The INDIA ALLIANCE.

FALL 1957
The India Alliance

Gujarat Edition
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FALL ISSUE — 1957

BRETHREN

Let poets speak of 'East and West,'
Of 'sundering seas' and 'lives enlisted':
Our hands have stretched across the gulf,
We've gazed on men who've stood the test --
Brethren -- believing and beloved.

We've travell'd far from home and kind,
'Mid crowds who gave no countersign:
Then sudden at a word have flash'd,
From strange faces, the looks that bind --
Brethren -- believing and beloved.

This bond knows nought of clime or race;
Ignores the barriers learning makes:
 Cancels the rules of class and caste:
And binds together, saved by grace,
Brethren -- believing and beloved.

— E. J. Harrison

WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD:

WE ACKNOWLEDGE THEE TO BE THE LORD.

— TE DEUM
The religious books of the Hindus are innocent of regeneration in the Christian sense of that word. Changes are wrought in people: Some are inspired to penance and ritualistic prayer. Others are prompted to noble acts and humane deeds. But transformation of life and conversion of the whole man — words, deeds and desires — is foreign to these scriptures. In fact the accepted proverbs of the people reveal their conviction that regeneration of the wicked and the fallen is an utter impossibility: “The crow is black when it is born, and black when it is grown.” “The fireplace takes the crookedness out of the stick.” Applied to a person this last proverb implies that his evil qualities will not be removed until he reaches the funeral pyre.

This present writer has been privileged to meet and work with many Indian brethren who have not reached the funeral pyre but who thru the Blood of the Lamb have been victorious over besetting sins common to man. The disappointments of the missionary’s life are many and sometimes severe, but the phenomenon of God’s working in Christian lives is the more manifest against the unrelieved dark background of heathenism. The supernatural nature of and the superhuman power involved in the regeneration of one soul snatched from the burning is the strongest evidence of the uniqueness of our Christ. The changed lives of Indian brethren speak the loudest denunciations of the impotence of the false religions from which they have been freed.

It is our desire in this issue to share with you a sampling of testimonies, recording as closely as possible the words of praise and thanksgiving welling up in the hearts of those whose lives like yours have been turned inside out by the regenerating power of God — those who although unknown and unseen are your brothers in the Lord — believing and beloved.

* * *

Speak, lips of mine, and tell abroad
The praises of thy God.

Speak, stammering tongue, in gladdest tone,
Make His high praises known.

— H. Bonar
The Testimony of an Unbeliever

One day a fine young Jain and his daughter came to visit me. He greeted me very respectfully and complimented me profusely. Finally after much small talk he came to the point of his visit. "Saheb," he said "I want you to accept my daughter into your school. I want you to make her as your own daughter. I want you to inculcate into her your wonderful missionary spirit."

"I'm very happy to hear such a request. Your daughter is welcome in our school. She will be welcomed in the scripture classes that convene daily."

"That's fine, Saheb. You missionaries don't know me, but I know you. I've watched you and other missionaries for a long time. Your spirit of service is wonderful. I want my daughter to have that same spirit. She won't get it in the school where she's studying. That's why I want her to study in your school. We Indians need to learn the Christian missionary spirit of service. That would meet the great needs of India."

"When do you want to enter your daughter in the school?" I asked.

"Right now, but first, Saheb, you must promise me one thing."

"What must I promise you?"

"You must promise me that you will not convert my daughter."

"My good man, I've never converted anyone. The One True God who made heaven and earth, He alone has power to transform the lives of men. Conversion is a divine work, not the work of a mere missionary. How can I bind God with my promises?"

"But you must promise me that my daughter will not change her religion. If you don't promise me, Saheb, I cannot enter her in your school."

"If it is your choice," I replied, "we will excuse her from Bible Classes."

"Oh, no. I want her to attend those classes. I want her to learn all about the Christian religion. I want you to teach her your principles of service. But, Saheb, I don't want any proselytizing. She must remain a Jain. She must instill your
principles of service into Jainism. Saheb, do promise me you won't convert her and she's your pupil from this moment on."

Then I sought to show that devoted father the inconsistencies in his thinking and planning for his daughter. I tried to reveal to him the absolute impossibility of harmonizing his two requests. Beginning at that point I preached Jesus. I told him how Jesus, who was "in the form of God" and "equal with God" took upon Himself "the likeness of men . . . and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross" in order that He might save mankind.

"Sir," I continued, "the source of the Christian spirit of service is in Him. If you reject Him at the outset you refuse the source and inspiration of the very prize you are seeking. Christian missionaries are able to dedicate themselves to the service of mankind only because they are followers of this same Jesus. Only because they believe in Him, only because they receive strength from Him, only because they follow Him and seek to imitate Him are they able to serve others. Sir, I will not, I cannot convert your daughter. But Christ can convert her into such a servant of the Indian people as would exceed even your fondest hopes. Indeed, if she is to serve she must be converted. The natural man has no real desire to serve others. Man by nature has no proclivities, no adequate power to serve, as your very visit testifies. The spirit of service is a distinctly Christian trait, for it has its source in Christ. Friend, I tell you truly: You cannot enjoy the fruit of Christianity without acknowledging and accepting its source."

For some time my Jain visitor sat wrapped in deep meditation. When he finally looked up, I said: "I want YOU to promise ME, one thing."

"I'm at your service, Saheb," he said, brightening a bit. 

"I want you to promise me that you will read and heed the instructions of this supreme teacher of service - - this Saviour of mankind. Then you will be prepared yourself to assist us in instructing your daughter in missionary service. Here is a New Testament containing His instruction thru word and deed. Will you accept it?"

My Jain friend listened with bowed head. It was apparent that he was counting the cost. Presently he moved across the room, took his daughter by the hand, and with a respectful bow, went away sorrowfully, for he thought he had great possessions in Jainism from which he was unwilling to part.
He was a man of position and caste. He had riches far above the average in our small community. He was morally upright. He was concerned about the unrelieved needs of the helpless about him. He was a respectable man. He was discerning and committed. I could only admire him, and wonder at the power of the ties that kept him from Christ and His blessing.

A Moslem Woman’s Testimony

Written by Mrs. Edward Jacober
as heard directly from the lips
of the woman quoted.

I have been lying on my rope cot for four years. I cannot sit up unless someone lifts me; in fact, I can hardly turn my head sideways, so if someone comes into my bare little room, I can only look out of the corners of my eyes to see who it might be. No one helps me except my son, who comes in occasionally. Sometimes I pay a neighbor’s child half a penny to do an errand for me. Not many people bother to visit me, for I am old and helpless with this crippling arthritis.

One day, however, I heard a strange voice from the open doorway say, “Hello, how are you, grandmother? Are you sick?”

“Come in,” I replied. “Who is it that is asking after my health?”

The woman came in, and I found she was a religious teacher. She talked to me about sin and about a sinless heaven.

“Oh, I am a sinner, a terrible sinner,” I acknowledged, and began to cry. I told her how I had been a Hindu, but how many years ago, I went to a Moslem house to live. I prayed as the teacher prompted me, and she left promising to return.

It was the monsoon season when the teacher came again. The roads were muddy, and I was surprised to hear a horse and buggy stop outside my place. This time the teacher brought another woman with her - -a strange white person called a missionary. They slipped off their shoes at the door and my son, Mohammed, placed a mattress on the floor for them to sit on. A crowd of men, women and children flocked around to see the white woman. She and the teacher sang a Gujarati song and preached to us all. After their message ended, the people went away and we began to talk.
"How you must love me, to take a horse and buggy to
bye and see me!" I exclaimed.

The missionary replied, "Yes, but how much greater is
Jesus' love for you!" She sat on the edge of my bed and
showed me a little book, holding it close so I could see it.
The first page was all black, and she said it was like my
sins. It made me cry as I remembered my wickedness. But
the white page made me happy, for it showed how Jesus'
blood makes my sinful heart clean. She taught me a Scrip-
ture verse, "Jesus' blood cleanses us from all sin." I repeated
it over and over, and instead of saying the word "sin" I
inserted all of my sins, naming them one by one.

The next time the two teachers came, I repeated for them
the verse they had taught me. I also sang some songs about
Jesus which I myself had made up. Then I asked them some
questions.

"Is it wrong for me to do acts of merit? Is it wrong to
feed the hungry?"

"No," they said, "but it will not wash away your sin or
save you or help you get to heaven. Only faith in Jesus' blood
can do that."

The last time they came to see me, I was having more pain,
for the cold weather was coming on. "I wish I could go to be
with the Lord," I confessed. "If He would take me now, I am
ready. Nevertheless, I am afraid." They told me I need not fear
death as long as Jesus the Conqueror of Death and Hell was
with me. Then I sang for them the song they had taught
me, "What joy is mine, What joy is mine, I cannot even tell.
By Jesus' mercy and His grace my sins are washed away." Again I repeated the verse about Jesus' blood. I say it and
sing the song many times at night, when the bedbugs bite
so much that I cannot sleep.

They sang another beautiful song, and I asked them to
sing it over and over again until I learned it. It goes, "Come
soon, soon, soon, Lord, to my heart." The next stanza goes
like this: "Live in my heart, Lord." And the last two stanzas
conclude: "Fight with Satan" and "Fighting, we shall die
and receive a crown." I laid here with tears running out of
the corners of my eyes and rolling down into my ears, and I
said, "I shall never forget Jesus, never forget, never forget. I shall not let His name loose from in my heart."

WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD:
WE ACKNOWLEDGE THEE TO BE THE LORD.
Testimony of a High School Youth  
— Paul L. Morris —

While camping in Radhanpur in 1951, contact was made with a young Rajput high school student. He was very interested in the Christian message. Upon return from furlough in 1953 the missionary became better acquainted with young Hemaji. Many hours were spent in instructing him, in prayer, and in singing together. Because of his father's very strong opposition to the Gospel, Hemaji's visits to the missionary were mostly at night, and always as a secret enquirer. The missionary was later transferred to another station, more than 125 miles from Radhanpur. When summer vacation released him from school duties, Hemaji journeyed down to see his friend the missionary. He stayed with him for two days. Since Hemaji was returning to his native place, Sirohi State, for vacation, he thought it would be good to take the people there the Gospel. He bade the missionary good-by and departed with a bag full of gospels and books which he was to sell during vacation. The next word from Hemaji reached the missionary two months later. Hemaji's family had now moved from Radhanpur to Viramgam and vacation was over. Following is how Hemaji reported to the missionary:

Viramgam

Dear Sahebji:

I send my loving greetings to you, to your honourable family, and to the Christian brethren there. By the unbounded grace and love of God I am now enrolled in the Viramgam High School. With God's blessings I passed my tenth standard lessons and I am happy in my studies here.

As I lost your address I have been unable to write to you for some time. Please forgive me. I received news of you when one of the brethren came from there and I immediately decided to write to you.

During vacation the Lord showed me that He makes life pleasant and successful for the man who lives by His support. Taking the gospels and books you gave me, I went to a village near my native village. At that time I gave my first witness for my Lord. I was thinking that no one will listen to me, but God was with me. The headman of the village came and met me. When I told him the purpose of my visit, he sent children to call all the people of the village together. God inspired me to speak and all listened with great interest.

I had not mentioned my books, but the people began to question me saying, "Don't you have some books about this?" Then I showed them my gospels and books. The people climbed over one another to buy books and every book that I had with me that day was taken. I took the remainder of the gospels the second day and all were sold.
After that I just went and talked to the people and they listened with much interest. Seeing God's blessing on me the villagers used to call me to their village often.

When vacation was ended and I was ready to return to school, I went back to the villagers and admonished them to remember God's message that I had given them. Then we separated.

I have returned to Viramgam and am happy to have so many young Christian companions. I now consider my life truly blessed. God has heaped endless grace upon me and brought me into the Truth. May His blessing permeate my life and enable me to effectively witness for Him. May He prepare my whole family to accept Him. I believe God has worked in my father; I can see a change in him. I can now read my English Bible openly in my home.

I shall always remember you in my prayers for you led me, a wandering helpless youth, into the Truth. My prayer is that God will be exalted in you.

With much love,

Hemaji

(Since the above was written, Hemaji has thru baptism publicly acknowledged Christ as Lord and Saviour. - Ed.)

WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD
WE ACKNOWLEDGE THEE TO BE THE LORD.

Testimony of an Orphan
— Arjunbhai Gigabhai —

Orphanage work has its full share of disappointments, but it also offers unusual encouragements. In the following translated article we would share one of the latter with you. Arjunbhai gave the following testimony in the meeting held to welcome him to our staff. His service over the past two years has confirmed the hopes herein expressed and should encourage us to pray more earnestly for those orphans the Lord has entrusted to us.

— P. C. H., Dholka

I was reared as an orphan in this very Boarding School. After twenty-four long years in other pursuits the Lord has brought me back here to serve Him.

It was while I was an orphan boy in this Boarding School that Christ saw fit to save me from my many sins during a series of special evangelistic meetings conducted by Rev. A. I. Garrison. I was later baptized in 1929. From the time of my conversion I have been living a Christian life although I must acknowledge that it has not always been a faithful nor victorious life. I have often stumbled and fallen by the wayside.
It was not until 1941 during a series of Mr. Bhakt Singh's meetings that God again revealed Himself to me. Later during the Camp Meetings at Mehsedabad God revealed His deeper purposes for my life. At this time I gave myself up to Him in full surrender and began to live a truly spiritual life by His grace. In a subsequent meeting I promised to serve Him.

In attempting to keep my promise to God I served as a teacher and later as Superintendent in the Sunday School of The Simpson Memorial Church in Ahmedabad. I joined the group of laymen who spent a week or more of their vacations in volunteer evangelistic work in the unevangelized areas of the north country. I also took regular part in independent evangelistic ministries in the city of Ahmedabad where I lived. Thus I filled my spare time with service for the Master, but I did not really heed His call. I continued to hold on to my teaching position with the Municipality. This often grieved me, and I would ask myself: "Arjunbhai, when will you abandon everything, and serve the Lord, only?"

On two or three occasions I had been offered full time service with the Mission, but had refused because of the smallness of the pay. Yet God was continuing to speak to me about this matter. Many times He brought Luke 17:10 to my attention: "So likewise ye, when ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, we are unprofitable servants: we have done that which was our duty to do." These words frightened me. What ought I to do? More than once I prayed that God would force His will upon me.

In the latter part of 1954, Rev. and Mrs. Haagen called at my house for a visit. During our conversation they said: "Whenever we pray about the problems of the Boarding School, your name keeps coming before us. We have come to the conclusion that God wants you to serve Him as House Father at Dholka. Has God been speaking to you about this matter?"

Hearing this I said to myself: "Now you cannot refuse." But I said to them: "Give me some days to find out God's will."

On the last day before I was again to meet Mr. Haagen, these words flashed into my mind as I stood on my verandah thinking about the impending meeting: "Thou hast well done that thou art come." It seemed to me like the Word of God. If it was, it was a settled fact. I entered my home and began to search His Word and pray. Soon I came to the 10th Chapter of Acts where I found these words in the 33rd verse. Throughout the entire chapter the Holy Spirit impressed upon me the
fact that this was God's call and that I must go willingly:
"Arise, therefore, and get thee down and go with them doub-
ing nothing: for I have sent them." (Actts 10:20) "Without
gainsaying . . ." (Acts 10:29) Then and there I promised
God I would procrastinate no longer. Arising from prayer
I revealed my decision to my wife.

The next day I met Sahib at the appointed time and place.
There the problem of pay again arose and brought us to a
stand still. Just then the restaurant door opened and in came
Rev. Raymond Smith who was then Chairman of the Mission,
but who was stationed more than 500 miles away in Akola.
Urgent property matters had brought him unannounced to
Gujarat and to the very restaurant where Sahib and I were
conversing. God added the confirmation of circumstances to
His word as Brother Smith authorized an interpretation
of the rules that enabled me to support my large family while
devoting all my time to the Lord's service. I could no longer
refuse. I promised to begin service from the first of January,
1955, and here I am before you.

Many times in the past Rev. Benjamin B. Christian and I
would meet and pour out our hearts in prayer for Dholka,
that God would make it the very best institution of its kind
-- a soul saving center. I had not the slightest suspicion that
He would call me to help answer my own prayers. But God
has heard those petitions, and we praise Him. May He give
us the strength needed to serve.

Even before the above events took place, God had made
a number of His promises personal to me. Now I am begin-
ning to appreciate their meaning: "The Lord . . . set me in
a large place . . ." (Ps. 118:5-9) "Thou hast been faithful
over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things."
(Mt. 25:21) To encourage me He called my attention to the

Boys, this is not just a job to me. I had a fine job with the
Municipality. I had been recommended for a Head Master-
ship. I left all that for your spiritual welfare and for the
love I bear to my Saviour. With Paul I can say: "But what
things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. (Phil.
3:7). I have come here that we might live together in Christ,
that we might together search His Word, and that unitedly
we might seek to do His will. As we sincerely do this God
will perform His promises in doing a great spiritual work
here at Dholka. Amen.

WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD
WE ACKNOWLEDGE THEE TO BE THE LORD.
Testimony of a M. K.
— Mrs. Elmer J. Entz —
(nee Muriel Schelander)

"Good bye, India! I shall never return to you again." Twelve years ago, these were the thoughts which flashed in the mind of this missionary's daughter as she stepped off India's soil and walked up the gang plank to board the Gripsholm for the U. S. A., her country of which she had no memory, having not seen it since she was a very young child. That great land of which she had been hearing glamorous reports from her pals who returned from furlough began to allure her and have a strange hold on her thinking. America must be like heaven, she used to think. When I get there, I will encounter no troubles in life. Everyone there will always be kind and loving because it is a Christian nation. Needless to say, shortly after her arrival these strange ideas vanished and she soon realized that America too has many sinners. Nevertheless, the glitter and glare, the many modern gadgets, and the fast way of living fascinated her, and in a subtle way the evil one tempted her to be careless in her devotion to her Lord. Her vision for the lost in India as well as those in America became dim. She resolved in her heart that she would not be a foreign missionary. After all, she used to reason to herself, were not my grand-parents missionaries in India, and are not my parents missionaries there? Then why should I be a third generation missionary? I will serve the Lord in my home land. She had neglected to recognize that she was not her own. She had been purchased with a tremendous price, the precious blood of Christ, and she belonged to Him. It was not then for her to choose where she should go and what she should do. And after all, was it not in India that she was born, and was it not in that land that she was born again through the ministry of an Indian evangelist, Brother Bhakt Singh? In her last year of High School, God, in a still small voice, dealt with her and graciously brought her to a place of surrender to His perfect will for her life. He not only gave her a willing heart to go to any field but a joyful heart to obey Him. He went before her each step of the way and sought to bring needed experiences into her life in Bible School, nurse's training, and as a pastor's wife, to perfect the good work which He had begun in her. He is faithfully continuing to do the same even now.

Although she did not know just where God would lead her to go, she became conscious of a rekindled love in her heart.
for those outside the Kingdom of Christ, and especially for the people of India. While in Bible School, she applied to the Christian and Missionary Alliance for foreign missionary service, but did not specify any preference of country. A couple of years later, God brought her in contact with a young Canadian who also had heard God's call and had already applied under the same mission board giving no preference of country. During her senior year of nurse's training, they were married and learned many profitable lessons together during their three years of ministry at Kent Alliance Church. As the time drew near to their appointment, God began to press more and more upon their hearts the multitudes of India, and gave them a deep longing to go to them. Would the mission board appoint them to India? Would they be granted the special endorsement and visa to enter and to stay there? These were questions that came to them. If it was truly God who was calling them to India, then it would be He who would direct the mission board to appoint them to that land, and it would be He who would open the door and take them in.

What joy overflowed when they received word from New York that they had been appointed to India if the door into that land opened to them. But and if the door to India did not open then they would be reapppointed to some other field. During the days of waiting upon the Lord wondering if the visa would be granted, God gave them this word: — "Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it." (Rev. 3:8a) Did this door refer to India or to some other country? Then that memorable day came when praise went up to Him whose greatness is unsearchable — the day when news of her visa being authorized by the Indian government arrived. God had put His sanction upon their going to India. He undertook in supplying every need in their preparation, graciously accompanied them during their six weeks voyage, and marvelously facilitated them through Customs, so giving them favor in the eyes of the officials that not a cent of duty was charged nor a suit case, crate, or drum opened.

Friday afternoon, May 3rd. they disembarked at Calcutta, and that evening boarded the 8 P. M. train to Dera Dun arriving in Landour Sunday noon, May 5th. Monday the task of studying the Gujarati language began. As they continue to study, their hearts rejoice. They have arrived in the Will of God!

WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD
WE ACKNOWLEDGE THEE TO BE THE LORD.
The Testimony of

A BLIND WOMAN
— Ambabai Motibhai —

I was born about sixty-eight years ago in Prantej Taluka, Ahmedabad District, India. My father, Motibhai Patel, and mother, Jamkubai, were Hindus of the farmer caste and of the Kapadva sub-caste. I had one brother and three uncles and aunts. My father had two wells and cattle. He was considered a good farmer. He was the eldest in the family. Since my uncle had no children, they loved me even more than did my own parents.

DEATH OF PARENTS

During my sixth year, clouds of trouble came down upon our family. My mother died. My care and that of my small brother as well as the burden of the housework fell upon my father. About two years later we had the great misfortune of losing father also. Now we were left lonely orphans. Uncle took us to live in his home. He cared for us very lovingly as if we were his own son and daughter.

HINDU PILGRIMAGE

In 1898, in my ninth year, a great famine brought untold suffering and death to vast numbers in Gujarat. That year there was a big Hindu Fair in the large city of Ahmedabad. Many pilgrims and devotees came from miles around to attend this religious festival. There were many boys and girls of my age among these pilgrims. We had a happy time riding the jolting bullock carts. Finally we arrived at the Fair where we mingled with the thousands of pilgrims. After some days my uncles and relatives made the return trip in their seven bullock carts. But I was not with them! I now realize that it was the providence of God that I got lost among the multitudes that day. My uncle must have thought I was in one of the carts with relatives. When I could not find my people anywhere I cried loudly and bitterly. Hearing my cries, a policeman tried to comfort me by offering me "jalabies" (sweets). When I stopped crying, he coaxed me to give him the golden jewelry from my ears, my arms, ankles, and neck. "Come, now, I will take you to your uncle," he said. Instead he led me to the Christian and Missionary Alliance Mission at Khanpur. At the home of Muljibhai, the evangelist, he said, "I have brought a girl who is lost." Then he immediately left, taking my jewelry with him.

When I again started to cry for my uncle, Muljibhai said
to me, “I am your uncle.” He then took me to the missionaries, Rev. and Mrs. H. V. Andrews. They asked, “Are your parents living?” I replied, “I have no parents, but I want to go to my uncle.” Mrs. Andrews removed my dirty clothing and dressed me in new clothes. She arranged for me to live with other little girls in the compound. I was happy in the company of the girls, and after a time, forgot my relatives. As I came to realize that the Son of Man came to seek and to save the lost, my heart was filled with peace.

After living there for several months a missionary by the name of Miss High, took the whole group of us girls to the Alliance Mission Orphanage at Kaira Camp. We all lived together in one room. Miss Wells was in charge of the Orphanage, with other lady missionaries helping her. Here I entered school, and the days and months rolled by very happily.

**MY BLINDNESS**

In my eleventh year I had a bad case of sore eyes, an infectious disease common in India. At that time about fifty of us girls were kept in the mission hospital for treatment of our eyes. As it was the height of the hot season, Miss Wells had gone to the hills for a brief respite. We were left in the charge of a friend. Through some mistake in the remedy used, eleven of us went blind. I was one of them. Panibai, with whom I later lived for many years, became blind in one eye at that time. When Miss Wells returned she did everything in her power to have our sight restored, but all efforts proved futile. I suffered greatly for nearly a year. I could bear no light whatever. During this time Miss Wells treated me as lovingly as a mother.

**OPENING OF MY SPIRITUAL EYES**

During those years I studied the Bible and passed in my examinations. My first religious instructor was Miss Martha Woodward, who also supplied my material needs as long as she lived. I was baptised, but later I realised that I was not saved at that time.

Five of us blind girls were sent to Bombay to learn to read and write Braille. During that year three of the five died. The remaining two of us returned to Kaira. Later the girl who returned with me also passed away.

Upon returning from Bombay revival meetings, under the ministry of Rev. Schonamaker, were in progress in the Orphanage and Boarding School. This was a wonderful time of spiritual awakening which continued for a full month.
Even the school was closed as the girls repented and sought God. I, too, sought Him spending a whole night in prayer, crying, “God be merciful to me a sinner. All the girls are experiencing the joy of salvation, and why is it that I have not yet received salvation? Lord, forgive me.” Thus I continued praying all night. Finally Christ Himself assured me: “Daughter, thy sins are forgiven thee.” My joy knew no bounds. The sorrows of my blindness left me as Jesus gave me spiritual sight.

BAPTISM OF THE SPIRIT

I had been baptised with water three years previous, but only now was I truly yielded to Christ. I spent much time in prayer and fasting. After a week God’s Holy Spirit suddenly came upon me. It is not in my power to describe that experience. This much I can say: I have had no further worries about my blindness since then. He keeps me contented and rejoicing in Him.

EXPERIENCES IN EVANGELISM

After those glorious days of revival blessing many of my Christian brothers and sisters of the Kaira church went out among the non-Christian villagers preaching the Gospel. I frequently accompanied Tejibai as she took part in this ministry. I also studied in the Bible School during this time. During the next ten years I accompanied the two Bible women, Lakhibai and Marybai. I felt God had ordained me for this work even before the foundations of the earth.

After spending some time in Bible School the Mission decided to send Panibai and me to the Pandita Ramabai Mukti Mission in Kedgaon. But since we did not want to go so far away, my uncle from Parantej took us to live in his home. We lived there for eight months, but walked the distance of four miles every Sunday to attend services at Kaira church. Finally, one day Miss Wells wrote us to come back home. She had arranged for us to live in a room in the small Christian village of Kadeshpur, nearby. So we joyfully took up our new abode there.

ANSWERS TO PRAYER

One evening we had no food in the house. Both of us knelt to ask God to send us something to eat. Then we went to sleep. The next day God gave the answer by sending us Rupees two, without our having asked any man for help. God had wrought a miracle! We had no further need to be anxious.

One Sunday afternoon I became very ill on the road while walking home from church in the noonday heat. I became
unconscious and fell. My friends put me on a cot and carried me to Kadeshpur. After a time I began to recover. I prayed for and received a wonderful touch of healing. From that moment I have had new life in my body.

SPIRITUAL FEASTS

In Gujarat Hindus and Mohammedans have one religious festival after another at various sacred places. Likewise, Christians have religious conventions attended by large crowds. Who would not rejoice at the thought of attending such a joyous occasion? Someone might say, “But surely a blind woman could not rejoice. What benefit would you get from a religious mela (festival)? But how could you compare a Christian mela with a Hindu mela? There is a vast difference. Those who take part in non-Christian festivals can have joy only by seeing with the natural eyes, but at the Christian mela our joy is not so much in seeing as in hearing. So why should I not be glad in being able to hear the preaching of God’s living Word? Reasoning thus with myself, I walked eleven miles to attend a convention at Nadiad. As we walked along together our hearts were filled to overflowing at the prospect of the happy Christian fellowship and days of feasting on His precious Word.

Then, there is the annual three-day’s mela at Mehmedabad, one of our mission stations, which is attended by large numbers from all our churches in Gujarat. Sometimes we rode in bullock carts, other times we went by bus, and again at other times we would walk the seven miles in company with the boarding school girls and teachers, singing all along the way and as we entered the church compound. I never missed one opportunity to take part in these times of great spiritual refreshing.

RESCUED FROM DEATH

My friend, Panibai, was almost blind, too, nevertheless, she did all the cooking and housework, so I had no worries about these matters. One afternoon we both went to wash our clothes at the well. It was a very large open well, on a level with the ground, with no protecting wall around it. As I was pulling up a pail of water with a rope over the pulley, my foot slipped and down I went into the water in an upright position, just as I had been standing. I went straight down to the bottom and up again to the surface. Twice I went down and up again. I was about to go down for the third time when one of the men who heard my cries came running with a rope. I clung to this while others hurriedly let down a
small cot upon which I scrambled and was pulled up to safety. I shall never forget how God sent His guardian angel to rescue me. While I was in the well I thought perhaps this was the day I would enter heaven's glories and see my Saviour. When I was rescued it was as though He had given me new life to continue a while longer witnessing for Him. That I was not the least hurt was indeed miraculous. The coldness of the water was my greatest discomfort. It seemed to me as if I had been sent anew to this earth to live for Jesus. Panibai led me by the hand as we afterwards walked to Mehmedabad to tell Mrs. Ringenberg how God had saved my life. After this narrow escape Panibai and I were sent back to live at Kaira Camp as it was thought unsafe for us to continue living near the open well.

LOSS OF MY COMPANION

A few years ago Panibai, who was like an elder sister to me, went to be with the Lord. But the Lord had someone else ready to help me in the person of Marybai, the dear old retired Bible woman with whom I had served years before. For five years we lived together and she was a great help to me. It is now several years since the Lord took Marybai also. Nevertheless, the Lord always raises up someone to be with me. So my life continues to be full of joy. I cannot go alone to the villages to tell others about my Jesus, but during the annual week of witness when many of the men and women of our church go out to evangelize, I am always very happy to go along to give my testimony and plead with non-Christian women to come to Jesus. Aside from this annual week of witness, God gives me many opportunities to deal personally with people. The pastor and members of this church in Kaira Camp are thoughtful and kind to me. Although the eyes of this body are closed, thank God He has opened my spiritual eyes. In this world I know naught but continual darkness, yet I am free from anxious care. I rejoice in the Lord. My two faithful companions, Panibai and Marybai, yea and fifty other friends and loved ones have preceded me to glory. Yet my Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, the fairest of ten thousand, is my abiding Companion. He stands right by my side. With His rod and staff He comforts me. One of these days soon He will call me to dwell in His House forever.

MY MATERIAL NEEDS

All my material needs have been met through the years thru the kindness of God's servants. Before closing this brief testimony I want to thank you, my brothers and sisters a-
cross the seas, who though you have never seen me, yet have remembered me from time to time with your gifts. One day I expect to meet you in the heavenly country where it will be my boundless joy to behold my Saviour and all you who have helped to fill my life with cheer and gladness. God bless you every one.

WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD WE ACKNOWLEDGE THEE TO BE THE LORD.

Testimony of an ORDAINED MINISTER

(As told to the Editor by the man who is now his Pastor)

In the year 1916 I was a young man. My wedding had taken place. At that time I was far from the Lord. What I was doing, the way I was living, and how many were my misdeeds, only the Lord and I know.

One day a voice reached my ears: "Young man, the Lord sees all that you are doing and will catch you." But I did not heed the voice.

Some days later the voice came to me again: "The Lord will reveal all you are doing before the inhabitants of the whole earth, and you will be sent to hell." I was awakened by this voice and realized that if I continued in the state in which I was, I would indeed die and go to hell. Accordingly I began to seek the Lord in prayer. I opened my heart before Him. For some days I continued to pray earnestly that the Lord God would have mercy on me. I asked Him to forgive my sins. I confessed that I did not want to go to hell.

At that time small pox was prevalent in our area. I feared I would contract the disease and die. I knew and feared what my destination in the next life would be. In this fearful state of mind, I continued to pray day and night.

On the night of March 14th of that same year about midnight a heavenly light suddenly shone into the room where my wife and I were living. Because of the miraculous nature of the light I began to look this way and that. The door of my house was toward the east. As I watched a large door of light appeared in the side-wall of the house toward the south. As I continued to behold wonderingly, I had a vision similar to the dream of Jacob recorded in Genesis
28:10-17. Christ Himself sat in the center as angels ascended and descended on either side. He had a long beard, and a beautiful long robe. Looking at me He extended His arm and pointing His finger directly at me, said: "Young man, if you would save your life, then entrust it to me. I am the Saviour. Accept me and obey me. I will forgive your sins. I will save you. I will reckon you as my own."

At that very moment I bowed before the Lord Jesus Christ and confessed my sins. With true repentance I was joined to the Lord Jesus and become dependent upon Him. My heart overflowed with joy upon joy. I woke my wife from sleep, saying: "Look, the Lord Jesus is giving us a vision." She replied: "I see nothing at all."

After this vision I made an agreement with the Lord Jesus Christ: "As long as I live I will entrust myself as an offering to Thee. I will serve Thee and seek to lead others to serve Thee also. Accept this my offering and lead me by Thy Spirit."

Early the next morning at tea my wife asked me about my experience of the previous night. I announced my resolution to her: "Since the Lord has granted me a vision of Himself, I intend to serve Him as long as I live."

She asked: "How do you intend to serve Him?"

"Not by accepting a position in a mission, nor by serving here where I am, but I will serve the Lord by roaming here and there as a sadhu."

My wife replied: "I am not prepared to roam about like that."

I told her she could go back to her parents if that was the way she felt about it, and that is exactly what she did. Gathering together our household goods, I went to Barejadi intending to leave all in the custody of my younger brother. I told him about my vision and of my decision to serve the Lord. He pressed me to take service in the mill where he worked. I did so for a few months, being given a position as foreman of the press at a salary considered large for those days.

Miss Hansen was in the habit of holding religious services in that mill from time to time. After one of those meetings she said to me: "Brother, would you not come to serve the Lord in our mission?"

"In mission work you have to fill out false reports to keep
"You would not have to fill out reports in order to teach the mission school at Godasar," she protested.

"I have decided never to engage in mission service."

"It is the Lord who has given you your gifts of strength and intelligence. Why are you employing them for the benefit of this mill owner? Why not use your God-given gifts in the Lord's service?," she persisted.

The more I thought about it, the more I perceived the reasonableness of her remarks. Finally I replied: "I will enter mission service but upon one condition; I will pray about this matter and you also pray about it. If the Lord reveals the same thing to us both, I will obey."

For two whole months I continued constantly in prayer and the reading of the Scriptures. From every page of the Bible the Lord gave me this one message: "Take full time spiritual service with the mission and I will be with you and bless you."

Finally I wrote Miss Hansen. Miss Hansen wrote me in the same mail so that our letters crossed. When I saw her again Miss Hanson said: "Praise the Lord, now you have no reason for procrastination any longer. Realizing that the Lord had removed all the barriers I had erected, I made an application to the mission committee for work. After testing my faith thru a preliminary rejection, I was finally accepted. My boss used every means at his disposal to prevent me from leaving his service. My friends reminded me of the disparity in salaries and in future prospects. All my circumstances seemed to combine to make the transition impossible. Yet it was the Lord who was calling and I must go.

My service for the Lord began in the little village of Godasar. God poured out undeserved blessing for the meagre sacrifices and efforts we made. In that previously unreached Hindu village The Rev. John Laxman's father was the very first individual to receive the grace of God. With him many others came to know Christ as their Saviour and before long a small church was established in that village. Today the second and third generations are serving the Lord.

I have known trouble, pain, exhaustion, and hunger. I have served under trying circumstances, and have had my patience exercised thru the deferment of hope. Yet Christ..."
THE INDIA ALLIANCE

has been with me thru every trial and in every victory. He has led all the way. My heart is full of joy. I am satisfied with Him.

WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD
WE ACKNOWLEDGE THEE TO BE THE LORD.

Testimony of

A PARSİ CONVERT
— F. J. Anklesaria —

I was born into a well-to-do Zoroastrian family of Ahmedabad. My father was a dentist, and my mother a prominent society lady. I was their only child. They did everything possible to give me the best education. From 1914 to 1917 I studied in Jesus and Mary Convent at Poona. Then for a year I was at Clare Road Convent, Bombay, and from 1919 I was a student of the Government Girl's High School, Ahmedabad, until 1922, when I passed my matriculation examination.

After this I used to live for three months at a time with my music teacher and her mother who were very spiritually-minded Christians. I was much impressed by Mrs. L. In nearly every activity she had something to say about the Lord Jesus Christ, or some verse of the Bible to quote. I often wondered at the way she applied her religion to every circumstance of life. In times of difficulty she would quote such texts as: “I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.” “Underneath are the everlasting arms.” “As thy days shall thy strength be.” I could not understand her love of God but I could see that she was wholly dependent on Him. Sometimes the dear old lady would read aloud some passage from the “Daily Light.” Even after I had left their home Mrs. L. sent me tracts and books to read. Some of them I read. When I returned them to her she would ask questions about the contents of the books. Thus she would find out which books I had not read. From 1922 to 1925 I lived with these folk for three months at a time, and then would return to Ahmedabad for three months. In this manner I was taught musical selections which I perfected thru practice at home. I would then go back to learn more during another three month period with my teacher.

One day in 1925, Miss L. very lovingly put her hand on my arm, and said, “If I give you a Bible, will you read it?” It
was so sudden and unexpected that I just looked at her and smiled, because I did not know what to say. She continued caressingly, "Please say you will!" and with a questioning look added, "Will you promise to read just one chapter daily?" Although I had not much inclination, I just could not refuse. I said, "Alright, I will read it." I loved Miss L. and her mother, so to please them I promised to read the Bible. I respected them, so I respected their God, although I did not understand much of the message as I read the Bible through. Then I put the volume away, and did not think about religious matters for some time.

All along I was very worldly and spent all my time and energy in pleasure and enjoyment. I dressed richly in the latest fashions, and did nearly everything in life that a modern worldling could do. To me God was someone very far away and one who was not concerned about my life or doings. The deeper I went into worldly pleasures the more I craved them, yet the more dissatisfied and unhappy I became. I had no peace nor joy.

In 1926 I was married amid great pomp and ceremony. I was very happy for some time, but this happiness did not continue. Then it was that I turned to the Bible, and while reading it found the secret of true peace and comfort. At this time I stopped wearing the "kusti" (the sacred thread worn by Parsis around their waist.) Then my one and only child took ill. Under medical advice I took him to a hill-station for a change. At the same time I also discontinued wearing the "sudra" (a muslin undershirt worn by Parsis). In 1930 after my son was cured I returned home.

Whenever I fell into trouble I would remember how Mrs. L. used to quote Bible verses and instinctively I would turn to that book for comfort. I continued reading the Bible until I longed to become a Christian. So I went to a missionary and asked for baptism. He said, "Go and call your husband." I said, "I cannot do that because he is an atheist." He said, "Then I am sorry, I cannot baptise you." In 1941 my father was very ill. Up to this time I used to pray to Jesus, yet I did participate in Parsee ceremonies which I could not avoid without drawing attention of others to myself. A few minutes before my father's death, when I realized that he had passed the stage of human help, a Voice urged me: "Kneel down and pray. Christ is able to save, you know." I did not dare. I was afraid people would discover that I believed in Jesus. So loud and insistent was the Voice of the Spirit that I tried to shut my ears with my hands so that I would not hear.
I kept saying to myself: "O, Lord, have mercy on me." In a few minutes my father died. You can well imagine my feelings. Ceremonies are performed for the first four days after a Zoroastrian dies. My poor mother was too broken to perform her part in these ceremonies, so I, as the only child, had to perform them. At that time I constantly prayed to Jesus asking forgiveness. I said, "Lord Jesus, forgive me. I know these ceremonies are wrong, but what can I do? I cannot help yourself. There is no one else to perform them and I cannot tell them the truth that I am Thine." Still I felt guilty and troubled in spirit. For months after my father's death, it seemed to me as though I were his murderer. I was hiding my light, and it burned within my soul. I despised myself for it. If I met a stranger, I would say to myself: "I wonder if that man is a Christian. If he is in spite of his dirty clothes, he certainly is better than I am. I am sure he does not deny the Lord Jesus nor seek to deceive others. If I would only come out and confess Him who knows how many others might follow my example!"

Later I was struggling to conquer a very bad habit. I wept as I repeatedly failed. Then one day I got on my knees and said: "Lord Jesus, I have tried to break this habit and failed miserably. I am getting worse instead of better. Do take me and break me. Do what Thou wilt, I come to Thee." Some one had told me that nothing is beyond the reach of prayer save that which is outside the will of God. I remembered this as I was praying with tears in my eyes. I felt sure that the desire to turn away from sin was in perfect accordance with God's will. I knew that all things are possible with God. I believed that my prayer would be heard and answered. But then that same strong Voice spoke to me again, "You cannot claim these promises. You are not a Christian. You are not baptized." For days the message of the Voice continued so that I could not pray. Whenever I knelt to pray, the Voice said to me, "You are not a Christian. You are not baptized." I felt my prayer was in vain.

After months of struggling I finally decided to be baptized at whatever cost. I believed that if I was baptized and confessed Christ openly, I would be given the necessary strength to overcome that bad habit. So in the third week of June, 1942, I went to the Mission House, to ask for baptism. To my great disappointment the missionary was not at home. I was informed by a servant that he would return on a certain day. I called on that day but he had come and gone again. One night after I had failed to see him for the third time,
God’s Spirit spoke to me: “If you really want to be baptised, what difference will it make if an Indian pastor instead of a European performs the ceremony?” At once I saw my mistake and humbling myself, said: “Yes, Lord, it really would make no difference.” I decided to go to the Indian pastor the next morning. I told him that I wanted to be baptised secretly. He called other pastors who were in his house and I expressed my desire for baptism before them also. I did not wish, however, to disclose my identity. They said, they would like to talk to my husband. I said I did not want him to know because he would not allow it. They asked: “Shall we come and see you at your house?” I said “No.” They did not seem inclined to baptise me secretly, so I reminded them about Philip baptising the eunuch and insisted on a private baptism. They said: “We will pray about it. You come here again after three days, and we will see what we can do for you.” Before leaving they all prayed with me. I went again on the appointed day and again they asked me a lot of questions. When I refused to make myself known and insisted on keeping my baptism a secret, they did not know what to do. The Indian pastor showed me from the Bible what baptism really meant. I said, “Philip baptised the eunuch on the spot there and then, and why should not I be baptised when I love the Lord, and believe that He died for my sins, and rose again for my justification?” I said to myself, “They just want to tire me out by calling me again and again. They do not intend to baptise me.” So I told them I could not come again. The Pastor said, “Will you come to the house of two very religious and respectable ladies, Miss P. and Dr. C?” I said: “No. Miss P. knows me very well, and so through her the whole Parsi community will come to know. I want to keep it a secret.” He again assured me that Miss P. and Dr. C. would keep this secret. “You come to their house and we will talk it over with them, and with the missionaries, and then we will see what we can do.” I thought it over and said, “If Miss P. invites me to tea on Sunday, I will come.” I then disclosed my name, and after prayer we dispersed.

Soon I received the invitation to tea. I went as far as the Victoria Gardens where Miss P. and Miss C. were waiting in a car to take me to their home. I met Dr. C. and the three with whom I had previously conversed. We talked freely about God’s dealings in my life and of my desire for baptism. They then asked me if I would inform my people about my baptism. I replied, “Yes, leave that to me. I will tell my people at the first opportunity.” After Bible reading and prayer, we decided to meet again on Friday at 8:30 A. M.
Again we met at the appointed place. My joy knew no bounds when I was told that everything was ready for my baptism. I met the foreign missionary for the first time. He asked me what led me to become a Christian, what Christ had done for me, and what I would do to show my gratitude to Christ. My replies being satisfactory, the missionary presented me with the following declaration of faith which I signed in the presence of all:

DECLARATION OF FAITH

"I receive and confess the Christian faith believing in God the Father as my heavenly Father, in Christ as my Lord and Saviour, and in the Holy Spirit as my Sanctifier, and in this faith I wish to be baptised."

"I confess my sins and turn from them in godly sorrow and put my trust in the mercy of God which is in Christ Jesus, and I promise in dependence on Divine grace, to walk in His ways all the days of my life."

Signed: F. J. Anklesaria

Witnessed by the missionary and eight others.

The missionary then baptised me, and all present gave me a hearty welcome into the Fellowship. I praise the Lord for the strength to take this step and to conquer the many weaknesses of my life. Never again have I had a struggle in prayer. Never again have I yielded to that habit that had held me bound for years. I do not exactly know the day I got this strength, whether it was immediately after I decided to be baptised or after my baptism. It is sufficient to know that it has come. I praise and thank God that I know Christ as my personal Saviour.

After my baptism, for my spiritual benefit and growth, these kind and generous ladies held a prayer meeting in their house every Saturday. A dozen or more persons met there regularly. A short message was given by one of them. We sang hymns and prayed as each one was led by the Holy Spirit. Then followed tea and refreshments.

Soon after my baptism, I resigned my membership of the Parsi Gymkhana, for I could not remain a member in that club as a Christian. A week after my baptism, I wrote about it to my mother, and the next week to my husband. My husband became very angry. My mother was deeply grieved.

In December, of that year I had a peculiar hunger for the Holy Communion. The pastor gave me the necessary instruction and I was examined. On Saturday, January 9, 1943, I partook of the Holy Communion for the first time in the
house of Dr. C. in the presence of ten brethren, and all present signed the following:

THE LORD'S SUPPER

"This do in remembrance of Me."

"For as often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till He come."

"Let a man examine himself."

"Being convinced of Mrs. F. J. Anklesaria's sincere love for the Lord Jesus Christ and of her earnest desire to keep His commandment, 'This do in remembrance of me,' we felt it to be God's will that she should have the privilege of partaking of the Lord's Supper. Accordingly we met in the house of the Miss C. and Miss S. and together kept the Master's Memorial. It is our earnest prayer that it may soon be possible for our sister to pay her vows unto the Lord in the presence of all His people."

Signed by those present,

The Pastor
F. J. Anklesaria
Nine Others

After this God gave me the strength to go to Church. The first Sunday after taking Communion, I went to Church but with my Bible wrapped in paper so no one would know where I was going. After attending Church for about three Sundays my father-in-law heard about it. One day accompanied by my mother, who was as pale as death, he came home about 11 o'clock. He said to me: "Frenie, come upstairs to your room." Both my sisters-in-law and my son followed. They all assembled in my room. Remembering the verse of Scripture: "Before Governors and Kings, for My name's sake," I received strength. Father asked, "Is it true that you have been baptised?" I answered, "Yes." He said, "You will have to leave this house. I cannot allow a Christian to live under my roof." Then my mother started pleading. "Daughter, at this age are you trying to break up our home and separate us." My son said, "Then what about me? What shall I do, Mommy?" That was the hardest thing to bear. It was heart-breaking to hear him. With a great effort, I said, "My son, if you are prepared to face poverty and want, come with me. If not, stay with them in luxury." Father said very angrily, "this woman cannot remain in my house." At this time my husband was out of town, so I said, "Please give me some time. I am married to your son. If my husband on his return from Bombay tells me to go, I will leave this place." Father walked out of the room in a great temper saying to
my mother, "Come, I will drop you at your place." My mother, without a word went with him. About half an hour later, knowing full well my circumstances, my mother sent me a note, reading: "Send your things and come home to me." I prayed and received this guidance: "Stay there 'till I bring thee word."

Two or three days later my husband returned. I had written out everything that had happened during his absence and put the letter in his cupboard. The first thing he always does when he enters the room is to open the cupboard. He did so on this occasion and read the letter. He got very angry. He said, "You fool. Do you know what you have done? I can this very day divorce you." I said, "Yes, I know. You may do what you wish." He said, "Who baptised you?" I said, "The Rev..............because of my repeated request." He said, "I can drag him to the law court for this." I said, "You cannot do any such thing. See here is a copy of the declaration I have signed. In the law-court I will speak the truth boldly." That night again a family conference was held and I was asked, "Why did you get baptised? People do that to raise their status in life." I was told I would be given anything I wished if I did not tell anyone I was a Christian and did not go to Church. I said, "I am sorry I cannot do that. I would rather go away." Then I was told to become a nun and enter a convent. I said, "I intend to do no such thing." So I was told to leave the home. When we went to our room, and my husband was alone with me, I said to him, "You must choose between your father and me. I do not want to leave you, but your father does not want me in the house. Let us both go away together." He would not agree to that. So I said, "Then I must go." The next day I packed up my things and made ready to leave. But where to go? My mother had said some days before, "If they do not want you, come and live with me." I had answered, "I will never live with you because if I do, the whole Parsi community will be against you. Why should you wrongly suffer for my sake?" My good Christian friends had also written to me, "Our doors are open to you. You are most welcome at any time as our own sister." I did not want them to be persecuted for my sake. So there was practically no place for me to go. At this time of great anxiety, my husband sent his brother-in-law in the afternoon to persuade me not to leave the house. He first cross-examined me: "To whom are you going and where and why?" When he was satisfied that there was no human being to whom I cared to go, he told me that my husband had sent him specially to say that I should not leave the house. I was
guided to tell him, "I am a married woman and as Jehangir's wife I live in this house. I shall only leave if Jehangir tells me to do so, not otherwise." As he had sent a message that I should not leave, I, therefore, stayed. At that time I felt like an alien in the house. They were very angry with me and kept aloof. I was treated like an outcaste. They, too, on account of the step I had taken, had to suffer insults from the community, so they could not help being hard on me. Gradually over the years their feelings have changed. Although even now they do not own my Lord, yet they permit me freedom to worship and confess Christ openly.

Whenever anyone in the family is sick, I offer prayer by his or her bedside without being rebuffed. They willingly read tracts and booklets that I give them. They are good and kind to me in every way and treat me as one of the family. We do everything together except that I do not take part in their religious ceremonies or even present myself where such are being held. My faith in Christ during all these years has been more than justified. He has never left me nor forsaken me. "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." (I Cor. 15:57)

WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD
WE ACKNOWLEDGE THEE TO BE THE LORD
A MISSIONARY TESTIMONY

One of my young correspondents has asked me: "What do you do when you get bitten by snakes, and tigers, and things?" Would the rest of you youngsters like to listen in while I tell him?

Of course you must realize that we missionaries do not come to India in search of "snakes, and tigers, and things", but to minister to people who know not the Lord Jesus Christ as Saviour. During the course of our travels in this spiritual ministry, we do encounter some of the animals and snakes of India. What do we do? We pray beforehand that the Lord will protect us, and then we go forth with our minds on our work. I trust you will not be disappointed in me when I tell you that although the past generation of my kindred included a missionary who fought bare-handed with a lion, I myself have not so much as seen carnivora outside a cage. Concerning reptiles it's a different story. I have seen many poisonous snakes --some of them from very close range. But the Lord has protected from them all. In Luke 10:19 Christ spoke these words of promise to the seventy as He sent them forth to preach the Gospel: "Behold, I have given you authority to tread upon serpents and scorpions." Many are the times I have asked the Lord for similar authority.

One dark night Mrs. Haagen woke me from a sound sleep with the words: "Go quickly and see what the dog is barking about." Sleepily I slipped my feet into the sandals by the side of my bed, picked up a flashlight that was all but dead, and let myself thru the side door on to our spacious verandah. After taking several steps in the pitch-darkness something stung my toe. Liquid fire seemed to be injected into my veins. I directed the glimmer of my feeble light over the flagstones. What could have bitten me? I must know so that proper treatment could be applied. But I saw nothing. Whether this was due to the poorness of my light, the fleetness of the attacker, or the dimness of my tear-clouded vision I do not know. Was it a snake or a scorpion? Was it poisonous or non-poisonous? I wanted ever so much to know. My life might depend on the answer. But try as I did I couldn't find a single creature on the verandah nor in the immediate vicinity. There was nothing for me to do but return to my bed and to the disturbing uncertainty of my fate.
Every year 20,000 people in India die of snake bite. Authorities believe that many of them are bitten by non-poisonous snakes. Why then do they die? They succumb from fear rather than from poison. Yes, now I could understand how easily that could happen. Most folks are bitten at night. Most folks never see the creature that bites them. Most folks are shocked by the impact of the bite and jump to the conclusion that they are undone. Because of their fear and hopelessness they are doomed.

But for just such a circumstance as this, we have Jesus: I prayed. I told the Lord that I loved Him, and that I knew He loved me. I acknowledged His Lordship and His right to permit me to undergo such an experience. I confessed that any outcome was acceptable to me as long as He was with me. Then I asked my wife to pray seeking God's will in these circumstances and His way out of them. As she prayed reminding the Lord of my seven o'clock appointment the next morning, of the full day's work that was before me, and of the rest I needed in preparation for it, there was one thought kept coming to my mind. It seemed unworthy. It seemed irrelevant. It seemed to be too mundane. Over and over with increasing persistence the words "cook book" kept coming to my mind. When she finished praying, I said: "Sweetheart, please bring all the cook books you own here to the bedroom." She left and returned presently with several medical books. After she read a few excerpts from them I felt worse than ever. I restated my original request. She seemed to ignore it as a petition from one not quite responsible for what he was saying.

"Look, Honey," I said, "I know it sounds irrational, but I believe the Lord has brought these cook books to my mind for some definite reason connected with my agony. Would you bring them simply because I ask you to do so?"

She returned with several assorted volumes. Immediately I took charge from my prone position on the bed. I ordered her to scan the table of contents of each volume in turn. She started with a ponderous tome big enough to contain the wisdom of the ages. Presently it was laid aside. The same procedure was repeated down to the last small book. It was of Indian printing and looked rather shabby and unpretentious along side the others. Rapidly she read the contents aloud: "Bread, Cakes, Candies, Cookies, Doughnuts. . . ." Finally, she read, "Household Hints."

"Turn to that section," I implored.
“Make Your Own Baking Powder; Birthday Stones, Wedding Anniversaries.”

“No! No! read on!”

“For Sting of Wasp.”

“Anything else?”

“Cure For Scorpion Sting.”

“That’s it,” I interrupted. “That’s the Lord’s message to “Run table vinegar into the wound . . .”

“That’s it” I interrupted. “That’s the Lord’s message to us. You do have some vinegar, don’t you?”

“Yes, but its in the kitchen, and the cook has the key.”

“Well, we have a duplicate among our collection of keys. Find it and bring that vinegar as soon as possible. This pain is just about more than I can stand.”

After what seemed an eternity in the torments of hell, Mrs. Haagen returned with a cup half filled with vinegar I immersed the offending member into the vinegar and immediately felt a reaction that seemed to be neutralizing the poison. The pain and burning continued to lessen. After half an hour or more of this unorthodox treatment, a rag soaked in vinegar was bound about my toe, and I went to sleep for the balance of the night. Next morning with a freshly soaked cloth in place of the original, I took my part in the early morning program and performed as usual the duties that filled the remainder of the day. The bandage about my toe called forth questions. My answers called forth laughter of unbelief. Who ever heard of such a thing! Impossible!

I did not argue with the sceptics. I am not now prescribing for scorpion sting nor advocating the use of any particular means. I am witnessing to the fact that just the other year in the early hours of August 15, the Lord met my immediate need for sleep and relief from pain by sending me to a cook book we already had in our possession. Once in the entire history of Israel, God sent a prophet to a poverty stricken widow for the supply of his needs. Once in my lifetime, God sent me to a forgotten cook book for the relief of excruciating pain. The method God employs is not the significant thing. God’s faithfulness to those who trust Him is the indisputable fact we would call to your attention. I am just finishing nineteen years of full-time service in the
Lord's work in America and abroad. I can unequivocally testify: He has not failed me yet. And what is more I have the assurance that He never will. He has more than fulfilled my spiritual longings which were implanted by Him in the first place. He has met my needs of body, soul, and spirit. He has supplied the necessities for labouring in His vineyard. He has poured out fresh blessings each morning and undeserved gifts as daily presents. What He has begun He will fulfill, not only in this life but in the life to come. If you are a Christian your testimony cannot be greatly different from mine. Reader, how much owest thou My Lord?

FILL THOU MY LIFE, O LORD MY GOD,
IN EVERY PART WITH PRAISE,
THAT MY WHOLE BEING MAY PROCLAIM
THY BEING AND THY WAYS.

FILL EVERY PART OF ME WITH PRAISE,
LET ALL MY BEING SPEAK
OF THEE, AND OF THY LOVE, O LORD!
POOR THOUGH I BE, AND WEAK.