

TWENTY MISSIONARY STORIES FROM INDIA

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ONE...

The Himalayan Cry

Towering high above Soer were the snow-capped Himalayan mountains. The night was dark. The trail, weaving itself along the side of the mountain ridge, was so narrow and invisible that the missionary's feet at times barely found a hold. The rains had come and washed the path far down into the boulder-strewn stream.

Mary Anderson was on her way home to a mountain retreat which was a vacation haven from strenuous labor in the lowlands of southern India. Having been caught on the trail

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by the fast-falling mountain darkness, Mary asked God for protection and safety as she made her way slowly yet vigilantly to the bungalow.

“My mind was filled with all the tragedies of dark India, which but recently had been divided into two sections Hindu and Mohammedan—India and Pakistan.” Mary Anderson related, “I could hear the night cry of the multiplied millions of temple widows. I caught a picture of the thousands that were starving to death. There was no food with which they could fill their gnawing stomachs.

“I remembered the cries of the millions of Indian lepers and outcasts, without a friend and without hope in this world. I recalled the need of four hundred million inhabitants of that land who were destitute, friendless, illiterate, immoral, dirty, hungry and diseased.”

Under the spell of that Himalayan scene, Mary Anderson lifted a voice of prayer to God, not only for her own safety but also for the spiritual help and light of India. The cry of her heart was, “O God, heal the wounds of this land. Bring comfort and peace. Let the doctor’s hand touch the fevered body. Let the message of redemption be carried that India may know our Christ ...”

Like a chill in the dark night a cry arose from somewhere far on the other side of the mountain stream. Mary paused—caught it again. A human scream was rising above the patter of the rain.

She picked up these words, “A doctor! Send a doctor! We need a doctor!”

Mary paused and remembered that across the stream and on the other mountain promontory and ridge was an Indian village. A human voice was the only instrument that could transmit a message direct to the lowlands for medical aid.

Now that voice was calling, “Send a doctor, help! Sickness is raging.”

As the missionary went on down the trail to relay the message for a doctor, her heart burned. A plague had laid hold of a village and Mary knew that only a physician trained in medical science could heal the ills of that desolate, cut-off folk. As she picked her way cautiously down the washed-out trail, she remembered the cry in India’s night. There was a clamor, a call, arising everywhere: “A doctor! Send help!”

India was hungry, sick, outcast, vile and blood-stained. The call was sent from peak to lowland, from burning sand, from distant areas and from the muddy yet so called sacred Ganges: “Send us help.” Mary Anderson knew that they needed the Great Physician.

The missionary’s heart burned with a fervent desire that youth around the world would catch that hungry cry and come as emissaries of Christian good will to tell India about the Gospel and to bring the healing power of Jesus to its millions of lepers. Mary prayed, “Send messengers that they may bring the story of the Great Physician to India.”

SOURCE: Mary Anderson, 514 W. Penn St., Butler, Pa., on furlough from Berar, India.

Two ...

Milthtar Sees the Light

Abdul Mumshie felt it was God's hour to strike in Eastern Pakistan. During the lengthy turmoil of dividing India into separate national units, great population upheavals had taken place. Pakistan was basically Mohammedan while India remained Hindu. Mohammedans from India in most cases were driven into Pakistan. Hindus in Pakistan were forced to flee into India. In this bloody intermingling and flight of millions across vast terrains, the Gospel played a great role.

As Abdul returned to Kamarol he found that the country was deep under flood waters. Wherever he traveled, he saw entire families perched on high land, surrounded by chickens, goats, boxes, bedding and every kind of household articles. Pastor Mumshie took refuge on high land with the others. When the monsoon pelted down the Gospel preacher told the story of Christ to those who were seeking refuge on this island surrounded by swirling waters.

When he reached Kamarol, Abdul found sickness rampant. He also experienced violent opposition on the part of the Mohammedan villagers. They remembered the young heretic who had left Mohammedanism sometime earlier and had accepted Christianity. When Mumshie returned they would not permit him to locate in the village.

With a prayer on his lips he asked God's direction. At night he built a small house. This was burned by the fanatical Mohammedans. Then he built a second house of tin which could not be burned but which could be dented by hammers, axes and heavy stones.

"Refuse and excreta were dumped on the doorstep. Everything possible was done to drive away the family," relates missionary M. L. Ketcham who was later involved in the story. "But as we say in Bengali, the family was palaver moton moi, or the kind that does not run away, and they stuck at their post."

Abdul saw the sick round about him. Everywhere were cases of malaria, some the malignant type which turned blood to water. Cholera raged, for the people drank from contaminated wells, pools and rivers. Cholera was an abdominal sickness that caused sharp pains in the stomach. Violent vomiting and death soon followed. Like the Good Samaritan, he administered medicine for their ills. He gave them quinine for malaria, iodine and ointment for their sores, and other simple remedies. The pill box was substituted for Gospel administration.

At one time, while he was giving a dose of quinine, the Spirit of God asked, "Why don't you pray for the sick?"

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Thinking on this, Abdul presented the distressingly ill to the Master for divine healing. As these dejected people came for medicine, Abdul asked God to heal them. The vilest of diseases, such as syphilis, meningitis and typhoid, were rebuked by the power of God under this Christian's prayers.

One woman, suffering from an evil spirit and claiming powers of divination, was brought in by Mohammedan neighbors to oppose Abdul.

Pastor Mumshie said of her, "This woman would yield herself to the domination of evil spirits, would reel and crawl on the ground and would foam at the mouth. In this condition she was asked to prescribe medicine for sick people. She immediately responded with a complicated formula which only a trained doctor could understand and which often proved remarkably efficacious.

"While in such a trance the woman could read from the Koran fluently, although at any other time she was completely illiterate. Many flocked to her to inquire auspicious times for the start of a journey, planting of seed, marriages and the like. The woman had great fame throughout all this section of Pakistan."

One day Minister Mumshie prayed for the woman, and after a time of prayer, the powers of darkness were cast out and the woman was completely recovered.

Henceforth she gave God the glory and published abroad the marvelous blessings that had come to her. Now her husband, having lived off the earnings of her divinations, became angry and organized serious opposition movements even to the point of agitating against her.

The Mohammedan opposers picketed themselves around the mission house armed with sword-like harvesting instruments. The missionaries were not allowed to leave the house. Many threats and imprecations were hurled against them. Nevertheless, at night, natives who were searching after God and who had seen how bravely the Christians had undergone this persecution, came to seek the way.

As the missionaries labored and prayed at night with these secret inquirers after God, the anointing of God caused the work to prosper. Finally the opposition committee attempted physical violence on Mumshie. He was struck over the head with a heavy pruning fork and had it not been for his thick topie or sun helmet he would have been killed.

"The topie had always been to me one of the crosses in India but since this occasion, you can be sure that I regard it as a faithful friend," he remarked.

Later the committee of Mohammedans raised a fund to send for a most eloquent Mohammedan torki or debator. Dr. Mukhtar-ud-deen, head of the committee gave fifty rupees.

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At the same time the power of God was greatly demonstrated. Two natives possessed of evil spirits, came running through the villages, literally tearing their clothes from them and going through the most vile and satanic contortions. Their presence created a disturbance wherever they went. When Brother Mumshie lifted his voice to God in prayer, however, they were delivered.

“Their deliverance was both spiritual and physical,” Mumshie asserted. “They stripped from their bodies the tabuj (the little copper cylinders tied to the arms). These contained cryptic sacred writings, supposed to be able to ward off evil.

“They laid aside other charms which they had previously worn and God greatly blessed their activities. One, however, put the tabuj on again and became subject to the return of the demon spirits.”

The missionaries continued praying for the sick. Among these was a little girl suffering from tetanus. The father was a Pakistan doctor and would not hear of Christians praying for his daughter. Nevertheless, the desperate mother secreted the Christians into the home and the child was healed. The girl is now studying in a mission training school, being educated to care for the spiritual needs of her Pakistani sisters.

Finally the famous torki arrived, and the entire village rushed together to see him challenge the Christian missionaries.

“All the surrounding villagers were invited to a big confab and we Christians were given a challenge to come out and match wits with the torki. Brother Mumshie and I went,” related Dr. Ketcham. “We were two forlorn figures in the midst of a vast assemblage of militant enemies. We listened for hours as the torki did his best to pull the Bible to pieces, showing seeming discrepancies in numerics, casting aspersions on the birth of Jesus and so forth.”

Abdul wanted to take up the argument, but Missionary Ketchum said, “They want an argument and are all primed for it. Let us not fall for their bait, but let us confine ourselves to something which cannot be refuted—the story of free salvation and the joy which we ourselves have received from Christ.”

“We allowed the torki to rant at will. His throat finally gave out and he was silenced. The Christians arose. In a few simple words we told what Christ had done for us, and with this we took our departure,” related Dr. Ketcham.

The Mohammedan bigots lifted the cry, “The Christians have run away. They are afraid to argue. They cannot prove their Bible. They cannot match wits with our torki. Long live the torki! Victory to Mohammed! Curses on these Christian pigs!”

The preacher and missionary dejectedly slipped out of sight and started back to the mission. A short distance away, however, they ventured a feeble, “Praise the Lord!” Abdul returned the note of rejoicing. “Our praises became louder and still more loud.

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Finally we drove the clouds of discouragement and seeming defeat away with our expressions of praise.”

Arriving that evening the missionaries dropped on their knees for a good old-fashioned prayer meeting with plenty of tears and rejoicing.

Late that night they heard a tiny scraping outside the door. Dr. Ketcham asked, “Who is there?” A voice said, “It is I, the doctor. Come outside so I can talk with you. My heart is on fire and I must get peace of mind or I cannot live out the night.”

Missionary Ketcham and his companion were greatly elated. They stepped outside to talk, with the hungry-hearted leader of the Mohammedan committee. At once he unburdened his soul, saying, “Though you left the meeting this afternoon, your testimony has certainly won my heart. There is a gnawing at my heartstrings which cannot be silenced and I know that the only way of peace is through the Christ of whom you spoke a few hours ago.”

The missionaries pointed Dr. Mukhtar to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world. Others arrived and the convocation was turned into a seeking after God meeting. Many of the Mohammedans humbled themselves at the Cross and arose saying that Christ had forgiven.

“Only those who have had personal experience with Mohammedanism and who know the fiercely burning pride, the bitter animosity and unquenchable hatred of these bigoted people can realize what a great triumph this was. That night is one of the outstanding nights of my memory.

That was a night of glorious victory. The Cross overshadowed all other concerns. The next morning found me as carefree as ‘a hind upon the mountain top,’” says Dr. Ketcham.

Henceforth organized opposition at Kamarol in Pakistan ceased and God gave the missionaries favor in the eyes of the people. Abdul, the Christian, was asked to sit as judge between factions of Mohammedans. He set up court and dispensed justice. Thus the despised and persecuted Christians came to occupy a place of respect and honor.

Soon afterwards the doctor was baptized together with a Mohammedan named Abjal, who had sworn under a mighty oath that he would cut out Abdul’s heart. They were followed by Nural Huque, a land owner, and “a fire-eating son of the prophet Mohammed.” Other baptisms followed until nearly all of the ringleaders became Christians. Many of them went through fierce persecution. One was fed a poison which produced lasting loss of memory. Most of them lost their land. Some were driven away. But they all retained their faith in Christ.

The doctor, who was later sent to the Bible School, proved the stalwart of the lot. He has now returned and is in charge of the mission station at Kamarol, the very place

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where he once led the forces of darkness in their efforts to defeat the message of the Cross. What hath God wrought!

SOURCE: Dr. M. L. Ketcham, 434 W. Pacific St. Springfield, Mo., 7 Tiljala Rd., Calcutta 17, India.

THREE ...

The Ceylon Priest's Transforming Vision

When Jarim was ten, his Ceylon parents dedicated him to the Buddhist priesthood. They lived in a small village twenty miles outside of Colombo. Here for the next eight years the lad served faithfully in the Buddhist temple. One day a Sinhalese evangelist came preaching a strange story of Jesus Christ and how He was able to transform sinful hearts. When the Buddhists heard of the foreign message they sent young Jarim, their most active and energetic priest, to listen and devise means to break up the street meeting.

The priest listened to the evangelist. When he ceased speaking he walked quickly through the crowd and handed out small bits of paper. He also gave one to the Buddhist priest. The lad knew that he should tear the paper to shreds and should go snatch the tracts from the hands of the other people who had received them. But something happened in his heart. His curiosity was aroused and he could not destroy the paper. He tucked it quickly within the folds of his robe and rushed back to the village temple.

A strange desire burned within him. The more he determined to destroy the tract, the more his hands were enfeebled. When he found himself alone, he read the glorious, wonderful story of Jesus who died to save sinners.

A gnawing ache tore at his heartstrings as he carried on his Buddhist duties. Weeks passed. He returned to the village where he met the evangelist again. He asked the evangelist, "Will you give me a book to read?" The native preacher handed him the Gospel of John in the Sinhalese language. He tucked this into his robe so that none could see what he carried and hastened to the temple. When he was certain that he was not being observed he began to read that absorbing story. The words gripped his heart. He, could not get away from the gripping sensation that the Master of men was constantly with him.

One night on his temple mat the priest thought deeply on the heart-troubling story he had been reading, and as he mused "the fire burned." Whether he was in a trance or conscious, Jarim did not know but he saw One whom the apostle John portrayed, clothed in a long white garment. As Jarim looked at the tender countenance, the inviting eyes and the outstretched hands, he sensed assuredly, "This is none other than He about whom I have been reading."

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He opened his heart and the transforming power of the Gospel came in. He was surcharged with a sense of elation and surfeited with joy unspeakable. When he had sought the way of peace in his Buddhist ritual, there had been no peace in his dark heart. Now, however, peace brooded. The troubled waters subsided. Wherever he turned the Master was present and assured him with the comforting words, "Peace be still!"

Jarim wondered how he could keep this new found joy from breaking forth upon his countenance. It did break forth because one day a fellow priest asked him, "What has made so great a change in you?" Jarim confessed the name of the Master whose vision had transformed him. Immediately the ire of all the Buddhist priests began to be heaped upon Jarim because he had forsaken the religion of his ancestors. When they threatened to murder him he raced to Colombo where he sought the home of the native evangelist. Jarim pleaded, "Take me to the house of missionary Clifford."

Missionary Walter Clifford was on a deputation visit to an outstation and would be gone for several days. The evangelist decided it would be unwise to keep him in his own home. That would bring down the wrath of the Buddhists upon his own family as soon as the priests learned that he was hiding a convert. Seventy-two miles away from Colombo was another mission station. The evangelist took Jarim there. Jarim stayed there for a number of weeks, always fearful that someone might discover him.

During this time Jarim's relatives and the irate priests persistently searched for him and eventually located his hiding place. The priests sent Jarim's oldest brother to him saying, "Our mother lies a-dying and wishes to see you before departing from this life."

As he traveled the Ceylon roads seventy miles back to his native Perandeniya, the lad was sad at the thought of his sick mother. When he arrived home he discovered that his mother was in perfect health and that they had used this ruse to lure him away from the mission station.

His brothers rushed upon Jarim and tore the Bible from his hand. They shredded it page by page and then trampled upon the sacred Book. They beat the convert with clubs. They threatened, "We will kill you unless you return to the Buddhist priesthood."

"You may kill me but I shall never deny Christ. He has meant too much to my life and soul. He alone brought peace. Kill me if you will, but I die Christian," replied Jarim.

Falling upon him with their clubs they beat the lad insensible. They left off when they thought he was near death and again demanded, "Return to the priesthood." But the convert, who had met Jesus, would not forsake his Master even on the verge of death. The brothers dragged him into a darkened room, where they left him in a semiconscious condition. When he began to recuperate they returned to administer more serious beatings.

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At this time the head priest approached the family and said, "Allow me to take him back to the temple where we will imprison him. When he is away from the strange poison of the Christians, he will become a Buddhist again. I shall shave his head and all shall be in preparation for him to take up his priestly duties."

The family consented to this and the lad returned to the temple where his head was shaved and he was attired in the saffron robes of the priesthood. Always under the watchful eye of another priest, Jarim was never permitted any personal freedom.

After a council among the votaries, the head priest asked, "Why do we not send him to Rangoon, Burma? There he can be kept away from all Christian influences, and in the familiar scenes of the Buddhist temple he will take up his duties again."

Jarim heard the discussion and knew that soon a boat was to sail on which the votaries planned that he be a passenger. Two days before sailing time he was walking in the gardens. By a deft movement he slipped away from his guardian priest and raced under cover of night back to the Colombo evangelist.

A hasty mission council was held and it was decided that Jarim should be sent post-haste to missionary Clifford who was at that time laboring in one of the outstations. Purchasing a ticket at night, Jarim entrained. The next day, a Buddhist, seeing that Jarim was dressed in the robes of a priest, pointed the way through the tea plantations to the village where the missionary was laboring. Little realizing what he had done, the Buddhist worshipped the young priest and departed. Jarim found the missionary, unburdened his heart and told him of all the afflictions through which he had gone.

Soon his strength returned and God greatly blessed and prospered his spiritual pilgrimage. He was furnished a new suit of clothes. His hair began to grow out. Jarim later returned to Colombo and entered a Bible training school. Though it did not take the priest nor his relatives long to locate him, they were afraid to attempt any more personal atrocities, lest the news of their previous beatings would come to the ears of the native police.

Later Walter Clifford baptized the priest and the old name of Jarim was changed to Paul. Now with boldness he stands in the streets telling the Buddhists how the Lord was made known to him and saved him in the Buddhist temple where he served as a priest.

Jarim labors under the inspiration of Dr. A. J. Gordon's noble statement, "Our task is not to bring all the world to Christ. Our task is unquestionably to bring Christ to all the world." He is bringing Christ to his native Ceylon. Where once he was a Buddhist priest following the ancient ritual and bringing darkness instead of light, he now proclaims Christ as the glorious light of the world.

SOURCE: Walter Clifford in "Missionary Challenge," Springfield, Mo.

FOUR...

The Paper That Would Not Burn

The bank of the Ganges was muddy with the constant tramp of the multitudes who came to bathe in this so-called sacred stream. Mother Ganges was looked upon as the source of their salvation—their inspiration. The young came to bathe in it and the dying came to lie in it. Many who sought salvation and hope in the waters had been trampled to death under the great concourse of the Hindus.

Among those who raced to the sacred stream was a holy man. He had seen India's distress. He and his brothers had trod the snowy trails of the Himalayan Mountains trying to find peace. They had gone on great, weird and wild pilgrimages. They had stretched themselves out on the trail to measure their length; they had arisen; they had stretched themselves again for hundreds, yea, thousands of miles, hoping thus to bring peace into their bosoms.

They had often sat stark naked alongside the burning roads of India and had begged a few grains of rice or other food from the faithful pilgrims enroute to the Ganges. Some sat on beds of spikes. Some held arms over their heads until the muscles became rigid and the hands could no longer fall to their sides. Some sat in convolutions, their legs and arms wrapped or twisted about them, until they had to be moved by others. These were seeking, always seeking peace, where peace was but a phantom.

One day the holy man came to the muddy Ganges searching for peace of soul. He lived in a grass hut hastily erected some distance from the river. There awaiting the feast time, he contemplated the pilgrimage of his soul. The record said he would find peace but there had been no touch of peace in his heart. On this day he walked with the great concourse to the Ganges. He determined to touch the muddy waters with his feet hoping thereby to rest his soul.

A great crowd had gathered among the worshippers and the sadhu stopped. In the center of the crowd an Indian missionary was speaking. The missionary walked up to the holy man and handed him a piece of paper, which he idly stuck in his robe, thinking, "I may have it read at a later time." The man finished his bath at the Ganges, stepped out of the water, and went back to his hut. He tucked the paper away in one corner of the grass structure.

Later he walked once more to the Ganges thinking he might find peace. Late that evening, after the Hindu festival, he returned to his hut, and in great consternation saw that the hut had been burned to the ground.

"O, I have lost everything," he cried. Much to his amazement, however, one corner of the grass hut still remained. The holy man walked quickly to that corner, for he

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remembered he had put the paper there. He was happily surprised when he discovered the paper safe from the fire.

He took the paper to an interpreter and asked him to read it. The droning voice of the interpreter told a gripping story which the old man had never heard before.

“It is about a Man, long ago, who said, ‘Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.’”

The holy man exclaimed, “That is exactly what I’ve been searching for all these years. Rest! Rest for my soul! I have measured the burning sands of India with my length, I have sacrificed to her gods, I have waded in the waters of the Ganges, only to come out without finding rest in my soul. And now, here is a Man who says, ‘Come and I will give rest.’ I must go find the missionary.”

Returning home, he told his wife of his search. She disowned him. She was a Hindu who would not forsake the gods of her ancestors. The holy man gave up all his property, left his position as a sadhu, walked away from his wife, and taking his little son’s hand in his, he went into the night. He came to the mission station and told his story about the piece of paper.

“Who spoke those words?” asked the searching holy man, eager to have the missionary unlock a treasure for which he had sought many years.

“It was Jesus who lived and died long ago. He gave Himself for you that you might be redeemed and have peace,” was the missionary’s reply.

“Peace! I have sought for it vainly and now to have it so close! Tell me more!” begged the sadhu.

The missionary unfolded the process of redemption. The holy man, who had bathed in the muddy Ganges and had not found peace, plunged by faith into the fountain of everlasting life. He was redeemed and had a song of joy on his lips. The missionary taught the little son the glad story of Jesus who said, “Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

That son grew up to become an elder in the United Presbyterian Church of India, a useful, conscientious man. God was weaving a chain of events that was destined through generations to be a blessing to India.

About the same time that the sadhu found his treasure, a missionary’s wife, some miles distant looked out on the street where she saw a number of ignorant, half-starved, nearly-nude girls growing up without a knowledge of Christ. She breathed a prayer to God for His blessing upon the girls and went out to speak to them. She asked them to come to her home. She told them Bible stories. One story she told was about a girl named Ruth, who came from Moab to the Holy Land. She related how Ruth found favor,

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married and became an ancestress of the Christ-child. She told about David, who likewise became an ancestor of the Redeemer.

Weaving Bible stories into chains, she held the attention of those little girls until one of the girls was converted. That girl grew up at the mission station and was trained to become a teacher. As she matured she had charge of a school where five hundred other brown girls of India were taught. She led many of these to the Master. In the course of events the upright Presbyterian elder met and married that teacher. God blessed the marriage with a little daughter.

This daughter grew and prospered and was taught the way of the Lord. She is Mary Samuel, a Bible woman, who has visited the women of India in their Hindu and Moslem homes, always telling the story of Christ "and what the Saviour has meant to me."

The son born to this woman was educated in Christian schools and decided to become a doctor. He trained for medical work and today Dr. John Samuel is a surgeon on a staff of the Mission Hospital at Taxila, India.

This story began with a tiny fragment of paper providentially preserved by God. The paper that would not burn set in motion a chain of events that carried over four generations and perhaps over yet unborn generations. The influence of those events has permeated the lives of many Indians with a sweet Christian fragrance. Many now hallow the name of Jesus because a holy man had a paper read to him by an interpreter and believed its message.

SOURCE: Mary Samuel, c/o Dr. John Samuel,
Mission Hospital, Taxila, India.

FIVE...

Snatched. From Man-eating Tigers

"Tragedy of tragedies," bewailed the Indian midwife as she snatched a little child from its wrappings, "it is a girl."

Born into the home of a high caste Indian who had been waiting for a boy baby, the little girl child was destined to be thrown to the wild animals. In that weird land of heathenish customs, girl babies are unwanted. It made little difference that the child, later named Piyrai or beloved, was a beautiful little brown bundle of human possibilities. She was not wanted.

Near the home was a cactus hedge which separated the estate from the wild jungle where savage man-eating tigers and blood tasting jackals roamed. The midwife or nurse took the baby to the hedge and threw her into that awful jungle.

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By divine providence, the tiny baby fell into the cactus where the sharp needles cut into her frail little body.

A wail broke the jungle night stillness as the injured child cried.

“It so happened by divine care that an Indian Christian woman passed that way and hearing my puny wail stopped to investigate,” related Piyrai later, after she was converted. “She found me, my little body full of cactus thorns. Her heart was touched with pity by my helplessness. She pulled the thorns out as best she could and, wrapping her veil around me, took me to the mission hospital.”

A kindhearted teacher was in charge of the mission. When she saw how the thorns had pricked the girl’s body she loved her as her own darling brown baby. Though not wanted by her own parents, the girl was cared for by the members of the mission staff. They were motivated by the wonderful words and life of the Master who said, “Suffer little children to come ...”

That baby was named Piyrai, or beloved. Her foster mother trained the little girl and sent her to school until she graduated from the Kinnaird College for Women in Lahore. Upon graduating, Piyrai found many open doors; ‘for Christian service into which she could step. Now teaching in a government school, she finds “opportunities to carry the water of life to thirsty souls.”

Another life snatched from hungry man-eating tigers! Another Indian life saved by Christian kindness in glorious service of the Master!

On another night in the mission stations of Rawalpindi, India, Mother Stewart, beloved of the brown girls in the mission school, made a round of the compound. Round about the mission was the jungle, filled with the fierce screams of animals lusting for human blood. Man-eating tigers were there. Often before, a tiger had slipped out of the jungle and had leaped upon an old man, a child or a woman.

“On this beautiful hot moonlight night as I made my rounds at ten o’clock the inner courtyard was filled with little brown girls stretched out on their native beds asleep under the stars,” related Mrs. Stewart. When she came to the outer gate, little Mary (which, of course, is not her native name) waited and said, “I am to be your messenger this week.”

Walking to the closed gate, the missionary snapped the lock shut, and silently returned to the bungalow. Little brown Mary quickly spread her mat on the smooth brick floor and whispered, “Good night, my beloved.” The missionary slipped a flashlight under her pillow, checked that her snake-killing stick was beside her and dropped into a sound sleep.

During the night a weird call broke the slumber of the missionary and startled her awake. Lifting her head, she looked on the floor for Mary but could not see her. Glanc-

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ing around in the fading moonlight, the missionary saw a tiger pummeling, gnawing and clawing at a little bundle that was Mary. The animal was shredding her clothes and tearing down into tender human flesh. Blood was dripping from his claws as he cut into the frail body.

“With an inward prayer for help I seized the flashlight and stick and sprang at the tiger, screaming at the top of my voice. He jumped backward, bounded across the yard and disappeared into the field of tall sugar cane,” declared Mother Stewart.

The compound was filled with missionaries. The night watchman, the gardeners and the children—all rushed in to help. The missionary called, “See which way he comes out and where he goes while I send to the village for Mr. Singh to bring his gun.”

Prayerfully hugging the little child in her arms, Mrs. Stewart carried her to the nurse, who tenderly undressed the brown body. Missionary and nurse bound up the great scratches that ran from her neck across the bare little chest.

Mrs. Stewart asked tiny Mary, “Why didn’t you scream?” The brown girl said with trembling lips, “I was too frightened.”

All that day the field was carefully surrounded by watchmen who waited for the tiger that lay hidden in the sugar cane. At the corner which edged the jungle Mr. Singh, with the only gun in the village, kept a cautious guard. During that day the children huddled inside the compound with the missionaries and lifted a voice of prayer to God that He would deliver them and the village from that man-eating tiger. They did not know when he would spring back over the wall and grab another form or leap upon some villager. They prayed and planned.

Late in the afternoon a long line of girls crept out of the huge iron gate, tiptoed silently across the yard and surrounded the cane field on three sides opposite Mr. Singh and his gun. Here they stood quietly until all was ready. At the given signal they shouted and beat their tin pans like Gideon and his hundred men of old when they frightened away the Midianites.

The cane stirred. Here and there it swished in a line. A frightened tiger leaped and ran from the fearful din toward the jungle. Standing straight like an arrow, Mr. Singh with gun lifted was ready. When the tiger came out, he aimed quickly and fired. Screaming, the tiger clawed at its bloody breast, and rolled over dead.

“Prayer had saved the villagers and the children just as much as the bullets of that lone hunter. Prayer forced the tiger to leave Mary there on the dusty path. Prayer held that hungry tiger in the cane field until all was ready. Prayer directed the aim of that lone hunter. Do you think these little girls believe in prayer? I ask you, do you believe in prayer?” asked Mrs. Stewart.

SOURCE: Mrs. R. R. Stewart, United Presbyterian Mission, Rawalpindi, India.

SIX...

Sharma's Light Did Not Dim

“The sadhus or holy men called for light and peace. They separated themselves from the world, lived in caves and searched for spiritual illumination. They searched for light on their pathway that would direct them to the source of soul peace,” related Paul Schoonmaker. “Way up in the deep caves of the Himalayan Mountains lived the Nagas, a class of sadhus that separated themselves entirely from the world and once every twelve years celebrate with millions of pilgrims the Kumbh Mela, or grand festival.”

The powers of these cave-dwelling ragas for either evil or good are considered by the Hindus to be limitless. It is thought that by their intense mental concentration wars are brought to an end and entire nations destroyed or created. Missionary Paul Schoonmaker decided to visit the Kumbha Mela which is held at Hardwar, a holy spot of the Hindu faith near the base of the Himalayas.

Driving from Dehra Dun, the missionary and a friend skirted foothills and crossed numerous dry river beds. Reaching the vicinity of the Ganges-sacred river to the Hindus they headed into jungle country, where lurked savage animals. They finally came to the valleys and hills where the sadhus have wandered for centuries in a strange search for soul peace.

Going through toll gates which the government had erected to insure its share of profits accruing from the multiplied thousands of incoming pilgrims, they were asked by the police to show certificates for cholera inoculation. These certificates are demanded from the millions of pilgrims who arrive in Hardwar at mela time because many outbreaks of cholera have marked these mela celebrations.

Arriving at the village the missionaries made their way through crowds of pilgrims to the sacred pool, Harkipairi. This pool is the point of interest, for here they could see the colorful procession of nagas and sadhus that was to take place during the afternoon.

Once in twelve years these strange nagas, the name being derived from nanga which means naked, come out of their forest dens. The missionaries took pictures of the bathers in the sacred pool, but irate men demanded that the cameras be destroyed. Tradition says that the sacred pool is “a spot where celestial beings spilled one drop of amriti or elixer of life.” On the main bathing day of the mela it is the privilege of the monks to bathe first in the sacred pool, after which the masses take their turn. After the monks bathe, thousands rush into the pool and many people are trampled to death. In 1950 more than thirty people, most of them women, were crushed under the feet of the throng.

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By two o'clock in the afternoon the multitudes had swollen to immense proportions. Everywhere—on the cliffs about the city, on the tops of buildings, on the river banks, on the bridges and on the roadways —people crowded. In the distance shouts announced the coming of the procession of holy men. The people waved flags.

Dressed in saffron robes, the sadhus appeared first in the procession. The multitude broke out in the cry, "Rama, Rama!" the Hindu equivalent of deity. As the procession came by, devotees scraped up the sand upon which the sadhus had tramped. This was kept for ceremonial purposes.

Following the saffron-robed vanguard of sadhus the cry came, "The nagas are here."

Suddenly there appeared a throng of naked men and boys with fierce and repulsive countenances. Their hair was matted and their faces were smeared with the insignias of their religious orders. Turning neither to right nor left to look at the crowds, they rushed into the sacred pool, not to bathe as others had done but to offer their obeisance. They rushed back into the deep forest and crawled into their caves where they will remain until April, 1962, the next time the Kumbha Mela is celebrated.

The Hindus believe that by a life of self-denial, of casting away the world and of separation from everything held precious and dear, these men finally reach such a point of self-renunciation that they gain salvation. By renouncing the world, denying themselves all human comforts and becoming wholly absorbed in meditation upon the supreme reality, they become holy.

In this way these sadhus and nagas seek "the peace which the world cannot give." But at the end of the trail when they go back into their caves they are still vile, iniquitous, impure and filled with evil. They have no peace.

In contrast to this unrewarding routine of searching for a peace that is never found, let us investigate the life of Om Sharma. He was born a Brahman. Brahmans teach that they are descendants of the great Brahm, who was the mightiest of gods and the source of all spiritual knowledge and authority. As a child Sharma was taught to hate Christians. Before he was born, an uncle had forsaken the noble Brahman way of life and had become a detested Christian.

Sharma grew up determined to have nothing to do with Christians nor with their beliefs. When Sharma was looking for a position he went to a school in Landour, where missionaries came for language study. Two young missionaries employed Sharma as their pundit or teacher.

"I will have nothing to do with your religion or with your Christ," said Sharma at the first lesson. Needless to say, the young ladies did not retort. When it became necessary for the girls to travel to the plains that they might continue their language study, they asked Sharma to accompany them. He consented to go but he refused to live on the Christian

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compound, nor would he enter any Christian services. However, he met a preacher laboring at an adjoining mission at Chapra.

“I, too, was a Brahman and I once lived in your own home town,” said the preacher.

“Who are you and who are your relatives?” asked a Sharma. He was greatly amazed when he discovered that the preacher was none other than his own runaway Christian uncle. Sharma was impressed by the fact that this uncle might have remained a Brahman and might have been well respected at home. He chose, however, to live in surroundings far inferior to those of his own family, and was, moreover, cheerful and content.

“Tell me, my uncle, what is the source of this peace?” inquired Shrama.

“There is no use trying to convince you against your will, but if ever there comes a time in your life when you want light, go directly to God and He will give light, peace and hope,” replied the uncle.

As Sharma left, missionary Violet Schoonmaker relates that he muttered to himself, “If ever there comes a time in my life when I want light! What nonsense! Light! Is there any light that the Brahman has not already received?”

Sharma faced this possibility, however: Suppose there is light that I do not have? My uncle said that if I ever want light I should ask God and He will give it to me. I believe I will ask Him tonight, but I must be honest in my asking. I’ll fast because this has been my habit whenever I want something special from the gods of India.

The Brahman who before would have none of Christ, went to his room. He took no food that day. He closed his door and in a great passion of soul cried out, “O God! If there is light that I, a Brahman, do not have, I ask for it now.”

His heart was troubled by wounds of discouragement and doubt. He must have peace. He must have light. There was none in his soul. He paced the floor. Finally in great desperation, he decided to retire, for no light had come. He was afraid. What has brought on this fear? He asked himself as he lay down on a rude bed. He tossed back and forth and his mind was filled with anguish. Finally he cried out, “O God! Take this fear away and give me light, for I need light.”

Suddenly the room was bathed in a holy light brighter than the noonday sun. This was no natural light burning, but a glorious light turned on by heavenly power. The room seemed to scintillate and glow. It seemed to be burnished with a divine brilliancy that Sharma had never dreamed possible.

In the glory of that light Sharma whispered, “Jesus, Jesus! The Light! Thou art the Light of my soul.”

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“The darkness that had so long dwelt in his soul vanished and there came a mighty revelation of the true Light, Jesus Christ, the Light of the World, God’s only Son,” relates Violet. “The following day Sharma came to me and without telling me what had occurred the previous night, asked if he might attend our afternoon prayer service. I was greatly surprised at his request but assured him that all are free to attend the prayer meeting.”

“May I say a few words in the meeting?” asked Sharma.

Missionary Schoonmaker hesitated a moment as if doubtful of what he might say and then added, “If you are going to say anything against Jesus or His people, I can’t allow you to speak.”

Sharma shook his head and indicated that such was not his desire.

That afternoon in the prayer meeting the young Brahman arose and said, “These lips of mine have spoken many hard and blasphemous words against Jesus Christ, but last night He came to me in my room and I yielded my life to Him. He cleansed my lips in His own precious blood and henceforth they are all His and shall be employed in His praise alone.”

Falling on his knees, Sharma lifted words of prayer such as the missionary had never heard. There rushed out of his heart glorious words of praise and adoration. He poured out “praises to Christ in all the adjectives he knew in Hindu, his mother tongue; then in Sanskrit; and finally in English. He used such adjectives as pure, holy, spotless, tender, gentle, kind, mighty, true and one of his own making—splendorous.”

A few days before this marvelous burst of light had brought about his transformation, Sharma had handed a long list of questions to one of the missionaries and had said, “If you can answer these questions satisfactorily I will become a Christian.”

Never again did Sharma ask any questions because Christ Himself became the answer to his soul. He had found God. Peace which the nagas and sadhus could not find was Christ’s gift to Sharma, and his soul was lifted up.

At the time of baptism he asked missionary Violet if he might change his name from Om, meaning god in the Sanskrit, to Paul.

The following day Paul, no longer Om Sharma, stood up and preached Christ to his people. He preached the Light of the world, the Light of his soul, the Light that had burst upon his own heart. He brought that Light to all of the castes of India. Christ became his source of peace and satisfaction.

SOURCE: Paul and Violet Schoonmaker, in *Missionary Challenge*, Springfield, Mo.

SEVEN ...

Peeco Throws Her Baby to the Ganges' Alligators

Peeco's heart carried a deep black secret. The gods of her native India were wrathful. She must never let her love for little Baia be evident to the gods. There had been a time when all her love was wrapped up in the little brownskinned body but now she huddled it no more to her mother breast.

The gods of India were vile; they hated love. They could mark with an evil tomorrow any child beloved by its family. Peeco had been taught this. There was no god of love for India, and the son that she greatly loved must never know a mother's affection.

Talking with her husband she said, "We must hide Baia in the temple, make him sleep on the ground, so that at night time he may go into the darkened corners of the temple and shelter himself from the rain. He must beg for his food. He must not know that we love him."

They thought that thus they might protect little Baia from the evil eye of the gods. They drove him out. When he would slip home, the mother would be kneading black bread in a dirty wooden trough, and he would ask, "May I stay home for a while?" Baia would try to hug his mother and she would only drive him away, "Run! Go, fool! The gods are watching." The harsh voice of the mother, as she threw the pestle with which she had been pounding rice in the mortar, drove the lad out.

Before running away the little boy would say, "Mama, you say you love the gods and they are hateful. Do you love me?"

The mother's heart would be touched but she would repent of her weakness at once. She would gather all of the rice she had and give it to the little boy saying, "Take this! Rush! Go quickly! Run to the temple of a thousand faces and lay it before the god idols. Do not spill one single grain. Then go to the bakkah house and repent of your evilness."

The lad rushed away, entered the gloomy old dark temple, marked a beaten trail up to vile gods and poured the grain into the large bowl at the idol's feet. Out he raced as fast as he could, to get away from the gods before they could turn upon him.

He did not look to see the trap door open. He did not see the dirty hands of the vile priest reach out for the bowl and snatch the rice for himself.

Going into the bakkah house he moved over into a corner saying, "A devil is hiding in the dark." Then two strong arms seized him in the dark house and a voice whispered into his ears, "Baia, it is I your mother, Peeco. Quick!

Perhaps we have fooled the gods, and he will be eating while I am talking to you. My little fox, I love you. I love you with all my heart but the gods are jealous. If they knew

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that I loved you something evil would happen to you and us. I was afraid that they were watching when you were in the house and that is why I acted as though I hated you. Never speak evil against the gods. They will torture, burn, tear and drag you out into the night.”

Baia hissed a word and said, “The gods, they are swine. They take but they give nothing. How can the gods ever be pleased with anyone?”

Peeco breathed a story which she had concealed in her soul for many years. She drew out a page from her memory and related it to young Baia. She told about a darling brown-skinned girl baby that had been the love of her heart. Peeco had hugged that child to her bosom and had loved it greatly. One day when she took the baby to the temple an angry old Hindu priest spoke to her harshly, told her to cut the love out of her heart and drove her away.

“Go, you must go! Go to the Ganges and sacrifice. The gods will be angry! You love your child too much. Go! Give that baby to Mother Ganges.”

With her babe in her arms, Peeco left her native Punpallah and took the long pilgrim road to the Ganges. As she went she reflected, “The priest has said that Mother Ganges is the sacred stream. I must go and sacrifice my child. I must make the greatest sacrifice—give my dearest and best.”

The trail was long and wearisome. The tired mother dragged her footsore body up the path that led to the priest of Mother Ganges and the alligator gods. To him she gave all her food money. She had no money left for food on the way home. She gave it as a price to the priest to appease the gods.

The mother continued her story to little Baia in that dark bakkah house. “I walked to the banks of the stream. I waited until the god alligator came out. I gave a great throw and the tiny girl baby I loved slipped into the waters. A horrible child scream followed! I saw alligators rise to the surface. One of them grabbed my child, crunched it and took it under water. Blood marked the face of the Ganges. And I, your mother, ran into the forest.”

Baia listened his eyes becoming big and frightened. He faltered, “The peace the priest promised—did you find that peace?”

Peeco shook her head. She knew there was no peace. “There was no peace,” she confessed. “We gave but they withheld. I sacrificed but they had no satisfaction for me, and — now, Baia, remember I must show no love for you though my mother heart breaks. I love you dearly, but the angry gods will take you, too. I will have neither my little lily that I loved so dearly, nor my brawny Baia. Go, go, before the gods become angry and take you from me!”

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A few days thereafter the priest said, "Your father is dead. The funeral pyre is ready. Your father's body is laid on it. They must have you."

Baia rushed to the place of sacrifice. When he arrived the pyre was stacked high and on top was his father's body. These were the days of fearful widow-burning in India. Peeco stood beside that funeral pyre, ready to sacrifice her body to the gods. When she climbed on it Baia screamed, "No, no, Mother Peeco, no! You must not— the gods."

The priest grabbed him, and cried out, "This is the law. She must burn."

Baia trembled as he watched the fire being lighted at the base. The flames leaped. They sucked in the robes of his mother. They scorched the black body of his father. Baia could stand it no longer. He broke from the priests and leaped on the pyre and he, too, died as a sacrifice, for none had ever come to tell him of the real peace.

"There is peace. God gives peace. Glorious streams of peace can flow through your heart," cried the frail voice of Mother Eaton. She was speaking to the widows of India as she had gathered them in her Bangalore mission station. "Come unto Me and I will give you rest," continued the missionary, delineating Christ's glorious invitation.

"One day when I walked the banks of the Ganges after a great festival to the angry gods of India, I saw a brown mother clutch a little baby to her breast. By her side a child was walking whose fingers clutched the sari wrapped about her mother's body. I watched her for a while," related Mother Eaton. For a few moments the missionary lost sight of the mother and her children. When she turned she saw the brown mother throw her child to the angry Ganges. Suddenly alligators snapped up the child.

Mother Eaton rushed to the horror-stricken woman, who had fallen on her knees and was beating her head into the mud of the Ganges banks.

"My daughter, forgive me for failing you at this awful time. You've given your baby to the Ganges, but there is no peace for you this way."

The mother looked up into the eyes of the American missionary. "No, there is no peace. There is horror and death. I gave my baby. There is no peace in the gods of India."

Mother Eaton began to preach about the Master. She said, "Jesus is called the Prince of Peace. He gives peace to your troubled heart. Bow down, look to the cross. He died for you, and bids you come unto Him and find rest for your weary soul. Look now! Look to Jesus! Confess your sins. Believe and He will redeem.

Under the direction of the missionary this Indian woman cast her burdens and her trials at Calvary's Cross. Through her tears the woman cried out, "I believe on Jesus. The Prince gives peace to my troubled heart."

"That brown mother looked through her tears into my eyes," commented Mother Eaton. "A smile of joy wreathed her coppery skin though she had shortly before

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sacrificed her baby. She clutched at my hand, and sobbed, 'Peace, I have peace, the peace of God.'"

What a contrast to Peeco's story.

SOURCE: The International Gospel League,
Box 537, Pasadena, Calif.

EIGHT ...

Narasappa Searches a Shandi for "Yesu"

"They must not have come today," said Narasappa as he searched through the Hindupur shandi or market for the Yesu preachers. He knew from his uncle's words that the "Yesu men" who told about the "Yesu Way" of happiness and joy had been coming to the shandi with the marvelous stories of One who lived long ago.

Narasappa paced through the piles of native produce, bright jewelry, cloth and vegetables. He went to the cattle area. He heard haggling of the Indians as they bartered for various objects. But he was not interested in the market today. He was searching for the Yesu or Jesus people. As he searched he remembered what his uncle had told him a day earlier.

"I heard some strange foreign words recently," related his uncle, "which, though I believe them not myself, may bring to you Samadhanam (peace). I heard them from one of those strange Yesu preachers in a shandi in Hindupur. I understand there is a boarding school where they teach boys to read and write and become good."

The uncle told further how the preachers had said unbelievable things about one Yesu, a god even greater than Rama. He came from heaven, was born in a manger and grew up to heal all manners of diseases. He loved men and even died on the Cross to save them from sin.

As Narasappa searched through the market for the Yesu people, he recalled more things that his uncle had said. He had said that this Son of God arose from the dead, that he went back to heaven and has come again to live in the hearts of men. His uncle had concluded with these words, "All say that the preachers who told us these words and the helpers in the Hindupur mission do not drink toddy, do not smoke bang (hemp) or do not quarrel like the others do. Perhaps their belief has some good in it, but as for me, I do not choose to believe such words."

Narasappa's uncle had told him these words for he was of that great multitude in India who were too low to be in a caste. They could not draw water from the wells and they could not have the shadow of a Brahman fall upon them. They were indeed outcasts! They were like dogs!

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In the village where Narasappa grew up, the people's thought was crime, stealing, lust and passion. Even the dogs were vile, mean and snarly. There was no school where Narasappa could learn. He could never study the Telugu language because he could not read—the words were foreign to him. There was no hope that this lad could climb out of the outcaste position into which he was born.

The day the uncle came back from the shandi bringing that strange story he had said, "Narasappa, it may bring good to you. Go!"

So, on this shandi day, young Narasappa made his way with his relatives to Hindupur. He decided that he would look for the one who brought the Yesu message. He searched here and there but shook his head. They had not come. Narasappa was in despair.

He was soon alerted, however. Words in his native Telugu language rose above the clamor of the market.

People were singing, "Jesus, Thou alone art the refuge of sinners." Narasappa listened. The voices rang out glad, clear and happy, not droneful like the minor tones and keys of India's singers. These people were happy!

Narasappa raced through the crowd and pushed aside the marketeers. He cried, "Where are they?" In a few moments he came upon a group banded together. A missionary, a white Doragaru, was telling a wonderful story.

He was saying, "Jesus loved. Jesus died. Jesus invites. Come! Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely."

Narasappa had waited for that very moment. He found himself on his knees before the white Doragaru, and under the instructions of this man of God he looked by faith to the Cross where Yesu had hung. He glanced at the nail prints in His hands and the sword print in His side. He fixed his eyes on the Master who had said, "And I, if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me."

The sin of Narasappa's heart was forgiven. The vileness was stripped from him and his black heart was clean. Long ago a prophet had said, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; and though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." That promise became true for Narasappa. Jesus had redeemed him! When he got up, the missionary asked him what he wanted to do.

"I want to go with you to that school about which my uncle told me, where you train poor boys to read Telugu and where I can learn more about this story you tell."

Narasappa was sixteen years old. He did not need the consent of his parents to break from his home life. He was happy to go to the boarding home. When he came up to the mission bungalow the light of a new day dawned for this lad.

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He was welcomed. He studied the Telugu alphabet hour after hour. Although the curious twisting curls seemed impossible for his poor awkward fingers to form, he labored with that language until he knew it. He went to school at night also after his hours in the beginners' class. He plodded on until he mastered reading. He continued his studies with the Telugu New Testament and delved into its unknown secrets as the missionary opened to him the mine of God's unspeakable riches.

Narasappa often went to the shandis nearby and to the outcaste groups in the villages to tell, "Yesu, the light of the world; has come into my heart!" He proclaimed the redeeming power of Jesus Christ in Telugu.

In December, 1919, six months after he had first come to the mission home, Narasappa requested to go into the waters of baptism. When asked what name he wanted, he cried out, "A new name." He was baptized Paul Barnabas.

The following year he entered Martha Watt's boarding home where he learned more about the ways of God. He walked now with a resolute tread and held his head high. His eyes sparkled with hope as the joy of the Lord burst within.

Barnabas remembered home—the village where he was born. He recalled the vileness, the nudity and the poverty of his family. He thought especially of the hunger of their souls.

He walked back to Hindupur and then trudged on to his native village. There he told the wondrous Yesu story. He invited lepers and even those without caste to come and be healed. The villagers, however, would have none of that strange doctrine. Though without a religion, they did not want the strange Yesu way. They were outcasts.

They cried among themselves, "This will never do. This preacher must die. Die! Die! He cannot live. Why should he live and disturb us in our outcaste way? We want none of that stream of water to wash us, none of that water from which we can drink. We want to die hopeless outcastes."

One day Barnabas had been out on the highways of India, proclaiming the glad tidings of redemption. When he returned home at eventide they set outcaste food before him. Though it was meager, it was food and he ate. Very soon he felt cramps. His stomach was on fire, aflame, burning! He crawled into a dark spot under a shed to die. Dropping into unconsciousness, he lay there—how long he had no idea.

Days later when he awakened, he was emaciated. His bony frame was little more than a skeleton with the dark leathery skin over it. He knew he must leave this village. He would surely be killed. He had recovered from this poison attack because God had spared his life.

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He crawled away in the night and went staggering along the way to Hindupur, back to his friends who would nurse him. When Barnabas had renewed his strength, he went again to Hindupur and once more his voice was heard in the shandi.

Like the Yesu preacher who had caught his attention, he cried to all the villagers, saying, "There is hope in Jesus, the Prince of Peace and the Light of the world. I have Him in my heart."

His was a personal testimony because he had experienced the burden of sin and the joy of salvation in his own heart. He spoke gladly. Many were those he led from the darkness of superstitious unbelief into the sheepfold of the Redeemer. Then one day a cough racked Paul Barnabas' lungs. He trembled under the power of that coughing spell. The missionaries, knowing what had happened, kindly took him to a tuberculosis sanitarium. He was ill for a long time, but even in the sanitarium he proclaimed the living Jesus. Barnabas became weaker and weaker. He slipped into an unconscious stupor and had a vision. It seemed as if the skies were drawn back. The door of heaven was opened and he was allowed to look in. He heard an angelic choir. They were singing the sweetest melodies of the glory land. He listened. There came voices, powerful voices. One voice whispered, "I give unto you, Paul Barnabas, eternal life. You shall return earthward for yet a little while and then come back to be forever with your Lord."

When Barnabas opened his eyes he told the story of that vision. He firmly believed that he would live a little longer. The vision came true. He proclaimed Jesus. Many came in to have Barnabas lay his hands on them and pray. He lived for a short time upheld by God's mighty power.

One day Paul Barnabas closed his eyes and lay back on the couch which had been furnished by kindly friends.

His face suddenly underwent a marvelous change. A look of unspeakable peace and unutterable calm swept over him. He breathed heavily for a moment and fell asleep in Jesus.

SOURCE: Emma MacNaughton, Ceylon and India

General Mission, 28 S. Lombard Ave.,

Oak Park, Illinois.

NINE...

God's Sheltering Hand in the Plague

It was a busy day for Dr. Orpha Speicher in the Reynold's Memorial Hospital. Consternation reigned outside. Southern India was struck with plague. People in one

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village after another died. The natives believed that the angry gods of India had laid siege against them.

The incantations of the priests and the offerings to the idols in the temples were without power to lift the death scourge. People slumped in the streets and died. The doctor went wherever it was possible to administer drugs, to inject cholera serums and to give counsel. The kind hands of the missionaries brought all they could into the hospital but the multitudes were too many for the limited help. Stark tragedy raged village streets. Before the plague was over, whole families in some cases, were found dead.

The funeral pyres smoked high, for the dead were burned in ancient Hindu custom. There was no hope anywhere. The gods could not be appeased. The rains would not come. Crops failed and famine prevailed in the land also.

The missionaries prayed. All around the clinic the hand of God seemed to be laid in gentle administration of mercy. None died from the Christian village, for as they prayed, God gave the doctor and the missionaries wisdom. Serums were injected and inoculations were given. The prayer of faith saved the sick and the Lord raised them up.

In a neighboring area where all were heathen, they watched the destructive hand lay hold upon village after village. Farms were swept desolate.

“The headman of the village,” related missionary Mary Anderson, “called a meeting. The elders gathered although weakened and debilitated. Some had recovered from the plague years earlier and were thus immunized. The one burning question was, ‘What can we do to safeguard our village?’ “ Plan after plan was presented.

“The scourge can be stayed by calling upon the god of the plague—by offering oblations to Kali,” suggested one old Hindu. But others merely shook their heads. Kali, the other gods of health, security and national peace, even the demon gods, had already been approached with oblations. Rice, which they needed to live upon, had been laid in the sacrifice bowls, only to have the voracious priest grab it and eat it while the villagers starved.

Other plans were mentioned. Finally one Hindu pundit or teacher arose and with the wisdom attached to his position, spoke out of his heart.

“The missionary, the clinic, the doctor—the God of the Christians is with them. He is more powerful than all the gods of India. He alone can stay the plague. Let us move near the mission compound.”

Some thought this a poor suggestion because they hated the name of Jesus. They hated the Christian way. However, they had seen the kind deeds wrought by the Christians. They had watched the protecting hand of God.

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They had heard the preaching of native evangelists as they lifted their voices and cried that there was redemptive power in Jesus. They remembered the friendly voices of others who had stood in the market place and had cried out in the name of the Master, "Whosoever will let him come and drink of the water of life freely." The elders told stories they had heard from their neighbors. They told of a woman who had sent for Dr. Speicher, had been given magic pills and had been healed. They told of a little boy who had learned to read in the day school.

Some doubted but the majority said, "Move to the compound."

They knew they could not get inside the mission compound but when this objection was presented someone suggested, "We can move near to them. The gods there can protect us. Their God is mighty. We will not die."

"In a strange procession," says missionary Anderson, "That village picked up its belongings, wrapped them in cloth, shouldered them, and walked the dusty trail. The dying were carried. One morning we looked and there was a village jammed against our compound wall. We could not make them move away. We could not feed them but we could care for them."

When the missionaries went out, the village elder said, "Only let us stay here under the protecting hand of your God that we may not die as others. Your God is powerful; your God is able. He will save us now."

Day after day the missionaries and the doctors went about the people of the village that lived beside their compound walls. They preached the Gospel of Jesus Christ to them. The light of Christ shown into those hearts.

"None died from that village which moved up to our compound walls," the missionary related.

SOURCE: Dr. Orpha Speicher, Reynold's Hospital, Basim, Berar, M. P., India.

TEN ...

Ram Chandra Babu's Mahti Vision

Ram Chandra Babu served as a priest in the huge temple of Kali. He looked at the horrible image of this bloody India goddess. As a priest in the temple at Puri, the most famous of the Kalinese temples, he was amazed at her features that indicated wrath and blood-thirstiness.

Ram looked at the necklace of human skulls about the goddess' neck and the corpse earrings dangling from her broad ears. He noticed the girdle of cut-off hands, the blood-smeared drawn sword and the blood streaks on parts of her body.

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He eyed Kali's matted hair, fanglike teeth and protruding tongue. Again the priest looked down at the base of that massive goddess as he had hundreds of times before in the numerous devotions he had conducted there. She was standing on the body of her husband, the mighty god Siva, believed to be the third member of the Hindu trinity.

Ram Chandra Babu had been trained in theological lore and knew that according to Hindu teaching this goddess was believed to have been overwrought by ecstasy from drinking human blood. She had danced over the universe until Siva lay down that she might dance on him and shock herself into sensibility. When she inadvertently looked down she stuck her tongue at full length in utter chagrin.

"Kali, one of the oldest goddesses of Bengal, is worshipped by millions and many of her devotees affectionately call her, 'Mother,' " writes Dr. F. F. Heinley in telling Ram Chandra Babu's story.

The young priest attended to preparing a sacrifice for her. Ordinarily the Indian gods do not require blood sacrifices, but are satisfied with grain and other food. Not so with bloody Kali. Consequently, Babu ordered a young, healthy male goat bathed, ceremonially prepared and brought into the goddess' presence. The handler tied the goat to the 'sacrificing post, and though the animal drew back, the handler pulled him up until the neck was over the worshipping post.

Meanwhile Ram was saying the prescribed Sanskrit scripture texts, called mantras, at the sacrifice. He lit the incense before Kali. Then he offered a prayer of dedication over the chopper sword and sprinkled it with water from the Ganges. A low caste man picked up the great sword and with a full strike severed the head of the goat. The head fell toward blood-thirsty Kali where it remained for some time. Then the priest himself picked it up as his own possession.

"From the body of the goat a small amount of blood is immediately taken in a vessel and smeared on Kali's tongue, forehead and breast," continues Dr. Heinley.

Ram watched as the person, who had requested the goat to be offered, came in and took the body away. It was custom that the body would be eaten for the family dinner.

Ram, a young priest in whose mind many doubts had risen, shouldered himself straight and tall. He said, "O blood-eater, we praise thy name and we pray thee to give us strength to use the sword for killing animals and offering blood to thee. We offer thee the blood that it may propitiate for the sins of the offerer."

Ram's mind revolted at the tragedy already enacted. He thought back on his own life—the long career of training and priestly oblations. He recalled his childhood when his father had been priest in the palace of an Indian Maharaja, and had officiated at the shrine of the god Jagannath. He himself had grown up at the palace and until the age of ten had been taught by a private tutor instead of going to an ordinary school.

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At this age, his father had sent him to Benares, sacred city of the Hindus, where he had lived with relatives and had finished his education by attending the best schools under Hindu auspices.

Without his father knowing it, Ram had studied English. He had been able to do this until he had reached junior high school age when it had been necessary to take an examination. This had required a fee and he had asked his father for it. It was then that the priest had learned that his only son had been studying English, taboo for Hindu oblates.

How vividly he recalled his father's words, "You must never, son, contaminate your thinking with western ideas, for this is unbecoming to a Hindu priest."

Ram's reflections continued. After this episode, he had been admitted to the theological school, and here he had spent nine years mastering the art of Hindu priesthood. He had learned Sanskrit, in which the ancient Hindu sacred writings were recorded. Likewise, he had studied Hindi, Bengali and English.

After he had completed his training, he had visited Burma, where he had broadened the outlook of his priestly obligations. At the death of his father it had been necessary to return home to assist in settling the princely estate. Finally through friends and relative priests he had been appointed to serve in the temple of Jagannath, in Puri, one of India's richest and most renowned temples. At this moment, Ram's recollections were halted by a glance at the bloody image. He shuddered and then his reflections continued.

As third priest his duties had been to serve the people of the town and surrounding villages. He had performed ceremonies for marriages; he had invested sons of high class parents with the sacred cord; and several times a week he had conducted worship before the deity Jagannath.

In April, 1947, he had left the Puri temple and had traveled five hundred miles northward to the foot of the Himalayan Mountains where an aged uncle was in charge of a small temple devoted to Kali.

Since he had been there his mind had revolted at the evil practices and procedures of the immoral priests and temple assistants. He knew that some of the temple girls who had been dedicated in childhood to keep the gods clean merely served as temple prostitutes. He knew that priests were ruining daughters and wives of those who came to worship.

As Ram stood here now in the temple at Puri, witnessing once more this bloody sacrifice to the goddess Kali, he contemplated the corruption of all this worship. His mind was perplexed. His heart revolted at the thought of another day in this abominable service.

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While he continued his service as assistant to his uncle at Kali, Ram Chandra Babu secretly began to read the Bible in the various languages with which he was acquainted. One morning at his hidden place of meditation and prayer he providentially opened his Bible to Isaiah 53, and as he read, this question flashed in his mind, Did Christ die for me?

That evening he retired with a sense of burdened dejection. He could not sleep. As he thought and prayed he was suddenly overwhelmed with a sense of Divine nearness. When he did fall asleep, it was but for an hour. He awakened suddenly about midnight. There was a tremendous reflection of glowing light in the room. The walls were bright and then the illumination centered on a wall spot opposite his bed. This area was pure white, while all the rest of the room was inky. He wondered about the source of the light. In the Himalayan jungles oil lanterns were used, but no oil lantern could make such a brilliant glow. As he wondered, a cross appeared in the very center of that brightness. Ram focused his eyes upon it and the word Mukti (salvation) appeared across the transept of the cross.

Ram sat up quickly and rubbed his eyes. The cross gradually faded. He arose from his bed but could find no cross on the wall. Perspiration broke out over him. Then it dawned upon him, I have been given a vision from God. His heart was surfeited with unutterable joy. He had come to the Cross, and there he bowed. In that hour he began to sing hymns of praise to Christ in the Hindu language.

“He fully understood what he sang. He did not know any Christian hymns, but he composed as he sang,” wrote Dr. Heinley. “As a priest he had, of course, learned many expressions of praise, and some of these he brought over into Christian hymns. He sang praise to Jesus instead of to Kali and other gods.”

Turning to the Bible he reread the story of Christ’s death in the light of the Cross. The following morning his uncle said, “Ram, I had no idea you could sing as well as you did in the night.”

Ram did not at this time unveil his heart to the old priest, for he wanted more light on many things he did not understand. One morning Ram did not appear at the worship hour because he was convinced that the oblations; were futile.

During the day his uncle confronted him and asked, “Why did you not conduct the service?”

The young priest read these passages from the Bible: “Come unto Me all ye that labor . . . and I will give you rest. There is no other name given under heaven whereby we must be saved! God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth . . . should not perish.”

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His uncle snatched the Bible from his hands and tore it to shreds. He cried out, "This is what we get from your studying English. You have humiliated our religion, our caste, our family. We will have nothing more to do with you. As far as we are concerned you are dead!"

Ram henceforth cast his lot with Jesus, whose cross he had so gloriously beheld in a vision.

From this time, Ram's life was one of sacrifice, starvation and suffering. A friend loaned him bedding and gave him clothes, for at that time of the year in the Himalayan Mountains the temperatures dropped to fifty below zero. Ram borrowed money from other friends, purchased a ticket, and went to Lalmanirhat. Here he inquired about a Christian mission and was directed to the Church of God - Mission Home.

"About dawn one morning, toward the end of November, 1948," Dr. Heinley tells, "there came to the mission house at Lalmanirhat, East Bengal, Pakistan, an inquirer asking to be baptized. His name was Ram Chandra Babu. He was unmarried, about forty years of age. He thought, as many inquirers do, that baptism would be administered almost immediately."

The missionaries were not acquainted with him and gave him a Bible which he already knew better than many of the Christians. He had already mastered the Word of God.

On Sunday morning, March 20, 1949, Ram presented himself for Christian baptism and testified to the immeasurably great power of Christ in transforming his heart. Hands were laid upon him in consecration and dedication to the service of God. He stepped into the baptismal pool and arose with a joyous light of God bursting from his heart. He went forth as a Christian messenger, preaching the Gospel in the villages of Puri and Cuttack. On the word of his testimony these Indians, who were also searching for peace and rest found the marvelous power of God.

SOURCE: Church of God Mission House, Lalmanirhat, East Bengal, Pakistan; told by Dr. F. W. Heinley, in Gospel Trumpet,

Anderson, Indiana.

ELEVEN ...

Karim and the Pakistan Refugee Trail

The tragedy of those days can never be blotted from Pakistanian minds. India had at length been divided into two great segments—Mohammedan and Hindu. The Hindu contingent of some three hundred and seventy-five million retained the ancient name of India, and the Mohammedan area of some eighty million became Pakistan. This division had not come about without riotous conditions. Many Hindus lived in Pakistan

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and many Mohammedans dwelt in the India area. There came a clash between the two elements.

Finally on the day of the tremendous trek in the transfer of Mohammedans and Hindus across the borders, blood flowed and rioting raged. Multiplied millions were driven from their homes by irate neighbors. The bloodshed was tremendous. The death toll mounted into the hundreds of thousands. The blood of the refugees left a red trail on the soil of India. Thousands lost all their possessions. Families were divided. Children started out on the trail with their parents but became separated. Parents were murdered; children were lost; and many starved to death.

Cholera, dysentery and other diseases common to the Orient caused thousands to die on the way.

The Hindu doctors in India saw but would not assist the fleeing Mohammedans. The Pakistan government sent five medical personnel, but only two survived. The death toll was too great for others to volunteer. Finally Pakistan appealed to Christian doctors. They asked them to go into India and set up camp so that they could administer shots, create sanitary conditions, assist the dying and facilitate the safe arrival of the Mohammedans to Pakistan.

Among those who volunteered to help was Dr. Helen Sharp who went across the border and found a Hindu temple where she set up shop through the kindness of a priest and local sadhu. Other nurses and doctors threw themselves into the fight against ravaging conditions. There were prophylactic cholera shots to be given, scrawny babies to be fed and looked after, starving mothers to be treated. There were children to be given special feeding; eyes to be treated for serious infections and wells to be disinfected. It was a tremendous job trying to set up a semi-sanitary camp out in the fields where thousands awaited transfer.

What were eleven Christian volunteers among hundreds of thousands?

The refugees flooded into the relief area. Some came in crude ox-carts; some traveled by foot; others rushed in on trains. Malaria took a terrific toll; dysentery weakened practically all; and then the ravages of cholera came into the camp. Since many of these had already gone through severe trials, had seen loved ones massacred before their eyes, had been forced to leave their homes in burning ruins, had lost all of their earthly possessions—their plight was indescribably pitiable and hopeless.

The Christian doctors and nurses did their best to salvage what they could from this human wreckage.

“How wonderful that God could use some of us Christians in a time such as this,” writes Dr. ‘Sharp. “True, it was difficult for us to tear ourselves away from the over-full hospitals in Pakistan where we usually worked; but with recruits of friends and

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volunteers; with food supplies collected from various Pakistani government offices; with cholera vaccine from England, France and other places and with sulfa and malaria drugs from the United Church relief we tackled this overwhelming problem.”

When the dust of activity settled and the group started across the border, the people remembered the kindly faces of worn-out doctors and nurses. They loved the name of Jesus and the message that Jesus was the friend of weary and footsore travelers along life's byways.

Traveling those hot Indian roads into Pakistan were thousands of dying, hungry, scrawny and diseased people who came to the mission in Sialkot City, Pakistan, where missionary Mary Cathcart ministered. A big, rough-appearing Pakistanian among the group had picked up a girl named Parveen on the trail whom he had planned to sell into a life of immorality. God saved little Parveen from this terrible destiny. Her story which follows is a tragic one.

Amid the threats of irate neighbors Parveen's parents had collected what they could salvage from their home in an Indian village and had rushed down the road to Pakistan because they were Mohammedans. As they traveled they were set upon by enemies everywhere. Their food gave out. They joined the caravans where thousands of others marched. Along the trail they passed through places ravaged by flood and famine.

“Suddenly Hindus bore down upon them with knives, clubs and other farm weapons bent on the slaughter of these unknown, pitiable Mohammedans whom they considered enemies,” writes the missionary. “Everyone who could disappear into the cornfields or the tall sugar cane patches near the road did so in an effort to save his life. In this slaughter it was easy for a mother with several children to lose the hand of one or more of her children, or for a father to fail to gather up all his little brood with him into a safe place until the fury was past. Hundreds of families were fleeing from the half-crazed murderers. All could not escape. A few could. Parveen, the slight and unimportant child, was of no consequence. She escaped the tragedy of death at the hands of the Hindus.”

When the ravages were past, she looked for her father, mother, brother or sister, but she found them dead-pierced through by a sword or by a farm pitchfork. She did not know what to do. She went back to the road and joined the living in their walk along the highway to hope and safety.

Here Parveen was jammed in with straggling bands of other little girls and boys—all hungry children. Although she often watched women fall by the roadside to die, she went on, always on. After a while a strange man found her. He put an arm about her and said, “Be my child.” Parveen, hungry for love and affection, walked by the side of this man whom she called uncle, but she soon became so weakened that she could go on no longer.

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The man had planned to sell her to the priests for a temple girl, or into a slavery worse than death. Now he knew that this weakened child would not bring any money.

Therefore he walked up to the mission house at Sialkot City, knocked on the door, and pointed to the filthy little girl.

She was sitting on the ground with no energy to stand up. She was a little crushed mortal—a contrast to the tall man who had brought her there. Her face was drawn with suffering from exposure, hunger and the terror. Those dark eyes were sunken and listless yet filled with fear.

Among those living at the mission station was Buah, a partly blind old Pakistanian Christian woman who had the light of Christ shining in her soul. She was kindness incarnate. ‘She came upon little Parveen and literally adopted her as her own child. Her husband, too, loved little Parveen. Buah and her husband were poor, but they were always able to feed and clothe her little Parveen.

Meanwhile God had touched the heart of a Christian farm woman in Kansas with the story of missions. Although it was a sacrifice she sent money every month to care for Buah and all of her needs. Those needs included that tiny “brown lamb” driven out of India into Pakistan. Parveen and Buah lived from the generous offerings of this American lady. Life glowed again in the eyes of Parveen. She was one of the refugees rescued from millions of others who through the kindness of American missions had survived the trail. Many now are Christians and are a light in dark Mohammedan Pakistan.

Another survivor of that period with a different story, was Karim. He was a Mohammedan water carrier at the Ackerman-Hoyt Hospital at Jhansi, India. A registered nurse, Virginia Lippincott, had been acquainted with him for many months. With a large animal-skin bag hung across his back, he would trudge the highway carrying water from the well to the mission buildings. Karim also became the messenger boy. He had heard the Gospel many times but he would always cry out, “There is but one god, Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet!”

“His heart had not been hardened,” writes the nurse.

“It was just hard for him to make a profession because he had lived as a Mohammedan all of his life.” When Independence Day came, Mohammedans were free to travel to their new state, Pakistan. They could stay or go. If they stayed, they faced the savage ire of Hindu neighbors. Missionary Lippincott talked with Karim about the situation. Karim knew that if he stayed he might be murdered, his family might be killed and his possessions might be destroyed. He knew that he could no longer carry water from the well to the mission because the waylaying Hindus would murder him. Karim faced the alternative, flee or die. Many had already been killed nearby in that surge of persecution.

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One day, in talking with the missionary, Karim decided that it would be safer to migrate to Pakistan, which was under Moslem rule. Since the situation was tense in Jhansi, he thought best to flee with his family to the independent state of Bhopal.

“This was a hard decision to make. To stay might mean death because of riots, and to go meant a dangerous trip, for many were killed as they journeyed. We knew it would mean facing winter months with a scarcity of warm clothes and food. When we bade them farewell, we urged them to remember all they had learned while at our mission station,” commented the missionary.

The missionaries breathed a prayer for their safety, for their conversion to Christianity and for their return to the hospital. Days passed into months. One day a knock came at the mission door, and when the missionary opened it, there stood a Christian, Miss Lall, and Karim by her side. “Have you heard the good news?” asked Miss Lall.

Then Karim opened his heart and said, “I am back. I have become a Christian, and I want to be baptized. On the trail far away we learned that we could not separate ourselves from these wonderful Christian friends. Our children came to us one morning, when we reached the end of our way, and asked, ‘How or where can we go to Sunday school? We miss Sunday school.’”

Thus buried deep in the hearts of these Mohammedan children was that love for the Master which they had learned at the Sunday school. Now Karim and his wife and happy children are laboring for the hospital at Jhansi.

Before Karim’s wife was baptized, she took off the Mohammedan burka (the long white garment which veiled her from head to foot) and replaced it with a sari. The nose ring, the numerous earrings and heavy anklets were also shed. All their clothes were sent to the laundryman to be cleaned and pressed for the baptismal day. When it came to selecting new names, Karim asked to be called Caleb; the mother requested the name of Sarah; and the little girl was named Rebeccah. The boys’ names became Nathaniel, Joseph and Jonathan. The children especially were delighted at receiving new names.

These refugees have been welcomed into the Christian church, but millions are yet in the darkness of Mohammedanism and wait the challenge of the church.

SOURCE: Dr. Helen Sharp, 4207 Linden Ave.,

Deer Park, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mary E. Cathcart, Sialkot City, Pakistan; Virginia Lippincott, Ackerman-Hoyt Hospital, Jhansi, India; Women’s Union Missionary Society of America, 45 Astor Place, New York, New York.

TWELVE . . .

The Miracle-built Broadcasting Station

“No,” said Justice Roman Ozaeta, chairman of the Radio Control Board, Philippine Republic, and chief justice of the Islands, “you cannot build the Far Eastern Broadcasting Company.” His was the final voice in the Philippine Islands.

John Broger, in whose mind the Far Eastern Broadcasting Company had been born under the inspiration of faith, sat stunned. Wherever he had turned the answer was always, “No.” When he applied in Hankow, China, for a permit, he was told, “No.” Doors were also closed in Shanghai. At Hong Kong, John faced another, “No.” When he moved to Portuguese Macao, he applied once more to locate the Gospel-broadcasting station there, and was firmly told, “No. These doors are closed.”

“Finally I went to the Philippines,” relates John in telling this story of a miracle. “I arrived there just two days after independence came to that republic. I made application to the Philippine Government, and once again we were turned down.”

Before World War II, John Broger had been in commercial radio. When God converted him, he thought of a Christian radio station which would beam Gospel programs to the Far East. This was his one desire. When the war came, plans for such a broadcasting company were shelved for the time being. Throughout the war John lifted his voice in prayer to God that the day might come when the station would be a reality. At the close of the war when the Japanese surrendered he was at the shores of Japan in Task Force 38. After the closing days of war he came back to America. Before he was out of uniform the Spirit of God had given the go signal.

John Broger had learned that before he took an important step such as this, he must have the direct seal of God. The Holy Spirit, whom he termed the Administrator, gave him the assurance that this was the time. He solicited the help of two other young men and incorporated the Far Eastern Broadcasting Company by faith. This corporation consisted of Bob Bowman, Bill Roberts and John Broger. Within three months after returning from Japan he started back to China with a one-way ticket.

It was when John arrived in China he faced that chain of refusals. It was but the Holy Spirit’s method of eliminating what later might become an impossible situation, for had the broadcasting station been located in any of the Chinese cities it would be closed at the present time because of Red domination of China.

John, however, had heard from God. He knew that he and his companions had incorporated a station under the Spirit’s leadership. One night, sleeping on the balcony of a bombed-out building on the outskirts of Manila, John listened to the voice of the

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Spirit. That afternoon his request had been turned down. The government had said, "No." He went back to his cot on that balcony and fell on his knees before God.

"Father, I didn't come here because I wanted to. I didn't come because I desired to build a radio station. I didn't come here because I wanted to travel. I came because Thy Holy Spirit led. Now, Lord, you must take over. We have been meeting closed doors wherever we have gone. Now You must take over," prayed John in spiritual desperation.

That afternoon John Broger wrestled with the Spirit of God something like Jacob of old wrestled with the angels. In his own soul there was that same determination expressed centuries before by Jacob, "I will not let You go until You bless me."

There came such a hunger and thirst after God into John's own life that he knew he could not relinquish God until the answer came. That afternoon he prayed again, "God, I won't let You go until You do something. I'll not go back to America until You accomplish the thing that You sent me to do."

The following were days of walking by faith. Everywhere he breathed the prayer, "Lord, open the door. Lord, supply the means. Lord, give the permit."

Finally he met the managing editor of the Philippine Free Press, who said, "I have heard about the thing you are out here to do, and I hear the government has turned you down. Would you like to meet Justice Ozaeta?"

John quickly answered that he would for he remembered that the Chief Justice was the man who had refused the request. Three days later John Broger was on his way to the Malacanan Palace, the White House of the Philippines. He was taken through the marble corridors up stairs past the offices of President Roxas, and finally into the chambers of Justice Ozaeta.

"Mr. Justice, I represent the Far Eastern Broadcasting Company. We have asked permission to build a Christian Broadcasting Station to preach the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ."

"Yes, I remember the application. We turned you down, didn't we?" asked the Chief Justice.

When John indicated that such had been the case, the justice went on, "Well, we had to." Then he laid out the numerous legal reasons for the refusal. He concluded saying, "By the way, suppose we had granted you permission to build the radio station. How do you propose to finance it?"

That was the crux of the vital issue, for at that moment \$20.00 was all the money he possessed in the world. He had \$20.00 plus faith in God. He asked himself, "Would it be proper for me to quote Hebrews 11:1? Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. The Chief Justice will think that I am a fool if I say something like that but that is exactly what I plan to say."

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Carefully paraphrasing that verse he said, “Justice Ozaeta we feel that if the Philippine Government will grant the franchise for all of these stations, God will surely supply the money for them.”

Thereupon the two talked for some time. Finally the Chief Justice asked, “Provided we gave the permission, would you sell time on the air to sustain the station?”

That was the one thing John and his fellow incorporators had determined never to do. They knew that God had laid this on their hearts, and that God could supply the money to carry on. John said boldly, “No, sir. We believe that if God can supply the stations, He can keep them going.”

The Chief Justice was deeply struck by this answer. After a moment, he said, “I don’t know what we can do. Why don’t you submit your application once again?”

When John Broger left the chambers and walked down the steps, a prayer welled in his heart, “Lord, You take over. Our franchise has been rejected. I have an application for another just like the first one. You have surely got to take over.”

He returned to his room and sat down to rewrite the answers on the new application. The Spirit of God did take over. How He operated in the mind of the Chief Justice, Broger will never know. But after a few days he was called to the palace, and the Chief Justice said, “We are granting the Far Eastern Broadcasting Company the first radio franchise ever to be issued by the New Republic of the Philippines.”

John’s spirit soared to the sky. He was filled with joyous elation, for God literally had taken over, and the answer had come. The doors were crashed; and no had become yes. And as he went back, he knew faith had the victory.

A few days later John went down to the Radio Control Division to fill out papers vital to the franchise. He came to this section: “The transmitters will be located at — longitude, — latitude, — degrees, — seconds.”

He realized then that since he had not purchased land for a site, he could not give the location of the transmitters.

Turning to Mr. Canon, chief of the division, John said, “I am sorry, sir, but we don’t have a piece of property to put the transmitters on.”

The division chief said, “It is absolutely necessary to have the property.”

John walked down the government stairs and his one prayer was, “God, it is up to You.” As he went about looking for property, he repeated that prayer again and again. For eight or nine days, without any money to buy land, he continued his search.

“Finally I came into a lovely acreage of jungle,” John related, “and as I walked through those acres the Spirit of God began to witness to my Spirit, ‘This is the place.’”

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I went to find the men who owned the property and told them for what purpose we wanted it. They said, 'Well, we are very sympathetic, and will let you have it very cheaply. We'll let you have it for \$20,000.'

All John could say was, "Thank you, gentlemen, we greatly appreciate that, but we haven't twenty thousand."

John made a mental note of the fact at that time he had less than \$20.00.

The Spirit indicated that he should ask for an option. "Will you give me an option to buy the property on my signature? That will give me a chance to get back to America and present this to our Board of Directors," asked John.

"The Board of Directors consisted of Bill Roberts, Bob Bowman and me, but the name sounded good anyway," John remarked to us later.

The men talked it over and finally gave their consent saying, "We will give you an option for ninety days to buy the property."

John signed the papers. Because his funds were exhausted, it took John six weeks to get back to America.

He met with the other Board members, as he called Bob and Bill, around a little lunch counter. John finally said, "Fellows, here is the situation: we have a franchise to build a radio station with long wave and short wave power unlimited. That franchise is dependent upon a piece of property I don't own. That property is going to cost us \$20,000. What shall we do about it? We have about \$200 in the bank."

The Board of Directors did what any other person would have done. They cast about to find where they could borrow money. Then "the Administrator" began to take over. John witnessed to the directors and said, "If God is in this thing, He surely will supply the twenty thousand."

"All right, Lord, we will trust You," responded the Board of Directors. "We will depend upon You to supply the \$20,000."

Then they began to pray. They prayed for hours and believed. Doors finally were opened. They went to various church services where they presented their appeal and money began to come in.

When the option date arrived, they had \$5,000, which they sent to Manila. John called the men on the telephone and said, "We have \$5,000 on the way out. What are you going to do about the other fifteen thousand?"

They flashed the answer back, "We'll give you three weeks to raise the other fifteen thousand."

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Day after day these young men waited on God. They spoke to their Heavenly Father about it, and always came the divine answer, "Have faith in God."

Bob, John and Bill discovered that there was a difference in the types of prayer. Some prayers are words spoken; other prayers are heart action out of the innermost reaches of the soul—prayer that absorbs itself in God. "The first kind sounds so nice," John noted, "but it goes to the ceiling, drops down and is absorbed by the carpet. The other kind of prayer goes right straight to the throne of God. You know it goes through, and you know God answers. We began to pray that kind of prayer."

Finally the deadline date was but one day away. The Lord supplied graciously but still they were lacking \$4,000. On their knees in the little office that Wednesday afternoon the men began to talk to God. The next day was Thanksgiving, and the fifteen thousand was due in Manila on Friday.

This is a quotation from one of John's speeches: "As we were on our knees praying about three o'clock that afternoon there was a quietness and a hush in that little office, and then the Holy Spirit came down. I'm not talking to you about somebody's dream. I'm talking to you about something that is substance and evidence (Hebrews 11:1). The Spirit of God said, 'You need four thousand. Very well, it is done!'"

John sensed, as did Bob and Bill, that the substance of things hoped for and the evidence—even \$4,000—of those things not yet seen were realities. Getting up from his knees John went to the telephone and called Western Union. He said, "I'd like to send a cable to Manila." Giving the address of the business men, he dictated a cable, "The fifteen thousand will be there Friday morning."

The following morning they went back to the office, and there was the usual little pile of mail—ten or twelve letters. But in that mail was \$6,000 of which \$5,000 came from a man living eighteen hundred miles from our little FEBC office, a man whom we did not know at the time, but to whose heart the Holy Spirit had spoken as he entered his business office one morning.

The property in the Philippines was purchased, and then began the unfolding of a great missionary drama which may reach its climax in the fulfillment of Matthew 24:14, "And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached to all of the world for a witness unto all nations." The purchasing of that property by faith literally worked a missionary broadcasting miracle. God gave them twelve and one-half tree-dotted acres in the Philippines, on which the Christian Radio City Manila is built. He provided funds for electronic equipment, and for building the numerous "Call of the Orient" transmitters, six of which now broadcast the Gospel throughout Asia, Europe and the Near East in thirty-two languages and dialects. By faith the Board of Directors erected ten lofty steel antenna towers which now stand in Manila and send forth a message of eternal life to the four corners of the earth. By faith they were able to place a number of five-tubed,

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battery-operated receivers called PM (portable missionary) throughout inaccessible regions of the Philippines archipelago and other Asiatic countries.

By faith they are able to send tape-recorded language programs from distant shores for rebroadcast over the “Call of the Orient” transmitters. By faith they are able to preach to thousands throughout India, Pakistan, Ceylon, China, Asia, Japan and the islands of the Sea about salvation in the name of Jesus. Thus another means is used to spread the Gospel to India.

SOURCE: Mrs. Dorothy Broger,

Far Eastern Broadcasting, Inc., Box 1, Whittier, California; Christian Radio City Manila, Philippine Islands.

THIRTEEN . . .

Amy Amma—Friend of Temple Widows

“Ah, the gods! They demand a sacrifice. We must give to appease the gods!” cried the distraught Indian mother. Her son lay sick of cholera.

“But we have nothing to give. We’ve offered our last grain in sacrifice,” replied the father.

“Our girl, little Lotus Bud, we can give her to the gods in the temple.”

There were tears in the mother’s eyes as she spoke, for she loved the child, a beautiful, brown-skinned darling, ten years of age. When she was born into the family, the grandparents on both sides at first cried out in horror because she was a baby girl. They said that she must be thrown over the jungle wall to the tigers! But the mother told the father to protect the baby with his life if need be. The father ran away with the child. Later when the ire of the grandparents subsided, little Lotus Bud had been brought back. Now with their son sick unto death there must be a gift to the gods.

That night the broken-hearted father walked dejectedly to the village temple where he spoke with the priest who had eyes filled with lust and a paunchy body robed in saffron. He said, “Ah, the gods will take your daughter, and she shall be a temple girl dedicated to the gods. We shall pray that the gods will raise your son.”

Little Lotus Bud came to live in the temple though she was but ten years old. Her duties were to wash the idols after the cattle had tramped through the sacred precincts of the temple. Lotus Bud scrubbed on her knees. She soon found out that the priests were not morally clean men. She became a temple girl whose life was one of immorality. She abhorred her lot and wished to flee.

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When she was fourteen she was broken, worn, diseased and ready to die. One day she went to the village pool and wondered how she might die. The inviting waters were cool and satisfying. When she stood ready to plunge in she heard a kindly voice speak.

“Daughter, don’t, don’t! Let me tell you of a friend, Jesus, who loves even temple girls.”

That mission friend walked up to the little heart-broken temple girl, one of many thousands, laid a gentle arm over the frail, bony shoulders, and told of Jesus the Christ child who came from heaven to Bethlehem and died to save sinners.

The missionary opened her heart and said, “Darling, come with me to the station and there we will protect you.”

The little child went with the missionary for her life was horrible and she wanted to die. At the mission station kind hands cared for her body. The attendants used medicines from over the sea—penicillins and sulphas—to combat the disease that ravaged her body. The fever subsided and she was healed.

“Amma Eaton, there is a police at the mission door,” said one of the Indian Christians. Amma Eaton, or more popularly known as Mother Eaton, opened the door, and there stood a priest of the Hindu religion. He demanded, “Lotus Bud, she is ours. She was dedicated to the temple gods by her parents. We have come for her. We must have her.”

Mother Eaton was young and full of life and vigor. She stood staunch and retorted, “She is ours, rescued by the tender hands of our mission staff. You ruined her body, you wrecked her; you destroyed her. She was going to commit suicide.”

The priest bowed, but those evil eyes flamed anger and he flung at her, “We will be back, back with officers to take that which is our own.”

Mother Eaton called a meeting of the mission station workers and said, “She must go. We must take her. She must go to Dohnavur and there Amma Carmichael will care for her.”

That night in an oxcart, under the guiding hand of a mission worker, little Lotus Bud rode the long trail to Dohnavur. When they arrived at Dohnavur the next day little Lotus Bud was taken into a room where she met a friend—an invalid known as Amy Carmichael, but better known in India as Amma Amy, or Mother Amy.

Little Lotus Bud looked at those kindly eyes. Amy Carmichael spoke, “Come darling, let me place my arms around your shoulders. Welcome to Dohnavur. Welcome to this mission fellowship. Welcome to our home for temple girls.”

Little Lotus Bud was but one of the many thousands that brilliant invalided Amy Carmichael rescued from a life of horrible temple service.

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The story of Amy Carmichael is thrilling. Born in North Ireland, December 16, 1867, Amy was loved by her parents. Her childhood was a happy one. When she was later sent to a Christian boarding school in England she opened her heart to the light of the Master and became a diligent Christian. She returned to her native island and looked about for Christian work. Her hands were dedicated to God's service. She found factory girls in great need. She invited them to her room and taught them the story of Jesus and His power to save. The little room was crowded and soon became too small. Amy prayed and God through various means sent the money so a hall could be erected for the service of those girls. That hall remains today a center of evangelistic activities, where thousands have been won to the Lord.

Shortly after this, Amy was asked to write an article for the magazine named, Bright Words. At the time it seemed impossible for her to find words adequate to express the thoughts buried within her soul. She stretched out her right hand and whispered, "Lord, as I sit here on this rock by the seashore, I dedicate this right hand to Thy service. Use it for Thy glory."

Amy Carmichael's surrendered right hand was to produce many brilliant writings throughout her life. God graciously used that hand in the production of many famous books.

Later Amy worked in England. At Star Hall, Manchester, she conducted many religious meetings and was closely connected with the Keswick movement.

One day God spoke to her in a special way and her battle cry became, Nothing too precious for Jesus. Jesus whispered, "Amy—Japan." In 1893 she went to Japan and threw all of her energies into work there. After a year of service she broke down and returned home. She knew that she could never again work there because of the climate.

In 1895 God whispered once more, "Amy—India." Soon after she sailed to India—the place where she was to remain until her death January 18, 1951. Fifty-six years were given to work in that land. Upon her arrival in India, she engaged in language study. While mastering the language that was to become as familiar to her as her native tongue, she did evangelistic work in South India's Tinnevely area. She lived with the Thomas Walkers of the Church Missionary Society. Later she wrote the story of this missionary who labored to spread the Gospel among caste-bound villages. This story is told in This One Thing.

All of these days were but preparatory for the grand work of Amy's life. She heard a call one day from tiny girls like Lotus Bud. The cry sounded from a temple. Amy I had been out visiting and as she walked past the temple a voice screamed. She knew the horror that was being enacted back of those walls as a temple girl was being mistreated and her life forever wrecked.

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“I went with Amy Carmichael,” relates Mother Eaton, “to one of those temples. There I saw three hundred girls back in the galleries, stuck in the cubicles and dedicated to lives of shame. The heart of Amy Carmichael burned with compassion for them and she cried out, ‘Oh, God, enable me to rescue these children.’ I lived to see the day when that temple practice was wiped out by law in India, though secretly it continues even until now.”

Amy Carmichael dedicated her life to the rescue of these unfortunate girls who were taken to the temple not only to be cleaning girls and dancing girls, but who were bound to lives of immorality and prostitution from which there was no escape.

One day, friends in Dohnavur opened a little room for Amy where she gathered in the family of rescued children. At first there were just a few of these brown girls with an older Indian sister to assist. Later, a nurse from beyond the sea volunteered for service. The number increased and Amy Carmichael prayed for funds. She never asked people for money. When a need arose, she went to her prayer closet. Arising from her knees, she was assured that the money was on the way. Funds poured in from unnamed friends around the world whom God had prompted to give.

One day, as she visited a Hindu temple, Mother Amy had a glimpse of the temple boys. Their service was to play instruments and enact dramas for the vile priests. Her heart reached out for these temple boys and she invited them into the Dohnavur Fellowship.

When cholera swept the villages of India, Amma Amy went out and brought dying girls and widows from the roadsides into her shelter. As the missionaries cared for their sick bodies, they taught them the glorious Gospel of our God. At the outset Amy had prayed, “God, Thou art the leader of this group; nourish it as the vine of Thine own planting.” Therefore, God became the source of blessing in the Dohnavur Fellowship.

Year after year Amy Carmichael wrote books. Her work, *Things As They Are* reveals the condition of the Indian people as they are by nature filled with passion, lust and other evil. It also relates the story of India’s millions of gods and describes how the people worship them. Her book, *Gold Cord* tells of the inception of the work in India and traces it through the years as God so graciously blessed. She has also written *Lotus Buds* and *Gold by Moonlight*. That dedicated right hand of Amy Carmichael became God’s divine instrument to spread light.

Amy Carmichael continued this work until 1931. Then she suffered an accident and was confined to her room as an invalid. In that room God breathed His blessing. Those who visited Amy Carmichael to speak words of encouragement to her, were in turn encouraged by her to continue their difficult task of missionary work.

The workers came in and laid the needs of the Fellowship before Amy and she cast them at the Cross of Calvary. God supplied her needs by gifts from all parts of the world. God worked in marvelous manners His wonders to perform.

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For seventeen years Amy was an invalid. In June, 1948 she suffered a second accident that caused her more anguish, physical pain and helplessness, but she was strengthened during the next two and one-half years by the power of the Master by whose stripes she had been healed.

During this time she wrote words of joy, encouragement, hope, life and glory, such as:

One thing have I desired, my God, of Thee,
That will I seek-thine house, a home for me.
I would not breathe an alien, other air,
I would be with Thee, Thou fairest fair.

During her final earthly years, her writings revealed the thoughts of her heart. She wrote beautiful thoughts—the outgrowth of her experiences—that encouraged God’s servants not only in India, but the world around.

On January 18, 1951, Amy folded her hands feebly across her invalided body and closed her eyes. She did not again open them on earth. She entered the celestial regions. There she doubtless has gathered her many redeemed children about whom she wrote so graphically while on earth.

SOURCE: The Dohnavur Fellowship, Dohnavur, India.

FOURTEEN ...

Pandita Bathes in India’s Sacred Pools

“And here, my brother, we must bathe in this sacred pool,” said a young girl to her Hindu brother. “Here peace at length may be found.”

Across India’s dusty roads Ramabai and her brother had trailed since the death of their father. Born in India’s south jungles April 21, 1858, brother and sister had been on famous Hindu pilgrimages with their father since the girl was six months old. Her fingers had been frozen on cold Himalayan pilgrimages. The blazing, burning sands of India had scorched her body a darker brown under its hot rays. The father searched India’s temples, festivals and mighty feasts. He made oblations to India’s gods. He had taken his children with him on these long pilgrimages, even to the most lonely caves where sadhus lived. Father and children would sleep in any shelters that the temples afforded, or they would sleep by the jungle trail. The father was a teacher and the offerings of those who listened to his teachings supported him.

Now the father was dead and his brilliant daughter, whom he had taught the Sanskrit language, must continue the search. Thousands of miles already she had trod in quest of that inner satisfaction called peace. But it had not been found.

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For years after their father's death, brother and sister bathed in various sacred rivers and pools fasting and performing penances, visiting temples, worshipping the trees and the cows. They walked more than four thousand miles during this time, eating what the people gave them. More often than not they went without food.

The Himalayan nights were cold. To keep from freezing the sister dug a shallow pit and blanketed her brother with sand. Then she dug a second pit for herself, and into that she crawled covering herself with sand to keep from freezing.

"And there were times of famine," she later wrote, "When we trailed India's long highways on pilgrimages that always ended in disillusionment. One time we searched for berries and wild fruit. When we came to a native tree that bore fruit, we were discouraged because we got there too late and the food was gone. The birds had eaten it and only the pits were left."

The quick-minded girl was led by the hand of God to Calcutta. Here she met reformed Hindus. One night friends invited her to go with them to a meeting. To her, this meeting was a strange occurrence. "After reading from a book," she remarked, "all knelt before chairs and began to talk to the chairs or to somebody beyond the chair.

"After a while somebody opened the Book and read something out of it. They all knelt down again before their chairs and said something with closed eyes. We were told that that was the way they prayed to God. We had not seen any gods to which they paid their homages, but it seemed that they were paying homage to the chairs before which they knelt. This was the first impression I received of Christian workers."

Soon the girl learned that the Book was the Bible, and that two of the venerable men present had translated it into her native tongue. When someone handed her a Book, Ramabai "never parted with it."

God was gently leading this girl. She had mastered the sacred language of India, the Sanskrit, and had memorized more than eighteen thousand sections of it. She was asked to lecture upon it. 'She was given the name of Pandita, or teacher, hence her name Pandita Ramabai. The effulgent light of conversion shone brightly in that girl's soul. She was trained in America and England. God led her back to India to start a rescue work for widows.

In 1895 she read the unusual story of Amanda Smith, Negro evangelist who had been a slave. She was struck with the story of Amanda's spiritual growth and progress.

The thought struck her that here was a slave who had been delivered from the bondage of physical slavery and from the bondage of sin. "I must seek the source of that same power," she vowed.

She began studying the stories of J. Hudson Taylor and the life of George Muller. She also read how the hand of God led John G. Paton in the new Hebrides Mission. All of

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these things impressed Pandita and she thought: If these, God's gracious men, have by faith wrought so nobly, why can I not here in my beloved India?

"I feel very happy," she wrote after taking this step, "since the Lord called me to step out by faith and I obeyed. I depend upon Him for everything: for spiritual life, for bodily health, for advice, for food, water, clothing and all other necessities—in fact, I have experienced that the promises of God 'are true and most blessed."

One day famine struck and hordes of Indian widows rushed to Pandita's little shelter in Southern India. Pandita cried out, "Lord, we need a farm. We must have a farm!"

God touched the heart of a business man in America when he heard the story of Pandita Ramabai. He cabled fifteen hundred dollars and the Kedgaon Farm, forty miles south of Poona, became a possession of the mission.

She tells how one morning a cablegram was handed and she trembled not knowing why. "I raised my heart in prayer to God to help me bear whatever the cablegram contained. I opened it and realized the farm was mine!"

She tested God through all of her life, throwing herself upon divine resources, and God sent help for that; farm even in drought time. By means of financial help from many sources great structures that would house thousands were built. Little shelters for the diseased outside of the main buildings were also erected. A church was built that would seat thousands and it was filled with soul-hungry Indians. More than nineteen hundred people lived on the farm at one time. Besides farming they were taught sewing, reading, printing and all of the basic occupations of their native land. Then God brought about a sweeping revival so that thousands fell under the tremendous power of the Spirit and yielded themselves to Him. Hindus became Christians. Widows and temple girls became spiritually pure and clean. A load of care was lifted from Pandita's shoulders.

In 1917 she wrote, "I am spared all trouble and care, casting my burdens upon the Lord. There are over fifteen hundred people living here. We are not rich nor great, but we are happy and getting our daily bread directly from the hands of our heavenly Father, having not a piece over and above our daily necessities, having no banking account anywhere, no endowment, no income from any earthly source, but depending altogether on our Father God. We have nothing to fear from anybody, nothing to lose and nothing to regret. The Lord is our inexhaustible treasury."

Pandita called her home Mukti, which means salvation. The famous Ramabai Mukti Mission received the love and affection of Christians all over the world. As Christians kept on supporting this worthy cause, the mission workers ministered to the people of all classes in southern India.

God gave Pandita Ramabai the desire to translate the Bible into her native Marathi. Pandita spoke the language of India. She knew this land because she had traveled

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throughout its vast area, had seen its distress and superstition, and had heard the, cries of the people as they died without peace and hope. Now God spoke to her heart to write the Gospel into Marathi. Pandita sat herself down in the Mukti Mission and began to translate and publish. 'She had already established a printing press and Indian widows, who had been trained under the supervision of this God fearing woman, helped her bring translated Bibles into printed form.

Edition after edition, from ten to fifty thousand, were issued from the press and absorbed by Bible-hungry Indians. Her translation may have lacked the classical touch, but it throbbed with the heartbeat of Pandita Ramabai and was written in the vernacular language of the people. God blessed her translation and sent it out to be a light to darkened minds.

Her daughter, Manoramabai, given to her during a brief marriage, worked by her side for a while. She, however, preceded her famous mother to heaven. Finally the hand of God so graciously blessed this wonderful woman that people everywhere heard about her work.

Numerous honors came to her. She was blessed by the king of England and the emperor of India.

Sometime during the early morning of April 5, 1922, while alone, Pandita Ramabai gently folded her hands and entered the House of many mansions. A Hindu workman said of her, "She has gone to the bungalow she was building in the skies." The Ramabai Mukti Mission continues to glow with the inspiration of this woman's zeal.

SOURCE: Pandita Ramabai, by Basil Miller,

Zondervan Publishing House, Grand Rapids, Michigan; Ramabai Mukti Mission, Kedgaon, India.

FIFTEEN ...

Praying Down Hyderabad's Walls

A century-long chain of events had bound the world together with cords of love. It started in a hut where a tiny colored baby was born on a Maryland plantation. The squalls of that bundle of life broke the stillness of the night and the big mammy whispered, "Hush, baby chile, you'll wake the massa." In that hut the voice of prayer was raised. When the child and her parents were freed from slavery they moved to Baltimore where young Amanda heard the story of Christ's redeeming power. As she grew to young womanhood she was courted by a strapping, negro preacher.

He said, "Honey chile, we'll move to New York, and you'll be the respected wife of the preacher."

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Amanda's heart thrilled, but on arriving in New York, Rev. Mr. Smith gave her a washtub 'and board. He said, "Black gal, you'all wash the white folks' clothes clean, and I'se will live like de king."

One night in those washerwoman days she went to hear the famous John Inskip preach in a Methodist church. He spoke about consecration and said, "Yield yourself unto God."

Amanda listened with heavy heart but the next morning she went back to the washtub and the washboard with a new song on her lips and cried, "Lord, as I wash the clothes of the white folks clean, wash my heart in de blood of de Lamb!" While she rubbed, scrubbed and washed clothes day after day, Amanda cried and prayed.

Finally she said, "I yield my all to You, de washtub, de washboard and my big, black body, yours, Lord to use."

As Amanda describes the experience, her heart was flooded with a sense of power, peace and joy. She threw the tub and board helter-skelter, and was on her way around the world as a famous colored evangelist. She preached to throngs in America and multitudes in England. She was invited to preach before the English king and queen and to eat with them in the palace. In Liberia she won thousands to Christ. Then one day, about eighty-two years ago upon her return to America Amanda was preaching in Sebring, Ohio. A mother from a nearby town slipped under the camp shed and listened as Amanda spoke on the text: "Present your bodies ... unto God."

The mother longed for a closer walk with God. She sought for a deeper experience. She knew there was power that she did not possess. When the evangelist in her characteristic manner invited those who would to tap the source of the Holy Spirit's power, the mother with the tiny babe only a few months old in her arms walked down the aisle and knelt at the altar.

The colored evangelist went from seeker to seeker, and finally came to this mother and said, "Honey chile, jes' lay yourself on the altah."

The mother surrendered her life to God and dedicated herself to teach her child the fear of the Lord and the joy of laboring in His kingdom.

That babe, who was present at her mother's dedication, was Mother Eaton, who has spent almost a half-century in India's dark land gathering, as she says, "brown jewels into the heavenly fold."

The amazing story of Mother Eaton reads like fiction. She heard the call of God to support missions and was sent to India to see how the mission money was being spent. There God said, "Emma, this henceforth is the land of your sacrifice and earthly pilgrimage." Emma Eaton returned to America only to underwrite her continued support. She built friendships in various churches. The Church of the Nazarene supported

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her for awhile. The Christian and Missionary Alliance furnished her a scene of activity and labor.

Later, Mother Eaton continued her labors in India without a supporting church. During difficult days as India underwent scourges of famine, disease and death, from the early twenties until the present, God has been the source of her supply. Many stories have come out of her life.

In the Kolar gold fields, for instance, in the early twenties, she assisted in establishing a church. That church today is a flaming light, a glowing beacon of heavenly power with membership of more than three thousand native Indians. Thousands have entered into the heavenly kingdom from its roll and record.

Mother Eaton established institutions for the care of the blind, the deaf, the halt and the needy. She established by faith the Eaton Memorial Bible School where Indian students are trained to carry on for God. She continued her labors and now more than seventy-five native Christian pastors labor under the India Gospel League, brought into being through the work of Mother Eaton.

One day, doing deputation work near Bangalore, Mother Eaton and her assistants carried a number of Gospels which they presented to various homes in the village. At nighttime they had a few left over. As they waited for the bus that would take them back to Bangalore, one of the Christians suggested that they lay the remaining Gospels on the milestone marker. They did so and placed hands of consecration upon them. They breathed a prayer that God would bless the bundle of Gospels. They laid a stone on top of them lest the wind should blow them away.

Mother Eaton forgot the incident. Twelve years later to a grown man with the light of happiness shining on his countenance knocked on the door of the Bangalore mission home. He asked, "Are you the missionary that placed Gospels on a milestone marker twelve years ago?"

Mother Eaton searched her memory for the incident and recalled the time. The young man continued, "I passed the marker that evening, and saw them. Being able to read English I picked up one of the Gospels and read it. I went home and read it again. I read it to my family and to my village. We did as the Bible said—we looked to Calvary, to Jesus and lived!"

The young man told of a twelve-year search for the missionary. "And only yesterday," he said, "did I learn that you were here in Bangalore. Oh, thank God that I have found you."

The youth called Mother Eaton to his village, where relatives and other villagers were baptized in the Name of the Master who had won them through the Bible. Now there stands a staunch Christian church in that village.

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In the process of Mother Eaton's work in the early thirties God placed it upon her heart to mail the Bible to officials of India, such as postmasters, railway clerks and government officials who could read English. One day in early summer of 1934, Mother Eaton felt that God would have her send the Gospel into the fanatical Moslem state of Hyderabad.

Pastor Raju threw up his hands in terrified amazement, and cried out, "Hyderabad? The walls of Hyderabad are high, and the Gospel will not go in! They are fanatical! From the Nizam or king down to the lowest of the low, they are fanatical. When I was a government worker there many years ago I met their fanaticism. I know that if you send the Gospel it will be returned."

Mother Eaton fell on her knees and talked to God. Her prayer was, "Lord, break down the walls of Hyderabad like Jericho's walls of old fell under Thy command." She raised this prayer for many days and then felt constrained to send the Gospels.

Raju, acting as Mother Eaton's secretarial assistant, posted the Gospels. The workers waited for days expecting them all to come back marked "refused" or "unclaimed." But the Gospels did not come back. On August 29, 1934, only two or three months after Mother Eaton had begun to pray for the walls to be broken down, the Nizam himself issued a proclamation saying that the birthday of Jesus Christ should be remembered and revered by all in the mighty state of Hyderabad. This was sealed with the insignia of the ruler himself.

"The walls of Hyderabad fell down!" shouted Mother Eaton. An old time missionary in Calcutta, Rev. F. Kehl, wrote her saying, "The Nizam's proclamation is very important and is one of the greatest victories of the Lord known to us in this land."

With the difficulties removed by faith and prayer, Mother Eaton rushed thousands of Gospels into Hyderabad, and what a marvelous harvest of souls came. Postmasters, government officials and railway clerks who received them flooded the mails to Bangalore with prayer requests. Their general request was, "Pray that God will redeem."

"This was one of the greatest victories of our lives," relates Mother Eaton in telling the story.

Mother Eaton is now nearly eighty-three years old. She is not waiting to die but is devoting her life in India to 'a dream that God gave her many years ago. When she was but a young missionary she wanted to furnish shelter for lepers. She had gathered money for lepers from friends through the International Gospel League. One day, a broken hip with arthritis complications sent her to the Vellore Medical Center. Here Dr. Paul Brand diagnosed her condition and while checking spoke about his desire to do something for lepers.

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“I have the land on which to build leper shelters, but I have no money. I believe that I could operate on the hands of cured lepers. I could shift and retie the tendons and straighten the fingers when once the leprosy has been arrested or healed. But I have no houses for them to live in while I perform the surgery.”

Mother Eaton’s eyes beamed. This was the thing about which she had been dreaming and praying for more than four decades. She said, “Doctor, I have searched for land on which to build such shelters. I have the money to build them but I could not find land. You have the land. I have the money. Let’s build to the glory of God.”

What a happy occasion that was. The doctor beamed back at Mother Eaton. That dream of Dr. Brand and Mother Eaton soon became a reality as shelter after shelter was built.

“It is nothing less than a modern miracle,” says Rev. E. G. Anderson of the International Gospel League, “how God has brought these two missionary forces together. We recently sent the money for the fifth cottage for cured lepers. Late in December of 1951, Missionary Harold Platt, son-in-law of Mother Eaton, dedicated the chapel for these cured lepers which has been built by faith in God.

Thus a century-old chain of Gospel influence bound the world together by the two miracle lives of Amanda Smith and Mother Eaton.

SOURCE: Mother Eaton of India, by Basil Miller; International Gospel League, Box 537, Pasadena, Calif.; Mrs. Frances Platt, 1 Convent Rd., Bangalore, India.

SIXTEEN ...

The Sadku’s Miracle Book

He was dirty and grimy. The dust of the long Pakistanian trail lay upon him. His eyes were deep-set, his hair was long and matted. He was a holy man, whether Moslem or Hindu, the record does not tell. He made his living by traveling the broad Indian-Pakistan highways reading, talking and begging. One day, he had come to a Pakistan village somewhere near Campbellpur. Throwing down his pack he began to clap his hands and call. A throng soon congregated.

Both Mohammedans and Hindus stopped, looked at a familiar sight, and wondered what he might do. On occasions these holy men became Pundits or wisemen, and quoted long stories out of the Sanskrit. Some chanted folk songs in a sing-song voice. Others made up amazing jungle stories.

The crowds wondered what this man’s stories might be. When he threw down his pack, it was not long before a group gathered, for in Pakistan and India crowds are ever-present. Among the nearly four-and-a-half-hundred-million hordes of those two nations, once known as Mother India, one is never far from a great concourse of people. Most of

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them are ignorant and unable to read. They depend for news upon the stories of sadhus.

A young man slipped into the crowd. He knew not the ways of Christian life but was a devout follower of the Muslem religion. He had gone on pilgrimages but he did not have that sense of God's nearness for which he longed. There was a burning urge that called for God, but according to the best of his knowledge and light, this man followed Allah. Today he had come from his own village, where he had a wife, a son and a daughter. He was not on a spiritual quest, but a grand experience was in store for him. As he stood in the throng he watched the holy man dig into his bundle, take out a Book and begin to read.

In that bag the holy man had several sacred books. He had the Koran-the sacred book of the Hindus-and the sacred Book of that despised sect, the Christians. The sadhu did not care what he brought out. He just reached in and grabbed, and today he grabbed the Bible which he began to read. The villagers stood surprised. It told about God and His Son. He read the graphic story from the pages of the New Testament of Jesus who said, "Come and I will give you rest."

The young man had always been waiting for those very words. As the holy man unwittingly read them, God began to speak. The Great Shepherd sounded the grandest invitation of all ages. The young man heard the voice of the Good Shepherd. Jesus had said, "My sheep hear My voice." The man heard and followed the Master into the sheepfold and was saved.

"He had been a devout Muslem all of his life," relates Margaret Ballantyne, "but when he heard the words of Jesus he knew at once that it was God speaking to him. He openly proclaimed his belief in the Word which had saved him." He assumed a new name, Ghulam Masib, which means, servant of Christ. A storm of persecution burst over his head.

That storm of persecution brought amazing results. His family, including his wife disowned him. They declared him dead, and held his funeral. They buried him in effigy. Henceforth he was always cut off from wife and family. The four-year-old son, however, clung close to his father.

Ghulam never wavered, never turned back. He had been waiting for the voice of God's invitation. Now he heard it and he could not deny the Master. Though persecuted, he witnessed for Christ. He told others in Pakistan highways and byways about Jesus. He lifted a voice of praise as he lived through days of persecution. When the missionary asked him about those days he merely replied, "My joy was so wonderful and overwhelming in the Saviour of my soul that I did not even know what was being done to me. It was all joy, joy! All joy!"

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Ghulam's son, now grown to manhood and a member of the American Mission congregation at Campellpur, Pakistan, says, "I never will be able to forget the cruelty and malice of our family and village in those long drawn-out persecutions of my father."

Years have passed and Ghulam is now an old blind Christian at the mission. John the grandson, leads him to a seat in the front of the church. Concerning his grandfather, John says, "As his sightless eyes look toward the ceiling, the radiance of his face makes us all feel that he sees Jesus."

The people call him "Jarishta Sahib" which interpreted means, "the angel man."

"No Christian had any part in his conversion," relates missionary Margaret. "It was solely the Word of God that spoke the truth to his heart which he recognized and acknowledged at once."

Muslim Pakistan is slowly yielding to the Gospel and the light is bursting forth on dark hearts. Missionary Ballantyne tells how God has gathered out of the three religions - Muslim, Hindu and Sikh-many who dwell together in the Master's vineyard.

In Jhelun City, Pakistan, there was a Brahman couple of the highest caste, who were spiritually hungry. They had followed pilgrimage routes across India and Pakistan in search of peace which never came. Finally the husband died, and before his death urged his wife to continue the search until she found what satisfied her quest.

One day a Bible woman who had been converted from the Sikh religion met the Hindu woman on the road. Love cemented their hearts together. The Bible woman, Hori Singh, felt that God would have her make a vow to pray thirty days and nights for the conversion of her Hindu sister, Raj Kumari. For twenty-eight days and nights the prayer vigil continued. At the end, Hori was tired of her task and was becoming discouraged. On the thirtieth night God suddenly answered, saying, "Raj is on her way to seek and to find. Arise."

Hori arose from her knees, rushed to open the door, and in stepped Raj. She had found peace. God had come into her soul. Hori could not doubt that God had heard her petition. Now Hori and Raj serve as Bible women together. The Hindu, Raj, was won by the Muslim, Hori. Hori is the older of the two. She is near the end of her trail and unable to work at her favorite task as a Bible woman. She often visits her convert, Raj, who carries on.

In the city of Gujranwala, Pakistan, three Bible women live and labor together, one a converted Sikh, the second a converted Hindu and the third a converted Mohammedan. "In Christ they live as beloved sisters," continues Margaret Ballentyne.

The light of the Gospel is breaking in Moslem Pakistan. Theresa Brownlee, a missionary, tells how Christian schools are being established in the Sialkot and Zasarwal districts of Pakistan and the work of the kingdom is being spread among the children. The Pakistan

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government permits the Christians to read the Bible in the schools. Abdul Masih, a Christian teacher, invited missionary Brownlee to the school. From the community there were only four Christian girls out of the one hundred pupils. While the Mohammedan teachers give religious instruction to their pupils, Mrs. Abdul is permitted to teach the Bible to the Christians.

The missionary prayed that God would give them a Christian school where they could gather their own Christian boys and girls from their churches. They prayed long hours. Through various means God spoke to two women in Detroit, Michigan, whom the missionaries did not know. These women sent money to open a school in the Sialkot district of Punjab.

“The school was started with children sitting on matting under a tree. Lately we visited this school of thirty-seven Christian children from six villages,” writes the missionary. “We hope to increase the attendance. They not only study reading, writing and arithmetic, but also Bible. When I was there they sang several Psalms and hymns, recited twelve Bible stories and a great number of verses—all learned since the school was started six months ago. Judging from the children’s earnest prayers, I believe that some of them have found salvation in the Sialkot district school of Punj’ab.”

SOURCE: Margaret Ballentyne, American Mission,

Cambelipur, Pakistan; Theresa Brownlee, Mission House, Sialkot City, Pakistan.

SEVENTEEN ...

God Challenges Ida Scudder

Ida Scudder was born on December 9, 1870, in Ranitet, India. Her father, Dr. John Scudder, was a famous doctor missionary. She spent her childhood among familiar scenes of missionary labors. Her father told her many stories about his father, Dr. John Scudder, who had also been a missionary to India.

The story she enjoyed the most was how her grandfather had given his life in full consecration to missionary endeavor in the face of the ire of his father. This is the story as her father told it:

“When your grandfather, Dr. John Scudder, was twentysix years old, he was visiting a patient in New York City. While waiting to be taken upstairs to the sick room, he glanced toward a table in the drawing room where lay a small tract. Picking this up he read the title, *The Conversion of the World, or The Claims of Ten Hundred Million*. After reading that tract, father decided to consecrate his life to missionary endeavor. Already the world had been challenged by the ringing notes of William Carey, who started the modern missionary movement.

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“When Father spoke of his decision to his wife they agreed to become missionaries to India. On June 8, 1819, they sailed by way of Ceylon.

“His father did not approve of the decision of my parents and father John was cut out of his father’s will. The first year my parents labored in India, my grandfather would not even read the letters my father sent home. He threw them unopened into the waste basket. Grandmother, however, retrieved them and read them aloud in the next room with the door open! After a while grandfather relented and welcomed his famous missionary son into the family fold.

“How did you happen to work in India, father?” questioned Ida.

Dr. John II then told his daughter that he, himself, had been trained to be a doctor in the United States. On June 26, 1861, he and his wife landed at Madras where they were to spend the rest of their working lives in missionary endeavors. “I opened the hospital where I have labored in the service of God through the years,” he added.

As she listened to these interesting ancestral stories, young Ida made a vow, “I’ll never be a missionary.”

When only a child, Ida was taken to America where she attended D. L. Moody’s famous Northfield School. At the time of her graduation she received word from India saying, “Mother is very ill. Come.”

Much against her will Ida enrolled as a short term missionary, and soon reached Tindavanum, where the family made its headquarters. Here she took over household duties and the school as well. She also served as organist. She determined as soon as possible to take her mother back to the States, enter Wellesley College and live the free life of a young woman in America.

One memorable night all of that worldly ambition was taken out of the girl’s mind. “As I sat alone at my desk in my room, I heard some steps coming up the veranda. I looked up and saw a tall, fine-looking Brahman gentleman,” Ida confided.

She asked the Brahman what he wanted and he said, “My wife, a mere child, is in labor and is having a difficult time, and the midwives have said they can do nothing for her. Will you come and help?”

Ida told him she was not a doctor, but that her father would come as soon as he arrived. The Brahman was greatly disturbed about this, and retorted, “Your father come into my caste home and take care of my wife! She had better die than to have anything like that happen. No man outside of my family has ever looked upon the face of my wife.”

Ida pleaded with the Brahman to wait for Dr. John and let him come and care for his wife. She promised, “I will be his assistant.” But the Brahman would have none of this outlandish idea. When the father came home, he also urged the Brahman to permit him to see the young wife, but the man went away shaking his head.

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“I went to my desk much disturbed by that first encounter. After a time, I heard steps again on the veranda and jumped up, hoping the man had returned to take my father and me. Instead of seeing the Brahman gentleman, I saw a Mohammedan with his long, white coat who had come to see me. I was horrified to hear the same plea from him.”

“Will you come? My wife, a mere child, is dying. Come and help,” said the Mohammedan.

Ida countered with the answer, “I know nothing about midwifery cases. Let me come with my father and he will care for your wife.”

The man utterly refused, saying, “No man outside of my family has ever looked upon the face of my wife. She had better die than have a man come into the house.”

Ida’s father then urged the Mohammedan to let Ida and him come, but the man refused, again declaring that death would be more welcome than to have a strange man “look upon the face of my wife.”

The man soon left. Ida went back to her room. “My heart was so burdened that I hardly knew what to do. After some time of thought, I tried to get my mind back on the books I had been reading. I again heard steps and looked out to see if the Mohammedan had come back. I was more than horrified to see a third man and hear him make the same plea. This man was a high caste Hindu. He refused to let my father help just as the others had done and vanished into darkness.

That night Ida Scudder was perturbed. Sleep would not come. Here within touch of her hand were three young girls dying because there was no woman to help them. She spent the rest of the night in anguish and prayer. She knew that she did not want to spend all of her life in India.

Her friends had been begging her to return to America, but here came three distressing calls of great need.

“I went to bed in the early morning after praying much for guidance. I think that was the first time I ever met God face to face, and all the time it seemed He was calling me into this work,” was Ida’s comment later.

Early the next morning Ida’s slumber was broken by weird tom-tom beatings in the village and horror struck her heart, for it was a death message.

She sent a servant to learn what had happened. He came back saying, “The three young women whose husbands were here, died during the night.”

As Ida watched, three funeral processions went by-two on the way to the burning ghat, and a wail burst from the people. “That made me unhappy. I could not bear to think of these young girls as dead,” she commented.

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Again Ida Scudder returned to her room and shut herself in. "I thought very seriously about the conditions of the Indian women. After much thought and prayer I went to my father and mother that morning and told them that I had to go to America and study medicine. Then I would come back to India to help such women."

God challenged the soul of young Ida Scudder. Returning to the States she studied medicine and entered Women's Medical College in Philadelphia, in 1895. In 1898 she transferred to Cornell University, which for the first time had opened its doors to women medical students. Ida graduated with high honors. During a summer vacation in 1896 she had a severe attack of enteric. When it seemed she would not live, D. L. Moody himself came and prayed for this young doctor-to-be. "Since then I have believed that the prayers of D. L. Moody were effectively answered that day in my behalf," explained Ida.

At length she was a trained doctor. There was no money for a hospital. The Dutch Reformed Mission Board in New York City received a request that Dr. Ida Scudder be permitted to raise eight thousand dollars to establish a woman's hospital in Vellore, India. Ida had dreamed of raising fifty thousand instead. The committee insisted that the amount be kept at eight thousand. When Ida met Mr. Schell, president of a New York bank, he said, "You are wanting eight thousand dollars, I believe."

Ida said that such was the case. Then the banker returned to a desk behind him from which he took a checkbook saying, "I am going to give you ten thousand. I want that hospital to be named in honor of my late wife, Mary Tabor Schell. It must be worthy of her."

Then Ida thought, Why didn't the committee let me ask for fifty thousand.

She sailed for India when she was thirty years old. The hospital was set up at Vellore. The first patients were admitted on January 1, 1900. She began a noteworthy medical career matching any the world has ever seen, although she missed the guiding hand of her doctor-father, who had passed to his eternal reward some time before. Dr. Ida Scudder launched this work under the inspiration of God and as years passed the small hospital increased the number of its beds.

She soon began training nurses, and in 1907 the Nursing School of Vellore was opened. From that small beginning, the hospital keeps in training nearly a hundred nurses.

In 1913 God gave Dr. Ida Scudder the thought: Why not train women doctors right here in India to care for the needs of the Indian women?

She talked and prayed about this until 1918. That year the surgeon general of the nation gave her permission to start such a school, adding, "You'll be lucky if you get three applications, but if you get six go ahead and start your school."

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Numerous applications began to flow in, and Dr. Ida realized that God had answered her prayers. Being able to accommodate only seventeen in the first class, she started out with small beginnings. She added a new class each year. By the end of the fourth year graduates were ready to take their state examination. On the day of the first examinations fourteen women, medical trainees, presented themselves.

The examining medical officer of Madras said, "Don't be disappointed if all of your young women fail. Of the four hundred men who recently took the examination, only twenty per cent, or one in five, passed."

It was with a sense of misgiving that Ida presented the class for the examination. She prayed diligently throughout the tedious affair. Then she was called into the examiner's office to hear the outcome. When she returned to her class she found them anxiously awaiting the verdict.

Ida told them, "Of the fourteen who have taken the examination, all of you have passed!"

That was a grand day for the Vellore Christian Medical Hospital. The institution, thereafter, became better known, for Ida Scudder had proved her ability to train India's women in the noble art of healing bodies. Through the years the institution flourished. Sponsors were supplied; additions were built, beds were endowed and units were financed by various organizations through God's provision. Lepers were invited in. All of India's vital needs found a place in the heart of Ida Scudder.

"Last year, 'after I had broken my hip,'" relates Mother Eaton of Bangalore, "I met Dr. Ida Scudder at her hospital. Now although well over eighty-two years of age, Dr. Scudder continues the supervision of the institution. Her mind and her heart through faith in God gave birth to it and sponsored it. At present Dr. Scudder, assisted by Dr. Paul Brand, is working miracles on healed or arrested cases of leprosy."

SOURCE: Mrs. Thelma MacPherson, Promotion Officer, Christian Medical College Hospital, Vellore, South India.

EIGHTEEN ...

Lakshme, Temple Girl, Chooses Death

A tall, straight, high caste woman wended her way slowly through the Hindu throngs. In her heart was a desire which she prayed the gods to bring to pass. She had sacrificed many things to the gods to have that desire fulfilled, but sensed that she must make one more great sacrifice to the gods in the Hindu temple.

The priest had said, "You must make the greatest possible sacrifice to the gods."

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Now, walking toward the temple, she carried the usual offerings of flowers, coconuts and rice. She entered to worship and pray.

Before the stone image of the god she prostrated herself and vowed, "If you will give me this the greatest desire of my heart, I will dedicate my next born child to the temple to be a temple boy or girl."

Arising from her knees with tear-stained eyes, she returned home. She did not realize how great the sacrifice was that she had promised to make.

Soon her desire came to pass, and afterward a child was born, an exquisite little girl. As the days passed the little girl grew more lovely. The mother looked upon the little one with aching heart as she kept saying, "How can I give her up? Oh, how can I give her up?"

A sob wracked the mother's frame as she clutched the baby to her bosom. Then she cried out, "But I promised my god and made a vow to him. I cannot break it —no, I cannot break my vow."

Days and months passed. At length the appointed time arrived and with breaking heart the mother took the beautiful little girl to the temple. Her god had demanded a supreme sacrifice. The mother knew that her little child would grow up to be a temple natch girl, or a prostitute.

Many years later a girl came to the Vellore Mission Hospital, her body wracked with disease and suffering severely, yet she had a certain dignity and poise about her. She was Lakshme, the daughter of the high caste woman.

So serious was the girl's disease that she could not be placed in a ward. The doctor found a cot for her on the veranda. Finally her health began to return, and as she grew better she was the center of attraction.

"There was a sweetness of spirit and refinement that drew all to her. When she was told that the Saviour of the world, Jesus Christ, loved her, she drank in the truth and soon became changed in spirit."

Smiling up into the doctor's face she said, "I am so glad to know that Jesus loved me, and I do love Him. Yes, I love Him."

As Lakshme's health returned, the temple girl grew more beautiful and lovely of form. The mission staff loved her. Knowing that she was a temple girl, Dr. Scudder knew that it would be impossible for the hospital to keep her unless the temple authorities were willing to give her up. The doctor made a trip to Madras where she consulted a firm of lawyers, but they were unable to do anything about it.

Dr. Scudder returned to Vellore and was determined to fill Lakshme's life with every possible joy.

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One day on a visit to the hospital the doctor met young Lakshme, who was greatly disturbed. She was crying. She clutched the doctor's arm so tightly that it hurt and looked up into the benevolent physician's eyes. The doctor asked, "What has happened?"

"Oh, doctor, she has come for me."

The doctor inquired, "Who has come?"

The girl said, "The temple woman who looks after the natch girls has come to take me back. I cannot go! Oh, doctor, save me!"

The brazen mistress of the natch girls came to Lakshme's bed and Dr. Scudder tried to make a bargain with her by offering to pay a sum of money for her. The woman shook her head and said, "Oh, no, I cannot sell her to you. See, she is very beautiful. She is too valuable to us in the temple. No, I must take her."

"The saddest moment in my life," relates Dr. Scudder, "was when I clasped that lovely, young girl (one of the most beautiful characters I have ever known) in my arms and had to say goodbye. With marvelous bravery she smiled up into my face and said, 'Remember, doctor, we both love Jesus, and He understands.' With that she was gone, and my heart was never more sad."

Months passed. One day a woman came to the hospital from the town where Lakshme lived at the temple, and the doctor inquired about the beautiful girl. The woman told an amazing story of tragedy.

"Yes, I have come from her with a very sad story. Yesterday I went to the temple to worship. It was a great festival. Lakshme came to me and said, 'I want you to go to the doctor at Vellore. Tell her I have tried again and again to slip 'among the crowd who come to the temple and get away, but the temple authorities always catch me and bring me back. I cannot bear life any longer. Tell them all that I love Jesus. I love Him so much that I must go to Him. Tell them all goodby, and that we will meet in His home.'"

The woman continued, "That night Lakshme went to the temple well, stood on the curbing for a moment, breathed a prayer to Jesus and threw herself into it."

In her ignorance Lakshme, although redeemed by the power of the Master, chose suicide rather than continue her life as a temple natch girl.

Many are the Christian converts of India who choose death rather than give up the marvelous love of Jesus implanted in their lives. Orpha Cook, long a missionary in India, tells the story of Shanti Natekar, a student in the Christian School at Chikhli, India. Little Shanti when she first came was twelve years of age. As she continued learning about Jesus, she opened her heart to the Master and was converted. Her father, a Hindu, kept threatening Shanti with death unless she denied Jesus. Meanwhile Shanti's mother had accepted the Master as her Saviour. After a long while the father himself was converted.

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One day the native pastor told his congregation that he would have to be away for some time at a youth conference. This news reached the ears of a vile Hindu who determined to persecute the Christians and bring them back into the Hindu religion. He issued a call for the Christians to gather at a certain place. Most of the Christians, knowing his purpose, would not go. However, Shanti's father did respond. When he was asked to give up the Christian religion, he called his wife and told her the people were waiting for her. She went to the meeting place with little Shanti. They found themselves surrounded by several hundred men who determined to make Hindus out of them.

"Mother, no matter what they do to us, don't ever consent to become a Hindu," admonished Shanti, clinging to her mother's sari.

Thus encouraged by her daughter, the mother cried out, "Even if you people cut me into small pieces I will not forsake nor leave Christ my Redeemer." Shanti added her encouragement, "Yes, mother, you are right. Even if they kill me, I will not turn back on Christ."

Surrounded by their would-be murderers, Shanti and her mother were given a cruel beating. When they were near death, in some miraculous way the crowd was dispersed and Shanti and her mother were taken into a Christian home where God honored their faith. This little girl, a would-be martyr for the Master, had tasted the satisfying love of God. Now as an Indian Christian woman, Shanti tells her Hindu sisters about Christ who died for them.

SOURCE: Dr. Ida Scudder, Christian Medical College, Vellore, South India.

NINETEEN ...

Dhanjibhai and His Toddy Palms

Dhanjibhai lived in a Bhil village at the foot of the Satpura Hills in Rajpipla State. Deep in the mountain forests of these hills dwell the Bhil aborigines. Dhanjibhai's parents were western India aborigines, who taught their son how to farm and care for cattle. They also showed him how to collect palm toddy and to distill liquor from the mowhra blossoms.

Dhanji grew in importance until he was a leading man in the village. He had been initiated into the weird superstitions and practices of the native Bhil animism. Their deities were not gods of love, but menacing gods and fierce goddesses demanding to be placated. Near his own home Dhanji built a shrine, and here the villagers came to worship. For them Dhanji went through the ceremony called "doon." He would fall with his forehead against the floor that he might appease the wrath of the gods.

When Dhanji was middle-aged a famine struck India. Children and parents as well as many cattle starved to death. In the midst of this despair a tall, full-bearded, fair-

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skinned American named McCann Sahib appeared. He distributed rice to the starving people of the Rajpipla State while he preached Jesus Christ to them.

Dr. McCann traded grass, moherda flowers, limestone and wood from the native Bhil tribesmen for grain. He hired people to plough the mission fields and plant. He fed and clothed all. During the famine the spiritual intensity of the hungry Bhil tribesmen was so great that five hundred of them were converted and sought to be baptized. Eighty-two were received into the church. Among these was Dhanji who transferred his allegiance from the vengeful gods to the God of love.

When his little boy came home Dhanji had in his hand a leaflet and asked his son to read it to him. The lad cried out, "Father, where did you get this obnoxious leaflet? Do you not know that this leaflet is put out by those foreigners who are here to destroy our religion?"

When the Brahmans heard of his conversion Dhanji expected to be persecuted, and he was. However, he continued his farming. One day as he walked out to his toddy palm field, a hundred stately palms lifted their heads to the skies. It was time to tap the toddy as he had always done. At a certain time of the year an incision was made in the trunk of these palms and an earthen vessel was fastened below to catch the sap that dripped into it. When the vessel was full Dhanji took it to the village liquor shop to sell it. The shop keeper let the sap ferment and it became the native alcoholic beverage.

Dhanji had often left the vessel on the tree during the heat of the day so the sap would ferment. He had watched the crows come and drink it and fly off in uncertain manner because they were drunk. Monkeys, however, were wiser and would not touch the sap.

This set Dhanji to thinking. Those battles, fights, quarrels and loud ranting that marked the village nights—what had caused all that trouble? It was because the people had been drinking liquor. He wondered if after all it would not be more pleasing to God who had redeemed him, if those stately palms were not tapped. Here Dhanji faced a vital issue. With his hundred toddy palms he was considered well-to-do. He had lived from this liberal income for many years.

"I realized that I was on the wrong road if I sold my toddy palm sap," Dhanji related to McCann Sahib. "I love Jesus Christ as my teacher and my Saviour. My life has been full of joy and blessing ever since I met Him."

Finally he reached this decision: I will not henceforth tap my toddy palms. There they stand through the years, lofty as ever, "but I have not tapped one since that day," was Dhanji's later comment. "With my chief source of income cut off, did I become a poor man? Did 'Christianity reduce me to a poor man? Oh, no, the Lord blessed me abundantly. Even when famine threatened, we had sufficient to keep us from starving."

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Dhanji made another decision. Though he was an ignorant Bhil tribesman, he wanted his children to have an education. He could not read himself, but he sent his children to school.

Once he went to the courthouse with his Bible when the court was in session. The magistrates recognized Dhanji as an ignorant Bhil, spoke sharply to him and finally told him to go out. Dhanji got up and said, "I am God's messenger. Here see my Bible? Read it, will you? Buy and read."

They told Dhanji to come again. He stepped out of the room, walked around the bazaar awhile and came back. They were greatly surprised to see him back so soon, so they bought the Bible.

This incident was the beginning of Dhanji's career of serving God by distributing the Word of the Almighty.

TWENTY ...

Praying Hyde, Soul Searcher on India's Roads

"Lord, where is my fourth soul for today?" prayed John Hyde riding third-class in an Indian railroad coach. He had been called by his mission board for a session with the leaders. Twice he passed by the station where he should have gotten off, because he was deep in conversation with a Hindu.

Two years before God had impressed John Hyde, better known as praying Hyde, that he should ask for one convert each day. The Lord enabled him to win more than a soul a day. The next year he had asked for two souls and the Father had given him more than two souls each day. This year he asked for four souls because his faith had been enlarged. From 1904 to 1909 through continued working and praying, God had given him thousands of souls.

On this day he had already won three souls and he was on quest of the fourth. He saw a Hindu sitting some distance away from him on the train. Praying Hyde walked up to the man and sat down by him. He opened the conversation with a point of common interest and then taught the Scriptures to the Hindu. By the time they arrived at Hyde's destination for the third time, the Hindu was deeply interested in the Gospel of Christ and Praying Hyde could not let the man slip from his grasp. He rode on past his station again and meanwhile asked God for this soul. Before many hours the Hindu had accepted Christ as his Saviour. When this Hindu was safely inside the Christian fold, Hyde changed trains and went directly to the place of meeting. When he arrived at his destination, the committee had already transacted its business without him and had adjourned.

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He received only a slight censor for his tardiness from his fellow missionaries for they realized that John Hyde was a searcher after souls on India's highways. He was not content unless God gave him men and women who would yield their lives unto the Master.

Early in life, while in the McCormack Theological Seminary, Hyde had faced this question, "Shall I live the life of a Presbyterian minister or devote myself to missions?"

When God called him to India, Hyde yielded completely to the divine challenge. On his voyage to India Hyde opened a letter from a friend of his father, who wrote, "I'm praying for you to receive the power."

At first John Hyde could not understand the meaning of the letter, for he had graduated from seminary and felt well equipped for missionary service. He read the letter again. He began to realize that this dear brother was praying for the unusual endowment and anointing of the Holy Spirit to rest upon him. Hyde lay on his face day after day, calling upon God for that anointing of divine power. After he arrived in India he spent the first ten years with out any indication of being an unusual man.

In the first few years of the twentieth century, John Hyde's passion became that of a searcher for souls. He began praying all night, asking God to give him souls. When preparation was made for the Saikot Convention in the Punjab John Hyde wondered if this would be only another convention without the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon him. He suggested to friends that they spend days praying for the Spirit's baptism upon the congregation. As a consequence Hyde began an all night and then a ten to thirty day ministry of fasting and prayer.

"John Hyde, in the days of those Saikot Conventions from 1901 to 1906, would go to his prayer room. He would remain there on his knees for twenty-four hours without moving from that position," relates Mary Campbell, a missionary who was a contemporary of John Hyde and had spent more than fifty years in India. "Many times the Hindu lad who made up his bed found the bed unslept in for ten successive nights. John Hyde had lain on the floor calling upon God for the outpouring of the Spirit."

Mary Campbell goes on to tell how Praying Hyde fasted thirty days and thirty nights during one of the Saikot conventions, beseeching God for the anointing of the Holy Spirit. At the end of those thirty days he stepped out of his prayer room and walked toward the convention hall. A group of Hindus who had never heard of the Gospel had come to this great gathering feeling that something unusual was taking place. Praying Hyde walked up to them, stretched forth his hands and breathed a prayer. Many fell at his feet seeking God as their Redeemer because the power of this Spirit-anointed man was so great.

God put upon Hyde's heart a burden of confession. In one of the meetings he arose and confessed to the terrible sins of his pre-conversion days. When somebody criticized

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those confessions, the Spirit of God broke up the meeting. Later, backslidden Indian church members and even missionaries who had lost their first love arose and confessed.

A wave of heavenly conviction struck the audience and hundreds bowed. There was weeping all over the hall because God had come.

This marvelous power marked Praying Hyde henceforth. Often when he started out in the morning, God would impress upon his mind a certain number and Hyde would say, "Lord, I thank Thee that Thou art going to give me this number of souls today."

One day, Hyde was impressed to strive for sixty souls. He labored on highways and in bazaars. He met farmers in their fields. He knocked at the doors of their homes and spoke to whole families. He accosted people in the streets. Wherever he met anyone in his travels that day, whether walking or riding, he spoke to them about salvation. Before the day was over, sixty had found God.

On another day he felt God impress upon his mind to seek twelve souls. By dark he was in a home where he had just won his eleventh. One of the friends said, "It is time for us to leave. The hour is late and the distance is long before we get back to the mission."

Praying Hyde merely answered, "The Lord promised me twelve souls and I cannot leave. There is one lost soul yet to be found and brought into the fold."

Laboring under this spiritual sense, Hyde breathed a prayer. Soon a fourteen-year-old boy entered the room. The householder looked at the lad and then at John. Then he spoke, "This is your twelfth soul. He is my nephew living with us now. He has been away and I had forgotten him."

John Hyde had already won the other members of that household. Now he began to pray with the lad. He asked God to save the boy who had never heard the Gospel of Christ preached before. God pricked through the heart of the Hindu lad 'and he was converted.

At times John Hyde would remain in his room for days.

In the morning a Hindu servant would knock on his door and set inside a platter of food. He would come back at noon with a second platter and pick up the first. Sometimes for ten days in succession he would find the platter untouched. When John got through those fasting and prayer vigils, the anointing of God was so mightily upon him that wherever he went souls were drawn into the kingdom.

After the Sailkot Convention, a great revival which started in Punjab, swept throughout India. Thousands were brought into the fold. It was estimated that one hundred thousand were converted. Pandita Ramabai of the Mukti Mission in South India heard of the mighty power of Praying Hyde and sent workers to inquire about the source of that power.

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They learned of Hyde's perseverance in prayer. Pandita Ramabai called her assistants and converts in for a period of prevailing prayer. They called upon God and a spiritual revival known as the Mukti revival followed. Thousands were converted. This revival tide swept into Japan, Australia and China.

SOURCE: Praying Hyde by Basil Miller, Zondervan Publishing Co., Grand Rapids, Michigan; personal stories told the author by Missionary Mary Campbell.