SONG OF INDIA

Coming up from the Well

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Ahmedabad—Headquarters
Rev. and Mrs. K. H. Kose
Miss Luella Burley

Dholka
Rev. and Mrs. J. L. Evans

Dhandhuka—unoccupied

Mehmedabad—Bible School
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Palanpur
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Radhanpur
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Song of India

GUJARAT EDITION

Field Chairman: Rev. K. H. Kose, Ahmedabad
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NO SCAR

Amy Carmichael

Hast thou no scar?
No hidden scar on foot, or side, or hand?
I hear thee sung as mighty in the land,
I hear them hail thy bright ascendant star.
Hast thou no scar?

Hast thou no wound?
Yet I was wounded by the archers, spent,
Leaned Me against a tree to die; and rent
By ravening beasts that compassed Me, I swooned:
Hast thou no wound?

No wound? No scar?
Yet, as the Master shall the servant be,
And pierced are the feet that follow Me;
But thine are whole: can he have followed far
Who has no wound no scar?

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India has many songs. To the newcomer all seem harsh and discordant. He soon comes to feel that the glamour of those 'far away places with strange-sounding names' can be left right where it originated—with the travel bureaus and Tin Pan Alley. The enervating climate, which one friend has defined as 'hot and less hot', the incredible poverty of millions, superstition, idolatry, floods and famine, epidemic diseases which may sweep away hundreds in a matter of days, the unrelenting battle to wrest from a reluctant earth the barest of living—these are themes familiar to readers of missionary periodicals.

Gradually one becomes aware of softer strains. Tropical nature to mention only one example, can be not only kind, but downright lavish. From my window I can see not a bush, but a whole tree of flaming poinsettias. In through another window comes the song of a bulbul bird. The seasonal rains have wrapped the whole brown countryside in a brilliant green cloak.

Industrialization has added exciting new rhythms and contrapuntal themes to the traditional way of life. The Second Five-Year Plan is almost completed. Power plants, steel mills, great dams are beginning to appear in the country, massive symbols in steel and concrete of India's determination to make a better life for its people.

While one rejoices in these changes, it is the song of the redeemed, the magnificat of a humble Atmaram (whose story appears in these pages) which gladdens the heart of God. The things which are unseen are eternal. Five-Year Plans will eventually pass away, even nature itself. The Atmarams will abide to sing His praises forever. To add even a few such notes to God's New World Symphony is the missionary's great joy.

The two women in the cover picture, a pastor's wife and Bible Woman, are coming out of a vavadi, a huge well constructed near Palanpur in the 14th century by a Moslem ruler. Some of these wells are five and six stories to the water level, and after centuries of use still give water.
DRUMS OF THE PROPHET

It was sunset. We hurried along a dusty road toward the musjid.* Our Mohammedan friend had invited us to their annual celebration honouring a holy man whose 'sign' was worshipped by the people of the village. Women wearing billowing pajamas, topped with tunics and scarves of rainbow colours in silk, satin, and shiffon, embroidered with silver and gold threads, were crowding into the narrow doorway of the small whitewashed building. They carried shiny brass plates filled with butter, rice, coconuts, and money. Each in turn offered her sacrifices and prayers as she bowed before the memorial, which was a stone covered with bright green satin cloth sprinkled with pink flowers.

Nearby was a crude wooden booth draped with red and yellow cloth. It was the seat for the reader of the Koran. About him the people had gathered during the day, paying to hear their holy scriptures read to them, as they themselves could not read.

Outside the drums began to boom, and we all gathered in a thick circle to watch the dance. A strong young man was handed a queer object resembling an ice pick with a whirling chain attached. As the drums throbbed louder and faster, the man began to dance up and down and around the middle of the circle. His speed matched that of the drummers and gradually climbed to a frenzied series of contortions. Suddenly he grasped the handle of the whirling chain and plunged the sharp pick toward his heart. We gasped in horror as we expected to see blood gush forth and the man fall dead. But he very neatly stopped the point within a quarter-inch of his chest. The dance continued and twice more he dramatically plunged the pick toward his heart. Then the drums slowed to a few thin vibrations and stopped. The dancer disappeared into the crowd, and another young Mohammedan stepped into the ring to perform the same ritual but with even more fanatic gestures and plunges of the sharp-pointed pick. Two other 'sons of the prophet' danced to the beat of the drums, showing their esteem for the man long dead who had been a follower of their leader, Mohammed. Dusk was turning into night as we flashlighted our way home, coughing from the swirls of dust stirred up by plodding cattle and smoke which rose from evening cooking fires and hung suspended in low clouds on the road.

A few nights later we awoke at two and again at four a.m. and thought drowsily that the village people were certainly celebrat-

*Mosque.
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ing with fervor, for their drums were echoing deep into the quiet night. Beads of perspiration would be glistening on their faces as intense drummers beat a complicated rhythm with the palms of the hands on the tightly-stretched skins. Some drums are the size of a large washtub, others like a small cooking-pan. They are carried through the streets on parade at festive occasions with a dancing, singing crowd following close behind.

One day we were standing in the street of a village singing and telling the Gospel story. An old lady invited us to her home and seated us on her rope bed, underneath which a goat was munching garbage. We sang and told the story again as two daughters ground grain between the heavy flat stones of a hand-mill. Tears rolled down the woman’s cheeks as she listened, and we knew that once again the Word of God had pierced a heart which might someday accept Jesus. Each time we meet her now she invites us again to her home for tea, and yet when we ask her to come and visit us she finds some reason for refusing—she does not know where we live, she is afraid our dog might bite her, etc. The cost of leaving the drums of the prophet to carry the cross of Christ is great. Will you pray with us for this Mohammedan woman that she might begin to understand what it means to be saved from eternal punishment and be assured of everlasting life through Christ her Saviour? For her, then, the drums beating in honour of the prophet of Islam would be exchanged for a song springing up from the wells of salvation within her own heart in honour of the Son of God! —Virginia Jacober

APPROVED SPECIALS

An Approved Special, or Extra-budget Special, as it is sometimes called, is a field project which has the sanction of the Board of Managers. Funds for such projects are not included in the regular field budgets, hence must be raised by special appeal.

If you are interested in contributing to one of the projects listed below, you may send your gift to the Treasurer, 260 West 44th Street, New York 36, N.Y., designated accordingly.

1. Electrification of Dholka school and hostels      $1,235.00
2. Missionary Conference Equipment                  325.00
3. Pastor’s house—Mehmedabad                  1,500.00
4. Technical equipment for radio work                800.00

The above order of listing does not indicate any priority in the thinking of the Field Executive Committee.
JIVAN SAHITYA BHANDAR
(Treasury of Living Literature)

In 1957 when Dennis Clark, an enthusiastic literature promotor, was in Ahmedabad for the annual Easter meetings, he saw the wide open door in this big industrial city and urged that our Mission not delay in opening a book store.

I began to pray about this and the vision grew. We were engaged in a three-year programme of literature publication, and books were overflowing our one steel cupboard and trunk. We were producing but there was a bottleneck in the programme. It was Distribution. What was the point in producing if the Message was not getting into the brown hands and hearts of those who needed it?

The Mission Chairman surprised me greatly one day by asking what I thought of Mr Clark's advice. 'Oh, I think it's a great idea, but how could our Mission take on such a project?' I asked.

We kept praying and looking for a site. When a Christian brother, who had a tailor shop, was asked whether he knew of a suitable site for our Christian book shop, he said, 'Yes, mine is'. The Lord seemed to whisper, 'This thing is of me'. When we
looked it over a few days later, we settled on it. This was the ideal location—right in the book bazaar, near a Christian High School, on a street where students of all faiths would pass daily.

Satan was taking it all in. This would be a place from which many would carry the life giving Word. His counter-attacks made us wonder if the vision would ever become a reality. We lost that 'ideal' location which had seemed as good as ours. Months later we located the rooms which are being used at present. The upper room, we decided, could be a reading room for inquirers. The price quoted was moderate. Suddenly it was doubled. Nevertheless we agreed to it, determined to get started and to keep on the look-out for something more reasonable in price.

The building was an old one which had been remodeled. We learned later that the woodwork, which looked so attractive in its fresh cream paint, had been eaten by termites and filled with cement! The walls were whitewashed. Our spirit ran high. We visualized how it should be arranged to make an attractive shop even though as yet there were no doors on it. A tailor who lived across the street set up shop on our tiny porch in order to protect the place from children who were spoiling the walls.
Followed weeks of waiting for the large roll-up shutter to arrive from Bombay. Sometimes I nearly lost hope of the store ever becoming ours. March came and went followed by the blinding hot days of April, but no shutter. There too, followed weeks of dickering with contractors and buying lumber for the cupboards so that they could be finished before the Monsoon rains struck. Otherwise we would have to wait for months until the wood dried out! Finally I was able to get off to the hills for a short rest.

After returning from the hills we decided that the day after Indian Independence Day would be a good date for our opening. A programme was planned, and 3,000 handbills were printed and distributed. The ceremony would be held in the street in front of the store. It would get lots of publicity and be off to a good start. That week riots broke out in Ahmedabad. Police stations were burned, lamp posts uprooted, and everything was in a general state of upheaval. A curfew was enforced in the city. After weeks of waiting, the store was finally opened with a single dedicatory prayer in the office. But the end was not yet!

The day of the opening our Indian Manager arrived and was informed that a house the city was dismantling had fallen on his brother! He was in the hospital, and no one knew how seriously he was injured. Nevertheless we gathered in the office and prayerfully committed the new book store, with its staff, to the Lord, asking that it might prove to be a light in the darkness for many people. At last we were in business. I felt a great sense of gratitude to God for a fulfilled vision.

That night one of the brethren appeared at my door with the news that our Chairman who had opened the store that afternoon had been in an accident on the way home. We rushed to the scene some miles out of the city to find the car in a terribly wrecked condition and a rather dazed Book Store Manager’s clothes splattered with blood. While driving them the forty miles to Mehmmedabad that night we encountered flooded roads, where the water came up under the doors of the Chevy. One car was washed off the road that night.

Hindu holy men and other non-Christians have been coming into the store and carrying away the Message which alone can satisfy their hungry hearts. Satan knew this and exerted every effort to forestall our opening that store. But God overruled! Prayer will bring many to the true and living God through the Book Store’s ministry. Will you have a part in it daily?

—RUTH ELLEN BLEWS
IN THE SECRET OF HIS PRESENCE

By Ellen Lakshmi Goreh

It is somewhat ironic that many famous hymn writers are known almost solely for their hymns. Watts was a first-rate theologian who also wrote textbooks on Geography and Astronomy. Charles Wesley was second only to his illustrious brother as an evangelist. Cowper was called the 'finest poet of his day'. Yet it is in their hymns that these men have lived and inspired generations of Christians. The same can be said of Ellen Lakshmi Goreh. A talented, consecrated daughter of India, she was in turn missionary, Bible Teacher, Superintendent of a large orphanage, and Deaconess of the All Saints' Church of Allahabad. Yet it is doubtful if more than a handful of people outside her own country know her as any other than the author of the beautiful hymn, 'In the Secret of His Presence'.

In the Journal of the C.M.S. missionary in charge of the work in Benares at that time is the following entry:

'December 1st, 1853. This morning I baptized dear Nehemiah and Lakshmi’s fine little girl. The poor mother is, I fear, dying. She has been sinking for the last month or more. But she is so peaceful and happy; it does one's heart good to see her. She told me when I came in from the district on Monday that she knew she was a sinner. But she knew also that the blood of Jesus cleanses from all sin'.

Two days later Lakshmi entered the presence of the Saviour she had sworn never to accept, leaving behind the 'fine little girl', Ellen.

Ellen's father was Nehemiah Goreh, an outstanding Maratha Brahmin convert from Hinduism. Her mother was won to Christ through the consistent life and witness of her father. After his wife's death, Nehemiah Goreh joined a Christian group called the Cowley Community and gave himself unsparingly to the service of Christ until his own death.

Ellen Lakshmi was adopted at the age of five by an English missionary couple and taken to England. After the custom of the time her foster parents returned to India leaving Ellen in England to be educated. She received a fine education in a private school and later in a Training College in London.

The crisis in Ellen’s life came years later while she was teaching a Bible Class of English girls. In her own words: 'Suddenly
it seemed as if God said to me, "You ought to be doing this among your own people." This was her call to India and years of devoted service to Christ and her people which followed.

Ellen Lakshmi Goreh lived for over eighty years and served her generation well. Shortly before her death she wrote:

'... if it be Thy will
That I should see
Another day,
Oh, let Thy presence still
Remain with me
And be my stay'.

These words, with the words of our hymn, sum up the kind of a person Miss Goreh was. There was a happy blend of the active and contemplative in her personality which was perhaps the combination of Western training and Indian temperament. Over all was a steady loyalty to the Lord Jesus.

This is a hymn of personal experience but without the emotional extravagance and overstatement common in much of today's Gospel songs. It is a hymn of communion. The Lord Jesus is not a dry-as-dust figure of history, or an arid theological concept. He is a living and present Person, a Saviour from ever-present sin and temptation, and a Friend. She expresses her joy in actual companionship with Him and in harmony with His will. She takes pleasure in what He approves. Her soul 'delights to hide in Him'. She follows Him not under a stern moral sense of duty but because she is captivated by His love. And she recommends her secret to us. This victory, joy, and quiet excitement of Christian living can be the continuing experience not only of people like Ellen Lakshmi Goreh, but of all the saints.

—J.L.E.

Depending altogether on our Father, God, we have nothing to fear, nothing to lose, and nothing to regret.

—Pandita Ramabai
The Lord definitely points out that he takes the first step in choosing. We do not know Him first, but only when we accept Him as Lord and Saviour do we understand the mystery. I would like to tell you how the Lord chose me. ‘Ye have not chosen me but I have chosen you and ordained you’ (John 15:16).

I am a native of Mehsana district. My Hindu name was Atmaram. My parents died when I was very young, leaving me all alone. My sister and sister-in-law raised me. I have not experienced the love of parents like other people, but have experienced the difficulties of the world from my childhood. At present I am almost twenty-five years old, and for my maintenance am working in the Calico Mills, Ahmedabad, and staying in Paldi village in the Ellis Bridge area.

I was very bitter against the Gospel of Christ. I hated the Christians and the Christian religion. I was an enemy of the Cross of the Lord.

In the year 1956 I came to know something about the Lord Jesus Christ. Somebody gave me a pamphlet of ‘Jivan Prakash’. I read it and through the address given in it I went to Mehdedabad in the month of October. I met Rev. Paul L. Morris who was in charge of Mehdedabad Jivan Prakash Institute. He talked with me about the Word of God. Thereafter I completed the course of ‘Jivan Prakash’. During those days the Lord was speaking to me through the Gospel of John: ‘Ye have not chosen me but I have chosen you’. Then I used to go to the Irish Presbyterian Church near Victoria Garden, Ahmedabad. I was deeply interested in hearing the Word of God, but I knew nobody who could guide me further.

But the Lord was calling me, and so it happened that a group of young people visited my village in the month of June, 1958. These people were preaching the Gospel with zeal and zest and were singing songs which attacked my heart. At that moment I was repairing a loudspeaker nearby. I left my work and immediately approached this group. I told them my whole story. They gave me an invitation to their daily meeting and taught me about the whole life of Christ. I confessed my sins and accepted the Lord Jesus as my personal Saviour. I was baptized on the 17th August, 1958 at Ahmedabad by the Rev. A. L. Christian who is in charge of the Simpson Memorial Church. Since then my name is Stephen instead of Atmaram.
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In the end I should confess that the Lord called me through the simple pamphlet which I read in the beginning.

My sister-in-law died a few days back. My family and the world are against me, but I know my Saviour in whom I have kept my faith. He will lead me to His glory in the end. ‘Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or disasters, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?’

I request the readers to remember me in their prayers so that I can be a true witness.

Yours in Christ,
STEPHEN M. CHRISTIAN

[Translated by an Indian Christian]

PRAYER AND PRAISE

Your prayers for Rupsingh are being answered. On accepting Christ he encountered much opposition from family and community. But he writes that he has stayed true, that five junior ‘Singhs’ have been baptized, and that his wife is a seeker.

Pray for the women’s and children’s work in Ahmedabad under Miss Burley and Mrs. Kose, and the Bible Woman, Sumitraben. By invitation of the Church a fine D.V.B.S. was conducted in the heat of May. See picture ‘V.B.S. Teachers’.

In mid-February Asian flu struck down some forty students and staff members at Dholka school. Concurrently there were eleven cases of chicken pox, a pneumonia case, and one little fellow with a rheumatic heart suffered an alarmingly high and prolonged fever which appeared to be Typhoid. The school breadmaker was found to be in the first stages of T.B.* Prayer was made unceasingly and the Lord was a ‘very present help in time of trouble’. We appreciated also the help of the local Civil Surgeon.

Thanks to the generosity of friends at home, especially the Glen Rocks conference, an era of what the American advertising world calls ‘gracious living’ has come. All of our stations now have sanitary facilities including Fairview hostel. Dholka station is partially electrified. If you would like to make it possible for 150 boys and girls to study under electric lights instead of huddling

*After two months in a sanatorium Shanti is back home, well and strong.
in little groups around flickering kerosene lamps, see page 6.

Lyle-George Jacob, one of our fine young Alliance boys, has entered Yeotmal Biblical Seminary in Central India. Most Evangelical churches and missions are affiliated with Yeotmal. English is the teaching medium whereas Lyle-George’s mother tongue is Gujerati. Pray for him.

PERSONNEL

Miss Ruth Ellen Blews left Bombay on a early furlough in order to be with her dying mother who passed away shortly after her arrival.

Paul and Virginia Morris with daughter Joy sailed from Bombay on the Cacassia March 31st. Robert and Ruth had already preceded them in order to enter school in mid-term.

Ed and Virginia Jacober have been loaned to the Landour Bible Institute from May to September. Ed is helping to revise the correspondence course and is preparing a study in Isaiah.

Mrs Muriel Entz has successfully completed the required second-year language course and examination. Congratulations Muriel.
Paul and Anna Haagen and three children, Ada Mary, Alice Grace, and John Mark arrived in Bombay by air June 15th from Naples. The Haagens were hung up in Naples by the dock strike but managed to get air accommodations. Paul took studies at Biblical Seminary during furlough, and taught a special Missions course at Simpson Bible College.

Jim Evans has become Co-Editor of Light of Life magazine published in Madras primarily for students enrolled in the Light of Life course. The course is the English counterpart of Jiwan Prakash. The magazine has 40 per cent non-Christian subscribers.

Dr Clarence Jones, co-founder of H.C.J.B., Quito, Ecuador, and Chairman of the World Conference on Missionary Radio, currently on a world survey, was in Landour, North India in early June for a Radio Seminar sponsored by the Evangelical Fellowship of India. The Alliance missionaries there at the time enjoyed a warm fellowship with the lively, enthusiastic Joneses besides being much encouraged to enter the fruitful field of Radio Evangelism.

As every Foreign Mission Board knows, the first step in the new missionary's orientation is not the study of a foreign tongue, nor the understanding of an alien culture, nor even the reading of that controversial volume, The Ugly American. It is the purchase of a camera.

Most missionaries, being sane, well-balanced fellows, buy their Arguses or Kodaks, learn the rudiments of snapping pictures, and are content to let the matter rest there. Not so, one chap we know, who has pushed on into the mysteries of composition, lighting, developers and other photographic esoteria. In his enthusiasm to capture an Indian monsoon sunset (an understandable compulsion, since there are no sunsets more breathtaking anywhere), our friend had to wade across a shallow pool to get to his objective—a ‘beautiful’ old scraggly tree which would provide the proper foreground. That ‘shallow’ pool turned out to be eight feet deep, and, before the startled gaze of his wife, the photographer disappeared, clothes, camera, watch, glasses, and all, leaving a baseball cap floating forlornly on the surface of the water. Which shows what some people will go through for a picture.

Happily, this is not a part of the daily hazards of preaching the Gospel in India. Nor does it indicate a trend of any kind. We do not share the concern expressed in some quarters that the missionary may some day be better acquainted with Popular Photography than with, say, Paul's Epistle to the Galatians.
'Charcoal seller of the Hills'