GRA T I T U D E F O R L O V E U N M E A S U R E D

BY B E R N I C E S T E E D

Gratitude looms large upon our horizon as we draw near the close of another year—gratitude first of all that we are among His redeemed ones, gratitude for countless friends who have upheld us faithfully through the year and some for many years, gratitude for God’s loving provision for our Mukti family through the difficult days of this year, gratitude for taking Miss Fletcher safely to the homeland, gratitude for the Lord’s watchful care over Miss Schrag during an operation and restoration to health and strength, gratitude for His bringing to us another recruit, Miss Doerksen, gratitude for bringing Miss Craddock back to us in time to enjoy Christmas with us. I am sure you will uphold Miss Craddock as she again picks up the threads of the work. Gratitude is written large in my heart for His love all around me and underneath me in a moment when danger was clutching for my very life just before Christmas. Praise be to God for His marvelous deliverance. My heart is singing the words of S. Trevor Francis:

O the deep, deep love of Jesus,
Vast, unmeasured, boundless, free;
Rolling as a mighty ocean
In its fulness over me.
Underneath me, all around me,
Is the current of Thy love;
Leading onward, leading homeward,
To my glorious rest above.

O the deep, deep love of Jesus,
Spread His praise from shore to shore;
How He loveth, ever loveth,
Changeth never, nevermore;
How He watches o’er His loved ones;
Died to call them all His own;
How for them He intercedeth,
Watcheth o’er them from the Throne.
BLESSING WITH HIS HUNDREDFOLD

When the time came for my first furlough, it was at the end of five years of happy and privileged service with Ramabai and Manoramabai. As we farewelled each other, the former said, 'Have a good furlough and come back again.' By the time I returned, both of these leaders had been called to serve in His presence, the Saviour and Lord they had loved and served here. This meant changes had taken place in Mukti, but Ramabai's faith still bore fruit and has done so through the years, as the realization has grown stronger of how truly God led her in the founding of Mukti, that it might be a place of salvation to all who come within its gates.

As furlough time has come and gone, the coming back has always been in the joyous certainty of God's seal upon it and in glad anticipation of the family's welcome. Arriving this time on December 23, it was with joy and a full heart that I met the many friends gathered at the station and then came on to Mukti. The sun had set and therefore it was between two long lines of lanterns, candles, and small eastern lamps that I walked to my room, greeting first the Bartimi Sadan women and then the children and girls from various compounds. How sweet it was to hear them singing,

'Happy welcome, happy welcome,
We are so glad you've come today,
Happy welcome, happy welcome,
We are so glad you've come to stay.'

Miss Steed and Miss Patterson had come to Bombay to meet me and had done all possible to help with the difficulties of Customs and travelling arrangements, so it was good to have them sharing in the welcome.

It was a great experience to go into church the next morning and to see it so full with all who had come prepared to give, for this was Gift Day. And how they gave!

Then Christmas day followed—another day of joy as we thought of Him whose birthday was being celebrated by so many all around the world, all linked together by Him in Whom there is no separation.

Another term on the field is commencing, in all probability the last, so thoughts go back over the past with gratitude for God's unfailing goodness and in humility for ever

(Continued on page 5)
I N D I A — T H E L A N D O F T H E V I C I O U S C I R C L E

B Y J O S E P H I N E P A T T E R S O N

The daily clatter outside the missionary’s door at recess time has ceased. Why is it so quiet these days? There is not enough milk to distribute to the older children.

Why is there not enough milk for all?

The big buffalo which supplied the milk was sold.

Why was the buffalo sold?

Not only one buffalo but several buffaloes, along with a number of cows, were sold at auction last week. The cost of feeding the buffaloes was greatly exceeding the return they were giving in milk and the farm debt was soaring.

Why is there a farm debt?

There is more than one reason, among them this tremendous cost of fodder and oil cakes necessary to the health of the animals.

But Mukti has a farm. Why doesn’t it produce fodder?

It does produce some, but we must also produce food, for that is a Government requirement.

What does the Government have to do with our land?

Everything, for, if we do not work the land, it will be taken away from us.

Since we can produce our own grain, why is there a debt and why have our grain rations been cut in half some weeks?

We produce the grain and the crop is given to the Government, who in turn give back to us whatever is our ration. Rations have been cut for all of this famine area. Mukti is fortunate to have half rations; the villagers are sometimes cut off entirely and they are walking many miles in search of food. We are dependent on these people to work for us. Hungry people cannot do efficient work.

Why doesn’t the farm produce more food?

Water is absolutely necessary to produce crops. This is a dry area and when the rains fail three years in succession, famine results. The fields must be watered by means of irrigation. Bullocks have to draw the water from the wells. Men are needed to drive the bullocks. The wear and tear on equipment requires someone to keep it in good condition. Bullocks must be fed and men must be paid. Equipment must be bought.

The twelve wells not only supply water for the fields,
but must supply all water necessary for nine hundred people for bathing, drinking, washing and cooking.

Fodder for the animals is more expensive than food for the children.

More pumps could make possible the sale of some of the bullocks, but a trained mechanic is needed to keep the machinery in good working order.

The farm has another enemy that makes its debt soar, namely, the crow . . . crows everywhere—in the sky, on the wing, on the ground, in the trees. When and if the crops come to harvest, the crows come for a feast. Men and women are stationed at intervals on raised platforms in the fields from early morning until dusk throwing stones at the crows in order to save the precious grain heads. These men and women must be paid for this work.

One bright spot in all this vicious circle is that the farm gives us contact with many people from seven different villages, and, while working for us on the farm and as builders, they hear the gospel.

Another bright spot is the fact that supplemental food can be bought in India from surplus war materials. It costs more than ordinary grain, but cases of the following food items can be purchased to fill in the diet when grain is not available: Powdered whole milk, Baby food, Peanut butter, Cream of wheat.

If interested in helping the Mukti family at this time of a critical food situation, you can designate your gifts for the Special Food Fund.

(Continued from page 3)

having doubted His power to solve the problems and difficulties which always come as the enemy of souls tries to get the rule into his own hands once more.

What the future holds will be revealed as the Father sees fit, but we go forward in perfect confidence that as He has been in the past, so He will be for all the days to come.

To all of you in the United Kingdom and the United States of America who helped to make this furlough so memorable by taking me into your homes and in every way making travel and accommodation as easy as possible, I send once more my deepest and sincerest gratitude, knowing the heavenly Father will give to you the hundredfold as He gave to me.—Isabel Craddock
TO THE ONE WHO IS WONDERFUL

To a Saviour who loved to the utmost the Mukti family bowed in worship, and to Him it offered its gifts. Because the gifts are expressions of love and thanksgiving for the One whose Name is Wonderful, we list those gifts for you to see.

Actual cash given—Rs. 560-0-0. Other gifts: 62 pounds of wheat; 20 pounds of lentils; 20 pounds of kafr-corn; 53 packets of candy; 12 chickens; 6 pounds of sugar; 2 eggs; 336 pounds of firewood; 1 spool of thread; 4 hair ribbons; 1 box of powder; 36 pieces of blouse material; 1 pearl button; 1 little heart for Christ to reign.

Would you like to know the story of that last item, ‘one little heart for Christ to reign’? We have asked Elsie Rohrer, missionary in charge of the Blossoms, to write it for you: Once again the question was put to the Blossoms—‘What are you going to give Jesus this year on His birthday?’ They were told to think and pray about this for several weeks before Christmas. The next time the question was asked, twenty-three little voices rang out the answer, ‘Our candy. We will give our candy.’ One little voice meekly said, ‘I want to give Jesus my heart this year.’ This came from little, blind Shalini, who last Christmas gave her new doll to the Lord for her offering.

What a thrill it was to show this dear child the way of salvation. Oh that you could have heard her sweet, earnest prayer asking Jesus to come into her heart! Oh that you could have seen the radiant smile on that little face as she got up from her knees and said, ‘Auntie, I know that Jesus is in my heart now. I am so happy.’

The matrons and I rejoiced together that one of our children had realized that the gift Jesus wants more than all is one’s heart. We then prayed that the other Blossoms would also come to a realization of this. Will you join us in this prayer for them and for others who are not yet His?

After this article was written something else happened which we must share with our readers. It is one of those matchless touches of the Lord’s grace that He let Shalini wait a whole year before He sent her another doll to take the place of the one she so sacrificially placed on the altar a year ago at Christmas. He waited until she went that further step of offering Him her heart, and then the doll He had for her arrived, all lovely and soft and clothed in white with knitted blue cap and jacket and booties.
At our last baptismal service these fifteen miracles of His grace named Christ as Saviour. With them, at the left, is Miss Josephine Patterson, and, at the right, are Miss Bernice Steed and Pastor Chowdhari.

**MIRACLES OF GRACE**

Will you look with us through the waters of baptism and on to the years that led to the fifteen young people in this picture confessing Christ as Saviour and Lord?

Can you see two missionaries walking down the road with our children? The children are happy and chatting as they go. By the roadside sits a mother with a baby girl she does not want because customs that are as unbending as steel press upon her and unbalance the love that would keep her child with her. As she sits there wondering what to do with the baby, and as she watches our children, healthy and strong and happy, she reaches out to the missionary, ‘Will you take my baby and bring her up like you are doing with those?’ The baby was taken into Mukti’s good fold, but she missed her mother and would not drink any milk. Then can you see that baby placed under a mother goat, that she might nurse directly, while others held the goat steady?

Can you visualize another mother putting her baby in a cactus bush and then repenting with tears that only a mother who had done such a thing could know? Tenderly

This picture, taken nineteen years ago, shows the baby nursing directly from a mother goat, while women held the goat steady. That baby today is in the above-pictured group.
she took the baby out and brought her to us. That baby stands among those in this picture.

As you look at the other faces in the baptismal picture, you will see a child rescued from the circus, another who was deserted by her father, another brought by a mother who had been blinded by small-pox and who loved her baby but could not take care of her. Another face reminds us of a head man of a village and his wife who are of high caste, social standing and good financial condition and yet who tried to kill their baby because she was a girl. We see another stunted by opium, another whose card in the office files reads, 'Unwanted, no clothes, sickly, no hope.' In the background of another can be seen faithfulness to her baby sister and a dying mother. The character of that now motherless girl can be seen beautified even more as she stands with others to own Christ as Lord.

With the young girls stand a Hindu widow and a blind Muslim who were in trouble and found their way to our Rescue Home. They now stand among those who have found Christ within Mukti's walls. Two young lads from the Christian families are a witness to the faithfulness of our pastor in shepherding the flock.

To those who have prayed faithfully through the years that those who touch Mukti might find Christ, our Lord will give His 'well done.' When our next baptism takes place, will you be counted among those who have prayed them through to Christ?

—Carol Terry

Secretary in America:
MISS L. M. WAELTY
P.O. Box 415
Philadelphia 5, Pa.

Treasurer in England:
MISS E. B. BUTLER
Flat 4
6 Arundel Avenue
Liverpool 17

Secretary in Australia:
MRS. E. RICKARD
55 Stephen St., Yarraville
Melbourne, Vic.

Treasurer in New Zealand:
MISS MARY PASCOE
168 Victoria Avenue
Remeura, Auckland, S.E. 2

Treasurer in Scotland:
MISS M. LAIRD
Lyon
Kilmacolm
Renfrewshire

Treasurer in Ireland:
MISS M. REA
"Bethany"
Ormiston Crescent
Knock, Belfast

Secretary-Treasurer on the Field:
MISS B. E. STEED
Kedgaon, Poona District

PRINTED BY J. BROWN AT
THE WESLEY PRESS AND PUBLISHING HOUSE, MYSORE CITY