DEAR FELLOW WORKERS,

Since last writing we have welcomed a new worker, Mrs. Phillips from U.S.A. We are so glad to have her and she has settled in as though she truly belonged to Mukti, and is very busy studying Marathi. Miss Woodward has taken hold of things since Miss Wells retired and we would bespeak much prayer for her; it is a heavy post to fill, one that needs double wisdom and grace. We do so praise the Lord, that He gives wisdom liberally.

The war goes on its sad way and during these days 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee', is strength and life to us day by day. We keep on looking to the Lord to work out His purposes and give victory in such a way that the world will know there is a God, an Almighty God, and that He hath wrought. Some of the countries have been closed to us and letters returned with 'No Communication' written across them have saddened our hearts and created difficulties for us here. Still 'God is faithful'.

Our friends will be glad to have the following from the pen of our latest arrival and also an account of camp life by Nurse Callan and an interesting incident from Miss Wells.

We are most grateful for friends who pray us through these days. For all who helped us to make 'A Happy Xmas' and those who sent greetings and gifts we send a heartfelt 'Thank you'. Some of you will weary for answers to your letters which sometimes take two or even three months on the way, but we just have to learn patience, and rejoice when we at last receive them.
Dear Friends in the Lord,

After living at Mukti in all my planning, and my deepest desires, for over two years, I at last arrived on January 12th, 1941. Before leaving America there had been so many barriers to my coming that I sometimes wondered if ever I would reach Mukti! One month before our last sailing date, my passport was taken by the government, and only after they had made special arrangements in connection with one of the American Steamship Lines was I allowed to come to India. Realizing the sure hand of the Lord in making this permission possible, I had no fear to embark on what some had termed a dangerous voyage. Although we travelled through heavily mined waters, we were piloted safely. Travel in these times has inconveniences, but the privilege of being allowed to come, outweighed them all. The voyage was long and I was thankful to reach Bombay after fifty-four days at sea.

I arrived at Mukti Mission, coming from Bombay with Mr. and Mrs. K. D. Garrison, on Sunday morning. What joy it brought to my heart to be greeted Mukti fashion—with streamers, songs, smiles and garlands, and to realize that I was at last in this place to which the Lord has sent me.

As we called at various ports along the way, I tried to accustom my nose to new smells, and my eyes to the new sights, so that Mukti would not be too great a shock! I knew that often when one has lived in expectation and anticipation, the realization is at times disappointing. I wondered what Mukti would be like! I must confess that I was agreeably surprised! I did not dream there would be such order and cleanliness, and such comfort offered to all! While life here is different in many ways from life at home, I surely have felt no hardships, and do thank the Lord for all His abundant joys. I felt immediately, deep down in my heart, that all my life had been but the preparation for life here at Mukti, and that now I am really beginning to live. Perhaps this explains, better than any other reason, the fact that I have felt, from the very beginning, perfectly at home in Mukti. Now after a month has lapsed, this conviction has only been strengthened.

In reading books written by Ramabai about her work, her desires for Mukti Mission, I was touched by her three-fold aim
for her work. She desired to give food and shelter to all who needed a home, to give moral re-training to those within Mukti’s walls, and to train for evangelism in surrounding areas. Her vision had given her great aims. After living for a month at Mukti I have seen how these high aims are being fulfilled every day at Mukti Mission. Soon after I arrived, I saw a dear, abused soul, who had been threatened with her life, and had fled here for protection, taken into the loving care of Mukti’s home. Here was the first aim being fulfilled before my eyes. The melodious sound of Gospel hymns coming from the different compounds during morning worship, voices raised in earnest prayer, women and children gathering in the huge church for worship, have shown me the aim to train these souls in the way they should go, to give them the light of the Gospel as a lamp to their feet. Bible-women leaving for the Camp Season in more distant villages, missionaries and Bible-women going weekly to the nearby villages, convinced me that there is still the evangelistic spirit at Mukti—the desire to touch those near us with the Gospel of saving grace.

As I have watched this busy life at Mukti—busy, not only because there are seven hundred people to care for—from the tiniest baby to the oldest ‘Bai’, but busy because here is not just one mass of people, but individuals needing individual attention that each one might be sheltered and fed, but what is more important, that each might be brought to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ, taught to live Christ-like lives, and then given a compassion for the lost all about them—to be witnesses for the Lord Jesus Christ in and out of Mukti.

Someone has said—

‘Work without vision is mercenary
Vision without work is visionary
Work and vision are missionary.’

Mukti mission has work for missionaries—those willing to work hard but those with a vision of the great needs, and of the spiritual possibilities of each person within its walls. This is no limited field of service, but one which will take us as far as our vision reaches.

Thus, it is no wonder that I feel it the greatest privilege of my life to be sent of the Lord to Mukti Mission. Will you not pray that each of us—in our different ministeries—in the midst
of the hard work, may not lose sight of the vision of lost souls, but at the last be able to say with Paul, 'I was not disobedient to the Heavenly vision'.

In His glad service,

NULAH PHILLIPS.

A DAY IN CAMP

We had decided to go to a village some twelve miles away from the one in which we were located, so the Bible-women arose at 3.30 a.m. to get their cooking done for the day. Four Bible-women and myself started out just after 6.0 a.m. After a rough bullock cart ride we arrived in the village just before 9 o'clock.

As we entered we saw a group of people sitting about chatting. One of the men was feeding a thin, delicate baby with a guava (Indian fruit). The baby was just two years old, but unable to walk. We had a fine opportunity, and one after another the Bible-women gave out the Gospel story. The people all listened, and many, on hearing the singing, came out of their houses and listened to the story, some for the first time, as no one had been to that village for 15 years.

A number of the men afterward asked questions and confessed that there is no salvation in their Hindu religion. One Brahmin man who had a Bible given to him by one of our missionaries 15 years before, still had it, and said that he read it sometimes. 'But why don't you come oftener and teach us?' he questioned.

We went into the house of a talil—oil-maker—caste family. The mother had been in our hospital seven years ago, and had had some spiritual help. She said: 'Since that time I have never worshipped Hindu gods, and I never will.' Pray for her that she may have the experience of salvation.

As we left this house and were walking down the street we saw a little old lady sitting in her shop selling her wares... salt, pepper, chillies, etc. We asked her how she was, and she said: 'Quite well'. Then we talked to her about salvation through Jesus Christ and asked her if she were saved. She answered angrily: 'Of course I am saved!' When we asked her from what and how she was saved, her reply was: 'I believe on all the gods'.
‘But,’ I said, ‘you are still a sinner’. Then her anger blazed and she said, ‘But I never sinned!’

‘Did you ever deceive anyone? Did you ever tell a lie? Did you ever steal?’ I asked.

‘No!’ she shouted, ‘And I don’t need your Jesus!’

I told her that we were all born in sin and that there was not one righteous and that all needed a Saviour, and that she was included in that ‘all’. After telling her a little more about Jesus she became more quiet and asked that we should pray for her. We praise God that He is able to break all fetters and set the prisoners free.

We entered many homes in the village and held a number of open-air meetings, and the people were anxious to hear more. We left the village at 4.0 p.m. knowing that the Word had been sown. One may plant, another water, but God alone gives the increase. We arrived at camp just before 7.0 p.m. feeling tired but happy.

JANET CALLAN.

DASHARAT THE PERSISTENT

The boys over ten years of age had all been turned out of school. How they wept and pleaded to be allowed to remain, but we had to keep the rule. One boy whose father had lied about his age when he was very young, in order to get him in the village school, now of course was ten years old too soon, so got caught at this end when his age was much more important.

Dasharat’s family is very poor. This boy, so long underfed, is small for his age, but there were the dates of birth and entrance in the school register. ‘What could we do?’ He cried as though his heart would break and continued to cry. He got thinner and thinner. Every time he saw me on the road, he pleaded with me to take him back. At last, I could resist no longer, so besought the Sub-Committee to let him return. He was a ragged, dirty-looking urchin, but the day he appeared for school, he had on a pair of dark blue shorts (the regular school uniform for boys) but a filthy dirty shirt. We searched for something to make him a new one. Our hand fell on a piece of strong unbleached calico that Miss Krater had bought in America to wrap up a bundle of 100 bright, beautiful, flowered
frocks, which Mrs. Baker (nee Frances Lundgren) was sending out for our Children’s Compound. Just the thing for a shirt for Dasharat. So today he landed back in the 6th standard, the only boy in the class, having lost a year’s study and a year’s growth because of his grief, haggard and thin but radiantly happy.

E. Wells.

Yours in His Keeping,

JULIA WOODWARD,

M. LISSA HASTIE.

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