

vived, and evidently will survive. If history repeats itself, the Bible will out-ride the storm. True, the Bible is the Book of the past; but it is the Book of the present; and still more, it will be the Book of the future. It has met the people of the past with their problems; it meets this generation, and it will meet the future generations. It has been the hope and consolation of millions; and it will continue to be so. Man will never outgrow the Bible. It will meet up-to-date the coming generations. The only explanation is: the Book is supernatural—God inspired “Heaven and earth will pass away, but my Word shall not pass away.” It “Abideth forever.”

We are told that the Geneva press that sent Voltaire literature over Europe is now printing the Bible. It is said that the home of Bob Ingersoll is used for a parsonage, and Tom Payne's house is used for a Bible house.

3. There is furthermore, the challenge as to its unchangeableness. Other books have changed, grown out of date and died. The advancement of knowledge and the many improvements on every line have left them behind. The ox team gave way to the stage coach, the stage coach to the automobile. The candle gave way to the oil lamp, the oil lamp to electricity, and thus it goes. But the Bible has met every improvement, discovery and invention. It is up-to-date. It has had for hundreds of years on its pages prophecies concerning the coming of modern improvements, discovery and invention, such as the coming of the automobile, radio, aeroplane, wars and the condition of this age, domestically, nationally and spiritually. Because a lot of folk have not seen it is not God's fault. He has put it in His Book for us (I. Thess. 5:1, 2).

The Bible is the book for the nation; it is the book for the home; it is the book for the individual. It is the Book to steady us, guide us, protect us and save us. Without it we cannot stand long.

The Bible, then, is a divinely given Book; a supernatural Book; and the religion of the Bible is a supernatural religion—supernatural in its origin, supernatural in its impartation, and supernatural in its emanation.

Take the Word of God, dear friend, as your hope, as the voice of God: follow its directions, seek its Christ, enjoy its religion, and you will live and die a better person.

P. S.—The foregoing message on “The Word of God” over the radio was much appreciated. One man, a stranger to us, wrote, asking if he could have a copy, and stated that the message should be sent around the world. Others have asked if it would be put in pamphlet form.

We are printing this message in pamphlet form. To any person sending us a dollar we will send at least fifteen copies for distribution or to sell. Will you help us to scatter it?

P. WISEMAN
27 Monk St., Ottawa, Canada.

December 28, 1931

My dear Friend:

I have just arrived home from an evangelistic tour which began in July. During that period from July to December I did not have a single day when I felt I was off-duty, except the days when I was on a train going to the next appointment. I must correct that for I remember that I did have one day. For the rest I suppose I averaged three meetings a day for these months. But I got through with all this long hard pull

without a break. I am now at home for Christmas and the relaxation is wonderful.

This last year has been the very finest of the years I have spent in India. It began while the Civil Disobedience Movement was in full swing. This of course meant that India was disrupted and excited. Nevertheless I have had the best hearing and the finest response that I have ever had in the years I have been in India.

When I wrote you last I was just getting into South India. The first place was Coimbatore where my visit coincided with that of the Governor of the Province. But that did not seem to disturb our crowds for we had as many as we could handle. They were eager and appreciative and responsive. I was interested at the remark of one of the members of our Round Table Conference, made up of men of standing in the city. He remarked that we might begin the Conference as no one else would come after that hour for between 4 and 5.30 p. m. the time was inauspicious as the planets at that time passed into inauspicious conjunction! This belief in the power of the stars to influence destiny is very widespread. It paralyzes a great many things. Men will not move until the stars are just right.

Palghat is the very centre of orthodox Brahmanism. Sometime ago 1336 priests chanted sacred texts from the Sanskrit books for two weeks in a great gathering in order to keep away the evil influences of modern tendencies on their ancient faith. They will not allow the low castes to go through their villages. Pigs and dogs may. The low caste may not! I wondered if they would respond to my message. They crowded the great hall. Many said afterwards, grizzled old Brahmans among them, that they had been transformed by the meetings. They gave me a garland of spices at the close. I have had many of flowers, but the spices were different. It reminded me that I was on the Malabar coast and that it was these spices that drew Columbus to find a way to India when he in fact discovered America. These spices were the real reason I was an American and not a Welshman.

Calicut, from which we get the word calico, is one of the places where the Basel Mission, made up mostly of Germans, have their work. They built up vast industrial plants for the making of tiles and textiles, etc. They gave employment to thousands of their converts through these industries. They were taken over after war was declared and while the schools and mission work have been turned back to them these industries are in the hands of the British still. The Germans are hoping to get them back soon. But war leaves nothing free from its ugly touch. Our meetings here were held in the college hall which was full every night. The last night I asked only those to come the next night who wanted to find. I added that I did not know any way except through Christ. The hall was filled the next night with the finest non-Christians of the city. It was great to be able to talk with all the barriers down.

I slipped in two nights for Tellicherry, a place I had never been before. These meetings were held in the Government college hall. The Hindu principal made all arrangements. The hall was not large enough. Here I came in contact with several Christians who had been in jail during the last Civil Disobedience Movement. The husband had gone to jail and then his wife took his place at the head of the movement and was also sent to jail. She was a very fine type of Christian woman. But she gladly went to jail. She resigned the headship of the movement in that place when the Congress began its passive resistance movement to get the outcasts the pri-

vilege of entering the temples. They would sit down before the forbidden temples and then be sent to jail for it. This lady felt that she could not approve of their getting their head further into the noose of the Brahman by insisting on entering his temples. I agree with her. They are not worth entering. One of the old priests said to me, “Oh yes, they will enter our temples some time or other, but I hope it won't be in my time.” He saw it coming but hopes they would get out before the storm.

When we were making the arrangements about Colombo, Ceylon, those in authority there said they could not get the educated non-Christians out for the meetings. We insisted that he try. He did. Not only did we get them but we had more than we knew what to do with. We had to put in a loud speaker into another hall down below and then some nights we broadcasted as well. So I was speaking to three audiences at once. There is one joy in Ceylon and that is that people can stay in their homes and be Christians. They are not put out. So a great many of the Non-Christians made definite decisions. When I asked only those to come the next night who wanted to find, the hall was filled to overflowing again. The spiritual hunger was intense. The Governor of Ceylon presided one night, but we had more people for a straight evangelistic meeting than when the Governor presided. The fact is that high officials do not draw any more in the East. It was glorious to see the fine racial relationships in Ceylon. They are far better than they are in India. Every single nationality mingle in the churches without a sense of strain or difference. The Rotary Club was the same. They are learning to get on with each other and keep each their fine points.

Pudukottah is the capital of a native state whose raja married a European lady. The son was declared ineligible for the throne as he was a Christian. The new raja is a little boy who is being trained by a fine Christian European lady. She attended many of our meetings. Here we got the officials from the head official down. It was the first time I had been in this place so they were on the defensive. The head Hindu in the Government was chairman one night and he began by saying: “I will not say anything now, but at the close of the address I will find everything that the speaker says in our own sacred books!” He was frank. But he had a harder time to do it than he suspected and gave up the task. The Round Table here was in a Hindu home and was a revelation. The Hindus has little to share. The Christians were fine, with the exception of one prominent man who let Christ down.

I stopped for short periods at Mannargudi and Kumbakonam, the latter the center of Hinduism in the South. The Hindus themselves made the arrangements in Kumbakonam and I spoke in the Theosophical Hall. I should like to lay siege to this great fort of Hindu orthodoxy.

My time and space are up and I must skip by other places and tell you of Bombay. Of course this is in many ways the most difficult place in India, but the Wilson College Hall was filled to overflowing every night. Sir Stanley Read presided and was amazed at the change that had come over the turbulent youth of Bombay. They were now eager and spiritually hungry. About 400 stayed for the after-meeting for personal finding, most of them Hindus. But my space has been exhausted.

Yours gratefully,

E. STANLEY JONES

—Selected by Mrs. Diadama McLeod