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'FOR GOD SO LOVED'

**RAMABAI MUKTI MISSION
INDIA**

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BHIMABAI

LED TO OTHER LANDS

'Take my savings and travel in other countries' were the words of my dying sister several years ago, but her savings have never been touched, the suggested trip never made. Again and again the desire has come into my heart to fulfil this wish of my sister's, and sometimes plans have been made, but always circumstances have

not been favourable and the longed-for trip not made.

Then a young woman from Mukti travelled clear to Borneo to marry a Christian Indian there, and a pressing invitation to come and visit them stirred anew this longing of many years to make a sea voyage and see other lands. Although the moist heat of Borneo did not attract me, plans were made for the trip. A suggestion followed that Australia was near Borneo and could be included. However, when I started to get my passport, my visas, clearance to leave India, permit to return to India, and health certificates, I was overwhelmed by all the red tape. I had not realized I would have to go through all that. It was all new and strange to me, and the thought of travelling alone did not appeal. The trip seemed to lack any really worth-while purpose, preparations lagged, interest declined, and I decided it was not worth all the bother. It suddenly seemed like a long, lonely trip away from my own people into a strange land.

It was then that a missionary friend, who is in charge of a Bible School to which we send some of our Mukti girls, fell ill. It was a heart condition and a trip home to Australia for rest became imperative. She could not travel alone. She asked if I might accompany her and make her home in Australia my home during the few months she must rest there. Then our own Mukti family said arrangement would be made for me to meet our Mukti friends in Australia. An invitation came from Mukti's prayer partners in New Zealand to come and tell them more about Mukti, and they offered to pay my

expenses from Australia to New Zealand. Then the Lord spoke to my heart, 'Go and tell them what great things God has done for you'. Suddenly the trip took on purpose, people on every side began to help me, and I found my heart responding. I felt it was for this that my sister left me her money. My courage almost failed me again as I thought of all the red tape, but the thought came, 'He knows the way out of the woods. Let us climb up into His arms and trust Him to take us out by the shortest and surest road'.

According to present plans, I leave Bombay December 16, 1954, and return to India June 10, 1955. I go to our friends in Australia and New Zealand as a sister in Christ, realizing now that I am not going to strangers, but to part of our very own Mukti family.

—BHIMABAI HARISHCHANDRA

OUR GOD IS ABLE

'Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither His ear heavy, that it cannot hear' (Isa. 59:1).

Another rainy season is over, and we are again able to go out into the villages round about with the Word of Life. We go forward in faith and with confidence, knowing that our Father will honour His Word and accomplish a work for eternity in the hearts of the villagers who hear.

Listen to the heart's cry of a sixteen-year-old village girl, 'What is it that you are saying? Who is this Jesus about whom you speak? How can I accept Him? If I accept Him, how can I serve Him? I cannot see Him. I want to know more about Him'. What a wonderful privilege was ours when we sat for an hour and explained the way of salvation to her and answered all her questions. This is just one case of a hungry heart, but one which may never hear the gospel again, for she said, 'I have to leave soon for a distant village. I want to know Him, but cannot accept Him now because I shall be beaten. Pray for me'. Will those who read stop just now and pray for this hungry heart?

Each Sunday our Bible-women spread out to four villages, where large groups of children hear the Word, see it illustrated by pictures, sing it in choruses, memorize it in verses. There is trust, but there is also fear. Will you pray for these tender hearts, that they might understand and believe?

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FOR GOD

The man was dignified, educated, proud, a Brahman of the Brahmans, and he was on a pilgrimage to worship a man named Narayan, who called himself a god. Years ago Ramabai had stood before Narayan and said, 'If you call yourself God, He will make you a leper', and Narayan died a few years later of leprosy. But leper that he became, people still came from all over India to worship him, and the Brahman of this story was making this pilgrimage that he, too, might worship this self-made god.

The road to Narayan's temple passed right by the Mukti Mission. Large signs giving scripture verses were placed by the roadside for all to read. This Brahman was among those who paused. In his mother-tongue he read the words, 'For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life'. The Brahman read the words again, even as the man is doing who is pictured on the cover of this leaflet. From what book was this taken, he wondered, for he was familiar with all the sacred books of the Hindus and there was nothing in them about any god's loving him to that extent.

The Brahman walked on seven more miles until he reached Narayan's temple. He worshipped the man as a god, but he did not find the love described in that verse he had read on that sign. His heart sought a satisfaction he could not find at Narayan's temple, so he continued making pilgrimages to other shrines of other gods, hoping to find the God who so loved that He gave His Son for him.

So earnest was his heart, that he entered the service of the god Vithoba at the sacred city of Pandharapur. Daily he served, daily he read the sacred books of the Hindus, always searching for the verse that started out with the words 'For God so loved'. One day on his way to the temple, he passed a woman calling out something about a living God. He paused to listen, and she urged him to take a booklet to read. Then he asked her the question that had been in his mind many months, 'Does this booklet contain a verse starting, 'For God so loved'?

'Yes', the woman replied. 'It is right here', and she pointed to John 3:16, for the booklet was the Gospel according to John.

'Let me buy it', the Brahman said eagerly. 'I read that

SO LOVED

verse once and have never been able to forget it. Ever since then I have been searching for that God'. The Brahman went apart from the noisy crowds to a quiet spot under a tree. Immediately he sat down and read the entire Gospel. 'This is it', he thought. 'This is the end of my search. This God is now my God'. He went to the Mission bungalow, and the time came when that Brahman was born again of the Spirit of God. He is now in full-time Christian service, married to a Christian girl, and last year his little girl was in the Mukti school.

The sign that Brahman read still stands on the roadside, and every day people pause to read. Will you pray that those who read will never be able to forget, and that they might find the God who so loved them that He gave His Son for their redemption?

—CAROL TERRY

THE LOVE OF GOD

The love of God is greater far
Than tongue or pen can ever tell;
It goes beyond the highest star,
And reaches to the lowest hell.
The guilty pair, bowed down with care,
God gave His Son to win;
His erring child He reconciled,
And pardoned from his sin.
When hoary time shall pass away,
And earthly thrones and kingdoms fall;
When men who here refuse to pray,
On rocks and hills and mountains call;
God's love, so sure, shall still endure,
All measureless and strong;
Redeeming grace to Adam's race—
The saints' and angels' song.
Could we with ink the ocean fill,
And were the skies of parchment made;
Were every stalk on earth a quill,
And ev'ry man a scribe by trade;
To write the love of God above
Would drain the ocean dry;
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
Tho' stretched from sky to sky.

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EACH ONE TEACH ONE

(This article was written by one of our Indian girls who has recently graduated from Bible School. She is now serving as a matron in the Fruit Garden and teaches in our Adult Literacy School. She also goes to the villages as a Bible-woman. She was recently sent to an Adult Literacy Institute to learn new methods of teaching adults to read, using it as a means to reach them with the gospel).

'Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life' (Prov. 4:23).

How I praise God that, unworthy as I am, God is willing to use me. He gave me the opportunity of going to an Adult Literacy Institute. There were thirty-five people there from eleven different missions. There were three teachers, who taught us how to teach illiterate adults how to read and write. Teaching methods, psychology, and social education were the subjects covered, but they did more than just teach these subjects. They gave us God's message as experienced in their own lives, and we learned something of how to grow spiritually. I thanked our Lord that they gave me the privilege of assisting in leading some of the meetings.

Our hearts were challenged when we realized that the majority of India's people are illiterate, including many Christians, and the purpose of teaching them to read is to enable them to read God's Word. We all raised our hands in a promise to do everything possible to help people read God's Word. We started some classes right there among the people nearby, and those from our Institute living in that area promised to keep those classes going regularly.

The leaders of the Institute not only looked after our physical needs and taught us teaching methods, but they also looked after our souls. They listened to our difficulties sympathetically, and were really interested in us, and we were glad and richly blessed.

And now I am back at Mukti trying to put into practice in our Adult Literacy School all the things that I learned. We need God's help, for He alone is all powerful and able to achieve a work in people's hearts. Please pray for me and for them.

—TARABAI NAIDU



EMPTY AND WAITING

For many years we have felt the need of a small bungalow in which the pastor of our church might live. The home has just been completed, but now that it is ready, we have no pastor. We ask our prayer partners to join us in earnest prayer that the Lord will send to us the one of His choice to be shepherd of the Mukti flock.

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And will you join us in prayer for our Bible-women, that they might always go in the power and strength of our Lord as they handle His sacred Word in the villages?

—ANNE SIEMENS

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Oh, love of God, how rich and pure!
How measureless and strong!
It shall forever more endure—
The saints' and angels' song.

—F. M. LEHMAN

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

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