Dear Friends and Prayer Helpers,

It seems strange to be writing this, more than a month before Christmas has come, and at the same time to realise that it probably won’t reach the homelands before February. It will be the first for 1942 and so we wish you all a daily increase of ‘the light of His countenance’ upon you, and to each one a deeper sense of God each day as He tarries. We are on the tiptoe of expectation for His coming. We often sing ‘It is blessed just to walk with Him’. May He keep us walking with Him in fullest, closest, heart fellowship, until He says, ‘Now, come Home’.

Our New Zealand Secretary, Miss Mary Wright, has sent a newspaper cutting, telling us of the Home-Call of Mrs. Don of Dunedin. She has been such a faithful friend and helper for many years. How we will miss her bracing, cheery letters, and loving insight and sympathy in the work. Of late years she has suffered much, and the Lord must have seen it was enough, and so said ‘Come Home now’. How glad she would be to see His face! May the God of all comfort in a special way fill in the blanks with His balm.

Now comes another letter telling us of the sudden Home-Call of Miss Goulstone, also of New Zealand, though for some years she has lived in India, and has been a gladness to at least one little Indian child, and was our faithful prayer helper, with deep interest in Mukti.

In August, 1941, Nayanshookrao was translated, a true and faithful and separated servant of the Lord. Oft-times he was
the Lord's messenger to us in Mukti, and we thank the Lord for his life and clear witness.

These are all gaps that need filling; may the Lord lay it on some one's heart to say 'Here am I'.

Many ask if the war is affecting us. It certainly is, but if I said more than that, the Censor would probably confiscate the Prayer Bell! We go on, a day at a time, realising that 'our sufficiency is of God', and He never fails and never forgets.

We are so glad to have Krishnabai and Miss Penny safely here, and you will be glad to read the following messages they send.

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'Blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in me.'

'The offences may be circumstantial, mental or spiritual. But blessed art thou whose faith is "not offended" by trials unexplained, by mysteries unsolved, past understanding, until the goal is gained.'—Streams in the Desert.

This was Christ's comforting message to John in prison. It is His message today to each one of us His children, bought by His precious blood and kept by His Spirit day by day. Let us walk close to Him trusting and obeying.

The Jubilee Year 1939–1940 has come and gone. It will soon be three years since we celebrated our Mukti Jubilee. How quickly the time has gone! I have just returned from my almost world-round tour—Bombay, Liverpool, Glasgow; Glasgow to New York; New York to Philadelphia; Philadelphia to Los Angeles (California); Los Angeles to Auckland, New Zealand; North and South Island; back to Auckland, and on to Sydney, Australia; Sydney to Brisbane and back to Melbourne; Melbourne to Tasmania and back; and finally from Melbourne to Calcutta, via Newcastle, Sydney, Townsville, Singapore and Rangoon.

This world-wide tour has covered many capital cities and towns, and many out-of-the-way places, entailing thousands of miles of travelling by land and sea; by cars, trains, buses and trams and trolley cars, steamers and ferries. What a wonderful privilege it has been, just to be led 'step by step' by the loving hand of our Heavenly Father! Doors and hearts opened wide everywhere, despite denominational differences. Like a little 'Bud and Blossom' reader down in Florida, realizing her added
responsibility of being asked to pray for 'our Indian girls' many have not only said, 'I have many things on my heart, but I will pray for your Indian girls and will do what I can,' but have already taken individual and family prayer cards to pray for, and have formed many prayer groups. Bible schools, young people's conferences, Crusaders and Endeavourers, Christian fellowships and unions, women's meetings and churches high and low, have heard the clarion call to more prayer and intercession for India and for Mukti. It was very interesting and helpful to visit and give semi-missionary talks to schools, technical colleges, missions to the coloured people of U.S.A., and the Maoris of New Zealand. Each country seems to have some peculiar problem of its own concerning these people in the midst of them. Our responsibility to them is great and may God help us all to rejoice in the work of grace that we see among our weaker brethren and try to strengthen the weak hands and confirm the feeble knees. One day a coloured lady saying 'Goodbye' to me expressed her idea of Heaven and heavenly happiness by saying, 'Ah yes! One good thing up there—when we get up there we all shall have at least fifty miles of elbow room each. Won't that be nice?' Her doctrine may be wrong but some unfulfilled longing is there. We shall be satisfied when we see Him, won't we?

There was great excitement when on our return from the trip to Adelaide I was informed that the passage was booked and we—Miss F. Penny and I—might be sailing in ten more days, Sept. 10th. Could it be true? Would it really come to pass so quickly? Would everything be fixed up—passports, permit, passage money, packing, farewell meetings—all in ten days? Why? When the Lord putteth forth His sheep, He goeth before. All done, all arranged, and we, with many other missionaries on board, sailed only two days late of scheduled time—September 12th. Praise God for His enablings. Desires spoken and unspoken all fulfilled. Hearts knit together in love and sweet Christian fellowship left behind with stronger determination to shoulder the responsibilities and bear the burdens with us here in Mukti.

We arrived in Mukti after six weeks on the waters and ten days on land from Calcutta via Akola and Bombay. Excitement and emotion were high among the crowds at the station as
well as at the Mukti Open Door at the Main Road. We were covered with garlands—flags lined the main entrance. My room had my favourite text worked in coloured beads, ‘Hitherto hath the Lord helped me.’ How true in experience, too! ‘He is able.’

As Sulakshana (Miss Penny) and I have been round the compounds I see many changes—children who were in frocks are now in sarees. They are surprised when I do not quite recognize them. Many others have gone grey and old-looking and feeble. Many are absent here, but present with the Lord which is far better. Changes and changes—‘Change and decay in all around I see; Oh Thou Who changest not, abide with me.’

Pray for future guidance and pray that Mukti may be a bright living testimony to the saving and keeping power of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ in the days to come.

Yours in the bond of Christian fellowship,

KRISHNABAI GADRE, B.A.

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‘Know therefore this day, and consider it in thine heart, that the Lord He is God in heaven above, and upon the earth beneath: there is none else,’ is the Word I have just been reading and pondering. How well worth while it is to consider in our heart that our God is God in Heaven and God upon the earth, and beside Him is none other. And ‘the people that do know their God shall be strong and do exploits’!

I do want to thank all those who have been praying for us as we have travelled to India and Mukti. We know that our God is God upon the sea as well as the dry land, and He has brought us safely, ‘without fear of evil’ to our desired haven. ‘O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His Name together.’ We do want Him to be exalted among all peoples, and particularly through our lives here.

As soon as we set foot in India I felt at home, in the place of His appointment. In Calcutta we visited a temple and sacred bathing place. Men and women, young and old, and little children passed into the temple to worship a hideous goddess with three eyes and three hands, went down into the dirty river to bathe and worship again; and went away, with less money in their possession, a little feeling of self-righteousness maybe, but surely cruelly dissatisfied still knowing nothing of the peace, joy,
rest and satisfaction that our Saviour alone can give. And I could say nothing to them, could only see them pass on—whither bound? The Word the Lord spoke to me was ‘He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him,’ and I am praying that I may never forget, nor fail of tears of intercession, but may indeed know more of our Lord’s ‘strong crying and tears’ and share His yearning as He still stretches forth His Hands to save. I am glad that I had this introduction to the darkness and life of our Indian people.

Now we are in Mukti! For the past six months I had felt I belonged to Mukti, and what a joy it was to be really here at last. What a welcome we received! Letters came to Calcutta telling of open hearts and open doors, and everything possible was done on our arrival to make us feel that it was so. I was so glad to meet the missionaires and to be included in their fellowship. Then it was a great joy to meet Bible-women, teachers, matrons, women and girls, whom Krishnabai had told us of, whose names had become so familiar, and for whom so many of you are praying. It took a long time to go round the different compounds and departments of work, but what an inspiration it was! It was a great privilege to me to see the buildings, printing and other departments put up in Ramabai’s time and under her supervision, and the great wells built up so nicely with their big stones. One cannot help but feel that it is all ‘according to the pattern’. Of course, after all these years of wear and weather, many of the buildings are now in need of repair, and maybe improvements, not known of then, could now be made; but the whole plan is wonderful and reveals much of the wisdom that cometh from above. Although there are no modern conveniences, no concrete paths nor polished floors, etc., and although we paid unexpected visits here and there, everywhere was nicely swept and tidy, and kept so, sometimes by blind women, and by aged and infirm ones. As we met the older ones, it was moving to see and hear their gratitude as they thanked Krishnabai for travelling so many miles on their behalf.

What a great field of opportunity there is, amongst old and young, strong and weak, hopeful and despairing, and not only the hundreds in the homes, but the married ones outside, and
all the village peoples. What a great responsibility is ours! With the Apostle Paul I felt, ‘A great door and effectual is opened unto me, and there are many adversaries,’ for ‘we wrestle not against flesh and blood but against principalities and powers. . . .’ But our God is God in Heaven and upon the earth. When I got to my room I could only say, ‘Oh Lord I have no strength to go in and out amongst this people,’ and His promise came, ‘Fear thou not for I am with thee, be not dismayed for I am thy God, I will strengthen thee, yea I will help thee. . . .’ Hallelujah! How we need His help! To study the language, so different from English and Japanese; to understand the hearts and the needs of the people, and to know His mind and way. Please do pray for us all, and for me: that I may be ‘broken bread and poured out wine’; and as a living epistle here, so that revelations of the love of God in our Lord Jesus Christ may come to many, to His praise and glory.

FLORENCE PENNY.

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If we look earthward it seems as though the days are getting blacker and blacker; but we have a friend here who constantly quotes, ‘The darkest hour is just before the dawn,’ so we look for the dawn and it will surely come on time.

We hope you are especially praying for Miss Woodward. She has a big job, and would be glad of your help at the Throne for ‘effectual fervent prayer . . . avileth much’.

JULIA G. WOODWARD,
M. LISSA HASTIE.

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