The Greatest Privilege in the World—Leading a Soul to Christ

RAMABAI MUKTI MISSION

November–December, 1957
BLESSINGS AND OBEDIENCE
By Margaret Williams

Through the Waters

‘Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart’ (Jer. 15:16).

As food to the hungry, as rain to the thirsty ground, so are the words of the Holy Spirit to the prepared heart. The month of October witnessed such a watering by the Holy Spirit in the lives of these precious ones in God’s garden at Mukti.

For some, the heat of difficulties met with in their Christian walk had turned them aside from the only One who can help and save; for others, the attraction of ordinary things had been as the strong sun, drying up their Christian experience; for still others, the first greenness of their walk with the Saviour had become scorched and dried, exposed as it had been to the lack of times of quietness spent before the Source of Life. So it was, that at the sound of the bell, the Mukti family with its varying needs wended its way to the church.

How that dear man of God, Rev. Moses David, an Indian evangelist, poured out his soul before us day by day, endeavouring through the Spirit to declare the sinfulness of sin, the great loving care of God and our responsibility to yield to Him. The blessing received could be felt, as even the little children made reference to the messages in their daily prayers. The final meeting, with its appeal to all to offer

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'God moves in mysterious ways, His wonders to perform'.

We stood facing an empty kitchen and an empty storeroom, yet with nearly 800 orphan children and destitute women to feed. The food account was already over Rs 10,000 in deficit. It was a new responsibility for me, a situation which never before in my life had I faced. It was time to buy in the month's supply of rice and wheat, for which Rs 1,420 were required. What should I do? Go further into debt? Everything within me shrank from this. I felt it was not honouring to our Lord and that somehow He would supply for those whom He had sent here for shelter and care. Slowly I walked to my room, my head down, shoulders drooping. The burden was so great, it took me to my knees before Him, and it seemed as though I did not want to do anything else but pray. It was almost a week before that crushing burden lifted, but one day, without any visible reason, the Lord lifted it and gave a song of praise. A few days later the following letter was received air mail, forwarded on by our American office:

'I have been quite ill in the hospital for almost a month. About midnight, as I lay in my hospital bed the other night, the name “Carol Terry” suddenly began to go repeatedly through my mind—“Carol Terry, Carol Terry”—perhaps thirty or more times, almost as if by teletype. I wondered! Just before daylight, the same thing started again, but that time it was “Carol Terry $300, Carol Terry, $300,” etc., etc.

You will find enclosed my check for $300 for Carol Terry . . . I felt that she or her work in India might have some special need at this time. . .' —KATHERINE T. WEARKLEY

When that $300 was converted into rupees, it amounted to Rs 1,422.75, just Rs 2.75 over the amount needed for the rice and wheat, and this 'over' amount was sufficient to pay the train fare and lunch of the man sent to buy the grain for us.

We bowed before our Lord in worship, with the wonder of His working filling our hearts. A few days later a cheque arrived from Scotland and then one from New Zealand, and we know that this was His 'exceeding abundantly', that there might be rice and wheat for the next few months. We thanked our God for hearts thousands of miles away so in fellowship with our Lord that He could speak to them about His children over here. That He would lay such a burden of prayer on our hearts and lay the answer to that prayer on someone's heart across many seas overwhelms us, and we realize anew the precious, century-old truth—God answers Prayer.
FULL TO OVERFLOWING
WITH PRAISE

By Lillian Doerksen

Is there any other word so sweet as ‘welcome’? The colourful flag of India on the mast of the ship and the palms on the bank seemed to wave a friendly welcome even as we slowly steamed up the Hugli River to Calcutta. We had had a restful and interesting six weeks’ voyage across the Pacific, and now our hearts stirred within us as we gazed again upon the shores to which the Lord had brought us back to serve Him.

In Calcutta there was the real warmth of welcome in the saffron, white and green garland that fell across my shoulders. Miss Morris and Kamalbai had come all the way across India from Mukti to meet me, and how good it was to see them again!

The prayers of many here and at home were answered as we disembarked. The Lord, who had touched the hearts of so many loving friends at home, now wonderfully cared for the many gifts and saw them safely through customs, and also protected them as they were shipped to our destination here.

In Bombay it was a joy to be welcomed with flowers by two of our girls in college. Rohini and Champa are both training there for service in Mukti.

The last lap of the journey will remain unforgettable, when it seemed that the wheels of the train could not turn fast enough. Then we were here at the station, and teachers with whom I had worked before, missionaries and others caught me as I stepped off the train with flowers and loving greetings. Oh, the preciousness of reunion and the fulfilment of God’s promise ‘I . . . will bring thee again into this land’ (Gen. 28:15)!

But that is only half of the story. Nothing can compare with the welcome at Mukti’s gate! There was a shower of flowers by precious hands that I had missed more than I had realized. Beyond the blossom-covered gate, lit up with our new electric lights, was the large,
red and gold welcome sign. But all the little hands that clasped my hands and arms, all the fragrance of the flowers, all the joyous chatter that almost drowned their welcome song—all these spoke words that no welcome sign could paint as I moved along the rows and rows of happy girls and women. They all seemed to look so much sweeter than I had remembered. I wondered, too, if I had forgotten how beautiful Mukti was, or was it the new electric lights that enhanced it all? The lights were wonderful, but everywhere I looked I saw the evidence of the working of a loving and gracious heavenly Father.

Next morning I was awed with the beauty of the trees and flowers everywhere within our Mukti walls. They all bore testimony of God’s great answer several years ago, when He gave us a new well of water. The Well of Praise had been significantly named, for all around us showed forth His praise.

While walking about and visiting the children, my heart thrilled to see what the family system had done for them. Some who had been quiet, shy and backward, were full of questions, news and laughter. The change had been made since I had left, and it was a joy to see what a difference having the smaller family groups with big and little sisters meant. I sensed immediately that this meant a greater responsibility, too, and also a greater trust in Him who was able to provide every need.

It was wonderful to be back and to see everyone again, but even that could not compare to the joy and blessing that was still in store. I had come back just in time for our monthly day of prayer. At 5.30 a.m. the lights went on and the bell rang. In a few minutes young and old quietly and happily were making their way to the church. I cannot express to you the emotions that were stirred within my heart as these hundreds sat there with smiling faces singing, praising, praying. The hours went by so quickly, with never a lull or a moment of waiting for prayer. It is no wonder that one is conscious of God’s presence and blessing here. When at noon it was time for a short break, there was joy in every face, and I was almost overcome myself, for it had been such a precious time—so full of the presence of the Holy Spirit. At 2.00 p.m. the bell rang again, and quickly the church filled up as young and old gathered to petition the heavenly Father for the need of food for our large family, for the needs of those in spiritual darkness all around, for missionary work in other lands, and for those in other countries who faithfully pray and give. The last hour was the most blessed of all. Everyone was there to share in the testimonies of what God had done during the past month and even that very day. What a time of praise that was! There was not a pause for a moment. Sometimes two or three testimonies ran into one another, for the church is so large and some of the older ones in

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COME BEFORE WINTER

By Jean McGregor

Winter in many places in the world brings biting winds, ice and snow. A blanket of cold settles down, covering up and hiding the warmth and life underneath. Only God's gift of spring releases the earth from these icy shackles to new life again. But what of winter in the heart?

During the last week in November here at the Ramabai Mukti Mission we stood in wonder and praise as we watched many of our own children and many of the outside children come to the Lord 'before winter', before a winter of doubt or hardness of heart could settle in with its shackles strengthened by sin.

Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Ravenhill of the Child Evangelism Fellowship were the servants whom God used to point these children to Him.

From nine to ten o'clock each morning over three hundred children gathered in the school auditorium to hear how they might come 'before winter'. Then at eleven o'clock our sixty kindergarteners sat in three semi-circles for a meeting all their own led by Mrs. Ravenhill.

Each message was simple and very clear. Mr. Ravenhill used lessons from both the Old and New Testaments, illustrating each with flannel-graph pictures. On the second day, after the story of the sacrifice of Isaac, there were thirty-eight children who stayed for counselling. From that day the group that stayed became larger and larger until at the end of the series of meetings there were one hundred and twenty-five who sought counsel. Some came because they felt a need they could not define, others came longing to know Christ as their own personal Saviour, and we had the joy of clinching in the mind the work that God had already done in the heart. In the cover picture Mr. Ravenhill can be seen counselling one young lad who came through to Christ.

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the back could not hear too well, and they would start before the other little ones in the front had finished. They were afraid they would lose their opportunity. The sweetest testimonies of all were those that came from some of the youngest. So many there were! It takes courage to get up in front of so many people, but they just could not sit there when they had a word of praise to give to their Saviour. Oh, if only you all could have been here, how thrilled you would have been! What joy such prayer must bring to the Saviour's heart!

For prayers that have ascended during furlough days and for all the loving care of our mindful heavenly Father who has brought me back to Mukti to serve Him, my heart is filled with joy and praise. With all my heart I long that I might always abide in Him, that all He desires to perform in me, and in the lives of these to whom He has sent me, may be accomplished in order that He might be glorified.
One little eight-year-old girl said, ‘I know I am saved, but I came because I want you to help me pray for Manjula. I have wanted her to be saved for so long’.

A village child of ten or eleven was extremely troubled over what her parents might do if she refused to worship their idol any more. We believe she accepted the Lord with her whole heart. Pray with us for her.

Another village child said, ‘I don’t care if I have even to leave home. I am going to follow Jesus’.

One of our staff met a new believer on the road. Her joy bubbled over into all of her speech and she said, ‘I have already told my parents’.

Many of the older children came to us for guidance and prayer because, as they said, ‘We’re having trouble with sin’. One child of ten said that she had a school friend with whom she always quarrelled. Because they were both Christians, she was unhappy about this. As we were thinking of what we could do about this problem, the school friend came to the door. Hers was the same problem, so the two knelt in prayer, asking forgiveness.

As far as we know, there were seventy-three boys and girls from outside who stepped out of darkness into His light, besides many of our own children.

We felt as though we were sitting at the gates of heaven during that week in November. And the sweetness of the time spent talking with the children of heavenly things stays on and challenges us to keep this touch with them every day. There are follow-up classes which meet daily. Many have come to Him ‘before winter’. Pray that many more will follow.

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their lives a willing sacrifice, was met by so many rising in surrender to our wonderful God that it was impossible to count them. Heaven itself has recorded the blessings of those precious days at the Master’s feet.

In what more hallowed atmosphere could our young people follow their Lord through the waters of baptism! Saturday morning came, with it the preparation of the baptismal pool and the gathering of happy children awaiting with expectancy this special time. Then as the young people, after many weeks of teaching and preparation, took their seats in readiness for the service, our hearts were raised in gratitude to God. Those lives before us were living testimonies to the delivering power of a wonderful Lord. Our God is alive! How truly such an occasion witnesses to this fact. Women from the Rescue Home, loosed and set free by the Son of God, and conscious of this in practical living, sat with hushed hearts and great joy awaiting this opportunity to testify. Young girls also, who from babyhood had known only the care and protection of Mukti, were now rejoicing in
this privilege to take another step in obedience to their Lord and Saviour. Yes, their friends who knew them were there—those who lived with them. This was truly a solemn occasion. What joyful songs of praise ascended from those present as each of these precious ones followed their Lord through the waters!

Dear praying friends, would you like to share in the work of keeping these young lives with their eyes set on the goal before them, that the harvest fields of India might feel the touch of God through these who have given their all to Him? Can we look to you to intercede with us? India needs such reapers.

The Ramabai Mukti Mission is an international, undenominational Mission of evangelical faith, with representatives in the home countries as follows:

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