

PRAYER BELL

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*A village woman hears of Jesus for the first time from
Shakuntalabai, one of the Bible women at camp*

RAMABAI MUKTI MISSION

**APRIL-MAY-JUNE
1962**

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The Evangelistic Camp

BY JANET CALLAN

"I the Lord have called thee in righteousness, and will hold thine hand and will keep thee, and give thee for a covenant of the people, for a light of the Gentiles; To open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the prison, and them that sit in darkness out of the prison house."
(Isa. 42:6, 7)

As another camping season draws to a close, we desire to share with you, our praying friends, some of the blessings which have been ours during the past seven weeks. The Lord has fulfilled His promise to us, as we have obeyed His voice and gone forth with the Word of Life to those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death.

Our teams have changed frequently, and all have come back to Mukti praising the Lord and rejoicing in His blessing.

During these seven weeks the jeep has travelled 1700 miles, and at least seventy towns, villages and hamlets have been visited; some of them were revisited, but many only had one opportunity to hear of the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, the Name they had never heard before. What a great privilege it was to be the ones to bring that precious Name to them, but there was with the thrill also a deep heart sorrow that they have had to wait so long to hear. How long they have sat in darkness, but as the Light penetrates into their hearts, their faces reflect that Light, and we can only cover them with prayer that the Holy Spirit will teach them and lead them on to know the Lord.

Over one thousand two hundred Gospels, one New Testament, one Bible and ninety books have been sold, while hundreds of tracts have been distributed. The Lord will continue to bless the written Word even after we have returned to our daily round of work in Mukti.

A special feature of the concentrated evangelism this year was the Saturday-night meeting conducted by the men in large, centrally located villages. The message was given with film strips and Indian music, a gospel emphasis interspersing the films. There were six such meetings, and audiences of sometimes three or four hundred and up to seven hundred sat with rapt attention through the whole service. Sometimes at the beginning the Enemy tried to disrupt the meeting, and once the whole audience left because of a false alarm of fire, but they soon returned and gave their full attention to the message. Many have expressed real heart hunger, and we believe that the Lord has especially blessed this ministry, and blessed the men who have sacrificed their sleep to witness for Him. It was always one or two o'clock in the morning before they returned home.

The Lord has also blessed the medical ministry and through it there have been some vital contacts for His glory.

There are many who seem near the Kingdom. Sitabai, a Brahmin woman, recounted the story of Ramabai's life as she had remembered reading it some years ago. "In your Christian religion," she said, "and in no other, do we find love. No other tells of a God of love. That was what won Ramabai."

Some of the school masters have been kind and courteous, giving opportunities to speak to the children, especially to the fourth standard, as the story of Jesus is in their reader. Some have even let the children go home to bring an anna to buy a Gospel. Three of the blind Bible women have helped in the work. They have read from their Braille Gospel to the children in the schools, to the people in the villages and around the camp. All have been astonished to see them read, and listened most intently. Their ministry in song has been helpful. It was not easy for them to adjust to camp life, but the Lord undertook for them.

We thank all who have helped us by prayer, and request that the Seed sown may be watered by further prayer, that it may bring forth fruit for eternity. May many be led out of darkness into the light.

I The Lord Have Called Thee

BY LAURA MCFARLAND

"Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him and he shall bring it to pass." (Psalm 37:5)

On the 31st of December, 1954, in a Mission Hall outside a small town called Newtownstewart, N. Ireland, the Lord through His precious Word (Romans 12:1, 2), revealed to me the necessity of living a life entirely in His divine will and plan. As I made this consecration, and also as I continued to commit my way unto Him, I found the way opening up for His service. My heart was deeply burdened for the lost of India and when the need of the Ramabai Mukti Mission was brought before me, the Lord wonderfully led me into this work.

Through the prayers and also the practical help of interested friends in the homeland it was possible for me to sail for India on the 16th of February. After a three weeks' sea voyage on which I had many contacts with Indians and missionaries, I arrived in India. These contacts proved to be a blessing and a help for my future work, giving me a clearer insight into the ways of Indian life.

My first train journey from Bombay to Kedgaon is one which will live with me always. All that I had read in books about life in India, all that I had seen on the screen, somehow seemed so like a fable, until I actually saw it in reality. As I compared this land with the one I had said good-bye to just three weeks previously, the word of God came to me plainly " I the Lord have called thee, it is I. " What a joy filled my heart in the knowledge that He Himself had called, and the great responsibility of carrying out that call made me more determined to fulfil all His Law.

A seven-hour train journey brought me to the place of His appointment for me. At last I reached my desired haven and what a welcome awaited me ! I think the whole village



must have been out awaiting my arrival for there were people everywhere. In the happy family atmosphere, I was quite at ease and was soon feeling as one of their number.

All the years of preparations beforehand seemed to come to nothing as I met a people of different race altogether from my own, new customs, climate, food and not forgetting the language which to me at the moment is just a series of sounds. One has to admit just how much is still to be learned if we are going to reach the people with the Gospel of Christ; so much which has to be unlearned so that we can learn again.

I had the joy of meeting the "Everlasting Flower Family" which will be under my care on return from language school at the beginning of June.

The first Sunday of my stay at Mukti was a memorable one, as it was Hospital Sunday which occurs only once a year. I had the privilege of worshipping in the Mission church and what a happy occasion it was for all.

Now language school lies before me and without a working knowledge of this, it is impossible to get over to the people what the Lord has laid upon our hearts. Your prayers will be much valued as I seek to study the Marathi language so that souls may be brought into the ways of Jesus Christ.

I take this opportunity of thanking all those who are remembering this great work at the Throne of Grace. It is wonderful to know that we are co-workers together.

STEPPING STONES

BY JUANITA HARRELL

Before the new year I always search the Word of God and ask the Lord to give me a verse for the coming year. As I look back over the past five years, the verses the Lord has given me along the way were as stepping stones to open up new areas of service for Him each new year. My first year in Mukti the Lord gave me Psalm 143:8a, "Cause me to hear thy loving kindness in the morning." I had read other people's experience of how their early morning quiet time was attacked, but never thought this would be the Enemy's weapon against me my first year on the mission field. During those first months here my first waking thought was... "I *must* get to my note books and review the day's lessons before class time." Classes started early in the morning at 7:00 or 7:30, and it was a real battle. "What should come first? My lessons or that vital early morning communion with God?" Indeed, I did have to call out to my God, "Cause me to hear thy loving kindness in the morning." God won out in the end, but I shall never forget the battle, as I had never before questioned what should come first. This verse became so precious to me that I continued with this as the theme of each day during my second year on the mission field.

Shortly before my second year language examination in 1958, I clung to the promise in Deut. 1:29, 30. "Dread not, neither be afraid of them. The Lord your God which goeth before you, shall fight for you." With-

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Zogabai the widow hears of Jesus

BY LILLIAN DOERKSEN

"Anyone inside? May we come and tell you a story of the living God and sing a song or two?"

A turbanless head appeared, and the form of a tall farmer planted itself in the doorway. "No," he said, with a serious, determined look, "No, we don't want to hear. We have work to do."

It was harvest-time, but all day long, in the villages where we had gone, people had listened so gladly, so eagerly to the wonderful story of a Saviour who loved them and could save from sin. Hardly a soul had ever heard His Name before. We wondered if they would get an opportunity to hear again. We were weary and it was really time to go back to camp. But somehow we could not leave. There was one more walled compound near the jeep to which Dorcas, one of the Bible women, and I felt constrained to go to share the message. They might otherwise never hear. The rebuff from the doorway now was unexpected. We smiled, and were turning to go, when a woman's voice called out behind him, "Come on in. We'd like to hear you."

We were surprised, for a woman in this land does not often speak that way in front of a man, especially the man of the house. "But we do not want to trouble you," Dorcas said with a smile, "He said you have work to do and we do not want to keep you. We will try to come again sometime."

"No, we have nothing to do. Come in. We would like to hear your story," she insisted and now the man of the house nodded consent.

Stepping inside the room and sitting down on the sack spread out for us on the floor in front of them, we found that the woman who had called us was a relative who was visiting in the home. We sang a song proclaiming Jesus Christ as the true and only Saviour. She leaned close to listen with rapt attention. When our eyes became accustomed to the darkness inside, we saw there were a number of others sitting around in the room, too, taking in the message. Dorcas was telling the story of the prodigal son. "There was once a rich farmer who had two sons," she began.

"How blessed he was!" interjected the woman, "Two sons. I haven't even one. I never had a child." The woman had fine features. She was intelligent-looking, well-dressed with three gold chains around her neck, but there was a deep sadness in her longing eyes.

Dorcas gave a sympathetic smile and went on with the story. The woman was completely absorbed, nodding her head and interjecting comments, giving assent to the message. The story came to a close and Dorcas made the application. "We, too, are like the lost son. We have sinned against our heavenly Father who created us. We, too, must repent. Oh, if you could know how much our Father God has loved us!" She used John 3:16 and told the woman of God's gift of the Saviour—His birth, His life, His death, resurrection and the promise of His return. The woman leaned forward closer, taking in every word, tears glistening in her eyes as she heard for the first time of this Saviour Jesus' love for her—love that led Him to suffer and die on the cross.

It was nearly time for us to go, so we asked her if she would like to buy a Gospel to read and understand more about this wonderful Saviour whose Name had stirred her heart.

The tears that glistened in her eyes suddenly overflowed. "How I wish I could read so I could get one. I have not even anyone who can read it to me. I was married when I was just a little girl. My husband died before I was old enough to have any children. When they took my husband's body to the river bed, I did not understand what was happening. Because I had no son to do it, I myself had to throw the fistful of earth on his body where it was tied on the pyre of wood to be burned. I myself had to pour the kerosine over it and light the match. I was so little I could not understand. I thought my husband would come back, but when he did not return after four months, I knew something was terribly wrong. According to our custom, I was told I could never marry again, but would always be a widow. I was very sad and lonely. I have no one." The tears flowed down her cheeks. "When I see young girls like you, my heart aches. I am so alone."

"But God loves you. You will not be alone if you trust in the Saviour Jesus," we said.

"Ah yes," she replied, "how sweet His Name sounds."

"God is near us, though many do not understand. They seek Him everywhere for deliverance from their sin. You, like them have probably made:

'Many pilgrimages east, west, north and south,

Bathing in the holiest rivers of the earth;

But oh, it is all in vain

For all the stains of sin remain.'"

"Right, right," she agreed sorrowfully, "the sins and unrest remain."

"The Lord Jesus can deliver you. He has delivered us and given us peace in our hearts. Remember He died for all and He loves you. If you truly believe and pray 'Lord Jesus, have mercy on me and save me,' He will cleanse your soul from every sin."

"Is that what I must say?" she said, eagerly, "then I will say it." Folding her hands as she had seen Dorcas do, she repeated the prayer.

"Remember when you trust Him with all your heart, He will be your Saviour forever. He will never leave you." Placing a loving hand on her arm, we sang with a full heart.

"Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, name so sweet and dear,

The Saviour will never, never leave me; He is ever near."

Her shining eyes were fixed on our faces as she tried to sing the song, We repeated it so she would not forget. It was difficult to keep our own voice steady as she joined in and sang with all her heart.

We had to leave her, but that widow's pleading words keep ringing in our ears. "My name is Zogabai. Oh, come and tell me more. I will not forget His name—it's Jesus."

Can you take time to pray for Zogabai and others who have heard?

(contd. from pg. 4)

out His going before, I would never have been able to take and pass that final examination.

Those first two years I had my Everlasting Flower Family and a few hours of work in the hospital daily, but, with language studies behind me in 1959, a wider field of service opened. With the new year and new assignments, the Lord gave me Psalm 90:17. "And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us; and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it." My constant prayer was that in whatever work I might be given to do, the beauty of my Lord would be seen in my every action.

When your vocabulary is limited, as I think it is throughout your first term, what you do and the way you do it is very important. I have failed at times, but those more wise and experienced than I have stood by me patiently and lovingly. I can never be able to express my gratitude to fellow staff members that have sought to guide me in spite of my many short-comings. Our work *must* be established by our God. If we seek to do the establishing, everything will fall through.

Seeking His face and seeing His answer to problems I had no idea how to tackle, made Psalm 18:2 my song of victory and triumph each day for the year 1961. "The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer; my God, my strength, in whom I will trust; my buckler, and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower."

And for this year of 1962 He has given me new assurance of His leading in Psalm 18:32. "It is God that girdeth me with strength, and maketh my way perfect." His strength is needed to be able to part with the babies, children, medical work and needy village people of India. His strength is needed to face new situations in my own homeland so that I may be the ambassador He wants me to be to the many in America who love and pray and give to us here at Mukti. Because I have the confidence that He makes my way perfect and has new stepping stones for each year of service ahead, I am able to look forward with anticipation to my first furlough and the new experiences deputation work will bring.

PRAISE AND PRAYER

Praise : For the many who have heard the Gospel in these months and for the many Gospels which were bought.

Pray : That the Word may continue to point souls to the Saviour.

Pray : For Virginia Nicholson and Juanita Harrell as they leave for furlough.

Praise : For the two new missionaries Heather Johnstone and Laura McFarland who have come.

Pray : That God will help them to get the Marathi language quickly, and that they may be helped in all the adjustments to be made.

Praise : For bringing Miss Craddock to us for a seven weeks' visit.

Pray : For extra strength, grace and protection from the heat as the hot season presses in on us, and for the urgent water crisis.



VISIT TO MUKTI

By : J. I. CRADDOCK

"The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former, saith the Lord of hosts: and in this place will I give peace, saith the Lord of hosts." (Haggai 2:9)

"What does it feel like to be in Mukti again?" many have asked, and the only answer is, "Quite wonderful, yet natural. with a feeling of being at home, except for being in the unusual position of having no definite work to do."

Of course there are changes, as always come as the years pass and they mean sacrifice of both good and bad. But as in God's handiwork we see the bud give part of itself so that the full flower or fruit may appear, so we are seeing promises of life developing in lives which had been hidden from our eyes but on which our hopes had been fixed.

Love which never changes remains, for God is love and He is the same today and always.

It is thus with a heart full of joy and gratitude for the love of God's children in making this visit possible, and for the welcome into the family here, that I take up life again in Mukti for a few weeks after nearly seven years' absence.

When I left I did not expect to return, but God has given another opportunity to contact some who have not yet become new creatures in Christ Jesus, so my prayer is that this change may take place soon. Will you join in this request that His Name may be glorified.

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