OUR DEAR PRAYER WARRIORS:

The hot weather has really come and the temperature is soaring away above 90° in the shade and of course much more than that outside.

Nurse Callan and the two latest arrivals went to the hills and to language school on March 4th.

You will all praise the Lord that Miss Fletcher has passed her second language examination and is now free for whole time service. Miss Callan passed her first examination with honours. She will be glad of prayer help for her second year's study. Do not forget to pray for Misses Schrag and Shaver.

We are sorry that we have an epidemic of measles at present and hope it will soon be all over.

We had a joyous Easter, as the girls sang 'Hallelujah, Christ arose' it lifted us into the joy of His resurrection, which increased as the day went on.

Mrs. Hahn and baby Neil George hope to leave for the hills very soon. Mr. Hahn will follow a little later.

Now that the Alliance Rest Home at Lonavla is reopened, we hope that Miss Wells will get away for rest, which she very badly needs. She has borne very heavy burdens and had no vacation last year. Do uphold her before the Lord.

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Mr. Hahn in the following letter tells you of a big answer to prayer, and also of the difficulty of getting fodder.—
It is a real joy to know that in all our problems and difficulties we have a host of friends who know how to pray through. May God richly bless you and continue to use you in this much needed and neglected ministry.

The past year here on our Mukti farm has been a hard one in several ways. Yet, 'Jesus never fails,' and another side to this story is one for rejoicing.

First, the glad news is that I now have a helper, or shall we say a foreman, whom I can trust and whose interest seems to be entirely to benefit the Mission. Do pray for this Indian Christian man. His name is Mr. N. A. Patoli. He has been with me since August and has proved faithful over and over again. We have been without a Christian foreman since 1933 when Baboo Master passed on to higher service. Since then, I know many of you have been praying for this need, so let us now Praise God for the answer.

The other side which I am sorry to have to report is a year of failure of crops and famine. Just what the poor, poor farmers are going to do for grain to eat is beyond me! Other years these people have come to me with their fodder and I would buy thousands of bundles from them; but this year it is truly sad to see them come with perhaps only one cartload of two hundred sheaves and say, 'Sahib, (Sir) what are we to do? We have no grain, no money and only this much fodder. The money from this will last us a month or perhaps two if we eat sparingly. Then What?'

Not only does this affect them, but us, too. We have had to suffer failure. However, our salvation, this year and other years as well, lies in the fact that some forty or fifty years ago Pandita Ramabai went to a great expense in digging and building twelve wells. Each one had to be blasted out of solid rock and is forty to sixty feet deep. Because of this abundant supply of good water out of one of God's storehouses, we are able to irrigate nearly one hundred acres of land. The results at present are fair, but we are praying for new equipment whereby we feel confident we will be able to increase our produce considerably. Will you not pray with us to this end?

We have found it exceedingly difficult to purchase fodder this year due to famine conditions. Still, even in this we do praise God that He had 'a way'. When we asked Him, then
He sent us a group of men who were willing to haul fodder for us from a distance of twenty to twenty-five miles. Bringing it from such a distance is very expensive, but we are trusting Him to supply every anna (or penny) that is needed. Does Philippians 4:19 still stand the test? Friends, we do need the everlasting arms of prayer under us at all times. We are depending upon you.  

L. G. HAHN.

Mr. N. A. Patoli

Our new Foreman

You will be interested in Nurse Callan’s description of her week in camp.—

In Camp

Go out into the highways and byways and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled.

In obedience to this command, every year from Mukti a band of Bible-women are sent out to camp for the months of January and February. These women are not chosen at
random, but after much prayer and waiting on God that the band may be the one of His choice, that His purposes may be fulfilled.

This year our camp was pitched in a shady tamarind grove, near the Bhima river, opposite the village of Mandevgun. I do praise the Lord for the privilege of spending one week with the women, and of getting to see more of the customs of these people to whom He has sent me with the Word of Life. More than ever I realized, 'that, we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.'

As sometimes men would argue and question, one could sense the presence of the enemy of souls. But what a relief it is to lift one's heart to God, and plead that those upholding in prayer, may lift up holy hands and be instruments to victory in the power of that Name, at the sound of which all demons must flee!

Come let us really see what it means to be an ambassador for Christ here. It is four o'clock in the morning. Hark! What is that? Soft footfalls. Fires being kindled. The camp is astir for the day. Each woman is doing her allotted task, getting bread and vegetables ready for the light morning and midday meal. The prepared food packed into a compact carrier, the water bag is placed in a pail, the bag of Gospel portions, tracts, etc., besides a supply of fodder for the bullocks, are placed in the tonga. Each has to take her Bible, little hymn book and umbrella. As the women get time from the cooking they go quietly away to have a time of waiting on God. Then after eating and prayer together we set off at about 6.0 a.m. Why is that bell in the village ringing so loudly? It is to call the Muslims to prayer. Day is just breaking, and it is cold; so we appreciate coats and wraps.

Today we are going to Nirvi, a large village about eight miles from the camp. At about 6.45 a.m. the sun rises in all his glory. The whole region seems to be aflame with this ball of fire.

Words would fail to describe the journey through river beds and around bushes. As we approach the village we again have prayer, committing all into His Hands. About 9.0 a.m. we arrive,
the tonga is left under a shady tree near a well and we go into
the village. From one place to another we go, telling forth the
Good News in word and song. A crowd of about ninety people
gather; they listen intently; but they say, 'It is all so new! You
come only twice in a year! How can we remember? We have our
own gods here.' We try to sell gospel portions and many buy
them. Some say, 'Since we last heard we have left our gods and
now we are trying to go this way.' Pray for them that there may
be a deep conviction of sin, that the Holy Spirit will bring to their
remembrance the things heard in word and song, and also that
He will apply the written word and song to the hearts of the
readers and the hearers. Sometimes food is forgotten until late
in the afternoon, but every opportunity is taken to get the word
of God to every person in the village. We must leave again at
4.0 p.m. in order to be back by nightfall.

What about the three at the camp? They are not idle.
Food has to be prepared for the evening meal, water has to be
brought from the river. Drinking water has to be boiled. People
come for medicines, etc. To them the Word of Life is also
given. After eating we gather around God's Word, and have a
time of praise and prayer. Then after our own time of prayer
we drop into bed, tired but happy to be in the fight with our
Lord and Master. Sometimes sleep does not come easily as
drums beat, and sounds of celebration come from the nearby
village.

Wednesday is kept as prayer day, and on Sunday morning
we have a time of devotion, then in the afternoon four go on
foot to the nearby village.

Praise God for those who are willing to endure hardships,
that souls may be won for Christ. Praise for the many who
have listened this season, for the many Gospel portions sold,
and for His Hand of protection over the camp.

Pray that the barriers of caste may be broken, and that the
seed sown may bring forth fruit to His honour and glory.

JANET CALLEN.
Bhimabai who is in charge of our school, tells us of a happy picnic the school children had.

Our Annual School Picnic

Picnic! Picnic! A long expected day come at last!

It was the school birthday, March 11th. There was no need for the big rising bell at 5.0 a.m. that morning, as long before daylight the girls were up, in fact many had very little sleep that night, so intense was the anticipation.

The long line of girls started off at 5.30 a.m. for a six mile walk in the cool of the morning, laughing and singing gaily, eager to get along. One could feel that the school days are the happiest days.

'The Blossoms' being too small to walk and the delicate ones too, had a royal send-off by cart, tonga, motor and trailer. The trailer was covered and cleverly converted into a fine carriage.

By 8.15 a.m. we were on the river bank and then you should have seen the joy of having the chance of going across through the water. Of course there was not much water there. How they tossed their feet and hands in the rippling water and enjoyed it.

When the little ones who started at 7.0 a.m. arrived, we all had our breakfast under the trees. How nice it was! After that, they went to bathe in the river. It was the greatest fun to watch them pretending to swim in that shallow water. Those who were afraid of the water watched the others from the river bank. The teachers were with the little ones, trying to show them how the boats sail on the river. How they enjoyed themselves in the water, sailing their aluminium plates for fun!

Then came the swings. We had taken big strong ropes for this purpose. On three different branches these ropes were tied. While the children took turns in swinging, the Middle School girls went to the tamarind grove with a teacher and had a good feast there; they also brought some to share with their younger sisters and so increased their pleasure. Tamarinds added to their joy as they are all very fond of them; they have a sharp acid taste and are so refreshing.

The older girls went about in batches and saw the little boats which are used during the monsoon season, when the
river is in flood. They also saw a Hindu temple on the opposite bank, where they had a chance of witnessing for Jesus.

In the afternoon they all had tea, which is a rare treat to our girls for we cannot afford to give it daily to such a big family as Mukti.

Before returning we all gathered together in the same spot where our evangelistic band sometimes goes for gospel work and we thanked our Heavenly Father for giving us a good day. ‘For every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of Lights with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.’ So ended a never-to-be-forgotten day. Bhimabai Harishchandra.

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Thus we carry on for the Master as He directs and enables us, and we thank you for your blessed share in the work.

Yours in the fight,
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,
Dunedin,
New Zealand.

Treasurer in America:
Miss J. Patterson,
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U.S.A.
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