TIME IS SHORT
And our opportunity
—to tell those groping for light of the Saviour's love
IS NOW!

RAMABAI MUKTI MISSION
January–February 1960
GREETINGS AND NEW CHALLENGES

-TIME IS SHORT

By : Gladys Fletcher

We, as a large family of eight hundred souls, can look back over the past year and say, "Truly the Lord has not failed us." We also look forward into the unknown and untrodden year, and know that He who has gone before will not fail, for His promises in Christ Jesus are sure, glorious and true. Our earnest prayer for Mukti is that our hearts may be set on fire with His love and with a burden for lost souls. All cannot preach and teach, but all can pray and may we be faithful in praying many men and women into the Kingdom.

I want to take this opportunity of expressing Mukti's deep appreciation to all the kind friends who have done so much towards making our Christmas of 1959 such a happy one. Christmas cards, ribbons, balloons and monetary gifts have come from many lands. What joy they have given! May a reflex blessing be yours.

Another loving gift has come to Mukti, and that just at Christmas time, from faithful friends in Australia and New Zealand. It was brought by our new missionary, Miss Betty Gray, who has just arrived. As we opened the cases and saw the woollen pullovers, sweaters, frocks and foodstuffs, our hearts were filled with joy and thanksgiving. At this time of the year which is India's cold season, we were especially grateful to see the woollies.

Also, our sincere appreciation goes to our friends in Canada from whom a box has just arrived, containing many pretty frocks, skirts and other clothing for the children. Many thanks to you, too. On the way from America also are drums of clothing for the family, which represent many, many hours of loving labour. Because of the shipping strike these did not arrive in time for Christmas, but they will be eagerly received when they do, for we are still short of frocks for our children. We can say, "Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things". Words are inadequate to express our deep appreciation for the hours of work, love and prayer that have gone into all these gifts for our large family. How we thank the Lord for every one of you.

May I challenge you to special prayer at this time? In a few days' time our evangelistic band goes out into the villages to tell redemption's story—the story of a living, risen Saviour, to those who have no hope and no assurance of salvation. They will be camping out for six weeks and visiting villages that have never or very seldom heard the gospel. Pray for them as they give out the Word. As they travel over bad roads or bullock cart tracks, may they be kept in safety. Let us travail in prayer for the souls of men and women. Time is short and we live in uncertain days.

Pray, too, that the Lord will show how best we can serve Him this New Year. May the Lord show you how best you can help in the work for the extension of His Kingdom. He died that men and women might be born again of the Spirit of God.

"There remaineth yet very much land to be possessed" and our opportunity is now!
...trials...tranquility...triumph

By: Betty Gray

At my farewell service in Melbourne, Australia on November 23rd, as those of you who were present will remember, this was the subject of Rev. R. V. Merritt’s valedictory address. The experiences of my voyage and arrival at Mukti cannot be summarized in more apt words.

Trials confronted us in various forms. Doubts about my passport being in order, the loss of five boxes seemingly not loaded in Melbourne and the anticipation of clearing thirty-one articles of baggage from the wharf, through customs and safely to Kedgaon seemed like a trial.

The knowledge that the sovereign God was over-ruling according to His pattern enabled me to accept each new issue of my circumstances. In acceptance lieth peace, and the difficulties only made me more conscious of the peace of God. Because His peace is not dependent upon outward evidence of security, I was kept in tranquility.

There was also much joy on the voyage as I had fellowship with others of similar interests. Together we shared any problems in prayer, and gave thanks to God for the blessings of the journey.

God answered your prayers and ours in ways beyond all our anticipations, so please give thanks with us for His loving kindness. The day before we were to prepare for disembarking, the lost boxes were found in the ship’s store, loaded in Melbourne after all, and travelling under refrigeration without additional charge (they were food boxes, too). The mail received on board at Bombay contained a letter clarifying any doubt about my passport. Then amidst all the noise and bustle (when naturally one would expect tried tempers) of the Sunday morning we landed, the customs officers showed me great kindness. What a joy to count every piece of baggage, and to find all had arrived, and was cleared for the next stage of the journey. Now the welcome Miss Fletcher and Miss Doerksen had come to give me was really appreciated.

After a couple of days in Bombay we left by train for Kedgaon, and what a welcome awaited me! There was a deputation at the station and a bullock cart ride home, stopping on the way for my future pandit (language teacher) who had prepared a garland for me to place it on my shoulders. Just around the corner was the gateway to Mukti where most of the family had gathered. I had seen slides of similar welcomes, but now that it was real and for me, it meant more than I had expected. The loving smiles, the flowers (a garland placed around my neck, a wreath in my hair and a bouquet in my hand by three sweet little girls Manik, Toshada and Sulochina), the welcome song, and the many faces that lined the way to my room almost overwhelmed me. It did not stop at this. Whenever somebody has seen me since, they have individually and informally shown me expression of their genuine welcome.

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SEEKING -- in vain

(This is translated from an article written by Dayabai Guzar, one of our Bible women, telling of the visit of the evangelistic team to a large religious fair.)

This fair is known as a festival of paying back the vows made to the gods. Some women who had previously made a pilgrimage, asking the god for a child or some other favour, came back after many years to repay their vow. I had been to a number of these festivals but never to one so big and impressive as this one.

When I was asked to go this time, I felt my own insufficiency and asked the Lord to send me in His fulness and strength. He gave me Exodus 15:3, 6, and also 14:13 and 14. "Jehovah is a man of war" and "Thy right hand Jehovah is glorious in power" were my two promises from Him. We went with a glad heart early next morning carrying the Sword of God's Word as we gave ourselves into His hand.

We arrived to find a tremendous crowd of people. I was reminded of the multitudes that followed the Lord by the Galilean Sea. As we started to sing, instead of meeting opposition, as had sometimes been the case, the people flocked to us to hear the message of the Bread of Life. There were so many people and we felt so small, for there were only five of us to speak to such multitudes.

While one of us was speaking, telling the people of Jesus who is the Way, the Truth and the Life, we heard a commotion, but still the people stood listening. Ignoring the commotion, they drank in eagerly the wonderful story of the One who alone could pay for their debt of sin. Then we heard the drums and noticed that it was a crowd following a group of nearly fifty little girls, women and some boys who were coming along the road prostrating themselves all the way in the dusty, dirty road. They were measuring their length on the ground as they threw themselves down over and over again, coming this way all the way from some distant village and making their way to the little temple, where their god was supposed to live. They continued working their way around this “god-house” several times, muttering the name of the god with what strength they had left after all the exertion of their long, exhausting pilgrimage. We could see them crawl inside to fall at the feet of the stone god and worship.

What a sad sight and how my heart went out to these girls who were the same age as many of our dear girls in Mukti and I thought of what might have been their lot but for the grace of God. How badly I felt for these people, who seemed so sincere and yet were following so blindly after their gods. I knew they were seeking in vain for the fulfillment of their heart's desires. I called out loudly as they passed, telling them and all the people around us about the great love of our Saviour, the only God of love and compassion, who had paid the debt for our sin and could satisfy the longing of every heart.

All day long we stood amongst the crowds calling out the Saviour's name and offering the Water of Life to those who seemed so hungry and thirsty for the living Bread. Many not only listened but seemed to respond, bought Gospels and took the tracts we offered eagerly. It was evening when, scorched by the burning sun and exhausted, we started for

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FINDING—a loving home

By: Lillian Doerkson

"Why do you give her up? How can you leave your sweet little child like this?" we asked the Hindu man with the black beard and long hair that curled up at his shoulders. He was from the south and spoke another language but someone else was able to interpret his answer. "I have cared for her," he said, "as best I could since she was a little baby and her mother died. For several years now I have been seeking for a good home for her because I realized that it was not safe for me to keep her. There is no one to look after her when I am away at work all day. You see, I work for the railroad company and I am afraid she may be run over by a train sometime. Besides, I want her to learn. She is a clever child. I have been to other places and schools, but I have not been satisfied to leave her. A Christian pastor in the city where I work told me about your mission, so I have come with her. I see discipline, cleanliness, real Christian love and hospitality. I know my girl will be happy here. I give her to you. She is yours. I know she will be happy." There were tears shining in his eyes as with folded hands he bowed to present her to us.

When he realized that we were ready to accept her, he asked to have her for another half hour to take her to the market. We went into the guest room later to find the room filled with incense he was burning, and the table filled with things he had bought for her. She herself looked hardly real. To make her little girlish heart happy for the last time he had bought some white face powder and covered her brown face so thoroughly that the brown eyes, which he had carefully trimmed with circles of black, India eye shadow, looked like two dark toy saucers. On her forehead was the usual red mark without which no Hindu girl will ever be seen in public.

When the incense was extinguished and the smoke waved away, we asked him once more if he was sure of what he was doing. He expressed only deep gratitude for our kindness in accepting her and giving her the home and love she needed. Ceremoniously he handed her over and signed the paper giving her to us. She came, smiling and without hesitation, and was placed in the Honeysuckle family where she now has ten new little sisters. She put her things in the locker and made herself at home as though she had always belonged. Lotus’s new sisters gathered round, asking questions and wanting to help her. When the big sister in the family took her into the bathroom to wash the white, black and red mixture off her face, six-year-old Hope said anxiously, "Auntie, Lotus is a Hindu but she will be a Christian now, won’t she? We’ll tell her about the Lord Jesus and about salvation and she’ll be a Christian very, very soon, won’t she?" We assured her that this was our longing and prayer, too.

Stories of the Saviour are all still new to Lotus and how she drinks in every word! Please pray that just as she so spontaneously is responding to the love bestowed upon her in her new home, she may understand and respond with readiness to the Saviour's love, give her heart to Him and grow up to love and serve Him always.
TINY TOKENS TRANSFORMED INTO TRIUMPHS

By: Lillian Doerksen

God's touch was felt upon the various activities this Christmas season when the story of God's love and the Saviour's birth were presented in the Sunday school, club, school and the Christmas morning worship service, where not only the Mukti family of eight hundred gathered, but also the whole Christian community, the Hindu workmen, and many boys who have been in our school. Choirs of little tots and of older girls joined in songs of praise and exaltation to Christ the Lord, who alone is worthy of all praise. But the most sacred touch, we felt, was upon the Christmas thanksgiving service, when young and old, blind, feeble, frail and maimed as well as the strong and youthful came with gladness to present their gifts of love to the Saviour. Reverently, singing as they came, they brought their offerings with glad hearts and smiling faces. We know the heavenly Father saw many things which were not seen by us, and smiled upon many gifts that were given in sacrificial love, but there were some things that touched our hearts, too.

We stood amazed when we saw the amount of the offering of money given, for these are hard times — famine days with the price of grains and daily commodities very high. We wondered at the gifts of precious grain, too. One little boy still stood in the front of the church, holding the goat, which was the gift of his grandfather who had accepted the Lord last year. One of the brass vessels held many interesting treasures — a little cellophane packet of moth balls which mean little to most of you, but which are treasured here not only because of the fresh smell they give to the clothing but because of the protection they provide from the ever-present raiding insects. There was a doll, the gift of a sixteen-year-old blind girl who according to her request had received one for Christmas. She had only been with us nine months and had recently accepted Christ as her Saviour. We had seen the smile of loving worship as she brought this gift. It lay with another doll given by some other child who longed to show her Saviour how much she loved Him, too. There were bracelets that had been purchased with some treasured pocket money at the annual shopping day before Christmas and had been given up for Him.

A new little mirror was accompanied with a note "Dear Lord Jesus, please accept this little gift. I give it with love." Being only seven years old and unable to write the full sentence conveying her desire that the gift should help others to hear the good news of salvation, she wrote in big letters after her signature "GOSPEL." Surely as these precious tokens of devotion are sold and the money is used to reach many villages in India with the gospel, and as some is sent to Japan to help others there to hear of the Saviour's love, it will mean much triumph for our Lord who loved us and who died for all.

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home, singing praises to God with what voices we had left for the wonderful opportunities which had been given us. But I do not know how to describe to you what a great impression that fair had on us and how deeply I felt for our dear fellow men and women in my country who are still bound by sin and sadness. Do join with us in praying for them.
The staff also found many ways of making me feel one with them. Letters received during my last days in Australia, and also in Bombay, and a room made homely by many touches of love, including flowers and Christmas decorations, were just a beginning. An Indian luncheon in the staff dining room was a special feature of that day. I felt very much a part of Mukti.

Perhaps the crowning triumph of my arrival at Mukti has been the sharing of the celebrations of Christmas. I had the joy of preparing for Christmas in attending the school and club break-up programmes. The atmosphere has been penetrated with the desire to bring joy to the Lord Jesus Christ Himself on the anniversary of His birthday. The carols have been sung with such praise to the Lord! The family parties and Christmas tree gifts have brought great excitement because all were sharing in the Lord's birthday. I wish you could have sat in on the families Christmas morning as I did. The little ones chattered away, telling me all, even though I didn't understand a word, and their faces shone with appreciation. The church service continued in this same spirit.

But Christmas doesn't end with that at Mukti. Sunday, the 27th was Thanksgiving day, when even some of the very young ones were overheard at prayer, asking what gift would be acceptable to Him. The church service was most inspiring. The scripture lesson was from Luke 21 about the widow's mite, and while I didn't understand the sermon which followed I witnessed a living sermon as gifts were offered to the Lord. Some children gladly gave Christmas toys, others present gave their pocket money or some saved grain or treat. The blind, along with the rest of the family went forward with their offering. Much was at personal cost, but the radiant joy on their faces told of their reward. If these were tokens of their hearts' dedication to the Lord, what triumph this must mean to Him!

NEWS AND REVIEWS

We praise the Lord for bringing Miss Amstutz back after a furlough in United States and for many opportunities afforded her in Supa, our out-station.

We praise Him, too, for our new missionary Miss Betty Gray whom God sent to us from Australia. Please pray for her as she takes up her language study and witness among the people in this land.

Last issue we told you about the shepherd twins that had been brought to us. They were only allowed to remain with us for several weeks. Exposure and malnutrition had not only taken its toll of the mother but had also left the little ones with a congenital heart and greatly weakened condition, so before they were a month old the Good Shepherd gathered them into His heavenly Fold.

A few days after, however, the Lord sent us another pair of twins. They also came in a little basket, but they were strong and healthy and had even been dressed in little bright shirts and bonnets (only several sizes too large). They are doing very nicely and we praise the Lord for entrusting these lovely babies into our care. Please surround them with prayer.

Miss Juanita Harrell would like to present to you for special prayer the road-side clinic work. "Pray particularly for the head man of the
village Rajuri, where we go each week as a medical-evangelistic group. May he and his family come to our Christ.

"My burden is that others may share with us in prayer for our young Christian leaders here at Mukti. Pray for Leela, one of our young nurses who is also in charge of the Morning Glory Family."

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