Weary to the point of exhaustion, Louie and Paul reached their hotel in Calcutta, and in no time at all Hubert Mitchell was pounding on their door to give them a hearty welcome to India.

Soon they witnessed a Mohammedan parade, in which young men, to demonstrate their devotion to Mohammed, stripped themselves to the waist and beat their breasts until the blood flowed.

Louie felt he was on holy ground as he stood in the pulpit where William Carey had preached, and he pondered over that man's translations of the Word of God into forty languages and dialects.

Two hundred missionaries and Christian workers gathered that evening to greet Paul and Louie, and the next night about a thousand young people assembled for a Youth For Christ open-air meeting. Louie preached on 1 Timothy 1:15, and at the close about thirty of them made decisions for Christ.

The next day they flew to Benares, where Louie was burdened by what he saw. "It was the sight of the multitudes at the sacred Ganges River that I shall never forget: . . . thousands of people . . . turning their eyes to the sun in a sort of a trance as they entered the filthy waters in an attempt to wash away their sins and to find peace of heart!

"We saw the bodies of the dead carried to the burning ghats, clad in white cloth, immersed in the river, and then placed on the wooden pyres, and burned. Then the ashes . . . were tossed right into the water where the living went on with their futile ablutions."

India penetrated the depths of his soul. He stood with missionary Jantzen as lepers came for treatment. Some had dreadful ulcers, and others were without fingers or toes, all showing ravages of this disease.

"If this one sight of such misery so tugged at my heartstrings that
I felt I could bear no more, what must be the strain on the missionaries . . . who spend years ministering to them? . . . The most touching sight I saw was that of lepers putting their stumps of hands together and singing, 'Thank You, Lord, for saving my soul.'

Louie wrote that he was “proud of the fortitude” of the Biola graduates he met everywhere on the mission fields of the world. One of them, Don Hillis, welcomed him and Paul to Poona, where another Youth For Christ meeting was scheduled.

I was among the Biola missionaries from the Ramabai Mukti Mission attending the rally, after which we drove the Talbot party to Mukti. On arrival there, he said, “I’d like to have a bath.”

“We’ll try to find some hot water for you,” I answered.

In my room was a large, water-filled brass container on a bed of red coals. It was too heavy for me to lift, so Ruth Bollman helped. Half carrying, half slopping that water down the long row of guest rooms, I called, “Dr. Talbot, here is the hot water for your bath.”

Then a sleepy voice drawled, “I’ve gone to bed now. I don’t think I’ll bother.”

We hauled that hot brass container about a hundred and fifty yards as we sloshed it back to my room. Our hands were scalded, the skirts of our best dresses were wet and spotted with soot, our shoes were sopping, and our backs felt as if they would break. But at least I was able to enjoy a hot bath, which was more than he had.

The next morning when Louie was introduced to the Mukti family of about seven hundred women and children, he said, “I am your grandfather come to visit you,” and the children climbed into his arms and into his heart.

“It was hard to believe that each of those charming, clean, well-cared-for, happy little Indian girls had a tragic story,” he commented. One “tiny girl was found in a dreadful thorn bush by some of the mission children who heard her crying and thought she was a kitten.
It was most touching to see the little blind girls. But in spite of their sightless eyes, they had radiant smiles.”

He preached in the church, a spacious building constructed in the form of a cross. There villagers joined the Mukti women and children; they made a large congregation. “The singing was wonderful,” he wrote. “During the prayer you could have heard a pin drop. Even the littlest tot bowed reverently with clasped hands.” The children were like a refreshing spring to him.

During his stay there, he spoke at four services; he amused and won the congregation by having the Indian pastor imitate his gestures as he interpreted, and at the baptismal service Louie presented each of the twenty people baptized with a New Testament in the Marathi language.

Some of the missionaries took the men to see the evangelistic work in the villages. It was a dusty journey, and as soon as he arrived back, Louie took off the only shirt he had with him and washed it. Just at that moment he was called for dinner. He came into the dining room with his dark blue nylon shirt dripping water all over the floor.

Before leaving, he wanted to see the grave of the founder of the mission, Pandita Ramabai, who is considered to be among the ten greatest Christian women the world has known. I was reluctant to take him there, because at that time the cemetery was overgrown with weeds, but he insisted.

As we stood looking at the marble cross marking the grave of that devout woman of God and at the other white crosses, I said in a rather self-pitying tone, “Well, if I should die out here, this is where I’ll be—among the weed-shrouded crosses.”

But Louie was not aware of the weeds. He saw only cross after cross bearing the names of missionaries. With a look of another realm in his eyes, he answered me, “When the Lord comes for His own, I

Louie presents New Testaments in the Marathi language to those just baptized at the Ramabai Mukti Mission.
can imagine no more glorious place to be than here on the battle-
front with these fallen warriors, who laid down their lives in spread-
ing the Gospel to those who have never heard.”

At that moment, I felt lower than the dust under his feet, and I
turned away to hide the tears that welled up in my eyes at the shall-
owness of my own perception.

As we walked back from the cemetery, Louie said, “Dr. Sutherland
is pushing to make Biola into a college granting degrees. While
traveling around, I’ve been talking to some of our graduates about
it. What do you think?”

“I’m all for it. The time may come when only missionaries quali-
fied in certain fields may be granted visas; and because of this, I’m
going to complete the work on my degree at an accredited college
during furlough.”

Louie was quiet for a moment, and then remarked, “Some mission-
aries have told me that a college degree gives them a position of
strength in their community and in dealing with government offi-
cials.”

“Then why don’t you go ahead?”

“If I could be sure it wouldn’t weaken our teaching of the
Bible. . . .” His voice trailed off for a contemplative moment, and then
he continued, “So many colleges that started out as Christian institu-
tions have ceased to stress the Word of God, and as a result they
have not been true to it. That must not happen to Biola.”

“Then safeguard it by requiring the same amount of Bible as you
have today, but add the other subjects necessary for a degree. Other-
wise, our young people will have to attend secular schools for their
degrees.”

Louie was thoughtful as he answered slowly, “Yeah, I guess that’s
right.”

“Why don’t you encourage Dr. Sutherland by writing him a letter
today, telling him how you feel and what the missionaries have been
saying to you?”

When Louie reached his room, he sat down and penned that let-
ter. While its consequential message was winging its way over the
seas to Biola, the Talbot party left Mukti. The children came out
to wave them farewell; but Louie later commented, “They will al-
ways be upon my heart,” and he became their international repre-
sentative.
The men traveled on to Madras, and Don Hillis told what it was like to accompany Paul and Louie: “Dr. Bauman kept kidding Dr. Talbot about his tendency to leave things behind, and suggested he was just a valet picking up Dr. Talbot’s things so he would have clothes to wear by the time he arrived home.

“It was obvious many times that Dr. Talbot was thinking of the spiritual applications of things around him, seeing an object lesson in almost everything. His desire to see world evangelism accomplished and souls won was continually evident. His unwavering faith in the Word of God, and his zeal and pleasure in preaching the Word were all a challenge to my own heart. He was one of the finest servants of the cross with whom the Lord allowed me to have fellowship.”

In southern India, Biola graduates Elmer and Gloria Fricke drove them into the villages, where the poverty distressed Louie’s heart. When they visited the Hindu temples, it was the idolatry that burdened him.

After seeing the magnificent palace of the maharajah, Louie could not resist a ride on one of the elephants, from which he promptly tumbled.

Then their trip took the men far to the north, and in one of his letters Louie wrote of the awesome view. “At Darjeeling we saw the most magnificent scenery my eyes ever have beheld. When the sunrise and sunset turns the snowy peaks of Mount Everest into rainbow hues, it fairly takes one’s breath away.”

Louie left India carrying a lifetime burden for her people. In the meantime, the letter he sent from the Ramabai Mukt Mission reached Dr. Sutherland and caused excitement as it rekindled his hope and vision for Biola’s future.