found us moving to Jalgaon to again take up our residence and work there. Immediately however, I was required to attend the language school and was away until early February, while my wife manned the station single handed.

Upon returning to Jalgaon two government institutions, The Women's Teacher Training College, and The Men's Teacher Training College requested us to tell them the story of Christ. Can you imagine our joy when we received a group of a hundred and sixty-five young, educated, Hindi-speaking women with their professors, and seated them in our small Church to listen for three hours to the Gospel message? They were told the Story of Christ and His redeeming love and their need of a Saviour. At the end the Head Mistress asked if they might sing their prayer song. We were thrilled to hear them sing a song taken from the 23rd Psalm. The Pastor informed the group that the song they had just sung had been composed from the Bible.

Two days later we spoke to about two hundred interested students of the Men's Teacher Training College and their professors. Thus the potential builders of the younger generation of this area have heard the Message of Salvation. For this we praise God.

Many duties and other circumstances converged to prevent us carrying the Gospel to the villages during the cold season. We were distressed about this, but were comforted as we remembered the work is His, and the concern is His too. We were willing to abide the Lord's time.

At the beginning of the hot season the Lord opened the way and even tempered the weather so we could do this work. Thus we were able to reach some villages by going out early in the morning and returning by noon, before the heat grew too intense. One day though, we were caught in the mid-day heat on the hot, barren, burning plains. As we travelled along mirages loomed all around us in such stark reality that we often felt we were driving into large lakes of shimmering water. But our reception in the villages was not unreal. We were received everywhere with great cordiality and our message listened to respectfully.

At each village my wife would make personal contact with
the women in their homes. Everywhere she was received with great kindness, and her message of salvation from sin and death through Christ was listened to by silent, patient thoughtful hearts. Several of the leading women even expressed the desire that she live with them, saying “You can live here in this house. We want you here. Let the men return, but you stay with us.” Could they have but realized it, what their poor, hungry souls longed for was not the missionary, but the Lord Jesus Christ. Pray that this realization may speedily grip the hearts of every man, woman and child in this great vast land of India.

Individual inquirers continue to come. One young man, a Brahmin by caste and apparently rich in this world’s goods but in dire need of the God of all true riches, came the other day and asked for religious instruction. He stated that he had lost all faith in his religion and as an indication of this he had even removed the sacred cord from off his person. He was not willing to worship any God, he said, until he was certain it is necessary. Pray that we may have wisdom in dealing with this young man, and that the Lord will convict him of his error and his need of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Another educated high caste man sent us an S. O. S. by mail from a village six miles away requesting us to give him religious instruction. He was not a little surprised a few days later to find us answer his call in person. The family—a widowed mother, two sons and daughters-in-law welcomed us kindly. While the two boys listened eagerly to the Gospel message the women, after lingering politely for a little while, went about their household duties. Pray that this young man and his whole household may be saved.

The week prior to our going to Chikalda the Jalgaon Church held a week of witness. Three sections of the city were selected for a concentrated effort, and each afternoon three separate groups distributed tracts and Gospels in the homes. An Indian-style singspiration was held in each section nightly by turns. Thus the glorious message of salvation went forth by personal witness, and in song, as well as by the silent witness of the printed page.

We praise God that there are many, sure indications of the Light revealing the darkness. Even as this becomes apparent the opposition to the Gospel of Christ also grows apace. “If God be for us, who can be against us?”

“For where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them.” — Matt.18:20
“Can These Stones Live?”
— P. C. H. —

There it stood glistening in the moonlight—that fairest queen among buildings, the Taj Mahal. Just as you all have done, we had read about the Taj... about its beauty, its scintillating white marble, its precious jewels and its lovely proportions and majestic garden. Now we sat within the garden walls looking, feeling, wandering. There was a sheen of silver about its shapely dome and a pinkish tinge reflected from its vaulted walls which rose out of an indistinguishable dark green base of cypress trees. It appeared to be floating on the placid waters which we could faintly hear gurgling down the water way. Over this serene scene the soft blue vault of the starlit sky led the imagination into realms of the infinite. Yes, it is all the books have claimed for it. It is beauty solidified and perpetuated in stone that all but speaks.

We continue to gaze in wonder and ecstasy for a long time. Gradually the moon rises higher in the sky softly spotlighting different parts of the building as it ascends. Now we can just barely discern the intricate ornamentation of marble around the top of the structure. A quarter hour later the moonbeams strike the precious stones over the main doorway causing them to sparkle like an inverted necklace of pearls. The sublunary symphony of lights continues with a glitter here and a flash of radiance there until the moonlight is reflected from the pinnacles of the minarets and domes to the very plinth on which the building stands.

Softly almost reverently we approach that huge marble platform. We remove our shoes, ascend the flight of stairs, cross the platform, enter thru the carved archway and stand within the marble screen. An old man in long flowing white robes with a not quite as long flowing white Mohammedan beard tells us in broken English about the glory of former days. He puts his finger on one small flower of the design and assures us that it is composed of over fifty small pieces of precious stones. Then to demonstrate the perfection of the dome that towers above us the old Khadim tilts back his head and calls out in measured, sustained syllables, “Allah”. The name of his god reverberates from point to point to the very topmost reaches of the dome. Fifteen seconds later the echo melts into silence. So long were the syllables sustained that it almost seemed as though there were angels, as some folks believe, in the niches of that rounded vault who took up and maintained the sound.
Truly, the Taj Mahal was just as wonderful as visitors had reported. We were happy we had altered our travels in order to see it. Some years ago an English lady was so impressed with it that she said, "If I knew that a similar building would be built over my grave tomorrow, I would be ready to die today."

Yes, that's it. That's why it is such a perfect symbol of India. Interesting, weird, beautiful—especially by moonlight—but dead. A mausoleum. A tomb. The abode of magnificence, thought, skill, and death. The name of the dead prophet echoing thru its halls. A dead love buried in its vaults. 330,000,000 names to live by installed in the temples of the land surrounding it—but dead. Fabulous, cheerless, pitiless death! Glorious monument to the "has been." Time-enduring vault of buried hope.

Ah, yes, that's the Taj; and the Taj symbolizes India. Even in her dead, exploited, and ravaged state—beautiful, valuable, impressive. But the thought that plagues at my heart is this: Must it ever be so? Must hope forever be deferred? Is it necessary that millions know naught but death even while they live?

Before my mind's eye comes the remembrance of One who stood by a hard-stone sepulchre in Bethany of Judea and said to its occupant: "Lazarus, come forth," and then as death obeyed His command, He instructed His amazed but delighted followers: "Loose him and let him go." Yes, and in my heart there wells a surge of joy and expectancy as I remember the day in the not-so-distant past when this same Conquerer: of Death and the cause of death, spoke words of life to my own soul.

Oh, thank God, India too can live abundantly. Just as countless believers live in Christ and thru Him, so the sons of Bharat can live by Him. Yes, India can and will live, provided we consistently obey the directive of our risen Lord: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." (Mark 16:15)

**MOST NEEDY MISSION FIELD**

One-fifth of the human race lives within the boarders of India and Pakistan, yet these souls are ministered to by less than 4,000 missionaries of all denominations of which 65 are supported by the Christian and Missionary Alliance. Is it any wonder that many Church leaders consider India, including Pakistan, as "the most needy field in the world today"?

—Ed.
Touring in the Amravati District
— Marthena Ransom —

Three camps were made in different parts of the district and well over 3500 people heard the Gospel message. A few accepted and prayed for salvation. In Mhaispur camp we held nightly meetings. During the day we visited the surrounding villages ministering to the scattered inquirers and Christians. Among those who prayed for salvation was an old woman with whom I had dealt three years previously. At that time her son and daughter-in-law were saved, but she herself was hard as nails and would not permit them to be baptised. This time her heart was prepared to receive the sown seed of His Word. She prayed confessing her sins and seeking cleansing from sin. Only five days later she was gone from this vale of tears. She died breathing the precious Name of Jesus. We praise God for giving her a second chance to accept Him.

From the Nandgaon camp we visited several villages where the people were very open and receptive. In the village of Shahapur practically the entire population turned out to listen to the Gospel. My how they listened! At present one of our Evangelists is holding Laubach reading classes among these people with much interest manifest. We are trusting God for a harvest there.

We travelled over a terrific road in the faithful old jeep to another village where crowds of people gathered and sat listening as one man. They literally drew the message out of us. What a joy it was to give them the Message of Life!

While in that camp I visited a village where we had camped a few years ago. Several villagers had prayed for salvation. Among them was an elderly couple. While I was on furlough the old man, his daughter-in-law and son-in-law all died. Poor old Caminabai was left desolate. Her mind was full of questions as to why God had dealt thus with her. I gave her the story of Ruth and Naomi and she seemed greatly impressed. Pray for her.

We made a third camp at Shivra especially to teach and prepare a group of enquirers for baptism. I found one old woman there with whom I had prayed four or five years ago. She was still trusting the Lord and asking for baptism. The enemy pursued us every step of the way there but the Lord gave us good classes with this little group of enquirers. The Hartmans were coming for the week-end to hold a few meetings and conduct the baptismal service. On the last day of our classes the Headman of the village went after the enquirers with all kinds of threats. He boasted to the evangelist: “I’ye talked to the old woman and she won’t be baptised now.” He
had thoroughly scared her, as well as the others. I talked with her and found she was afraid to be baptised, but she said, “I have the Lord Jesus in here, (placing her hand over her heart) and no one can take Him away.”

In the evening the Headman and about a dozen of his companions came to camp to gloat over their victory. I was getting my supper and listening as they talked with the Evangelist. Finally taking my Testament I went out and looking the Patel straight in the eye said, “I want to read to you the Words of the Lord Jesus, which are especially for you.” Then I read Christ’s woe to the one who hinders one of his little ones and followed with the woe to the one who refusing to enter the Kingdom himself will not allow others to enter. I said, “Patel, this message is for you, and know this, the day is coming when you will stand before the Living God and give account to Him for your deeds of this day.” He looked abashed, and stood absolutely speechless. Finally he looked at the men with him and said, “Let us go,” and they turned and left the camp.

When the day appointed for the Baptismal Service arrived we baptised just two, but nearly the whole village came to witness the ceremony and remained for the preaching service afterwards. We are confident God is working in that place.

In drawing this account to a close I wish to make one special prayer request for this district. In the village of Talegaon-Thakur the Lord has been working and there are seventeen new Christians and other enquirers. The enemy is terribly stirred up. The life of one of the men who is a leader has been threatened. We recently took a student-evangelist and his wife there to live in one room of a Christian widow’s house and hold Laubach reading classes and Christian services. The opposers prepared a petition and presented it to Panjabrao Deshmukh the Minister who recently visited there. The Congress Leader who presented the petition told him that the missionaries have been giving great trouble in their village taking advantage of the ignorance of the Hindu Mahars, deceiving them and defiling them by baptism. He asked that steps be taken to stop them. Our student-evangelist was present in the meeting and when opportunity was given, he rose to his feet and said that we were not there to make trouble, that those who had become Christians had done so voluntarily, and that we were forcing no one to change his religion. He further stated that he and his wife were teaching the people to read and write, how to keep themselves and their homes clean and to live righteously. He asked the Minister to give this matter his attention. Please pray that the Lord may defeat the forces of evil.
"If you put salt on a bird's tail you can catch him," mother used to tell me. As a very small boy it took me a long time to figure that out. Later in life I left the salt shaker at home and used a pair of field glasses in my efforts to catch our cautious feathered friends. I then tried to catch a good look at them rather than catch them with my hands. This I found to be far more satisfying both to me and to the birds.

One evening I walked the sandy Indian path without my helpful field glasses. As I passed a hedgerow of cactus I saw a large bird some 200 yards distant. No field glasses were needed to see him. His huge bulk towered 5 ft. or more over the hot Indian sands on which he stood. He was a subdued ash-grey monster of the bird family with a naked reddish head set high on a long white neck like an ostrich. His very long, flesh-colored legs were naked all the way up to his feathered body.

"What a bird!", I whispered in admiration. "He's looking the other way. I wonder how close I can get to him before he flies away?"

Thus saying I crept slowly along the hedgerow toward him.

When I had traversed about half the distance that divided us, he turned his head and fastened his curious eyes upon me.

I stood still inspecting him from the black tip of his long, pointed yellow-green bill to his stubby white tail, expecting him to fly away at any moment.
Instead of flying, he walked directly toward me.
I stood still, surprised.

Hadn't he seen me? Wasn't he a wild bird that should be frightened by man? Why did he behave so?

Still he came on toward me—not rapidly, but determinedly. No question about it, he was coming directly and purposefully toward me. Nothing like this had happened to me before. I knew of no precedent that would direct me as to what to do. Should I wait and see what he was up to, or ought I run while I had the chance?

Run from a bird? Nonsense! Never let it be said that I would do such a cowardly thing!

Now he was immediately before me. His iris-orange eyes looked directly into mine. The patch of grey-feathered ear tufts were plainly visible. The black hairs on his bald red head stood out straight as though he also were scared. His long, sharp, pointed bill probed belligerently, or was it inquiringly? He tilted forward, lowered his head and pecked at my hand. I raised it menacingly. He side-stepped a pace or two and went behind me. I quickly turned to face him. Again he pecked at my hand, not hard as though he wished to harm me, but inquiringly, hopefully, confusedly. The bird seemed to be as uncertain as to what he should do as I was.

At this point an Indian man came out of the building across the field. As soon as the bird saw him he walked toward him in the direct, deliberate manner in which he had approached me. When they met, the Indian extended his hand and the bird ate food from it. I chuckled to myself: "All men must look alike to birds, just as all birds of the same species look alike to man."

Since that long-to-be-remembered meeting with Mr. Sarus Crane, I have seen him and his devoted wife by the side of almost every jheela, tank, and water hole of Western India. He is always friendly, tame, and confiding. There he stands feeding silently with his mate until you approach very closely. Then unlike my delightful pet he and his companion take a few running steps and soar away with strong, rhythmic beats of their huge outstretched wings. They do not rise high above the ground, and they do not fly far away, but alighting on the other side of the water hole, they trustingly continue their feeding. Why should they be afraid of man, for the non-life-taking Hindu never molests them, believing that it would bring bad-luck to do so; for does he not read in the Hindu
sacred writings that the spirit of his god, Krishna, resides within this bird's breast? Thus the baby Sarus hatches from a blotched, pale purple-pink egg to follow his father and mother from the massive reed nest to the paddy fields and shallow water holes where he finds insects, reptiles, molluscs, and all sorts of vegetable matter. Men work in the same fields and women wash clothes in the same water holes, but he soon learns that they mean him no harm, and takes them for granted. When fully grown he mates for life. He never leaves the side of his companion. You will always see them feeding together only a few feet apart or flying together the one slightly behind the other. In breeding season they dance together spreading their wings and leaping into the air while their trumpet loudly with lowered heads. They are so obvious in their devotion and faithfulness to each other that a universally accepted legend has arisen concerning them: The people verily believe that if one of the pair is killed or dies of natural causes, the surviving bird refusing to leave the site of the tragedy will pine away and eventually die of a broken heart. Others say that the survivor will soar to a great height and purposely crash land in an effort to break his own neck.

This belief is so universally and tenaciously held that it must have some ground in truth. I myself cannot remember ever seeing a lone adult sarus except the pet I described above. Whenever you see Mr. Sarus you will always see Mrs. Sarus somewhere nearby.

Often as I have traveled the roads of polygamous India in areas where the Gospel has seldom been told, I have seen this feathered resident living his unostentatiously devoted life and giving his silent testimony just outside some benighted village where men and women have for centuries lived without a knowledge of true love. Then these words of Scripture have come to my mind: "Nevertheless (God) left not Himself without witness."

In a land where two or three wives are common even in poor homes, God supports a winged missionary who daily preaches by every water hole, the beauty of monogamous love. Oh, that we might be as intent in preaching by every village well the selfless divine love of the Son of God — that unfathomable love for a world lost in sin that sent Christ to a cross of shame in order that India's love-starved-millions might come to know the love of God that passeth knowledge.

In exact proportion as men believe "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself" will they be impelled to take Him to others. —P. C. H.
Facts and Figures

1. Modelled after the Tennessee Valley Authority, India is initiating a $140,000,000 multi-purpose power system, the first units of which are already in operation.

   The Indian Parliament started the project by creating the Damodar Valley Corporation which is a copy of TVA.

   The International Bank for Reconstruction and Development lent $38,000,000 for this project.

   American and Indian engineers have shared in its development.

   When completed the installation will furnish 500,000 kilowatts of hydro and steam electrical power for the industries of eastern India. It will provide water for the irrigation of more than 1,000,000 acres of farm land. It is further expected that it will put an end to the almost annual floods that wreck disaster in this thickly populated valley.

2. India has 255,000 miles of road of which 36% is surfaced.

3. All towns in India with a population of 50,000 people are supplied with electricity.

4. Most large villages of 20,000 also enjoy the advantages of electricity. Dholka is one of the regrettable exceptions.

5. Calcutta and Bombay consume 40% of India's 550 million kwh. of electrical generating output.

6. India has 21 radio stations and 680,000 radio sets.

7. All-India Radio broadcasts 73 news programs a day; 44 are for listeners in India and 29 are beamed at foreign countries.

8. In 1951 India produced 137,049 tons of paper. This was an increase of 6000 odd tons over the previous year.

9. In 1953 India produced over 5,288,000 tons of sugar-cane.

10. Eighteen percent of India's cultivated land is under irrigation (approx. 50 million acres).

11. India stands third in world tobacco production. She is exceeded only by the United States of America who is the greatest producer and China who stands in second place.

12. It is estimated that 350 million bidis (Indian-type cigarettes) are smoked daily in India.
In addition to the 1,116 factories that produce these bidis, there are 20 cigarette factories, 25 producing cigars, 8 cheroots, 186 chewing tobacco, and 31 for snuff. (Often I have been offered a smoke by a friendly Indian who couldn’t conceive of an American who didn’t use tobacco.)

13. 20,000,000 oxen and 10,000,000 men are employed in the Indian bullock-cart industry.

14. India’s export of leather and leather goods during 1952 was valued at $60,000,000.

15. India is committed to export over 2 million tons of coal yearly.

16. In the United States of America there is one automobile for every three people. In India there is one vehicle for every 1350 persons.

17. The Annual demand for automobiles in India is estimated at 20,000 vehicles. The industry is equipped to produce 70,000.

18. Of 1,036.000 tons of machinery, valued at 421,736,000 Pounds which Britain exported 1952, one tenth or 96,000 tons worth 35,626,000 British Pounds was sent to India.

ARE YOU EXCUSED

Horace Bushnell once made an interesting list of all who might be excused from giving to missions. Here it is:

Those who believe the world is not lost and does not need a Saviour.

Those who believe that Jesus Christ made a mistake when He said, “Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.”

Those who believe the Gospel is not the power of God and cannot save the heathen.

Those who wish the missionaries had never come to our ancestors and that we ourselves were still heathen.

Those who believe that it is “every man for himself” in this world, and who, with Cain, ask “Am I my brother’s keeper?”

Those who want no share in the final victory.

Those who believe they are not accountable to God for the money entrusted to them.

Those who are prepared to accept the final sentence: “Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me.”
Correct Your Prayer Issue

by noting the following changes so that your prayer requests may remain up to date.

TRANSFERES

1. Rev. Dhula Gamabhai was transferred by death on February 22, 1954, from Mehmedabad District to the presence of the Lord he so long loved and served. His services as part time instructor in the Mehmedabad Bible School as well as his pastoral ministrations will be greatly missed.

2. Evangelist Laljibhai Madhavlal from Dhoka to Radhanpur District.

3. Evangelist Daudbhai Ganesh from Mehmedabad to Palanpur District.

4. Rev. L. L. King from deputation work to Area Secretary, Headquarters, New York City.

5. Rev. and Mrs. P. L. Morris from Viramgam District to Mehmedabad Bible School.

6. Miss Betty Dyke from Ahmedabad (Language Study) to Dholka District.

7. Miss Ann Droppa from Akola to Khamgaon District and School.

8. Miss Julia Derr from Khangaon District to translation work in Poona.

Missionaries Going On Furlough

1. From Mehmedabad: Rev. and Mrs. J. S. Ringenberg
2. From Bhusawal: Rev. and Mrs. F. W. Schelander
3. From Khamgaon Bible School: Miss Hilda Davies
4. From Khamgaon Preparatory School: Miss Bernice Steed
5. From Ahmedabad: Miss Myra Wing

Missionaries Returned From Furlough

1. To Khamgaon District: Rev. and Mrs. G. L. Carner
2. To Bhusawal District: Rev. and Mrs. D. W. Cartmel

New Arrivals

1. On December 5, 1953, at Nadiad Hospital, a baby girl, Rebecca Lynn, to Karl and Eloise Kose.
Dear Reverend Haagen:

The pastor of our church, Bethany Alliance, loaned me a copy of the "India Alliance". I found it very informative and would like to receive copies of it.

I am sending two dollars to you to help in its publication. This money is being sent to Headquarters and then on to you because of the difficulties experienced in regard to sending money personally.

When is the time of publication so that I may expect a copy?

In His Name

Jude 25

Mrs. Josefa M. Jennings

Your name and address has been added to the mailing list of "The India Alliance". We are happy you discovered "The India Alliance and trust that the future issues will continue to be a source of information and inspiration to you.

Thank you for the contribution. We will use it to defray the expense of pictures in the forthcoming issue.

Unfortunately we are unable to maintain exact publication times. You will receive four copies a year as the vagaries of missionary work and the printers prior commitments dictate. —Ed.

Lancaster, Pa.

My dear Paul,

... I thought "The India Alliance" was very good this time... I gave prayer requests from it to The Women's Missionary Prayer Band last Wednesday.......

Keep me informed about Mr. S. I am intensely interested in him and am praying that he will be a great boon to your work. Perhaps he will be obliged to get further away from his past surroundings, but I am sure God can and will use him if he is wholly surrendered to Him.

Did you leave Ramila at the hospital when you took her for a checkup? I am anxious to know about her.......

Mrs. A. M. H.

Whether devoted entirely to prayer requests, as was the last issue, or whether the needs are implicit in the various articles, it is the function of "The India Alliance" to initiate prayer support. We are happy that you share this ministry with us.

Mr. S. has received grace from the Lord to break off all his former ties and to leave the temple in which he has served for the past thirteen years. He is now giving his time to the study of the Word of God. I hope to give a full account in the Fall issue of The India Alliance of all the way the Lord has led him.

We are happy to report that God has honoured our joint petitions for Ramila, the orphan girl you are supporting, and that she has re-
covered sufficiently to remain in the hostel, although she is still receiving special food and is following a curtailed schedule of activities.

—Ed.

New York City

Dear Mr. Haagen:

. . . . Congratulations to the Editor of the Fall number of “The India Alliance.” It is a fine piece of work and has required a terrific lot of digging and construction. More power to you. Keep up the good work.

I wonder whether you were able to procure Bibles for the orphans at Christmas. . .

Mrs. A. H.

Thank You!

The gift received thru you was sufficient to purchase a well bound Gujarati Bible for each one of the orphans now residing at Dholka. This cherished possession formed the apex of the stack of gifts — mostly clothes — presented at Christmas time. Their letter of thanks sent early in January should have reached you by now. —Ed.

CHANNELS OF SALVATION

God’s children are like salt in the world (Matt. 5:13). If the salt crystals are not dissolved they cannot transmit their flavour. So with God’s children. If they are not melted in the fire of love and the Holy Spirit, and made a living sacrifice, they will not be able to bring to a single soul that spiritual and heavenly life by which they may be saved. They will be no better than Lot’s wife who became a pillar of salt (Gen. 19:26). But just as for your sakes Christ was melted in Gethsemane (Luke 22:14), and on the cross gave up His life that He might save the lives of men, for life must be paid for with life, so you also are called upon to give up your lives and thus bring the savour of spiritual life to others and deliver them from death.

—Sadhu Sundar Singh

I KNOW A NAME!

I know of lands that are sunk in shame,
Of hearts that faint and tire;
But I know a Name, a precious Name,
That can set those lands on fire.

—Author unknown

Do you belong to the Mission, or to the Omission Band?

— — Selected.
LATE NEWS

On March 10, 1954, our Brother A. I. Garrison completed a life time of exemplary service for the Lord he so obviously adored.

We expect to print details of his life and ministry in the next issue of "The India Alliance." —Ed.