

# Missionaries to Muslims League

News and Notes.

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## HOW CHRIST WON MY HEART

VI. ABBAS ALI

(Compiled by Miss C. Williams.)

*Hreedoy* is the name of a book written by Abbas Ali, a Muhammadan convert. In it he tells the story of his conversion. The book was translated into English by Rev. J. Takle and Mrs. Takle. It was published in Australia and has had a wide circulation. The following is composed of extracts from the autobiography. A few words have been inserted here and there as connecting links.

"My home is at Rudrabaira village, in the police circle of Sarishabari, in the district of Mymensingh, East Bengal.

A very long time before I was born my father married three wives. (The Koran says a Muslim may marry four wives). When one did not bear him a son, he married another, but for years his desire was not realised. So then he spent much in charitable gifts, believing that God would surely honour him by granting him a son who would carry his name and property down to posterity. Of the money he earned he put aside a portion to be spent for religious objects, and believing that God would at last fulfil his desire he spent 1,700 rupees (about £112) for the excavation of a tank for the benefit of the public.

In the Bengali year 1298, on the 23rd of the month Ashvin (1891 A.D.), I was born. A week after my birth my mother died.

Although it is a great sorrow to lose a mother, yet for me, perhaps, it has been a blessing, for had she lived I might not have been able to come out so easily for the Lord Jesus Christ.

I was motherless, but I was well looked after, as I was the only son, and therefore the light of my father's eye.

Half a mile from our house was a village called Pogoldighi, where was a Middle English school. That is where I first went to school.

A day came when my father was taken seriously ill with fever and other complaints, and he determined to have my marriage ceremony performed as speedily as possible, as he feared death would overtake him before he could see me settled. It was a matter of a few days, and I found myself married to Shubashini (she who laughs sweetly), the daughter of Abdur Rahman Khan, of the village Shinga. Shubashini lost her mother when she was only two weeks old, and a month later her father also died. This, too, often appears to me to be the Lord's doing, for if my wife had not been an orphan I question very much whether I should have found the way of salvation as easily as I did. Now I see that the Lord has been my guide and protector from infancy.

My religious ideas about this time were very strange. I felt great sympathy with the Hindus in their patriotic movement, but the Muhammadan students took me to task for joining in this. They also blamed me because I would not say Namaj (Muslim prayers), nor keep Roja (the fast). From my boyhood I have had the strongest objection to these ceremonies, for they always appeared to me to be mere show. I considered myself to be a sort of Brahma (Indian Unitarian) and even called myself one, so my friends changed my name from Abbas Ali (a purely Muslim name) to a Hindu one, Hreedoy Banjan Sircar, by which name I am still known.

About this time I used to argue that human feeling was the only religion. To be called Christian or Hindu or Muslim was nothing. They were mere names, and only as a man showed the true spirit of humanity could he have true religion, by whatever name he might be called.

Up to the time of my passing out of the Middle English school, I had not slept outside of my father's home for a single night, but having passed in the second division and received a certificate, I was admitted as a student in the fourth class of the Jamalpur school, and was fortunate in having in the same school my old friend, Janik, another Muhammadan, who also professed to be a sort of Brahma.

Not many days passed before my religious ideas became public, and strange to say almost immediately the students began to nick-name me "Padri." At first I was puzzled to know why they did so, but afterwards I learnt that they did so because my ideas were something like those preached by the Christian missionaries in the villages and bazaars of our district. My opinions I spoke very freely to my fellow-students, and they at last told the Moulvie Sahib who taught Persian and Arabic to the Muhammadan students of the school. He called me to him and asked, "Abbas, do you believe in the Koran or not?" He put me in a difficulty; here was I, the son of a Muslim gentleman, who had no faith in the Koran, and practised no Muhammadan rites. What answer should I give? I was silent for a time, then I said, "I believe only in that which I can understand. Why should I believe in a book that my friends and I cannot read?" We had a few more words, and then the conversation was suddenly cut short by the Moulvie fining me three rupees (four shillings). This upset me a great deal, and I went home and told my father that I would neither say the Muhammadan prayers, nor attend the Jamalpur school. Father took the matter very quietly.

Up to this time I had never seen a Christian missionary, but as the boys had called me a Padri it was quite natural that I should want to meet one and see what he was like.

I had never been to Mymensingh town in my life, and my father was averse to my going to such a big place, where temptations are many, but the students told me there were Padris in Mymensingh; so I determined to visit the town secretly. I made special inquiry, and found out that the Rev. H. Sutton, M.A., was living there. I wrote him a letter, asking for an interview. Then I made arrangements to go, but not alone; that would have been too great an undertaking. I took my old friend Janik with me. We arrived in Mymensingh, but we were ignorant as to the whereabouts of the Mission House, so finding another Muslim student who knew the town well we went with him.

A European gentleman came out to me, and I heard from him that Mr. Sutton had gone on tour in the district. I found that the gentleman I was speaking to knew neither Bengali nor Hindi, so taking copies of the four Gospels and some tracts I returned home. The tracts were so much after my heart that in a week I again went to Mymensingh, but unfortunately I again failed to find Mr. Sutton. Returning home this time I told my father all I had been doing and thinking. I feared something would happen, but my father seemed rather glad than otherwise that I was giving attention to the study

of religion, and he gave me much advice. Not being discouraged by my father, I gave more attention to the study of the four Gospels.

At last I said to my father, "I will become a Christian." He said, "A man becomes a Christian when he cannot support himself. You want for nothing; then why do you talk of casting aside your family and faith in this way?" I replied, "I have never made myself known to the world as a Muhammadan, and you know that I have absolutely no faith in Islam. In that case why should you object to my accepting what I believe to be true?" He said, "You are my only son; if you leave me, then who will be heir to my property?" Probably my father thought that this would touch me, and deter me from my purpose. It was late, and I retired to rest, but I could do nothing but weep for a long time, and I thought—

In this transitory world I have none for my own,

Where can I go to get happiness and peace?

Into whose face can I look, that will make me forget

The sorrows of the world that are burning up my life.

I fell asleep. The next morning I took train and returned to school at Jamalpur, my father giving me seven rupees for my expenses. But I had no peace, and in a bewildered state of mind I visited the Mission House again. This was my third visit, yet I could not see the missionary. I heard that he was to come back in three days, so I went to a hotel, determined to wait and see the man who I felt could help me to find peace. When the Rev. H. Sutton returned, he with much courtesy offered me a seat, and began to talk with me. At first I thought that because I was so young he would not take any notice of me, but after hearing my story and my strange ideas on religion, he gave me some books to read, and I remained on at the hotel. Almost every day I went to Mr. Sutton and a Bengali preacher, Babu Surendra Kumar Dey, with whom I also had helpful talks.

The money I had with me was almost spent in paying the bill at the hotel, but in the short time of my stay I had learnt much about Christianity, and I had begun to have a strong faith in it, and had no desire to return home. The four Gospels and the tracts which I had received at first had attracted my mind, and my talks with the missionary had quite prepared me to renounce the religion of my fathers, and embrace the new faith. I asked the missionary to baptise me, but instead of doing so, he asked me,—“What is the first step in the path of religion?” I replied, “I imagine that the first step of righteousness is to do the will of God.” Mr. Sutton then said, “The first step according to Christianity is to confess sin; do you know that you are a sinner?” I did not remember that I had committed any sin, but after a moment I said, “True, I am a sinner.”

Although I confessed this fact, and showed an earnest desire for baptism, yet the missionary said it was not advisable to baptise anyone in a hurry. Having no other course in the matter I began to wait.

The Saturday after that I was lying on my bed in the hotel, wondering how the Gospel of Jesus Christ could be best presented to the Muhammadans of India, when I heard a well-known voice calling me by name. I was startled, and looking up saw my uncle. He had come to take me home by the next train. . . . .

We arrived home, but I did not stay long. I was there but a day, when I escaped and returned to the missionary. But again I was taken home, and this time my father embraced me, weeping all the time. Again I got away, this time with the help of Janik, and I went at once to the missionary, and told him that I did not see how I could become a Christian during my father's lifetime.

Then, with the help of the police, I was caught again and taken home, where I was kept under surveillance, and a Moulvie was engaged to teach me the Koran, and for a time I was afraid that my father was arranging for me to

be married to another girl. To have two wives I felt would be the worst of hindrances to following Christ.

Two years passed. The Rev. H. Sutton went to Australia, and my people did not trouble me any longer. They thought that if I was left in peace at some, in time I should surely come to see that the Muhammadan religion is the true one. Their policy was not to call me bad names, and if I spoke of our Lord Jesus, not to object to it. The main thing was to keep me at home. Finding all my people in this frame of mind, I asked permission to be allowed to visit the Mission House occasionally. No objection was made. I went at once to Mr. Barber, and showed him two letters Mr. Sutton had given me. I told him nothing of the trouble I had passed through. Mr. Barber said that if I would help him with Bengali, he would defray my expenses.

Occasionally I went home, and finding that everyone was settling down to my way, I asked the missionary to allow me to go about Mymensingh selling Christian books, and to say a word for my new faith.

On one occasion when I went home I saw my young wife Shuhashini, and at sight of me she wept bitterly. I wept also, and the thought flashed across my mind, "Why should I not try to make her a true help-meet by teaching her to know and love my Lord!"

I asked my father to allow Shuhashini to live in our home, so that I might teach her to read and write in the leisure time she had after attending to all the household duties. During the time we were together I taught her much about Jesus. Thus the one I scarcely knew I began to love, and this new experience lessened to some extent my desire to leave home and live at the Mission House.

I cannot say that we knew what true love was. True, she cried for me and I cried for her, but she had no wish to join me in becoming a Christian. I told her freely my mind on the matter, still she could not understand my mind or motive. I was perplexed, what should I do? Should I go by myself and be baptised? For about three months I did not go to Mymensingh, and I began to wonder what the mission folk would think about me staying away so long. Mr. Barber was the only one that I had told concerning my wife; no one else knew that I was married. Now how could I tell all the others that I truly love Jesus, but my love for my wife prevents me from confessing Him publicly?"

(To be continued).

## CLIPPINGS FROM CURRENT PERIODICALS

### From Islamic Review and Muslim India, September:—

The time is approaching fast when God will no more remain an absurd mathematical problem, even in Christian lands. The time will come when Europe will be freed of its four curses of selfish materialism, drunkenness, gambling, and licentiousness. The time will come when the Christian belief that woman was the cause of that sin with which, according to Christian nations, all mankind is permeated from birth will die out. The time will come when innocent and angelic children if they die unbaptised will not be sent to perdition because of the crimes committed by their remotest possible ancestors, and if they live they will not be allowed to grow up with the demoralizing conviction in their minds that they were born sinners, and that their sins can only be cleansed by the blood of Christ. The time, in short, will come, and that, *Insha Allah*, soon, when Islam will be accepted by the European nations as THE religion which satisfies man's reason and conscience both. The time will come when in European countries Eid-ul-Fitr and other Muslim festivals will no more remain novelties, and when the cry of *La ilaha*

*illallah Muhammad Rasulallah* will be heard from high minarets five times every day from European cities. AL-QIDWAL.

**From Habul Matin, July 21st, "the Daily Mail in its issue of March 4th, 1915, writes" :—**

It is possible that London, the home of many members of the faith of Islam, will before long have its own mosque.

At present the nearest mosque is at Woking, but an Islamic service is held every Friday—the Moslem Sabbath—at Lindsay Hall, Notting Hill Gate.

The work is being undertaken by the British Moslem Society, of which Lord Headley, a convert to the Islamic religion, is president. His Islamic name is Saifur-Rahman Sheikh Rahmatullah El-Farooq.

In an interview with a *Daily Mail* representative yesterday, Lord Headley said that the principal difficulty was with regard to choice of a site, although he thought that in course of time all difficulties would be cleared away.

The Islamic faith is making considerable headway in this country, although its members did not set out to proselytise.

No one was ever asked to join the Islamic religion or to make profession of the faith. He himself had never once been asked to become a Moslem, and had taken the step entirely on his own initiative.

**From China's Millions, July:—**

William Borden, whose death we still mourn, is likely to be used of God in China more in death than he might have been in his life. A certain portion of his legacy to the Mission has been sent to us, and this is being used for the building of a hospital for Muhammadans and others in the province where he hoped to labour. And, besides this, the story of his life, entitled, "A Cruse of Precious Oil," having been translated into Chinese, is being widely circulated among the Muhammadans, and is being eagerly read by them. This service of distribution is under the direction of Mr. F. H. Rhodes, and it is the most definite work for the Muhammadans in China that has ever been undertaken. As a result, many missionaries of our own and other missions are being given new interest in the Muhammadans, and are obtaining an altogether new hope concerning them. Thus William Borden's life is influencing the missionaries and telling upon Muhammadans, and it is difficult to anticipate what the end will be. It is a blessed application of the words: "He being dead yet speaketh!"

**From the Times of India, September 8th:—**

The Ahmediya movement among the Musalmans, which had its origin in Gurdaspur in the Punjab, has secured about three thousand followers in the Moplah centre of Cannanore in north Malabar. For some time past the orthodox and this new party which believes in the advent of another Prophet like Christ in place of Esauabi and whose need is a sort of Protestant Muhammadanism have been in open hostility, and the latter subjected to a number of annoyances and ill-treatment. The tension has now become very severe and pamphlets of an inflammatory nature calculated to create a disturbance are circulated broadcast. A Musaliar of the orthodox party is reported to have been recently arrested by the police. The neo-Musalmans who are in a minority are petitioning the district authorities to afford them protection from the orthodox party who are hostile towards them and who have excluded them to a certain extent from the mosques.

**From Blessed be Egypt:—**

About a year and a half ago, Dr. Hunt brought to us a young convert from Islam, who was a candidate for baptism. It was then felt that we had

no work whatever for him, but afterwards Dr. Zwemer suggested that we should take him, and try to teach him to be a colporteur, and he would meet part of the expense. This young fellow took the name of Nasrallah, and was present for the first time at the United Colportage Conference at Zeitoun, where he gave a striking testimony. He was not very successful as a salesman, and as there were other things that caused us anxiety, we felt that he needed very earnest prayer.

A charge was brought against him, and he did not seem to come out of it very clearly. Just as we were considering what was best to be done with him, it was announced that he had been taken by the conscription agents, and would have to serve three years as a soldier. We were very disturbed, and wrote a paragraph describing his case in "Blessed be Egypt" for April, 1913 (p. 51). The challenge was then thrown out—who would take up the case of Nasrallah and pray him through, seeing that the greater part of his time would probably be spent in the Sudan, and in any case he had been enrolled under his old Moslem name. A lady wrote to us from Canada, and said that she would be very pleased to undertake this great spiritual responsibility; she would give a certain amount of time per day to pray Nasrallah through.

Does it tell of weak faith to say that the unexpected happened? We thought that, through her prayers and the gracious loving kindness of God, Nasrallah would be kept true to the Christian faith, and that he would be a Christian at heart. In the latter part of June, however, one was astonished to see an upright young soldier at the door of the Ezbekich Church on the Sunday afternoon. He came to visit us during the week, and from his story not only did it appear that he had remained a Christian at heart, but God had raised up a friend for him in the person of a British officer, who interceded for him, and the exceptional privilege of alteration of name had been granted to him, i.e., he had really been transferred from the Moslems to the very few Christians that are to be found in the army. Towards the end of July Nasrallah and two other Moslem converts received the ordinance of holy baptism at the hands of Dr. Zwemer in the Faggala Church, Cairo.

While thanking God for this remarkable answer to prayer, let us not forget that Nasrallah's troubles are not yet over. He will need more prayer now than before.

### **From Hablul Main, September 8th:—**

We cannot but admire the spirit of friendship which our Hindu contemporary (the *Bengali*) displays for our community. The concluding paragraph of this unique article should inspire every Hindu and every Moslem to work in harmony for the glory of our King-Emperor and our beloved country. "On this sacred and auspicious occasion, the Id-celebration, we Hindus pray for the future welfare and regeneration of our Moslem countrymen and neighbours. Let us, also, foster this sublime example of the spirit of brotherhood, which is the gift of Arabia to the world and a source of pride to all the Asiatics. Let a bridge be erected to connect the sage wisdom of the Rishis with this priceless gift which the world has received from Arabia. That union will bring about the regeneration of humanity all over the world. There is no other way for the realization of this sublime ideal. May the religious spirit of Asia permeate the world!"

We say *Amen* to this prayer, which breathes the spirit of lofty patriotism and liberal catholicism. May every Hindu journalist inculcate such noble lessons of brotherhood between the different sections of the Indian community. This is the most certain means of promoting *entente cordiale* between the Hindus and the Moslems of the country. The *Bengali*, we are glad to observe, has made its influence felt within one year of its inception. It has a mission before it.

### From The Missionary Review of the World, May:—

One of the chief sheikhs of the Azhar, who openly resisted every Christian influence, has now become very friendly, in part through Dr. Zwemer's influence and in part because of the political change which has put the English in supreme control. Dr. Zwemer's sermons to Moslems are bringing many inquirers to his office for personal conversations.

The absence of hostility toward the British, who are the chief foreigners of the Gulf, helps the missionaries, since peace and goodwill favour their activities.

Busrah is the mission that has suffered most from the war; but it has had less to endure than some other missions in Turkey and in Persia. The missionaries were not compelled to leave their station, although there were anxious times when they wondered whether it would not be wiser to leave. Before Turkey entered the war the authorities started to mobilize troops and to requisition coal and other supplies belonging to their own subjects and to foreigners. The British Colonel ordered all British shipping to move to Persian waters at Muhammarah, and when the Turks announced that they were going to take over the British post-office the British ceased their mail service to Busrah. Later, all the British who could left for Muhammarah, and when war was finally declared the four American missionaries joined the Turkish Red Crescent Society.

In spite of difficulties the missionaries met in Muskat and celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Arabian Mission. They expressed the belief that never before were the prospects for their work among the Moslems of Arabia so encouraging, and asked for six new missionaries and increased funds to meet their growing responsibilities and opportunities.

REV. E. E. CALVERLEY, Kuwait, Arabia.

### From the Life of Faith, August 4th:—

To the Editor of the *Life of Faith*.

DEAR SIR,—Following on a powerful address at Keswick by Dr. Zwemer, who struck home to the hearts of his hearers Britain's responsibility towards the Muhammadans, there gathered a little group of men and women to pray. Prayer gave place to eager suggestions and plans to work, as well as pray. There was an insistent conviction that a larger circle must be reached than could find a place in that small upper room, and a way must be found to stir into flame the spark that had caught fire. It was urged that a letter should be sent to the Church papers; pleading for a union of the Moslem workers abroad and at home. The reports from India bore witness to the great unifying influence of the All-India Missions to Moslems League. These friends have now scattered, but they entrusted it to me to write for them, and bring their desire before your readers.

Most missions have their own union for prayer. We need an all-embracing union, that should bind each several unit into one army for God.

I venture to plead for "A Fellowship of Prayer, Service, and Sacrifice for the Moslems" for all workers on the field and at home, for all their friends and helpers. The word "fellowship" has within it a mutual sympathy of heart and thought, a comradeship in war, a partnership in suffering. The word "sacrifice" may stay some from joining us, but it will raise the value of those who do. We need fellow heirs, fellow workers, fellow servants, and fellow sufferers.

We would not wait until the issues of the war are determined, but pray now with a passionate intensity for those whose faith is in the balance, and whose lives are being laid down in hundreds for our sakes.

There has been no time to communicate with Dr. Zwemer, but we think that he would consent to be our leader in this fellowship. We would gather together and keep a record of the names of all who live and work for Moslems everywhere, excepting India, which has her own League. It will enable us to know each other at home and abroad, to bear each other's burdens in times of special need or distress, to supply each other with munitions of war by means of literature in many languages, and to help us all unitedly to press forward our cause at home, carefully excluding the collection of money. We would gather into the arms of faith the sorrowful, the desolate, and the heart-broken sons and daughters of Islam, and claim them for Christ.

Will all those who would like to join this "Fellowship of Prayer Service, and Sacrifice for Moslems" send in their names to me as temporary secretary. We should hope to bring the matter before all the leading Moslem workers, and ask their co-operation.

Our first united action will be the issue of Dr. Zwemer's Keswick address in pamphlet form. We propose to print 10,000 of these in the hope that those who were so deeply stirred by his words will be glad to distribute them in their own neighbourhood, and thus spread the fire that has been lighted. Application for fifty or a hundred or five hundred or a thousand of these may be made to us.

Yours faithfully in Christ,

*Cuffnells, Weybridge, Surrey.*

(Sd.) ANNIE VAN SOMMER.

## NOTES ON MUHAMMADAN OBSERVANCES

### 3. Muslim Oaths.

Muslims are considerably given to oaths and, it may be imagined, at times run great risks of condemnation for perjury. The Quran itself contains many extreme oaths, and it is not surprising that Muslims, in this matter, imitate their Prophet. There are many fine distinctions drawn, after the Talmudic manner, as to the various kinds and qualities of oaths, and the guilt of breaking them. The most effective oaths are, saying three times "By the Great God"; taking hold of the Quran and saying "By the Word of God which this contains"; placing a sword on the Quran and saying, "I impose on myself divorcement." Notwithstanding this, lying is quite frequent among the "faithful."

### 4. Muslim Sins.

With their belief as to the absoluteness of Divine control, it is surprising that Muslims should admit the possibility of sin; but they do this, although there have been long discussions on predestination, and strong endeavours to reconcile it with man's responsibility. Muslim divines divide sins into two classes: the *Kabirah*, or great, which condemn the sinner to a purgatorial hell; and *Saghirah* or little sins, inherent in man's nature. The great sins are generally stated as seventeen in number: infidelity, despairing of God's mercy, considering oneself safe from His wrath, bearing false witness, constantly committing little sins, falsely charging a Muslim with adultery, taking a false oath, drinking wine, practicing magic, defrauding orphans of their property, usury, committing adultery, unnatural crime, stealing, murder, cowardice in battle with infidels, disobedience to parents.

### 5. Muslim Ablution.

The extreme attention of most Muslims to ablution of the hands, mouth and nose, before eating, is well known. It is a religious ceremony, depending



on the traditional precepts of the Prophets. Muslims are to eat in God's name, to return thanks, to eat with their right hand, and with their shoes off. The devil, it is said, has power over that food which is eaten without remembering God. Before beginning it is necessary to say "In the name of God", and after finishing, "Glory to God". Ablution is also essential before worship. The Quran says, "O Believers, when ye prepare yourselves for prayer, wash your faces and hands up to the elbows and wipe your hands and your feet to the ankles." The details of this ablution are elaborate, but with practice, it is performed in three minutes, the worshipper reciting prayers or pious ejaculations meanwhile. The full ablution is not insisted on before each prayer time, if nothing unclean has been touched and no impurity contracted. When water can not be had, ablution may be performed with dust or sand. In special cases washing of the whole body is prescribed, and among these occasions are the admission of a convert, Friday prayers, the great festivals, and the washing of the dead. The Tradition says that he who performs ablution thoroughly will extract all sin from his body, even though it may be lurking under his finger-nails.

A. S.

## PRAISE AND PRAYER

### Pioneering in Baltistan.

We give below some extracts from a letter posted at Skardu, Baltistan, written by one of our members, C. A. Heal, Esq., of the Central Asian Mission:

"I am expecting to start my return journey next Monday, going up the Burji La Pass (15,400 feet) and then across the Deosai Plateau to Gurais and Bandipur. I have covered a pretty wide field since I came up here, having marched about 350 miles to date. I have had opportunities of witnessing and telling the Gospel message in some 20 Baltistan villages outside of Skardu; have sold about 100 Gospels in some six or seven languages and given away 100 or so free Urdu ones, besides tracts and leaflets. In many places in out-of-the-way valleys I haven't been able to do much because people have not known Urdu. I came up here, via Sonamarg Dras and Kargil and the Indus Valley, then from here I went North up the Shigar Valley for some 40 miles then across the Ganto La Pass (15,000) to the Turmik Valley, down that to the Indus Valley in the Rondu district then up the Indus to here. I got back last evening. It is a large field, as yet unoccupied for Christ, but a very needy and, I think, a promising one. Almost all the Baltis are Shiahs Moslems, though here in Skardu are a few Sunnis and in Shigar are some of the "Nur Baksh" sect. Many of the people seem quite bright and intelligent though simple in their lives and habits—most of them are very poor. I have met several Rajahs and have had interesting and I trust helpful talks with them, and to most of them I have given New Testaments in Urdu or Persian. It is a rough country though—huge barren rocky mountains, wide sandy wastes in some of valleys with patches of green wherever villages are located. The roads (?) in the northern valleys are sometimes very bad—several places there have only been narrow ledges in the rock face some considerable height above a river or stream and one has had to cling on the niches and crevices while crossing."

### Victories of the Cross in the N.-W. Frontier Provinces.

Last year in June a young Mussalman, from one of the Frontier Provinces gave himself up to Jesus Christ. His father was well known as a wealthy and bigoted Muhammadan, and, on the lad's becoming a Christian, the news was published in the Muhammadan newspapers and sent the length and breadth of India. Naturally persecution in various forms followed; and, what was

worse, bribes were offered, women were sent to weep at his feet, and temptations of every kind came to draw Fath away from his new Master and Saviour. But praise God he came out of the trial with a firmer trust in, and a deeper love than ever for, Christ.

The question of his baptism came up, and to the dismay of his Christian friends, he said firmly he would never be baptized till he had won a "brother" — "at least *one*, but I hope it will be three or four," he said.

From that time he sought to become a "Fisher of men," and every one he spoke to had to consider the question whether he would accept Jesus Christ as his Saviour. No opportunity was lost when travelling by train, or in stage bungalows or in the bázars. Ekka-walas, guards, beggars, coolies, policemen, and men of his own class, all had to consider the question, "will you become a disciple of Jesus?"

A book of pictures of the life of Christ he kept in his pocket and this was brought out on all occasions to emphasize his words. The picture of the Crucifixion was the special one he showed to everyone. He also made a great point of speaking of the Ten Commandments.

With a slap on the back, an embrace and a bottle of lemonade he often would establish a friendship between himself and lads of his own age. "People are hungry for love," he would say, "Everything is won by love!" He only read 1 Cor. 13 and the 1st epistle of St. John later, but the Holy Spirit had revealed to him the meaning of the words long before.

In September, 1914, he attended the Sialkot Convention, and in the Prayer room he learned the meaning of prayer in a new way. He also learned that in the quiet not only can a man speak to God through Jesus Christ, but God will speak to him. Life became a new thing to him when he found that God answered prayer, and he sought for souls in prayer now rather than working in his strength. Souls he sought and God gave him souls. Day after day enquirers would come. Generally after dark they would come, fearing lest their Muhammadan friends would see them. Some proved false, to his great grief, but many are turning out to be true, and to his joy as well as sorrow some are being persecuted for Christ's sake. "Pathans **NEED** persecution to make them value Christ and His salvation" he explained. "If a Christian gets no persecution what sort of a Christian is he, I should like to know?"

At the end of the next summer he had four "brothers" ready to be baptized, and we had the joy, at the Sialkot Convention this year, of seeing the six young men stand up and confess Christ in baptism. One of these is from the borders of Puch, one from Kabul, and the others from the N.-W. Frontier Province. Many other young men are seeking their opportunity of getting away from their country and coming out as Christians. Let us *pray* that each one will be able in time to go back to his country and give the Gospel of Salvation to his own people.

H. M. A.

## NEW MEMBERS

189.	Rev. Yusuf	...	U. P. Mission, Mianwala, Punjab.
190.	Inayat Ullah, Esq.	..	U. P. Mission, Jhelum, Punjab.
191.	Adjutant Pimm-Smith	...	Salvation Army, Lahore.
192.	Rev. John Van Ess.	...	Arabian Mission, Busrah, Persian Gulf.
193.	Miss Mary J. Campbell	...	U. P. Mission, Pathankot, Punjab.
194.	Miss H. M. Ashby	...	American Presbyterian Mission, Etah, U. P.
195.	W. M. Hume, Esq.	...	Y. M. C. A., Lahore.