"When the Lord shall build up Zion, he shall appear in his glory" (Psa. 102:16). The Lord Himself must "build up Zion" or it never will be built. He first planned it; He is the Architect of His own church; He digged the foundations; He has supplied the great Corner-stone; He Himself, by His own power, creates each living stone, polishes it, and fits it into its place. He cements the whole structure, and as He first sketched the plan, so will He complete it in every iota to the praise and the glory of His wisdom, His grace, and His love."—C. H. Spurgeon

As we think of Mukti's history and as we live in Mukti today, we are very much aware of the fact that God is the Architect and He is doing the work. He has chosen the material for the building—some from mines of darkness and some, as in the case of Solomon's temple, from 'stone made ready before it was brought thither.' All are being builded together by Him into a temple for His glory, according to His pattern.

He has recently brought hither one whom He has very specially prepared to fit into the pattern He is working out in Mukti. It gave us great pleasure to welcome on October 18 Miss Josephine Patterson, Secretary of the American Council of the Ramabai Mukti Mission. She had lived so much for Mukti and had been here in spirit so long that she is a vital part of Mukti, and, therefore, her arrival was not just an arrival but a home-coming. We are sure this touch with Mukti will draw our prayer helpers closer to us.

God has made ready and brought hither another 'stone' for the building. Miss Lillian Doerksen of Canada arrived in Mukti on November 7, thus fulfilling the prayers of many. She will need your prayer help as she undertakes language study which is the initial polishing process.

As we draw near to the end of this year, we give thanks to our loving, heavenly Father

(Continued on page 9)

JOSEPHINE PATTERSON
COME TO MUKTI

By Josephine Patterson

Mukti at last! After twenty-two years of working, praying and longing for India and Mukti, my heart’s desire has been granted.

What a welcome awaited me at Mukti’s ‘Open Door’—words of welcome from the pastor, a song of welcome by the Christian families, a dance of welcome by the Hindu men. The Mukti family from youth to old age were waiting for me at the gate. What a joy to greet each missionary, especially Rajas and Bhimabai, two of India’s daughters. What a thrill to recognize many of the girls and greet them by name, because I had fingered the cards in the file scores of times and had seen their pictures that had come to the headquarters. It was very gratifying to me to see and recognize the dresses on the children. I said to myself, ‘There’s the Camden group,’ and ‘There’s Asbury Park,’ ‘Bethany Class,’ and so on.

There was the welcome dinner in the dining room given by the missionaries, and from that moment on there has been ceaseless activity on my part as I have visited many, but not yet all of the departments in Mukti. I am drawn to the hospital every day to the ward where the little new babies are, because a little unwanted baby girl preceded me by just a few hours. Thus she is my special joy, and she has been named ‘Jyoti,’ which means ‘Light’.

It was with reluctance that I took from the arms of a Hindu mother her baby, whom she had to give up because it was a girl. As I stood holding her baby whom she loved but could not keep, I saw for myself the sorrow in a heathen woman’s face as she turned and looked back. I wish I could make the Christian women of America see that look of unutterable woe. If I could, every child within
Mukti's walls would be personally supported. I named the baby 'Maniccha,' which means 'Heart's Desire.'

In the Rescue Home there sat at my feet two new Christian girls. There was Manorama, an eighteen year old Moham­medan girl who has suffered the loss of all things—father, mother, home—for Christ's sake; and Sathe, a fifteen year old ill-treated, girl-wife married so long ago she does not remember her wedding day. There is joy unspeakable on the faces of these two young babes in Christ.

What a contrast they were to a fourteen year old Hindu mother, as she lay on the floor in another section of the Rescue Home. She is a girl who has been wronged and whose family will not take her back. Her physical suffering is beyond the ability of words to describe.

If I could only make the girls of America look into the faces of these teen-age girls of India as they come to us straight from Hinduism, if I could only make our American girls see India's daughters lying on an earthen floor in suffering, they would kneel at the feet of our loving Saviour and beg for the privilege of going to India to help India's women and children.

'I have a clean, soft bed on which to sleep,
I have a table set with gracious things,
How can I pray the Lord "my soul to keep,"
How can my heart lift up on joyous wings
While there are those about me in the night
Who toss on filthy rags, and cannot rest,
Who have no food, no raiment, and no light?
How can I sleep unless I do my best
To ease and comfort them, and how can I
Be deemed a follower of the Christ until
I heed humanity's unbroken cry,
And move to feed the hungry, heal the ill?
God help me keep remembering—help me see
How great is my responsibility."

It was wonderful to kneel on the earthen floor at six o'clock in the morning with the Blossoms as they knelt on their little mats and prayed to the living God. It was a tonic to take a walk with them along the dusty road, each one holding her Christmas doll and each one wanting to share her doll with me. Little blind Shalini was there. Her doll was small and cracked and old, but the joy on that blind child's face is not of this world. She knows the joy of sacrifice, for it was but last Christmas that she placed her lovely new doll, so greatly beloved, on the altar as her
birthday gift to the Lord Jesus. If I could make the children of America, who are lavished beyond reason with toys of every description, see their little Indian sisters in Mukti, they would covet their joy and they would want to sacrifice to have it.

If you want to see practical Christianity, come to Mukti. If you want to see a place which needs consecrated young women to devote their lives in service to the Lord, come to Mukti. If you want to see a place which needs the financial help of the Christian people of America, come to Mukti.

COME TO THE VILLAGES

Land of hunger, poverty, ignorance, disease, idolatry and misery, but land of millions of souls still waiting for the good news that Christ died for them—this is our India.

It has been my privilege also to dwell in village India, where eighty per cent of her millions live, struggle for existence, and die without hope. To sit before thirty of such village men, gathered in our bungalow in Supa, and to tell them the message of life and hope, as Miss Dongre interpreted for me, was to feel all things else in life, save giving them hope eternal, fade into nothingness.

It was famine eyes that looked into mine when one man heard I was from America, and famine longing that made him say, 'I wish I could go to America. I hear they have plenty of grain there.' Why was grain uppermost in his mind? Because all his life he has been hungry. Today at little wayside shrines hungry people are praying to stone gods to meet famine needs. The rations for our Mukti family have been severely cut, but we know that our God is able to provide a table in the wilderness. For us there is the God of all creation to supply, but for millions in this land there is nothing but the silence of stone gods.

But mixed with famine hunger was another hunger in the eyes of those men—the hunger of a soul for God. At the close of that informal meeting, fourteen of them expressed their desire to prepare for baptism, and I saw the fruit of years of service and prayer by many for Supa. Other eyes filled with such a hunger throng the streets. If you were here, you would do everything possible to help meet that need. Will you do it 10,000 miles away?

Never has my heart thrilled to vested choirs at home singing, 'The Lord is in His holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him,' as it thrilled when I witnessed on Sunday a group of heathen children standing
outside a church door waiting to go inside, some of whom were naked, some were clutching their few rags about them, but all were standing straight as a die as they lifted those words toward the heavens above. I wondered which sounded the sweeter in the ears of the Lord.

Lambs of His Indian fold they were, the other sheep for whom the Good Shepherd laid down His life. Will you who are safe within His fold bring that joy to these still outside? ‘When they had dined Jesus said to Simon Peter . . . Feed my lambs.’ Will you who have feasted on the riches of His grace heed that command of love and do your part to feed the lambs of His Indian fold?

‘He was not willing that any should perish,
Am I His follower, and can I live
Longer at ease with a soul going downward,
Lost for the lack of the help I might give?

‘Perishing, perishing! Thou wast not willing;
Master, forgive, and inspire us anew;
Banish our worldliness, help us to ever
Live with eternity’s values in view.’

(Continued from page 2)

for the exceeding abundantly He has done for us during the past year. Surely His Name is Wonderful. Our Mukti staff sends sincere New Year’s greetings to all the helpers the Lord has given us. We thank God upon every remembrance of you. May He enable us to press forward together till He appears in His glory.—Bernice Steed

Family News

It is with a sense of how much we need her and shall miss her, and yet with an appreciation of the great need she will fill in another place, that we loan, for one year, Miss Janet Callan to St. Margaret’s Hospital in Poona. For many years this hospital has ministered to Mukti needs that our own hospital could not meet, and it is there that some of our girls are in nurses’ training. The hospital’s great need for a temporary Superintendent of Nurses, until the one they have in view is able to come, has caused us to share Miss Callan with them for this time of emergency. We ask your prayers that the Lord will meet us in filling the need her absence from Mukti will create here, and we ask for her your prayers as she ministers in this big, city hospital.
The crescent moon hung sleepily over Brooklyn when we quietly slipped away from the pier at 2:15 on the morning of October 4. I watched the lights of America fade and sink into the sea, and then went to sleep, happy in the loving, watchful care of my heavenly Father who at last was seeing me to Mukti.

All through the first stormy week and the delightful voyage that followed I was conscious of His presence and of His promise, 'Behold, I am with thee (companionship), and will keep thee (guardianship) in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee (guidance) again into this land; for I will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of.'

How richly our Father repays the smallest obedience to His will! There was the awareness of His presence as well as the unexpected surprises, such as a visit to Damascus while the ship was discharging cargo in Beirut. I thrilled at the thought of walking the same dusty streets that once our Saviour trod, and down the street called 'Straight,' where Ananias found Saul after the Lord had appeared to Him. The thought of those scenes made me more eager than ever to get to Mukti to share the good news with those to whom He has called me.

The happy day arrived on November 7. The joy in my own heart and the abundant welcome were such a happy reward for obedience to His call. The greeting of Indian Christians and missionaries at the station, the short ride
to Mukti in the gaily bedecked tonga, the shower of 'Salaams' along the way and the reception at the Welcome Gate were only a part of this joy. To be greeted with garlands and flowers by little ones I had already loved in anticipation and to hear the 'Happy Welcome' chorus sung by the hundreds of girls lining the banner-strung walk like a royal guard was more than reward. Experiencing the happiness that pervades the place, in contrast to the darkness of the surrounding heathen villages, surely cannot leave much room for homesickness or fears.

I praise Him who has not let one single word of all His good promises fail and pray that He may be satisfied as, with the others, I love these souls for and to Him, 'for the redemption of their soul is precious' (Psa. 49:8).

Lillian Doerksen