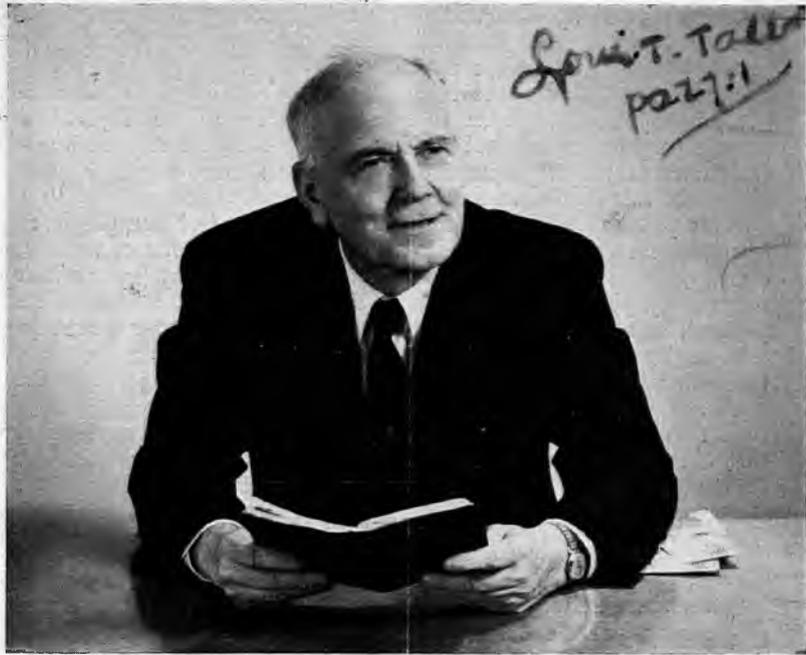


PRAYER BELL INDIA



Dr. Louis T. Talbot
Honorary International Representative

RAMABAI MUKTI MISSION

May-June, 1957

Yale Divinity Library
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WELCOME TO OUR MUKTI FAMILY, DR. TALBOT

'I am your grandfather come to visit you' were the words that greeted our hundreds of children as they welcomed Dr. Louis T. Talbot to Mukti in 1949. He was on a world tour of missions, and in every country he was challenged by the need, but at Mukti the brown-skinned children climbed into his arms and into his heart, to share a place there with his own grandchildren. Years of friendly interest, generous giving, and earnest prayer followed that visit.

A few years later Dr. Talbot went into the depths of New Guinea, a land forgotten by time and civilization, reaching with the gospel tribes famous for other than Christian ways. On the opposite page he can be seen greeting the chief of one of the most primitive tribes of that land. In between visiting these wilds of New Guinea and the jungles of Africa came another stop at Mukti. The glow of Christian joy on the faces of our large family in contrast to the hardened faces of jungle people strengthened the interest of this servant of God in this lighthouse in India.

This year the challenge of the sacrificial giving of our people at Christmas for the publication of the Bible, when the gifts of widows, orphans, and the poor amounted to \$400.00 (£141-0-0), caused him to come by plane from Hongkong. Into the heart of our work he plunged, as he joined our gospel band camped out in the district in tents to reach untouched areas. He shared in the heat, the dust, the crowds, the pushing of the car when it would not go, with the words, 'I would like to spend a year witnessing in the villages of India'. When we waved him farewell this third time, we realized that the Lord had sealed his interest in Mukti with great blessing. In recognition of this interest, our Executive Committee passed the following Minute:

'We note with sincere appreciation the interest of Dr. Louis T. Talbot in the Ramabai Mukti Mission. As a mark of this appreciation, we recognize him as an Honorary International Representative of the Ramabai Mukti Mission'.

For over twenty years Dr. Talbot was pastor of the Church of the Open Door and president of the Bible Institute of Los Angeles, which he now serves as chancellor. World traveller and explorer, his ministry has always been marked by an intense interest in and personal visitation of Christian missions the world around. We are privileged and honoured to have him as our international representative.



**Dr. Talbot (at the left) meets the Chief of the
Chimbu Tribe, New Guinea**

UPON MY HEART

No word of mine can fully express how deeply I appreciate the honour of being selected as an honorary international secretary for the Ramabai Mukti Mission. I have had this Mission upon my heart ever since with Dr. Paul R. Bauman I visited there in 1949. To see those hundreds of little children being cared for physically, mentally, and spiritually was something I could not forget. I will find it a joy to present the needs of the Mission to the churches in America. I know of no light in India that is shining more brightly than that of the Ramabai Mukti Mission. If Christian people could see India's need as I have seen it, they would not allow a day to go by without remembering this work, and all similar work, before the Throne of Grace.

—LOUIS T. TALBOT



THE CALL OF THE DRUMS

By CAROL TERRY

Eighteen miles of travelling by jeep, bumping by bullock cart, and slogging through mud by foot brought us to a Hindu festival and to the women who desperately needed Christ. Before we arrived, we heard the beat of the drums, and soon the women were before us, covered with the dirt of the road, their faces agonizingly in earnest, ready to perform any sacrifice that the idol might hear their prayers.

One after another they passed me, as each woman fell face downward full length on the road, stretching her hands out before her and making a mark on the ground, then getting up and walking to that mark, and again prostrating herself on the road, measuring her full length, repeating this again and again for miles as they went toward the temple housing the idol whom they besought to hear their prayers.

The hearts of the women were desperate with the ache of years of unanswered prayer. They had tried in every other way to make the idol hear, and now because of his silence they performed this

extreme Hindu rite of self-affliction which no western woman of Christian lands has ever known. We endeavoured to tell them of the living God who would hear their prayers, but years of darkness seemed to veil their understanding. One of them became demon possessed when she arrived at the temple, dancing before the idol and then falling, writhing into unconsciousness.

In contrast to the dark, writhing countenance of that woman was the lovely face of one of our Bible-women as she stood before them beseeching them with all her heart to listen to the news of salvation which would set them free from their bondage. The contrast of light and darkness, bondage and liberty, sadness and joy was there before us, as India's redeemed womanhood proclaimed to the lost the Way of Life.

But all our words seemed to fall on ears deaf to everything save the beat of the drums. Bound by their darkness, the women left us and continued their pilgrimage of prostration in the dust. They were bound by the powers of darkness, and the key for their release the Christians of the world hold in their hands—the key of prayer.

Will these women of India continue to struggle on in darkness because the key to their release is lying unused and rusty in your hand?



THREE DAYS IN APRIL

BY JEAN MCGREGOR

It was Good Friday. We gathered in church for a very impressive service centred around the seven last words of Christ. The pastor gave a short message concerning each, interspersed by song. The singing group included Leclabai, who is one of our trained nurses, Rebeccabai, who has just graduated from Bible School, and Kamalbai, one of our faithful young workers. After two and one half hours of worship and song we went away. We felt the solemnity of the time spent and walked away prayerfully.

It is now Saturday morning. The little water tank near the line of 'Family' houses was fixed especially for those who were to be baptized. Its four corners were decorated with pots of ferns and the morning sunlight made sparkling jewels of each wave of water within.

One after another thirteen children and young people stepped into the little tank for baptism. Some were our inside children who have been with us since babyhood. Two were from Krupa Sadan. They had come from Christian homes outside Mukti but before coming here had never really known what it means to be saved.

Another was a young girl whose home before had been Moham-medan. Still another was a young school teacher who had come from a Roman Catholic background. Her testimony rang clear and true. This is the way in which she wrote it.

'Today, in writing, I wish to say that by personal experience I have put my faith on the Lord Jesus Christ. He is my personal Saviour. Apart from Him there is no other Saviour. This, I sincerely believe. I now have accepted the Protestant Christian faith. My faith in Christ I wish to make known publicly through baptism in His Name'.

Then it was Easter Sunday. In the early light of morning we started out. At first the trees and hills and buildings were indistinct. The air was sweet and cool and gave brace to our steps. There were children, young people, women and men. Some ran, some walked as we wended our way toward a hill chosen for the Easter Sunrise Service. Some of us were among the first to reach the top of the hill. It was thrilling to look down at the long line of people coming up. These were not pilgrims on their way to some holy shrine in India, pilgrims coming to bow to an unresponding stone. These were worshippers of the true and living God, worshippers coming to rejoice in victory over death, coming to sing from their hearts, 'He is Risen!'

Just as the first flaming rim of the sun could be seen in the eastern horizon, the stillness of the morning air was broken by the voices of

over two hundred people singing, 'Christ the Lord is Risen Today, Hallelujah!' Then Howard McMillen led our service, speaking clearly and forcefully of the meaning of the resurrection. Later, our pastor's wife, Mrs Hivale, closed in prayer asking God to make us aware of every victory we have because of what Christ did for us that Easter morning long ago. Just before we rose to start back, our leader called out, 'The Lord is Risen!' The hills around us joined in and re-echoed our answer, 'He is Risen Indeed!'

Later, we gathered in the Mukti church for the Easter morning service. This service was made especially dear and precious to us because it was a Communion service and because the thirteen who had just been baptized the day before were made members with us and we all partook together. On the maroon back-drop behind the pulpit, a cross of white Franjipanni flowers stood out in silent witness to life from the dead. And just above the cross in clear Marathi letters, done in silver, were these words, 'He is Risen!' We would take the challenge of these words with us into our new year. They mean victory for today and forever.

— * —

'O teach me what it meaneth—
That Cross uplifted high,
With One—the Man of Sorrows—
Condemned to bleed and die!
O teach me what it cost Thee
To make a sinner whole;
And teach me, Saviour, teach me
The value of a soul!

'O teach me what it meaneth—
Thy love beyond compare,
The love that reacheth deeper
Than depths of self-despair!
Yea, teach me till there gloweth
In this cold heart of mine
Some feeble, pale reflection
Of that pure love of Thine'.

—LUCY A. BENNETT

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