Say not ye there are yet four months and THEN... HARVEST?

Behold,

I say unto you,...

The Fields... ARE WHITE

ALREADY to HARVEST.

—The Lord Jesus Christ

He that sleepeth in harvest is a son that causeth shame.

— King Solomon
The Lord of the Harvest

Hear ye the cry of the Lord of the harvest,
   Calling for laborers true.
White are the fields, and the harvest is plenteous;
   Why are the laborers so few?
Lift up your eyes on the stricken nations
   Dying in thousands each year.
Think of the loved ones that toil in the darkness;
   Pray for the laborers, oh, pray!
E'en as the torrents that burst from the mountains,
   Flooding the valley and plain,
Thrust forth the laborers and rouse us to send them,
   Come and revive us again.

— A. B. Simpson

THE LAW OF THE HARVEST

Whatsoever a man soweth, THAT shall he also reap.
   — Gal. 6:7
He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he
   which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully.
   — II Cor. 9:6
Editorial-

Harvest Time

Few events reveal the oneness of man as does the annual harvest. Nothing links the twentieth century half so closely with people long departed as does the yearly return of this joyous season. Customs vary from land to land. The conventions of one people are diverse from those of another. We of the West find it difficult even to understand, let alone enter into the spirit, aspirations, and yearnings of the people of the East. But when harvest time comes 'round, we all stand on common ground. Agricultural methods have been mechanized, 'tis true. Primitive procedures have been improved. In the main, however, today's operations are the same as those of yore. Whatever the method, ploughing is followed by harrowing, and sowing, long patience, care, and eventual reaping. The harvest field itself involves threshing and winnowing. The same process has been repeated again and again and again, year after year, even as God has promised: "While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, ... shall not cease." (Gen. 8:22) The harvest field is the assured meeting ground of all men in all generations. In the gathering of his daily bread, mankind is reduced to a common level — the level of the threshing floor. Spiritually it is the same. Christ, the Spiritual Corn of wheat, fell into the hard ground of this world and died that He might bring forth a spiritual harvest. This Bread of Life is the one common need of man. At the threshing floor of Calvary all men stand on a common level — that of the needy, the starving. Men throughout the whole earth are drawn to one another as they gather to partake of the Heavenly Manna. Apart from Christ they are eccentric, divided, even hostile. In Him they gather to assuage a universal hunger. The joy of a common need met resolves their differences. They are all one in Christ and shall be literally so in that great harvest time when Christ will gather the fruit of His travail and prove to the universe that not even one grain has been lost.

THE JOY OF HARVEST

Harvest time is the time of reaping, and the time of reaping is a time of fulfillment, joy and thanksgiving the world 'round. The joy of some harvesters is expressed in licentious excesses. The thankfulness of others is directed to man-made gods. The harvest of the Christian, be it a temporal or a
spiritual one, should produce thanksgiving to God the giver of all things. “Being enriched in everything to all bountifulness, which causeth through us thanksgiving to God.” (II Cor. 9:11)

After an unusually heavy monsoon, we rejoice in the prospect of bountiful crops in the areas of India in which the Christian and Missionary Alliance is labouring. We thank God for these mercies. As we look out on the maturing crops and especially the first one that will be harvested, we are reminded of the barley fields of Boaz just outside the little town of Bethlehem. Under a cloudless cobalt sky the golden grain fell in endless waves before the sickles of the perspiring reapers. Contrasting with the yellow of the grain and the blue of the sky were the long red robes of the women gleaning under the brilliant eastern sun. For picturesqueness, color, and animation it was a scene to challenge the gifts of an artist. Indeed it has often done so.

In like fashion the almost identical harvest scene on our own compounds and in the fields just outside the towns have challenged us to reconsider the harvest of souls for which we labour. We are gleaning in the fields of a greater than Boaz. By His favour our hands are not empty of grain. But we desire to be more efficient workmen. We would not only rejoice in the visible harvest before us, but we would think deeply and pray earnestly that we might become aware of ALL that the Lord of the Harvest is directing concerning the ingathering of the grain in His fields. May our joy in harvest not prevent us from intelligently facing our own shortcomings as harvesters. May we properly assess the difficulties and labours involved in harvesting and seek the only sufficient source of strength to reap without fainting.

ART WORK

Our new frontispiece as well as the other art work of this issue was drawn by an aspiring artist of Dholka. It depicts characteristic individuals who are part of the local scene. Prominent in our economy as on the upper left hand corner of the page is the potter who prepares the roof tiles of the dwellings and most of the earthen vessels used therein. He gives a Biblical touch to the Indian village and for those instructed in the Scriptures, emphasizes the ideal relationship between God and man. Equally important in the Indian system is the blacksmith who fashions the few metal objects needed as tools in the home and in the field.

The most common male and female attire to be seen on streets renowned the world over for the variety and color of cos-
tumes, may be scrutinized on either side of the magazine legend. The gentleman wears a Congress hat on his head and sandals on his feet. The tails of his long collarless shirt are worn over the length of cloth wound about his loins to serve as trousers. These indigenous “trousers” are almost always white with a very delicate colored border. It is called a “dhoti”. The lady wears a sari drawn over her head and one shoulder of her tight fitting bodice. The “kanku” mark on her forehead is so constantly worn as to give the impression it is a part of her apparel.

The two pictures across the bottom of the page depict a Christian lad and a Hindu woman at their early morning devotions. The young man uses a kerosene lamp to illuminate the pages of the Holy Bible, so that his own spirit might be irradiated by the True Light of the World. The woman bows in sincere but misguided worship before an idol of the Hindu god Krishna.

At the bottom of the coverpage, foundational to the whole study, appears two Gujarati words. They express our yearning and prayer for the whole Indian scene depicted above — VICTORY TO CHRIST. Indeed this is both the motto and the purpose of this magazine and the work it seeks to report. Our petition is that Christ may be Victor in each and every life — that of potter and blacksmith, man and woman, faithful Christian youth and seeking Hindu maiden. This is the message of our new title page. This is the ministry we invite you to share. “Let us not be weary in well-doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.” (Gal. 6:9)

SORRY

Some of our readers have been asking for old copies of The India Alliance for friends and neighbors. We regret to inform you that old copies are not available, as we print the exact number of copies desired at each issue. The undeliverable magazines that have returned to the printer have long since been distributed. We shall be glad to include your name or your friend’s name in our list of subscribers for the next issue. Sorry, that is the best we can do.

Justification by faith strikes a death blow at the very root of Hinduism which is essentially self-righteousness. — P. C. H.

He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap. — Eccles. 11:4
The months after Conference are generally spent out in the villages. God led in wonderful ways and gave great blessing as His Word was given out. Some, 'tis true fell by the way side, some upon rocks, some among thorns, but other fell on good ground. It has been the passion, power, and promise of the Father's heart and the love, labor, and faith of the sower that has brought forth fruit unto salvation here in India.

For ten days our camp was pitched in a lovely grove of mango trees. The people were very friendly and the Lord gave entrance into many homes and villages. In this area over 500 gospels were sold, and they gladly received the Word. One morning we traveled over rough and dusty roads until we reached a village of some 500 people. As soon as we arrived it was noised about that visitors had come so we were soon surrounded by a crowd. We sang and then told the reason of our coming - - to tell of a living risen Christ who has come to save us from sin. They listened attentively, and eagerly, begging us to come back and tell them more. We did, but we found a change in attitude. The leader of the village had frightened the people, by threatening revenge if they attended our meetings. The fowls of the air had come and snatched away the seed sown. The seed of God's Word had
fallen by the wayside and we can expect no harvest in that village.

In another village a school master lives with a Christian family and knows of the Christ we preach. His heart was bitter against those preaching the Word. He made it very difficult for us and gave us much trouble. One evening while we were holding a service, portraying by song and flannel-graph the life and death of Christ, this school master came and sat in the service listening to the message of Salvation. The Lord's presence was very real and we felt His hand upon our ministry as His Spirit was dealing with hearts. Some days later because of this one man, great persecution and testings came to the Christians of that village. The seed in this case had fallen upon stony ground! Pray for the stony hearts — God is able for even these.

The message of Salvation had previously been received in still another village where we visited. Here a number had been baptized some years ago. In this village we inquired as to where the Christians lived. "There are no Christians here anymore," was the reply. "There were some but they have all gone back into Hinduism and no more worship your God." What happened here? Those who received the Word with gladness now laugh and sneer at the things of the Lord. Why the change? Temptation came. Testings were their lot. The heat of persecution dried up the roots of their experience. The soil was too thin to enable them to stand. Oh, how our hearts ache as we cry to the Lord to have mercy!

Are you dear friends praying for the sower and the seed, the Word of God as it is being sown? If we fail in this ministry, the fowls will come, the stony hearts will not break, nor will the thorns be removed. We have this ministry of intercession where mountains can be removed and the power of Christ can be realized as we pray.

But that is not the end of the story. Some fell upon good ground, and bore fruit. For over a week we had the joy of instructing and helping a number who were truly growing in the things of the Lord. They heard the Word. They heeded the Word. They found deliverance and sustenance in Him. On the closing day of our camp in this village nine were baptized. We had joy and peace in our hearts as we beheld the increase from His Word sown on good ground.

Our hearts rejoice in what the Lord has done and is doing, but we are not satisfied. The fields yet unreached are ever before us. Let us pray the Lord of the Harvest to send forth sowers and reapers that heaven itself may rejoice over the seed sown, germinated, and bearing fruit.
Acclimated Seed

— Lauren R. Carner —

Like the bards of ancient Britain, who recited the stories of Scripture and history in ballad and song, the bards of India hold first place even today in the hearts of the people as those to whom they are indebted for the light of knowledge in a land where only twelve per cent read and write. This is especially true in the land of the Marathas (those who speak the Marathi language) whose poet bards have, from ancient times, stirred them to historic achievement by means of the kirtan or ballad.

These bards or kirtankars, in the words of an eminent Indian scholar, “were mostly men of learning and experience, having travelled in pilgrimage throughout India on foot, and gained first hand information of local occurrences which they often actually witnessed. They can be likened to our present day newspaper reporters. They delivered orations and held hari-kirtans (recited the religious ballads of the Hindus) which were avidly listened to, and which supplied the spiritual background to the political aims of workers like Shivaji (greatest of the Maratha kings).”

The form of popular Marathi verse used by the bards is
called the abhang. So simple and yet so attractive is the abhang meter of Marathi poetry — lending itself so readily to music flowing out of the soul of the people — that scholar and illiterate alike commit it to memory with effortless enjoyment. Women thrill to its cadences and little children repeat an abhang with the same familiarity as an American child quotes a nursery rhyme.

From boyhood days the writer has lived among the rural people of Maharashtra (country of the Marathas). He has attended the recitation of many kirtan in village squares, on the sands of river beds, and at “holy” places of the Hindus. He has himself, as an amateur bard, memorized some of the abhang or verse of the beloved Christian poet, Tilak. He has used the kirtan as a means of evangelism in the Marathi speaking districts of Berar, Khandesh, Ahmednagar, Satara, Poona and the southern Maratha states. He has never known public interest in the kirtan to lag. Nor has he known a kirtankar, however humble or unaccomplished, to be wanting an audience. From wide experience he has proved how very true are the words once spoken to him by a Brahmin scholar, “The people may heckle a preacher, but they will never heckle a kirtankar.”

In the light of these facts and in the face of the opposition which confronts the Christian cause in India today, an evangelistic band of thirteen young Indian preachers accompanied by two missionaries set out on a tour with the aim of preaching the Gospel through the medium of the kirtan. The team was equipped with a powerful P. A. system so that when a Gospel ballad was recited it was not merely heard by those in the immediate audience but by the whole village. Over a radius of 300 miles the Gospel was thus effectively proclaimed in some fourteen different villages in one of the most strategic areas of our Alliance mission field in India to audiences of men, women and children, averaging a thousand in each place.

In this evangelistic team was a young Christian — now a college student — who was first attracted to the Christian way through this particular medium of evangelism. We pray that many more like him may find the Saviour as the Lord’s chosen messengers continue to sing the Gospel in India.

God does nothing but in answer to prayer. John Wesley

Paul’s praying carried Paul’s converts further along the highway of sainthood than Paul’s preaching did. — Preacher and Prayer p. 104
An Improved Method of Sowing
— Luella C. Burley —

For weeks boys of all ages filled the skies with their tissue-paper kites. Their sisters crowded the streets to watch the colorful spectacle. No one was free to listen to the story of a living Saviour. Some way must be found to capture their interest.

"Are all of you flying kites? Fun, isn’t it? Well, I’ve brought my kite along today. It’s a pretty one, a big one. Wouldn’t you like to see it? Well then, pull your kites down, and come look at mine."

It worked. The kite enthusiasts gathered in a tight group to see and to hear. By installments the promised kite materialized before them on the flannelgraph. With each added part and each additional color there was a story. These stories were really different parts of one story — the story of Jesus who gave His life on the cross so that needy boys and girls might know a new kind of life. "He will wash black hearts white in the red fountain of His shed blood that boys and girls like you kite fliers might be prepared for the golden glories of heaven."

Finally, the kite was completed, and with it the story. "But a kite is no good unless you can fly it. And you can’t fly it without a string. So there’s one thing left for us to do. We must bind on the string that connects earth with heaven. That string is the cord of faith. Now as each boy and each girl bows his head and closes his eyes in prayer, let us each one bind our own string of faith to the Gospel kite."
Promise of an Early Harvest

— Karl H. Kose —

Paul and Silas “assayed to go into Bithynia, but the Spirit suffered them not.” The same experience had confronted them when they were preparing to go into Asia: “They . . . were forbidden of the Holy Ghost to preach the Word.” Fruitful territory was closed to the preaching of the Gospel, soil prepared for the seed was permitted to lie idle, and no seed was sown. Or was it fruitful territory? Was it in actuality soil prepared for the seed? Paul was directed to by-pass seemingly good ground in order that he might sow on better soil, fruitful territory, prepared ground. The harvest lay in unexpected places and God led His servants there.

Due to the scarcity of national workers as well as missionaries, there are many villages in India which receive no Christian witness for years at a time. Where ought we sow the seed? We often cry, “Lead us, Lord, to the places where Thy Word will be received joyfully, and where souls will believe in Thee and Thy Son. Lead us to soil prepared for the Seed that it may bring forth fruit, some an hundredfold, some sixtyfold, some thirtyfold.” The Lord sometimes takes us to these places in unexpected ways.

Two Christian laymen had come from Ahmedabad to help in a week of district preaching. It was our desire to reach at least thirty villages with the Gospel message, leaving in our wake the tracts, Gospels, and New Testaments we always carry with us. The first day proved to be favourable; we spent about an hour in each of six villages, singing, preaching, and selling the Scripture portions. We returned to Dhandhuka praising the Lord for permitting us to get to each of these places, and praying that fruit would be realized from the efforts.

The second day we planned to go in a different direction, into villages which had not had the Christian witness for several years. From the start Satan opposed us. We were late getting started, but took time to pray that God would lead us to the right places. There was practically no response in the first village. Only a few men and children lingered long enough to listen to the whole service. No women appeared for the ladies’ meeting. No Scriptures were sold.

Trying not to be discouraged, we pressed on to the next village. Here the chief of the village offered the town square for our use and called all the people together. They listened quietly as the message of Jesus was presented. Scriptures were sold in abundance and we joyfully started toward the
next village, praising God and praying for the village we had just visited -- and the one which we were approaching.

It was between these two villages that Satan struck his greatest blow to discourage our efforts. The village which lay ahead of us was close by the sea. The ground we were travelling over was still wet from the recent full tide. The land on all sides was caked with salt. The people of this area can barely eke out a living by pasturing their cattle in the sparse grass. Cultivating the fields is an impossibility. God, however, can cultivate hearts and turn them into fruitful soil for the sowing of the Gospel seed.

Due to the rough terrain it was necessary to shift gears often. Suddenly the middle gear failed to function. The gear shift would slide into position properly, but the gears failed to connect. For a short time it was necessary to drive in low and high gears only, but soon these too slipped, and only the reverse gear was working. It would be an impossibility to travel twenty-four miles back to Dhandhuka in reverse gear, so we tried to find what had slipped -- but it seemed the longer we worked, the more cogs and wheels slipped out of position until it was impossible to get them properly back into place. The only thing the eight of us could do was shove the jeep into the next village and go for help. As it was noon, we ate our lunches, prayed, and committed the situation unto the Lord. Then Obed and I started walking for the nearest bus stop -- six miles away. We missed the only bus which would have taken us to the railway line in time to get to Dhandhuka that evening. We caught the bus on its return trip, planning to go to a village that night and get the first bus to Dhandhuka the next morning.

Through the kindness of a wealthy, educated Thakor (village chief) we were given transportation to Dhandhuka that same night in his private car, and we immediately began making plans to get the jeep and its occupants back to Dhandhuka. It was not until the second night that we were able to get a truck to pull the jeep the twenty-four dusty miles back home again.

In the meantime, the six remaining members of the evangelistic party were made as comfortable as possible by the people of the village. The villagers had very little food, but such as they had they gladly offered to their unexpected guests. They offered the “town hall” for our use. They waited on us hand and foot, but wondered what had brought us into such an out-of-the-way place. After a good rest in the afternoon, the chief of the village called all the villagers together to hear what the Christians had to say. It was re-
ported to us that they listened quietly, eagerly, and had many questions to ask when the service was over. When it became apparent that help would not be coming that first night, the villagers brought beds and blankets for the Christians to rest on. That night by the light of their kerosene lamps, the villagers again gathered to hear more about the “Jesus story.” Gideon reported that for more than an hour he told them that story, revealing to them the plan of salvation. It was late when all retired for the night.

The next day it was the same — again and again opportunity was afforded to give witness to the saving grace of Jesus. When the lights of the truck appeared late that second night, all the people of the village gathered to see us go, and to hear our last words about Jesus. As a sign of friendship and thanksgiving, Gideon gave his new fountain pen to the village headman. We also gave them a Bible as the chief knew how to read. When we exhorted him and his people to read the Word and believe in Jesus the Son of God, his prompt response was, “SIRS, WE ALREADY BELIEVE!”

“The Seed is the Word of God”
— Luke 8:11 —

“Christ is my Saviour. He means everything to me. I love Him with all my heart. Why shouldn’t I be baptized in His Name?” These were the earnest, burning words of the sari-clad figure with a Parsi name who sat opposite me.

“Have you counted the cost?” was the question I put by way of response.

“My family will disown, disinherit me, that’s all,” she replied with full awareness but equal disregard.

“How will you sustain yourself?”

“I don’t know. In all my life I have never worked outside the home. I have not been educated to support myself. But certainly the God who sustained me in my ignorant search for reality will not desert me when I am truly His.”

I was beginning to reply, but as if apprehensive that I would dissent, she broke in upon me:

“What has my religion or my community given me? What has my family given me? Nothing but suffering and sorrow and heartbreak. I do not hold it against them. They meant to achieve their selfish ends regardless of the consequences
to me, yet God has worked it out for my good. But for my troubles I would not have found Him. It's God who has sustained me thru these years. I must tell you my testimony. Then you will understand.”

After a long recital of the family troubles, separations, and hardships thru which God over the course of a number of years, had prepared the fallow ground of my heart for the reception of the Gospel seed, she said:

“My fretting over these things produced insomnia. To relieve the loneliness of the long night hours I took to voluminous reading. But I couldn't keep myself supplied with reading material. When I became acquainted with a missionary lady who had a large library, I asked her for books to read -- any books she wasn't using. She gave me several of Grace Livingston Hill's novels. These volumes opened my eyes to the wonders of Christianity. They sowed seeds of desire and interest in my heart that were yet to bear a spiritual harvest. I read them avidly until my missionary friend returned to America on furlough.

"Then tragedy struck. I received a telegram that my best friend had died. The one Parsi woman who had comforted and sustained me in my distress, was no more. The aching void in my heart produced a desire to read the Bible -- to find comfort from the same source as the characters of those books. But I was a Parsi. I had no Bible, I had never held a Bible in my hands. My only contact with Biblical literature had been thru the arresting, heartwarming quotations I had read in Christian novels. The Bible was a religious book -- the Christian's book; that I knew. It would be hard to understand.

In my ignorance I imagined it would be unintelligible to the layman like the Parsi Prayer Book I kept unused in my trunk. I was torn between conflicting attitudes concerning this inaccessible book. I wanted its comfort, and yet I irrationally feared and despised it.

"Finally I introduced myself to my missionary friend's successor. I asked her to lend me Christian books. She gave me several volumes of missionary biography. I enjoyed them immensely. When I returned them, I asked for more of the same. She replied that her book case contained no more treatises of that type, but she suggested I take a volume of the Gospels.

'What does that title mean', I asked her.

'Good News', was her precise but meaningless reply.
"Not wanting to display further ignorance, I took J. B. Phillips' translation of the Gospels without suspecting that I had a portion of the desired but feared Scriptures in my hands. It looked like any other book. I had no inkling of its contents, but it would fill the long sleepless hours of the night. I thanked my new friend and departed.

"That evening I read as usual. The book was written in a conversational English I could read with ease and understanding. The pages were turned unnoticed. I fell in love with the personality of Jesus. His words went directly to my heart. It seemed He Himself was speaking to me. I read to the end of the Gospel according to Mark before I turned out the light.

"Next day I could scarcely wait for the hours of darkness I usually dreaded. Nothing seemed so important as the reading of that Book. As soon as dinner was finished I repaired to my room. I retired for the night, but not to sleep. That haunting Book was my bed-fellow. Again I read eagerly. The Gospel according to Luke seemed more revealing than anything I had yet perused. I lived thru all its pages. Then immediately I turned to the Gospel of John. Finally I came to the passage: 'Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid'. I was overcome with emotion and unable to read further. I sobbed audibly. With groanings of spirit I could not control, I pled with the One who had captured my soul, scarcely believing He would heed the petition of a heathen Parsi:

"Oh, Christ, I am all alone, I need you. I want you. I have faith in you. I believe you. Please abide in me. Please give me your peace.

"This prayer seemed to calm me. I resumed my reading and finished the Book. My heart was bubbling, bubbling over. I was ever so happy and contented. I couldn't understand it. I was too ignorant to realize its source but I savoured its sweetness. Covering my head with the bedding as I always do when I lay down to sleep, I saw myself kneeling before the white-robed figure of Christ. This vision continued for some time. While puzzling over it and my new-found joy I fell off to sleep.

"The next morning I arose refreshed and with a peace of mind entirely foreign to my nature. Over the course of the next few days I reread the Gospels and the Lord Himself revealed the meaning of my experience, witnessing to my soul that I was born again.
“Although the Lord’s presence was very real and wonderful yet my ignorance and superstition were so great that I feared to tell anyone about it. For a year after my conversion I related my experience to no one except the missionary from whom I had borrowed the unrecognized but effectual Scriptures. I made her solemnly promise she would not reveal my secret. She replied prophetically: ‘I will tell no one. When the right time comes you yourself will bear witness to what God has done for you.’

‘Her words have come true. Now wherever I go -- on the road, in the shop, at the hotel -- my one topic of conversation is the story of Christ’s love. I never tire telling concerning His providential guidance of this irreligious Parsi girl until her eyes were, oh, so recently opened to recognize His all embracing care.”

“Do your coreligionists oppose your witness?”

“I have suffered rebuke, mockery, and all sorts of abuse, but I count it all joy ‘for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord.’ I am happy to be the butt of practical jokes if thereby the Lord Jesus Christ and His saving power are made known to the worshippers of Ormazd.”

“What approach is most effective in witnessing to the educated, well-to-do Parsis among whom you live?”

“I fear all my arguments and dissertations fall rather flat. It is my own testimony the Lord deigns to bless. Those to whom I witness know what I was and what I am. The gloom hung on my countenance by suffering and self-pity has been replaced by the joy of the Lord and concern for the spiritual well being of others -- especially my own people. This surprises and in a measure pleases them. My greatest joy and strength comes from the testimony of my fellow Parsis concerning this change in my own life. Thereby I know my life is telling for Jesus.”

“I suppose they regard you as an example of missionary proselytizing?”

“They do accuse me of falling under the spell of crafty foreigners, but I assure them God used no direct human hand to guide me to Himself. It was all His love, His care, His Word, His Spirit.”

“What about all those twisted family relationships you were telling me about? Is Christ sufficient for them?” I prodded. “Those circumstances are all the same, but the hurt and the bitterness have all been cleared away as Christ’s own love has flooded my soul.”
“What a wonderful harvest the seed of God’s Word has brought forth! Are you still planting it away in your heart?”

“Indeed I am. I have devoted myself almost exclusively to reading the New Testament in Phillips’ modern English translations and to religious classics that by encouragement and challenge have strengthened my spiritual life and opened my understanding concerning His will. According to my capacity the Lord has been leading me on into a fuller knowledge of His Word.”

“And, Sahib, according to my capacity He has permitted testings. A Parsi friend has striven his utmost to overthrow my faith. It has forced me to send down deeper roots into my Foundation. I am confident the detractor will collapse before my frail faith wavers, for it is established on the Rock Christ Jesus.

“Sahib, do you know that little song ‘How Marvelous, How wonderful, Is my Saviour’s love for me’? That sums up my testimony even as it does yours. Lets sing it together.”

The song having ended, she returned to her original question: “Why shouldn’t I be baptized? That’s the most effective witness I could give. He’s saved me. I’m His. Why shouldn’t I show I am His thru baptism?”

I knew of no reason why she shouldn’t be baptized. Reader, do you?

VALUABLE DISCOVERY

The recently-discovered silver coins of the Solanki Dynasty in Gujarat are regarded by Archaeologists as a valuable addition to the available historical data of the medieval period between 950 A. D. and 1300 A. D.

Abundant historical material on the Solanki Dynasty was available in the form of stone carvings, copper plates, contemporary chronicles and literary compositions in Sanskrit and old Gujarati. However, the coin currency mentioned so frequently in the records had not previously been found. The inscriptions on the coin bear the name of King Jayasimha Siddharaj, who flourished between 1090 A. D. and 1150 A. D. and are in the script current in old Gujarat. The reverse side depicts the figure of an elephant, symbolising Lakshmi, the Goddess of Wealth.

Historians have described Jayasimha Siddharaj as the “Vikramaditya of Western India.” A great conqueror, builder and patron of arts, his stone inscriptions have been found at such distant places as Atru, near Kotah, Udaipur in Madhya Bharat, Ujjain, Kutch and Jaipur.

The discovery of the silver coins was made by Mr. Amrit Pandya, Director, Institute of Archeology, at Vallabh Vidya Nagar, Kaira District.
The insect worries, buzzing and persistent,
The squeaking wheels that grate upon our joy.
— Annie Johnson Flint
In 1930 Miss Emma Krater, stationed at Jalgaon, became the owner of a new six cylinder Chevrolet. For her driver she hired a young Brahmin resident of Jalgaon, Trimbak Shankar Kulkarni.

I have two outstanding memories of him from those days. I remember the handsome young man polishing his handsome vehicle and then joining his hands before it in an act of reverent worship. He used to do that every morning. Once I asked him why he worshipped the car. "It is a lifeless thing," I said. "YOU have to clean and repair and service IT; how then can it help YOU?" He answered simply, "It provides me with my employment, through which I get my food and needs supplied, doesn't it? Why shouldn't I worship it?"

My second memory relates to a robbery in which a considerable sum of money was stolen from the Jalgaon mission house. It was only natural, perhaps, that many of us suspected that Trimbak, the non-Christian employee, may have had a hand in it. Time completely exonerated him, but it was a most unpleasant experience for him nevertheless.
For six years he was Miss Krater’s chauffeur. During much of this period two other elderly ladies who were stationed with her in Jalgaon also benefited from his services. They were Miss Anna Little and Mrs. Martha Ramsey. Not only in Jalgaon city, but all over the village roads of that district Trimbak escorted this trio of missionary ladies in their evangelistic endeavors. Their Christian hymns and messages to village audiences fell ceaselessly upon his ears as he guarded the car nearby. Many times one or another of these motherly souls would seek to deal personally with Trimbak’s spiritual needs and lead him to the Lord. I asked him the other day why he did not become a Christian in that environment. He said, “I was young and ignorant. You know how Brahmins despise Christians! I felt myself so superior to all Christians that I couldn’t conceive of myself needing anything that they could give me.”

Dear Miss Krater has been in heaven these twenty years, and Mrs. Ramsey not much less. Miss Little is there too. But the answer to their many prayers for Trimbak has come only in recent months. After Miss Krater’s death he drifted around and often found the going hard. At such times he could not help recalling the Christian teaching he had involuntarily imbibed. He says, “When I found my own religious worship didn’t help me, I began to pray in the Christian way. At last I thought, ‘What’s the use of remaining in misery as a Hindu when I can have peace of mind as a Christian? Why keep on the difficult road when I can travel the easy one?’”

The shepherd who had sought this lost sheep so many years had His undershepherds at hand. When, a year ago, Trimbak intimated his desires to a Christian fellow-employee at the military depot where he works, this friend took a keen interest in him. He invited him to a week-long Bible Conference at the inter-denominational Spiritual Life Center at Nasrapur, near Poona. There, in that quiet atmosphere and inspired by the splendid Christian fellowship prevailing, Trimbak asked for baptism. One sows, another waters, and still another reaps. God used Brother and Sister Crozier, the capable managers of the Center, and other missionaries there present at the time, to help Trimbak to a final clear understanding of the life in Christ. At a later Conference there, last September, he was baptised.

He told me he had very much wanted some Alliance missionary to be present on that occasion. “For, he said, “it is only because of what I learned in those days in the Alliance mission that I am a Christian today.” Most of the missionaries Trimbak knew are no longer on the field, and for twenty
years he has lived far from our mission area. Nevertheless, he wrote Miss Jean Ramsey of the C. M. S. Mission, daughter of Mrs. Ramsey and an Alliance missionary in spirit. Jean alone had maintained contact and shown an interest in him throughout these years. She made the long trip — a day’s journey by train and bus — to attend the service.

Trimbak asked me the date of our annual campmeeting. “I want to go there,” he said, “and tell the people what God has done for me, and let them see the change in my life.” “And herein is that saying true, One soweth, and another reapeth. I sent you to reap that whereon ye bestowed no labour: other men laboured, and ye are entered into their labours.” (John 4:37, 38) But God gave the increase. So then neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase. For we are labourers together with God: ye are God’s husbandry . . . (I Cor. 3:6b, 7, 9)

Gleanings from Former Harvests

Benefits from long past harvests still reach us today. Whose spiritual life has not been enriched by the prophet-like utterances of Sadhu Sundar Singh, by the faith of Tamil David, by the poetic inspiration of Narayan Vaman Tilak, or by the Christ-like service of Pandita Ramabai? Less well known to most readers will be the name of the Brahmin convert used of God to overcome the philosophical difficulties of the seeking Pandita. He was Nilkanth Shastri Goreh who was given the name of Nehemiah at baptism. It is not now to him but to his illustrious daughter that we would draw your attention. Not only did she serve the Church of India at Allahabad for many years, but she also left the Church universal in her debt thru her book of poems (“From India’s Coral Strand”) and especially by her inspired hymn, “In the Secret of His Presence.” Possibly without being aware of its origin you have sung this hymn (“Hymns of the Christian Life”) page 354) and thus shared in the blessing derived from Indian harvests of former days. If you have not, you may yet get an inkling of their richness by meditating upon these lines written by Ellen Lakshmi Goreh and by appropriating their secret as your very own:

In the secret of His Presence
How my soul delights to hide!
Oh, how precious are the lessons
Which I learn at Jesus’ side!
Earthly cares can never vex me,
Neither trials lay me low;
For when Satan comes to tempt me,  
To the secret place I go.

When my soul is faint and thirsty,  
Neath the shadow of His wing  
There is cool and pleasant shelter,  
And a fresh and crystal spring;  
And my Saviour rests beside me,  
As we hold communion sweet;  
If I tried, I could not utter  
What He says when thus we meet.

Only this I know: I tell Him  
All my doubts, my griefs and fears;  
Oh, how patiently He listens!  
And my drooping soul He cheers;  
Do you think He ne'er reproves me?  
What a false friend He would be  
If He never, never told me  
Of the sins which He must see!

Would you like to know the sweetness  
Of the secret of the Lord?  
Go and hide beneath His shadow:  
This shall then be your reward;  
And whene'er you leave the silence  
Of that happy meeting place,  
You must mind and bear the image  
Of the Master in your face.
Meditations in an Indian Garden
— Alice Eicher —

There will be just enough time before class to slip out and plant some corn. I wish the seed wasn’t three years old. Probably only half of it will germinate. Of course the gaps can be replanted; then about half of that will come up.

Lord, I thank Thee that the seed of Thy Word is ever fresh. As it is planted in the hearts of these villagers who have come to the short term school, we need not worry about it’s fertility. But Father, some of the soil in which we are sowing looks so hopeless! Some appears to be like the heavy clay over here on this side of our garden. I’ve just put some humus in those beds, but what constitutes spiritual humus?

A gardener knows the best results come from removing poor soil and replacing it with good, rich earth. But Father, we human beings object to having any digging done around our hearts! We simply wouldn’t endure such excavations. We prefer to struggle up through heavy, impoverished soil with the result that our spiritual lives are weak and fragile — the kind of plants which wilt and die easily unless constantly watched over and cared for.

Why can’t all plants be like cannas? They are so strong and hardy, disease resistant and not attractive to insects. They make such a beautiful display in front of our bungalow and hardly need any attention. That one woman from M—— appears to be that type. She seems to have developed vigorously and the onslaughts of adverse conditions which have affected the growth of others in her group apparently have left her untouched. How comforting it would be if they were all as healthy.

But I forget that cannas have no fragrance and one in time tires of the bright, strong colors if there is nothing else to look at. It is a pleasure to see some softer colors and enjoy the sweet fragrance of some shyer varieties. However that represents trouble and work. Are they worth it? While fussing with them it sometimes doesn’t seem like it. But what satisfaction when the first loveliness appears! Lord, can it be possible that some of these plants in my class will eventually yield fragrant and beautiful blooms? That plaque above my desk reminds me that “God Is Able.”

So dear Father, give us patience to cheerfully and faithfully tend these difficult-to-raise plants, knowing that the ones which survive will be a true joy. May we not be too distressed about the losses, remembering Thou art the Master of the
vineyard and Lord of the harvest. When Satan’s birds and termites attack the seeds, his rats and chipmunks nip off the green shoots, his fungus attacks the stems, his insects devour the leaves and cause the plants to wither and die, show us the most effective measures to employ in combating these evils. Ours is the mechanical labor. We plant, cultivate, and reap. Life is from Thee. Nourishment is Thy provision. Sun and rain are God-given gifts.

Grant Lord that in this school for simple village Christians roots may be thrust down deep, weeds be uprooted, soil loosened, nourishment given and the sun and rain from heaven above descend, that Thy garden may flourish in spite of all that would prey upon it.

Harvest Time Bible Studies
Prepared by L. Carner
For Village Use

I. HARVEST TIME
1. Harvest time, God’s time. Gen. 8:22
2. Harvest time is work time. Prov. 10:5; Eccl. 9:10
3. Harvest time is time to remember the needy. Lev. 19:9, 10
4. Harvest time a time of rejoicing. Isa. 9:2, 3

II. HARVEST FESTIVAL
1. The harvest festival commanded by God. Ex. 23:16 and 34:22
2. The harvest festival brought rest. Ex. 34:21
3. The harvest festival witnessed the offering of the first fruits to God. Lev. 23:10, 11.

III. THE HARVEST OF SOULS
1. The opportunities of this harvest must be grabbed immediately. John 4:35-38
2. The workers in this harvest are moved with compassion. Matt. 9:36 - 10:8
4. The woe of unharvested souls. Jer. 8:20

IV. THE HARVEST OF JUDGMENT
1. When the harvest of iniquity is ripe. Joel 3:12-14
2. When the tares are separated from the wheat. Matt. 13:30 and 13:40-42
3. When the harvest of God’s wrath is reaped. Rev. 14:14-20.
Delayed Harvest

The facts of this story were given the editor by Rev. L. E. Hartman who has spent almost a life time of service as a missionary in Madhya Pradesh.

"Do you see that large mango tree there to the right?" asked one Marathi evangelist of his companion.

"Yes. Its shade is dense and it’s near the main road to the village," continued the other.

"I think it would be an ideal site for our camp."

"I agree. Let’s make it our headquarters during this campaign."

Soon the tents were pitched and the tired workers began preparing their special meal of chicken curry. But it was not their lot to be left undisturbed for long. Quite a group of children had already collected at the edge of the camp-site and curiously watched each move they made. Before the food was ready to eat, adults too had come to satisfy their curiosity. One of these men pressed thru the assembling crowd and accosting the campers, asked:

"Who are you, and what is your caste?"

Before they could answer, their questioner put other interrogations to them:

"Where have you come from? Who sent you? Why are you staying here outside the village? What is your work? How much salary do you receive?"

The evangelist invited his questioner to sit down for a visit and promised to do his best to identify himself and his companion. He began by telling his visitor that they were both Christians. Yes, they were Christian workers. They spent all their time in publishing the good news of the Gospel. But the visitor did not understand and would not let them continue until they had explained what it meant to be a Christian.

One cannot identify the origin of a Christian for an uneducated villager or anyone else without using the matchless Name of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Suddenly the listless inquirer became attentive:

"What did you say? Say that again!"

The worker repeated his last statement spoken by way of summation:
"A Christian is one who loves, worships and serves the Lord Jesus Christ only."

"Again!", demanded the visibly irritated man.

"A Christian is one who loves, worships and serves the LORD JESUS CHRIST only."

"Please say that again!" the villager fairly pleaded. But before the puzzled worker could make reply, he continued:

"I too worship Him."

It was now the worker's turn to be astonished:

"You...you mean...but how could you?"

As the evangelist recovered from the surprise of his visitor's statement it became his turn to ask questions:

"How long have you worshipped Jesus? Do you worship Him only, or do you also bow to Hindu gods? Who taught you how to worship Him --how to pray? Where did you hear the Gospel story? Who told you about the Saviour?"

Then the villager told a long story -- one that began with the laying of the G. I. P. Railroad thru Berar.

He was then a young lad in his teens but managed to secure a lucrative job as a laborer. The work proceeded in spite of many difficulties and before long the engineer in charge of surveying the line and managing its construction arrived for an inspection of the section where he was working. You can imagine the trepidation and sense of importance with which this village lad ran an errand that took him to the tent of Lieutenant Oldham. After waiting fruitlessly in ignorant embarrassment outside the tent door for some little time, he finally ventured to peep in. What he saw puzzled him. The Sahib wasn't sleeping. He wasn't reading or working over plans. He wasn't lounging in a chair. No, he was kneeling in front of a chair. Why was he doing that when the tent contained such comfortable furniture? What was he doing? The boy decided it must be something concerning the law of his God. He had heard the men discuss the queer things he did.

He wasn't like most Sahibs. He didn't swear. He didn't smoke or drink. He didn't carouse. He was a religious man. Boy that he was he had sensed the workmen's respect for this holy man with a white skin who had come all the way from England to build them a railroad with which to market their cotton. Yes, he must be praying. But where is the idol? If he is such a holy man certainly he must pray to some god -- to a powerful god. But obviously he has only a chair in front
of him. Could the chair be his god? Certainly a chair has no power to make a man intelligent, and prosperous, and holy as all agreed this engineer was.

He continued his peeping and his puzzling until Lieutenant Oldham finally rose to his feet. Then he coughed loudly to apprise him of his presence, and entered the tent on his errand. His duty fulfilled, boy-like he blurted out the questions that were bothering him.

Into the great man’s eyes and heart came both love and pity for the ignorant lad. Putting aside his work he called the boy to him and told him of Jesus:—how God had sent Him into this world to take the sinner’s place;—how He gave Himself a ransom for us all;—how He rose the third day for our justification and even now sits at the right hand of God exalted in the heavens, to make intercession for us. The engineer went on to tell how He lives in the hearts of those who believe on Him and how thru prayer believers can even now have fellowship with Him.

Then the lay-witness told of his own surrender to the Lord Jesus such a short time before and of his desire to live a life pleasing to Him. This was why he prayed. He didn’t pray to the chair, to an idol, nor any likeness of Jesus, but to Him directly. He emphasized the fact that Jesus resides only in the hearts of those who have been cleansed from sin.

Even yet the boy did not fully understand, but he saw why the men respected their boss; he too had a deep regard for him after this initial meeting. He also had a deep determination that his heart should be clean so that Jesus would dwell therein. Accordingly he abandoned his smoking and drinking. He stopped worshipping idols. Soon he realized he must not take part in any feast connected with idolatry. This was more difficult for it involved others than himself. When they remonstrated with him and tried to persuade him to revert to the ways of his fathers, he would reply evasively:

“I am under a vow.”

Eventually the railroad was completed and the trains began to steam thru the heart of Berar. The lad grown to manhood returned to his village, but he did not return to his village gods. He prepared a little place under a tree in one of his fields, and there, day after day, both morning and evening he would gather his family together for prayer to the god who dwells in the pure heart. Thus in a haze of partial understanding and a confusion of works and faith did he continue for some forty-five years unto this hour. And now again he
had heard that Name;- the Name the Sahib had used;- the Name in which he had prayed all these years;- the precious name of Jesus.

"Tell me more! Tell me more!"

It was not difficult to lead this prepared and waiting heart into an experience of cleansing from all sin which brought immediate assurance of salvation.

By this time supper was ready — yes, more than ready. The chicken had passed the golden brown stage. Some folk would have said it was burnt, but not the three who had just discovered their brotherhood in Christ Jesus.

The evangelist did the natural thing: he invited the villager to remain and eat with them. Then it was that the villager did the unnatural thing: He accepted the invitation. There before his former caste-brothers he sat down with his newfound brothers in Christ Jesus and partook heartily of chicken flesh — a long-despised gift of God. Thus did he testify openly to all who chose to note, that old things had passed away and all things had become new.

Some days later his entire family joined him in an even more definite testimony to the inward work of grace wrought in their hearts. They were symbolically buried with Christ in the waters of baptism and raised again to newness of life in the matchless Name of the One so long fruitlessly sought in self effort.

Is any word spoken for Christ ever lost? “Tho it tarry, wait for it.” The seed in some hearts needs both the early and the latter rain. God forbid that we should miss the harvest thru lack of patience and faith.
WARNING!

Don't read this article unless you can take it "straight". In writing to the Editor the Author explained: "Sometimes the actual facts don't make a nice picture. Not that I don't believe in 'sugar-coating' some kinds of medicine, but I'm afraid if you always did so some people would get to believe it WAS candy! So let them have it straight!" If you read this article you will realize that missionary labours are not always in harvest fields of golden grain. The harvest of tares and thistles is likewise encountered.

With the first fleck of grey that heralds the dawn, we were up and on our way to a Pardi camp. The Pardi people are a nomadic tribes people who subsist by hunting. While touring we had spotted their camp in the distance and had turned aside to tell them the gospel story. It was the first time they had ever heard of Christ. Before we left they had invited us to attend their blood-sacrifice to be held at daybreak the next day. Anxious to learn all we could about these strange people and their unknown ways, we were now hurrying through the cold, half-light of early morning toward their camp. Five miles of careful maneuvering over rugged, stony trails in our faithful pick-up truck finally brought us to a place where we could see the rusty-red tent tops of the Pardi camp on the cold, dew-covered hilltop.

As we drew nearer the hush of early morning gave way to sounds of weird chanting and lamentation such as we had never before heard. I should like to describe the bedlam with which we were greeted -- sounds which can only be produced in the throats of those primitive Pardi women — but words are so inadequate for such a task. Perhaps you will be able to imagine this chorus of unearthly noises if I liken it to a flock of raucous Indian crows quarrelling in a minor key with an answering choir of jays accompanied by an off-key orchestra of jews' harps that discord in a garble of unintelligible words.

The whole camp was astir, in fact, had been active all night. After a night of "toddy" - drinking and unrestrained carousal, the sacrifice was scheduled to take place just as the sun showed over the horizon. Seated in a semi-circle before the small rust-colored temple, which had been temporarily constructed just outside the camp, was the group of women "singing" in the manner I have just described. As they
“sang” they swayed slowly back and forth in their agitation. The women were very poorly dressed but brightly decorated with red, yellow and black glass beads which are a sign of the tribe even being worn by the men. Some of the women had from fifty to seventy-five strands of these beads around their throats.

The men’s costume is almost too scant to warrant description. Through rain or shine, heat or cold, whether on the chase through dense barbed jungle or hunting, shoeless, over the thorny plains, the Pardi huntsman is ever clad in his one and only dress. The most important item of attire is his turban, about twelve feet of cloth which he wraps 'round his head and ears to protect himself from exposure to the heat or cold. The men staunchly declare that if the ears are kept warm and covered the rest of the body will look after itself. Then he also has a square foot of material which he uses as a loincloth. Lastly, he sports a spear without which no Pardi man or boy feels completely dressed.

Now, back to the little temple where the whole tribe is gathered in readiness. On one side the people are gathered, on the other the priest stands alone. In the foreground we see two black goats and a small lamb bound to a stake. Behind the animals, in the hastily constructed temple, is the pitifully insignificant silver god, partially covered with withered green leaves and garlanded with wilted flowers.

As the sacrificial ceremony begins and the priest steps up to perform his preliminary exercises, the tempo of the chanting quickens and the drums begin to throb in syncopated rhythm. The headman of the tribe steps forward together with his sons and begins to clang eight-inch brass cymbals over the heads of the two goats. Whether the goats, by the clanging, are to be awakened to their duty or whether their senses are meant to be dulled to the ordeal through which they must pass is not clear, but being thus prepared they are roughly thrown to the ground before the image and firmly held by the headman and his sons who alone are allowed to handle the animals. Above the incessant throbbing of the drums, one can hear the bleating of the lamb and the cries of the goats as the headman prepares for the blood-letting by cutting away enough of the skin and flesh of the animals to bare the arteries and veins of the neck in readiness for the final stroke. As part of the preliminaries the priest must sever the smaller blood-vessels one by one and anoint the god and temple with the blood. Inserting his finger under the jugular vein and holding aloft his 12-inch blade, the headman of the tribe awaits the strategic moment when the priest
may become especially imbued with supernatural power in order to carry out his part in bringing the ceremony to its fiendish climax. The priest, now arrayed in different robes, comes again before the people groveling like an animal. As he grovels in the dust of that hilltop, mid the crescendo of cymbal-clanging, his face, drunk with evil, suddenly becomes drawn and pained and with a gasp he seems to be possessed by a new hellish zeal. With moaning and leaping and terrible convulsions which rack his body he is raised up in violent jumps into the air or sent thrashing to the ground. To all appearances he is given over in unrestrained demon possession, in all its fiendish, naked reality.

As the golden ball of the sun, now fully risen, shows its face on the scene, there is a sudden flash of the blade. The morning rays glitter on its tainted steel, and the jugular vein, so long held in readiness, is severed. The blood streams forth and the frenzied priest rushes to the goat's side to burrow his mouth into the gurgling wound thirstily drinking the warm live blood like a starved vampire. He then washes his hands and face in the flow, spatters his head and back, and again splashes blood on the idol. This being done, the wild uncontrollable antics subside and the toll of the abandonment with which he has spent himself becomes apparent. His eyes become empty and staring. He is as one struck dumb. A pitiful picture of gloom and despair he retires from the scene to his private tent.

Even as you react with a feeling of revulsion and abhorrence the missionary too reacts to such horrible orgy and spiritual abomination. A description no matter how graphic, a narrative no matter how vivid, cannot portray nor depict the oppression one feels when face to face with such unchallenged evil. The scene has been placed before you not with the thought of emphasis or embellishment to any one aspect of missionary work, but to give you a true picture of the people's state, and to impress you with the urgency of the need for prayer in view of the overwhelming spiritual blindness that we face. After the sacrifice, just as before, the people go on in their deep sin. It is not intended to deliver them and does not change them in the least. Seeing the missionary, they may be reminded of what he and the evangelist tried to tell them about Jesus Christ, the Lamb who was slain, but they are unwilling to forsake their evil ways.

I know of no Pardi in our area who has turned to Christ. As a nomadic people they have very little opportunity to hear the Gospel. The primitive condition in which they live, and their unbelievable spiritual darkness cannot be wholly conceived without seeing their actual state. We have tried to give you a glimpse into their lives, trusting that you will pray for them, and for us as we strive to reach them.
Reorganizing the Granary
— P. L. Morris —

The past two years have witnessed significant developments in the church in Gujarat. Since 1931 the church had been self-governing. In the organization’s constitution missionaries were not given a more favoured place than national ministers. Still up to 1955 no national had ever been elected as chairman of the NATIONAL Church. Other key positions in the church were also entrusted to missionaries. One must confess that the missionaries were not slack in giving direction and supervision to the indigenous body of believers. The church was receiving subsidy from the mission for some of her pastors. The whole evangelistic program was financed by the mission and though it was under the church it was almost entirely missionary directed. The mission found itself entrenched in at least one place where for years there had been an organized church while adjacent areas were still without resident missionaries or a national church.

Applications for admission to Bible School were numerous. Most of the young people seemed to have been attracted not by an urge to study or to serve but to receive the mission proffered monthly scholarship. Thus the quality of students was not of the desired standard.

Our Boarding School program, a fruitful ministry that is much appreciated by the national constituency, was, except for nominal hostel fees, almost entirely supported by subsidy, mission and government. This work too was under the direction of the mission.

Was the mission aiding or hindering the natural growth and development of the church? It appeared that the time had come for the mission to make drastic changes.

The 1954 Missionary Conference passed the following Minute:

"Whereas the church has capacity to NOW support whatever program it sanctions, we recommend that all subsidies to the church in Gujarat cease." Have the pastors gone hungry? No. One new pastor has been appointed and all of them have regularly received full salary — and from the NATIONAL church too! There has been an upsurge in tithing which we trust will spread even more. A church that had stood roofless for more than eight years has been reroofed by the national church. A new brick church is going up at another center.

Of equal importance was the following statement of the
1954 conference, "We recognize that administrative positions in the church on all levels are the responsibility and privilege of nationals." This was a desirable move not only because many nationals desired it and government favoured such steps, but it is a basic principle of the New Testament Church. God has honoured this move. Not only has the church not suffered but there are many reasons to rejoice at the progress of the church under her able self-chosen national leaders. It is only natural that the ministry of the missionary is more appreciated since he is free from the entanglements of church business.

The mission decided to commit to the church the responsibility of evangelism in areas where churches are established. One exception, Ahmedabad, a city of nearly a million people, is still an evangelistic center shared by the church and mission.

The effect of this step has been to enable the mission to witness in areas where there are no believers. It is hoped too that the church will assume its responsibility to the non-Christians round about it. This will be the natural result of a revived church. May we soon witness this long awaited development!

After January 1, 1960 the mission will no longer regularly employ (finance) nationals for exclusive evangelistic ministry - - not even in unevangelized areas adjacent to church areas. CERTAINLY IT IS THE PRIVILEGE OF A CHURCH OF MORE THAN 50 YEARS PLANTING TO SHARE THE GOOD NEWS OF THE GOSPEL WITH THOSE WHO STILL WAIT TO HEAR OF CHRIST! The date, 1960, was set in order that the church would have time to engage and support the number of evangelists of which she is capable, to give the evangelists time to establish local groups of believers in their areas, or to facilitate their obtaining other employment whereby they can continue their Christian witness. It seems a step of wisdom for the mission to cease to use foreign funds to regularly support national evangelists in India. The mission recognizes that there are spheres of service, literature, Bible School teaching, Adult Literacy, etc., in which national personnel may profitably be employed by the mission.

From the beginning of the present term at the Bible School, mission scholarships have been replaced with a work program for the students. One of the most noticeable and immediate results was the decline in applications for admission. As yet the mission has not been able to devise work whereby the school will become fully self-supporting. We have taken the first step, teaching the students self-reliance. Our goal is
a program that is indigenous and that can be perpetuated in case of the absence of missionaries.

The mission has stated that one of its present contributions to the church is the Boarding School. The mission is planning and working to the end that eventually foreign leadership and finance will not be necessary for the Boarding School program. It is gratifying to see how the nationals at the school are developing as competent leaders. We long for the day when the church gets behind this effort, the fruit of which it so much appreciates.

The results of the aforementioned steps are most gratifying. There appears to be a deep appreciation in the church for her national leaders. They have been able to accomplish much which missionaries could never have done. There certainly does not appear to be any retrogression in any of the church program.

There are some difficulties. There is the temptation that some missionaries might become disappointed as changes are made and some phases of the work discontinued. These changes are only natural. They take place in every country when nationalism replaces foreign leadership. But in the church we must remember that only the chaff, and not the wheat, will be blown away. A granary containing winnowed wheat is more desirable than one filled with uncleaned grain.

There is the danger in some quarters that the mission’s moves will be misunderstood, that they are not for the good of the church. Time and spirit-filled missionaries daily manifesting love to those whom they have come to serve will tend to set this aright.

While one believes that all of the recent decisions of the church and mission are in the right direction, they alone will not assure the desired development of the church and its program. Join us in prayer for a moving of God’s Spirit on both church and mission in Gujarat that will bring about a church after the New Testament pattern, filled with the Spirit — going — witnessing — growing!

“For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us.”  II Cor. 4:6, 7
I rubbed my eyes in unbelief. Before me stood a large and unusual tree. At the top the unmistakable fronds of a coconut palm rustled in the light breeze, but the remainder of the tree was characteristically deciduous with leathery leaves about 6 inches long and four wide. These leaves were heart-shaped with a long tail at the tip. The young ones were a delicate pink while the mature leaves were a glossy green. Impossible! Such a tree doesn’t exist. Thus I told myself as I approached the strange hybrid to investigate.

What looked like a tree was really two. The deciduous tree hugged the palm so closely in its affectionate embrace that their individual identity could only be recognized at close range. At first it struck me as an example of vegetable love. Then the true meaning of the situation dawned upon me, and I bowed my head and thanked the Lord for the valuable object lesson He had given me.
Mr. Palm Tree (His real name is Cocos nucifera.) had been standing tall and straight for many years. Because he stood head and shoulders above the surrounding trees he was often bent under the fury of the winds. The branches of lesser trees were frequently broken. Now and then whole trees were uprooted. But Mr. Palm Tree only bent as if in prayer 'til the storm was past. Then he stood as straight as ever.

Mr. Palm Tree was enjoying a normal, fruitful growth. Each June he surrendered to his master a crop of about 100 well-formed cocoanuts. His master was well pleased with him and valued him above many other possessions. Of all the trees of the forest Mr. Palm Tree was the most useful. Not only did he bear fruit regularly, but everything about him was serviceable. Men found over 200 distinct uses for his gifts. It has been said that he supplied all man's true necessities.

It was further reported that there were islands in the Pacific Ocean where the homes, clothing, and the food are derived solely from the products supplied by the individuals of Mr. Palm Tree's family. M. Palm Tree stood ready to render a similar service. What a stalwart! What an exemplary tree!

Certainly it is like the tree planted by the rivers of water that spoke to the psalmist of the righteous man.

But an evil day came for Mr. Palm Tree. The birds of the air sat on his fronds. Their presence and fellowship defiled him. They dropped seeds of the tasty fig into his exposed heart. At the very base of the fronds they lodged. Insignificant little things they were! No one paid any attention to them. Mr. Palm Tree was not annoyed by them. He went right on growing and being a blessing to his master and to the travelers who passed his way.

Before long those insignificant, foreign seeds germinated. They sent out small thread-like tendrils. These grew into rope-like aerial roots that reached down, down, down for the soil below. For a short period this growth existed as a harmless aerial plant. It was not a parasite. It did not steal sustenance from the palm tree. Botanists call it an epiphyte. All it requires is that the palm tree harbour it, and lend it the strength of its stalwart uprightness.

But the day soon arrives when those wind-blown aerial roots reach the ground. Now they take firm hold and grow rapidly.

Not only do they quickly increase in size but they increase in number. Soon the trunk of the palm is entwined in a network of unyielding roots. Day by day the palm looses more and more of its suppleness. No longer does it bow as if in prayer. It becomes rigid, haughty looking.
In a few years the fig surrounds the trunk of the palm. It forms a trunk of its own. It puts out branches with leaves and fruit entirely different from that of the palm tree. The characteristics of the palm are hidden. Valiantly the palm strives to keep up its profession. It sends forth new stunted fronds. It bears a few small cocoanuts. But it is all hypocritical show. No one is absolutely sure that it really is a palm tree, for the palm is now almost entirely hidden by the foliage of the fig. Now birds come to the tree in flocks. Yes, it's the smelly fruit of the fig branches that attracts them. It was just such a tree I had been puzzling about. Tell me reader, was it really a palm tree, or was it a fig? You can't really tell, can you?

But time will tell. Some day you will come to that spot to find the palm fronds have turned yellow. In time they will droop and fall. No new fronds will take their place. The pillar-like trunk will stand stark and naked against the sky. But not for long. The luxuriance of the fig tree will soon blot it from our sight. The fruitful upright palm will have died. It will never again dominate the landscape. In its place will stand a murderer—Ficus religiosa—the strangler. The python of the vegetable kingdom will have accomplished his nefarious work.

What a vicious plant that fig tree is! The Indian people call it the pipal tree. It is held sacred by both the Hindus and the Buddhists. Its Latin first name, Ficus, means fig. Its last name, Religiosa, means pertaining to religion. We believe it does pertain to religion. It has a spiritual lesson for us.

God has not left Himself without witness even where His Word is not preached. Throughout the length and breadth of pantheistic India He teaches this practical object lesson to all with eyes to see. Day by day, week in and week out Ficus religiosa illustrates the deadliness of sin. It subtlety lies in its small beginnings. Sin begins with a mere suggestion, an improper thought. This small seed can easily be thrown out of the mind, but if it is harboured it will germinate, grow, become entrenched, and eventually strangle all spiritual life.

The fruits of righteousness will soon be replaced by the showy, smelly fruits of unrighteousness. Boys and girls, don't harbour in your hearts or minds any seeds of unrighteousness, however small or insignificant they may seem. "The end thereof are the ways of death." (Prov. 14:12)

Perhaps some of you have already allowed the birds of the air to lodge in the branches of your life. Perhaps they have already defiled your mind with sinful thoughts, your heart.
with unrighteous desires. Perhaps these seeds of sin have already taken root in your life. What ought you to do? How can you save yourself?

Some folks advocate the acquisition of a sharp axe. We might call it reform. Its sharp edge of determination should be laid energetically against the roots. They must be cut. But what happens? The well established plant (now habit-supported sin) sends out new roots and becomes more entrenched than ever.

What must be done? How can sin be eliminated from the life? The entire plant must be removed. Chopping here and there will not do.

But how is this accomplished? Mr. Palm Tree had no power to remove the intruder.

That's correct; I'm glad you thought of that. But Mr. Palm Tree could have been saved if measures had been taken in time, couldn't he?

Certainly.

How?

Some man could have removed the entire fig plant and set the palm free to be fruitful again.

Precisely. And just so the Man Christ Jesus can remove every vestige of the plant of sin from your life and set you free to bear spiritual fruit. We cannot free ourselves any more than can the palm. We must seek outside help. We must seek the help of one from a higher kingdom. We must seek the help of the One sent of God especially to “save His people from their sins.” You can do that now. Right here at the end of this object lesson you can bow your head, close your eyes, and talk to God in prayer. You can confess the growth of sin that has been harboured in your life. You can claim the shed blood of Christ for the complete removal of that sin. You can ask for the freedom and fruitfulness there is in Christ Jesus. Indeed, you can! Will you?

AMEN!

Break up the fallow ground; for it is time to seek the Lord, till He come and rain righteousness upon you.

— Hosea 10:12

He that observeth the winds shall not sow: and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap.

— Eccles. 11:4
HEADLINES

MAHASABHA ISSUES "QUIT INDIA" CALL TO MISSIONARIES

DR. MATTHAI SAYS ATTACK ON MISSIONARIES UNFAIR AND ILL-FOUNDED

BOY FASTS "TILL GOD GIVES ME HIS DARSHAN (VISION)"

LEPERS FLOCK TO RAM DEO BABA SHRINE FOR CURE

3,365 HOUSES WRECKED BY EARTHQUAKE IN KUTCH

40 CHILDREN CARRIED AWAY BY HYENAS IN FOUR MONTHS

TWO TREES "MARRIED" IN CEREMONY FINANCED BY VILLAGERS

YOUTH FINED RS. 200 FOR KISSING GIRL IN PUBLIC

DOWNPOUR PREVENTS SWAMI DESCENDING INTO PIT FOR 8 DAY SAMADHI

LOCUST SWARMS DARKEN SKY FOR MORE THAN HOUR

NOW

He that ministereth seed to the sower,
Both minister bread for your food,
And multiply your seed sown,
And increase the fruits of your righteousness.
— II Cor. 9:10

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bearing his sheaves with him.
— Psa. 126:6