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'O-O-O! HOW HE SUFFERED!'

**RAMABAI MUKTI MISSION
INDIA**

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FLOWER GARLANDS FOR OUR NEW AUNTY

'MADE FOR MUKTI'

By MARGARET WILLIAMS

'God is a Friend unfailing, and God is everywhere'. In common with most folks, I have sung these lines many times, but today they appear with new meaning, as I write this testimony to the leading of God in my life.

God is here, praise His Name, in this fellowship at Mukti, where lives are being moulded for Him, and it is a wonderful joy to know it is now my home.

God was there that day, too, in the railway carriage in Australia when I was reading the life of Pandita Ramabai. It was just a very ordinary train with the usual clatter of wheels on the track and the ceaseless hum of

people's conversation, but as I read the story of that woman of so great faith, God spoke to my heart.

Some six years prior to this time I had heard the challenge of God to missionary service, which had led to a course of training at the Melbourne Bible Institute. During these very precious two years I sought to know the sphere to which God would send me to serve Him, and in a very unmistakable way He said 'India'.

'Lord, prepare me fully before you send me', I prayed. On the completion of Bible training, I was led into evangelistic work in Queensland among adults and children, learning much, and, what I believe was most important, learning many lessons in my own walk with the Lord. During this time I did not know for what field in India God was preparing me.

Now this day on the train I was faced with the story of Mukti, and from my heart I said, 'Lord, if it still is India, will you send me to that Mission?' The train steamed on and nothing spectacular happened, but God was there, and He heard.

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'THIS IS THE VILLAGE'

BY GLADYS FLETCHER

'I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye' (Ps. 32:8).

Bullock tonga, truck, tractor and trailer piled high with camping equipment, stores, fodder and five Bible-women, one nurse and two missionaries—all stood ready to go into a district which had not been visited for thirteen years. With the offering of a prayer to the Master who commanded 'Go ye', we moved off, each at a different speed. By evening, the camp, with its three tents, was in order.

The next day was given up to special prayer and intercession. As we look back, we see how definitely the Lord guided our footsteps right from the very first day, and we proved again that promise, 'He goeth before'.

Early the following morning five of us set off by our bullock tonga for Telegaon, a three and a half hours' journey. Two hours of bumpy travelling brought us to the Bhima River. The crossing looked wide, deep, and rocky, but the village people assured us that it was quite safe. Our tonga driver investigated and pronounced it very bad, finding it full of large, slippery rocks. We all alighted, but as I watched our big bullocks sliding about in water three feet deep, when only ten feet from the bank, doubt crept into my mind. Even as I called to the driver to come back, the bullocks turned of their own accord and scrambled up on to the bank.

On inquiry, we found that there was a better crossing two miles away. We could have gone into the nearby village, but felt no leading from the Lord to do so. Two miles of bad going brought us to a village situated on both sides of the river. Then, very distinctly, the Lord said, 'This is the village I want you to preach in today, not Telegaon'. Here we found hungry, prepared hearts. We sold all our Gospels, gave away all our tracts, and still the people wanted more. We hardly noticed the long trip home. Our hearts overflowed with praise and thanksgiving.

The Lord allowed us to go to Telegaon on the day of His choosing, and that was market day. How the people listened to the Word of Life! Once again we sold all the Gospels that we had taken with us.

At the end of our two weeks' stay in camp, we went back to the village by the bad crossing. What a hard people they proved to be, and one felt the power of the enemy of souls

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'OH! HOW HE

BY LILLIAN

It was mid-afternoon and all was quiet in the thorn-tree jungle where our tent was pitched. A polite call at the tent door broke the silence. A little girl, whose very bearing showed signs of maturity and poise far beyond her years, stood there. Her name was 'Chubbie', and she was ten years old. She looked up with a straight-forward smile and asked to be told 'that story', too.

Sitting in as much shade as the thorn trees afforded, she listened, wagging her head and exclaiming intelligently, as the story of the Saviour's birth and loving ministry unfolded. Her eyes grew large and moist as she heard how He had died for her sins. 'Oh! how He suffered!' she exclaimed, when she heard how they had plaited a crown of thorns. She looked down at the long thorns lying all around, and sucked in her breath as she thought of the pain even one caused when it pierced her foot.

'O-o-o, how He suffered for me', she said again, picturing the cruel nails piercing His lovely hands. Fastening her eyes on the picture in front of her, she seemed to see the sorrow in the Saviour's eyes as He bore the punishment for her sins, and again her eyes were filled with tears.

She sat a few minutes longer meditating and then she straightened up quickly, lifted her bundle of sticks and put it on the top of her head, and hurried home. She was a little girl who lived with her blind grandmother, who would be waiting for her. There was also much work waiting for Chubbie, for there was no one to do it but her. Getting up at day break, she would clean the house and adjoining cowshed, clean and grind the grain, get the meals, gather the eggs and do the marketing and many other jobs that had to be done.

The next morning in the village we saw her carrying large vessels of water on her head, as she went up the steep embankment from the river after doing all the washing on the bank. She greeted us cheerfully and asked us to come with her to see her 'Grannie'. The courtyard was neat and clean, and we could see the vessels shining on the shelves where Chubbie had stacked them. We started to tell the story of Jesus and His love to the old grandmother, but to our great surprise she knew all about it. Chubbie had told her about this God of love. The grandmother had not beaten or scolded Chubbie for listening to the story of this God, but she said she believed He *was* the Saviour, and she was taking His Name in prayer, as well as telling her neighbours. 'He's the door to heaven',

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she said, 'and I believe on Him, so the door of heaven will open for me, won't it?'

Chubbie came to hear more as often as she could, and how she listened! One afternoon she bowed her head and asked the Lord Jesus to come into her heart. He had suffered for her, and she wanted Him to forgive her for the sins that had caused Him such pain.

'How I would like a book, and oh, if I were only able to read more of Him', she said.

'Wouldn't we like to take you with us to live with our little girls and teach you to read', I said.

For a second she smiled longingly. Then she straightened up quickly and said, 'I could never come, not as long as Grannie lives. Who would look after the blind one? No, never, I'll stay with her until she dies. But then I'll come, and then I'll learn to read, too'.

We looked at the ugly scar across her forehead where her aunt had beaten her for sneaking away to school when she was six. How we longed to take her to live with our girls, that she might enjoy the privilege of hearing and reading as much as she wanted of the loving Saviour. But it was true—who would look after her grandmother?

The One who loves motherless girls and who cares for the blind and feeble will not forget them. But let us love them, too, and remember to pray for them. Our prayers will help them teach others the stories and songs of how the Lord suffered for all of our sins.

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working against us. They appeared almost totally indifferent to the gospel message, only one man showing any real interest. How I then understood the reason for the check to my spirit on that first day of our preaching tour. Such indifference and coldness at that stage would have proved discouraging, especially to those who were out for the first time with us in camp. In His love and wisdom, He allowed our first contact with the people to be one that inspired us for the more difficult days ahead.

Our stay in camp proved to be a time of drawing near to the Lord in prayer and of seeing Him go before us preparing the hearts of the people in the numerous villages visited. The many hearts touched and Gospels now in the hands of the people present a new challenge to us here. Will you who read this story lay hold upon God for the souls of these dear village folks?

THAT NAME SO PRECIOUS

BY RUTH BOLLMAN

They called it 'home', those four pegs and a bit of cloth. It was only a patch of shade against the noon-tide sun there in the parched, bare field. The family had only a blanket, a little bundle, and a few pots and pans to count precious. Nor could they know that one morning the Spirit bade us take the Name most precious to those who sat in places so bare. The pictures we showed, the songs we sang, the stories we told all seemed dull to them. Then we told of the cross. The famine-marked father pressed closer. Eyes of heart hunger pierced through us. Questions tumbled out. Then, filled with emotion, that emaciated man said, 'Many have told of their gods. At last I have heard of the God that is true. My own heart tells me that these words are from above. From this moment forward I shall worship Jesus and Him alone. He is precious'.

The Name most precious became Life to a soul there in a parched, bare field. For him, for others in villages about us, and for our own girls, the angels in heaven sound forth the joy of sinners redeemed. That day it was for one who never before had heard. A few days before this, a young girl knelt to give her heart and life into the keeping of Jesus Christ. His Name had been precious to those of us who had cared for her through childhood and girlhood. Now she claimed Him as her own Saviour and King. Always she had been so sweet. Now that sweetness is anointed with the Name so precious.

Souls outside of Mukti and souls inside Mukti have wound such cords of affection about me that the approaching furlough holds no attraction. My heavenly Father has made this first term of service rich beyond measure. I came by His leading, and I go with the confidence that He shall lead me back after these coming months of rest in the homeland. May our Lord bless you in your fellowship with us in the joy of making His Name known to hearts that are hungry.

THE COVER PICTURE

Chubbie and a neighbour listen to the story of Christ's death on the cross for them. 'Our sins nailed Him there? He died for *me*? O-o-o! How He suffered!', were their remarks during the story. Calvary reached down to the very depths of their hearts that day, and two souls were born again.

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Then followed nearly three more years of seeming silence on God's part. Like Peter, I had much to learn before He could send me forth, but I was always encouraged to know that Peter reached at last the place of oneness with His Lord and Master where He could trust him with the sheep and lambs. Many times I wanted to open the door to overseas service, but it seemed closed to me. Then, when it seemed most impossible, the challenge came to apply. Now I felt I could not. Was it the Lord, or was I once again trying the door myself? The Holy Spirit urged me and reminded me that I would never find out while I stood still. As a missionary friend once said to me concerning her call, 'God can't guide a stationary vessel'. These words came vividly to me now, and I wrote for the application papers. Things began to happen immediately, and acceptance of my application came just a few weeks after I had applied, with a request that, if at all possible, I be prepared to sail in six weeks' time. When I read the letter and contemplated the speed with which everything would have to be prepared, God gave me Mark 10:27, 'With men it is impossible, but not with God: for with God all things are possible', and He made it real indeed, all things being provided.

God wonderfully undertook for the passage, for just at this time a retired missionary was travelling to India, and had booked a berth for herself and companion, but the companion was unable to come, and the berth was held for me. This was the only ship leaving Australia in time for the commencement of the 1955 Language School.

Now Mukti is my home. As someone said to me a few days after coming, 'You feel that you were made for Mukti, and that Mukti was made for you'.

'That's exactly how I do feel', I replied. The welcome by the Mukti family and the love and fellowship of God's children in this place, which I am daily experiencing, cause me to rejoice greatly in our wonderful God. Truly He is an unfailing Friend, and 'His delays are not denials'. I am so thankful that He spent time in preparing me, as I realize, now I am here, just how much is the necessity to 'fit in', and I can see now His hand so plainly in all the preparation time.

Since the Sunday after my arrival, when for the first time I saw the Mukti family gathered in one great body for worship, the song of rejoicing in my heart has found expression in the words of one of old, 'thy people are now my people, even as thy God is my God'.

FAMILY NEWS

Mr and Mrs Howard McMillen welcomed a baby daughter, Elizabeth Ann, into their home on March 6, 1955.

We pray God's richest blessing on Miss Ruth Bollman as she leaves us soon for furlough.

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

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