

Our Work In India

QUOTED FROM A LETTER WRITTEN
BY MISS LOCKHART, OCT. 13, 1922

The evangelistic campaign is to start in three days' time. The subject is: "Jesus the Foundation."—"Other foundation can no man lay, etc." The memory verses are those about the man who built his house on the rock, and the one who built his on the sand. The boarding school children have learned it all nicely. They always go out in groups each evening, and are great little preachers already. We have dozens of villages within a radius of two miles, several of which have no Christians in them at all. There is one, Yahanooru, within a mile from Vuyyuru,—dark, dark, dark!—the darkest and the dirtiest on the whole field, I think. The cause is a witch doctor. I have seen some of the wealthiest Kammas and many a Brahmin sitting there in that Mala palm waiting for a chance to get a word with him. He sits over a fire and then gets up and stands against the wall and goes off into a trance. He really must be rich for so many people go to him. Our girls go there faithfully for Sunday School, but often they are abused, and lately the children of the village will not come. "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" I tell them we must especially pray. Some day I am sure that dreadful place will become Christian. If only the witch doctor would believe Christ, he could bring the whole village.

Quoted from the "Evangelism Report" as printed in the Minutes of the Conference which met in Cocanada the first of the year.

"Miss Lockhart writes of a remarkable experience in Vuyyuru. Her boarders went out night after night in groups of ten. Each succeeding night they reported larger crowds than the night before and

a better hearing. At first there were five decisions for Christ, then ten, then twenty. "The greatest night of all," writes Miss Lockhart, "was Tuesday of the second week of the campaign in an out-caste village, a mile and a half from the Mission Compound, which to me has always typified thick darkness such as may be felt. In this dark and filthy outcaste hamlet there is an ignorant witch doctor to whom the wealthiest and proudest caste people go with all their troubles. Last year we prayed especially for this village but nobody came. This year we took for our motto—'Is anything too hard for the Lord?' and prayed more earnestly. On this particular night they had finished their work and were about to start for home, when one little fellow whispered, 'Oh let us ask if anyone will give in their names. Mr. Gordon said: 'We must always ask that'. At first there was no response. Then those boarders began personal work with an earnestness and persistence and faith altogether unusual, exhorting and entreating the individuals to accept Christ. After some time one man said, 'I will become a Christian.' Then another and another and another until seventeen had given in their names. The workers all joined heartily in singing hymns of praise and victory, then knelt down in the road together and offered prayers of thanksgiving for the wonderful work wrought there that night. Later the number of conversions reached thirty, and the old witch doctor was left absolutely alone sitting on a heap of earth in the darkness. It was great to see his eleven-year-old son leave his father and say, 'I want to be a Christian.' He, the witch doctor said, that every missionary from Dr. Brown's time till the present had preached Christ to him but that he would never become a Christian. 'Is anything too hard for the Lord?'"