DEAR PRAYER HELPERS AND FRIENDS,

The first month of the year has gone like a flash, and February is following fast. How much we have to praise the Lord for! He has supplied all our needs, and enables us to carry on in these very difficult days; to Him be all the glory.

You will rejoice to hear that 21 of our girls were recently baptized on confession of their faith in Jesus as their Saviour. Pray that they may be real witnesses in the various compounds in which they live, and that through their lives others may be drawn to the Lord Jesus Christ.

Another big item for praise is that Mrs. Phillips has passed her first language exam. with honours, and Miss Shaver has passed her second exam. Miss Schrag has to take one subject over again.

One of our old Sharada Sadan girls went in to see the King this month. She longed to go, so for her it was all joy.

We would remind you to pray for Miss Penny as she studies. She keeps well and happy and helps wherever she can.

Please pray for Krishnabai who has not been too well since her return. She has a big list of meetings; pray for strength for her.

Here are interesting accounts of the work written by Mrs. Phillips and Miss Janet Callan.—

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Beginning with an inspiring Watch Night Service on New Year's Eve, the New Year, with all that it may hold for us, was appropriately opened by a series of Special Meetings conducted
by the Children's Special Service Mission Evangelist, Mr. Chowdari.

Of special interest at this opening service was an orchestra and chorus composed of our outside boys and men who banded together and gave us some selections, sung in their own way, with their own type of accompaniment. It was a blessed service as the evangelist turned our thoughts toward the new year, its possibilities, privileges and needs. During the week there were two meetings daily, with a Communion Service on the first Sunday of the new year. The climax of the meetings was reached, however, on the closing Tuesday night.

The evangelist had announced that this would be a special candle-light service. Those in charge anticipated that only the younger girls and children would care to participate, but it was announced that if others wished to take part, candles could be obtained for 1 pice from the superintendent’s office. (It was thought best to let the women buy their own candles, for this would deepen the significance of the service.) During the two days intervening, there was a line of customers at the office—the old and feeble, the blind, the outside working men—all wanted to share in this service. It was touching to see what a small candle meant to each one.

Since our girls and women sit Indian fashion on the floor, the large auditorium which was built to seat some 3,000 people, is uncluttered by furniture! The large space which is built in the shape of a cross became, at this service the map of India—with the audience seated to form the outline of the continent. In the center the teachers and Bible-women formed a living cross. The message brought out the fact that as Jesus is the Light of the World, He is India’s Light, and we must carry His Light to India. Impressing the message upon the hearts of young and old by telling a story, the evangelist lit a large candle, representing Jesus Christ, that true Light which illumines every man. From this candle, the missionaries, representing the twelve disciples, lit their candles. They in turn gave the light to those seated in the cross, and from the cross the others, representing the land of India, received their light. When all candles were lighted, the candles were held high while all joined in singing an Indian chorus which expressed the idea that we will go on carrying the light of Jesus Christ to those around us.
The candles were like tiny stars beaming out of the darkness of the huge church, and it was not hard to draw an analogy— with the darkness representing the darkness of Indian heathenism to which Mukti Mission has been through the years, a lighthouse—a light to those that wait in the darkness.

The service will always be remembered for its beauty and unique message, but many of the girls spoke of the deep meaning which had come to their hearts, as they realized as never before their responsibility to let the Glorious Light of Jesus Christ, entrusted to them, shine out in darkness that all may receive His light and seeing the good works of His children may 'glorify the Father which is in Heaven'.

N. Phillips.

'I know thy works, behold I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it; for thou hast a little strength, and hast kept My Word and hast not denied My Name.'

Rev. 3: 8.

We praise God for the open door set before us at Supa. Once again we had the privilege of living in the bungalow there from November 18th to December 20 and of visiting the surrounding villages giving out the Word of Life.

The Sunday school held in the bungalow each Sunday morning was a source of encouragement. The numbers varied; but quite often there were around sixty present and of these a few were adults. The favourite hymn was, 'Christ is knocking at the door of your heart'. Some without hesitation could sing off the six verses. Old Christmas cards on which were printed a Marathi text were the cherished prizes for attendance and quoting the memory verse.

Daily there were opportunities of breaking the Bread of Life to hungry souls. Yes, in spite of the fact that the majority are steeped in ignorance and Hindu rites, content to go from one (?) holy place to another, there are those who confess to a need and desire in their hearts for real peace and assurance of sins forgiven. Quite often the cry was, 'Why do you wait so long before returning? Our minds are filled with so many other things so unlike this, that before you come back again we have forgotten it all.' A few Brahmin men were most indignant at being classed as sinners. They are 'the whole who need not a
physician’, and they influence the ignorant people—blind leaders of the blind.

One day we visited a village of which we had never heard before, its name was Hingane. It was hidden away in a hollow behind the hills, and was rather difficult to reach. It was a great novelty to them to have visitors in the village; and soon all collected to know what it was all about. They listened well, then said, ‘Why haven’t you come to tell us before? We only know to worship these stones: these are our gods.’ How our hearts yearned over them! and we longed that hearing they might believe.

Rotigaon (the village of bread). With great difficulty, over an exceptionally bumpy road, we arrived one day at this village. It was of special interest to our tonga driver, the young Hindu man who has been very open to the Gospel. He has taken to himself a wife, a young girl from this village.

As we approached the village we saw a crowd coming towards the river bed; and on closer observation found it to be a funeral procession. The whole village was saddened. At first no one wanted to listen to the Gospel Message but the Lord directed; and soon with tears in their eyes some were listening to the words of the Master from John, chapter 14. Then we sang of the joys of Heaven. Some said, ‘Yes, we are afraid to die. What can take away that fear?’

Praise God we could tell them of Jesus waiting to deliver them. Many had on the occasion of the tonga driver’s wedding heard the Gospel Message from our Bible-women. Then at a time of rejoicing the Word had come and now at a time of sadness we could testify to a Saviour who is the same yesterday, today and forever.

The feltograph was especially useful in giving messages in the village schools where sometimes 180 would at one time hear the Word.

Here and there a few are reading the Word of God. The caretaker at the bungalow and others seem near the ‘Kingdom’.

Much prayer is needed that these souls may be liberated from the bonds that bind them. Continue to pray for those now there that wisdom may be given to declare and unfold the mystery of Christ; and that they may understand how to give to every man a fitting answer.
Often while feeling the darkness of Hinduism around we are conscious that someone is upholding us at the Throne of Grace, so you may take fresh courage to continue with us in this great battle for souls.

JANET CALLAN.

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May we more than ever make this a year of praise, and thus glorify our Lord.

Yours expecting Him,

JULIA WOODWARD,

M. LISSA HASTIE.

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