Our Dear Prayer Workers,

How we thank God for every remembrance of you all! As you pray in the different homelands, God works in India. Great strife is going on, but we know that through all, God is truly working out His purposes.

In a very fine magazine called You and I, this sentence was in the daily readings that it gives: ‘Intercession is really joining forces with God in caring for others.’ It is worth remembering.

We do not have much news of Krishnabai, but we know that she is kept busy and many are being blessed and helped and are more zealous in prayer.

Our new workers are ‘pegging away’ at Marathi language study, and as this goes to press, Misses Callan and Fletcher have gone to Poona for the examination.

Miss Woodward is away resting at Ootacamund, a lovely hill station in South India, where the views are gorgeous, and we pray she may be rested in body and soul and get deep draughts of new life and renewing from the Lord.

Early in March, three of our number hope, D.V., to go to the Language School on the Hills. Pray that they may know how to make the most use of the opportunity there.

Mr. and Mrs. Hahn are very happy with their baby boy, and he is doing well.

The Camp is still carrying on in the distant villages and the people listen eagerly. We trust that some will be eager to drink of the ‘Living Water’.

The following account from Miss Fletcher will tell you how we are seeking souls among the children:
‘Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.’—Luke 18:16.

It is Sunday afternoon in Mukti, and four o’clock has struck. If you were here you would see three bands of women setting out in three different directions; they are off to the nearby villages to hold Sunday schools.

One band of women go by bullock tonga to Kedgaon, which is two miles distant from here; there they divide into two groups, one going to the high-caste quarter and the other to the out-caste quarter. Both places accord them a friendly welcome.

Another band goes to the village of Dharpuri. Miss Callan is in charge of this band. With her, go two of our school teachers. They hold their Sunday school under a shady Neem tree, and not only children gather, but the grown-ups feel that they too would like to hear the gospel story.

The third group goes to Bhori. This is where two young women and I go every Sunday. Come along with me today and have a look at a village Sunday school. Half our way lies along the railway line, then we branch off and take a dusty path to the village. As we draw near it, some of the children see us coming and run to meet us. To reach our place of meeting we must go through the village. Here and there we are greeted by the women, who are getting to know us now. The children come running out of the different houses—‘Salaam! Moushi’, ‘Salaam! Moushi’ (Auntie), one hears on all sides.

An Indian Christian has kindly lent us a house, which has a walled courtyard, in which we sit, as the rooms are too dark. The children by now are seated round us in a semicircle. What a contrast you would notice to the boys and girls of our own lands! Some are tidy, but others have dirty hands and faces, sore eyes, some very poor and their clothes are torn or else nil; but such things are a mere detail. Jesus loved the little children. Did He not gather them in His arms and bless them? It is their precious souls we are after, not their clothes.

‘What would you like to sing today,’ we ask them. And so they choose some simple hymns they have learned. My, how they love to sing! It is our prayer that the words they sing may become real to them. ‘Now teach us a new hymn,’ they
ask. So we teach them one about the Babe that was born in Bethlehem.

Then comes the roll call. About forty-five answer as their names are called; sometimes we have over sixty children. The gospel story is told. This we do with the help of a picture roll; pictures are a constant delight to them. The lesson over, we ask them questions on it and teach them the text. Here let me say that we usually take the same lesson for one month; by that time they know it properly.

Who is the girl of thirteen or fourteen sitting on my left hand? you ask. Her name is Bebejun. She always comes and is a bright girl. At Christmas time, when I offered prizes for those who could say their five texts, she was the only girl, amongst eight boys, who knew hers. One day we were unable to go; on our meeting Bebejun’s mother in the bazaar that week, she told us that her daughter had waited till six o'clock on Sunday for us. Is it not worth while? She has been begging for a gospel; at last she has one. Pray that the Holy Spirit may open the eyes of her understanding and those of her family.

We close our little service by having them repeat a prayer after us. Once a month they get picture cards on which we print texts in Marathi. Have you any old Christmas cards? Don’t throw them away. We can make good use of them. Send them by book post.

Sometimes things don’t go smoothly. There is a lot of noise, crying of babies, or else the big boys try and upset things. We have prayed much for these boys, and lately they have been listening very well. Pray with us for them. If we let down, the enemy will come in like a flood. So we are pleading the Blood for these boys and girls.

Don’t forget India’s children. The Lord hath need of them. We want to hear their voices help to swell the Hallelujah choruses in the New Jerusalem by and by.

Gladys Fletcher.

Week of Prayer

After the joys of Christmas, came a few days of anxious planning for our special week of prayer. The one who was to have taken the meetings had to leave the country sooner than
he had planned to do; but God had His servant ready for us in the person of Evangelist Choudhari of Nasik. His dates just fitted in with ours, and again we realized how God's plans all dovetail so beautifully. This was his fourth visit to Mukti within the last twelve years, and each succeeding mission seems richer and fuller. Each message was given by the unction and inspiration of the Holy Spirit.

The Lord does not generally lead him to give public altar calls, but gives him the faith to believe that, in times of quiet prayer and heart searching after the word has been given out, the Holy Spirit will meet every heart's need.

The theme of his messages was: implicit faith in the finished work of Christ, absolute surrender to Him and waiting for His soon return. His language is so simple and his illustrations so striking, that he holds the attention of young and old.

One of the school girls said, 'My very bones were drying up, and my heart so lonely for God; but now I feel the river of God's love flowing through me.' The Sunday morning message was on the 'Second Coming of Christ'. The reading was taken from the last part of Matthew 24. Just as he finished reading, 'There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth', a girl came running towards the platform, calling out, 'A telegram!' 'A telegram!' It was addressed to the 'Mukti Church'. He said, 'Outside, on the envelope, is O.H.M.S. which means, On His Majesty's Service'. The message was, 'Behold I come quickly' and was signed, 'The Lord Jesus Christ'. For a few seconds all were quiet, yea amazed that a telegram should come at such a time. It made a profound and never-to-be-forgotten impression on all. It indeed behoves us to be ready for 'The Coming of the Lord draweth nigh.'

Pray for this precious servant of Christ, because his ministry is not only amongst real Christians, but also amongst those who are opposed to His message.

We praise God for His blessing to many hearts, and we covet your earnest prayers, that the work of Grace may continue in the hearts of all.

Elda Amstutz.

We thank most heartily all who sent the wherewithal to make a Happy Christmas for the Mukti family. A lovely box
came from Australia, parcels from England and gifts of money from many lands. All helped to make glad hearts; and as all was ascribed to our heavenly Father, it swelled the chorus of praise to Him—and 'Whoso offereth praise glorifieth Him.' So, How much praise were you the means of sending up?

Yours gratefully,

Eunice Wells,

M. Lissa Hastie.

Ramabai Mukti Mission,
Kedgaon, Poona Dist.,
India.

Treasurer in England:
Mrs. M. Barratt,
Chalfont, Carleton Ave.,
Pontefract, Yorks.

Treasurer in Australia:
Mr. H. P. Smith,
315 Collins St.,
Melbourne.

Treasurer in New Zealand:
Mr. D. Kaye,
40 Queen's Drive,
Musselburgh,
Dunedin.

Treasurer in America:
Miss J. Patterson,
P.O. Box 415,
U.S.A.
Mr. Harlan P. Beach,
Day Missionary Library,
Yale University,
New Haven, Conn.
U.S.America.