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**FIRES AT THE FOOT  
OF FISH-TAIL**

The Home Secretary,  
5, Langton Avenue,  
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*Priscilla and Priti.*

**FIRES AT THE FOOT  
OF FISH-TAIL**

*By* **PATRICIA HEPWORTH**

## FOREWORD

THERE are expositors who teach that the seven Letters to the Churches in Revelation 2 and 3 are descriptive of the seven epochs in history which must be completed before the Return of the Lord. Most of them have made comparisons which suggest that today we are in the final epoch descriptive of the Laodicean Church. Yet surely the Philadelphian experience of the open and shut door is incredibly interpretative of our generation. The door is closed in China; it is almost closed in other territories where permission for continuing work begun many years ago is ungraciously given, and then chiefly for educational or medical reasons. It would seem that to-day doors that were once wide open are certainly closing. It is equally true that doors that have been fastened against the Christian Missionary for centuries are now beginning to open. Since there are no chance happenings in sovereign grace it must be in the Will of God that Nepal has opened its doors, and therefore the following contribution by one of the pioneer missionaries, one of the first to pass through the open door, is not only of interest, but of great value. There are no experiences like first experiences; there is no work like a new work, and there is no thrill comparable to that of waiting for a door to open and then seeing it gradually widen its invitation.

It is of further significance that these pioneer missionaries are, in the main, young women, as if it were a literal indication of the Word that it is by the weak things of this world that God is doing His strongest work. These young missionaries—young in years and experience—as full of fun and possessed of life as could be, are none the less making history, carrying responsibilities, and accepting separation from home and friends with a cheerfulness which is difficult to analyse apart from the mighty power of the Spirit of God.

Read, then, these impressions, they are history, they are His-Story.

E. G. RUDMAN,  
Hove.  
*Sept., 1959.*



*Hannah.*

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## CHAPTER ONE

### “FIRES” AT THE FOOT OF FISH-TAIL

STANDING outside the house on a moonless night, there seems to be nothing but darkness. The hills around tower like shapeless monsters in the inky depths. Is there nothing but darkness ?

Listening in the stillness of the night, the sounds of heathen music are heard and the darkness deepens as a fresh realisation of the spiritual need of this place sweeps over one. Is there no light ?

As one watches, a little fire starts on the other side of the valley where people are burning the grass. It spreads for a while and then dies down. Another starts, growing bigger and bigger as the breeze fans the flames, then another and yet another until a great part of the hillside is alight. Where will it end ? No one can tell.

God has many ways of making His ministers a “flaming fire,” but first they must be made ready by Him. From about 1930 God was preparing Nepalis who were living in India to become His burning and shining lights in the darkness of their own land.

For one of the early places of His kindling, God chose Nautanwa which is a railhead town of several thousand inhabitants of whom only about 1,000 were Nepalis. These were mainly Gurkha Army pensioners who had bought fields and settled down, many of them opening “hotels” or eating-houses. There they would charge exorbitant prices and the victims of this greed were other pensioners with their families travelling from the hills to Gorakhpur for their pensions. Many pilgrims came through the town on their way to such places as Benares, others from India travelling to Buddha’s birthplace in Nepal. Here was a place of opportunity for contact with Nepalis into whose land no Christian was allowed to go and it was in Nautanwa that God began to

kindle the fire that would eventually spread into that dark country.

From Nautanwa the fire spread to Shillong, the capital of Assam, the most Eastern Province of India. It is a large town set in the hills at 5,000 feet where there is an Army cantonment and a small Nepali civilian community, together comprising about 10,000 people. It was to this place in 1941 that God sent a flaming fire which set alight the tinder which He had been preparing.

There are different kinds of "fires" just as people differ. Some are like the grass burning in the night, spreading and kindling other fires in its path, some are only like smouldering embers. We praise God for them all however, and for the fact that He is seeking to fan, by the wind of His Holy Spirit the "fires" that are burning low. Here then are the stories of some whom He has brought out of darkness into the light of His love and in whose hearts He has kindled such fires.

As you read this book and turn to it later for reference, it is our earnest hope that the Spirit of God will speak through its pages, that you will be able to pray with more understanding for the people mentioned in it.



*Pastor David and Premi and son.*

## CHAPTER TWO

### PASTOR DAVID AND PREMI

A young lad knelt by his mother's bed as she lay dying. It was a simple Nepali home with but little furniture, similar to many others in Darjeeling. A great number of these Nepalis had left Nepal at one time or another; they settled down in the hill districts of Bengal and their children grew up never having set foot inside their native land.

The boy David was one of these. After coming into India his parents had heard of the Lord Jesus and the message of Salvation and had made a glad response. Since then his father had died and now his mother was dying.

"Son," she said, "I am leaving you, but the Lord Who died for us will be with you—He will never fail you; follow Him and serve Him all your life."

He never forgot those words and, giving his testimony many years later in Nepal, was able to tell out of a full heart how abundantly true they had been.

As a young man he had had the opportunity of attending a Christian Conference at Sialkot in the Punjab and it was then that he gave himself unreservedly to the Lord. From henceforth for him to live was Christ. He took a Teachers' Training Course and for a short time taught in a Mission School in Darjeeling, then hearing that Nepalis were needed in a Mission Hospital at Raxaul on the southern border of Nepal he offered to go. While there, he met Premi, a Christian Nepali girl from Darjeeling who was learning to be a nurse, and it was not long before he wanted her to be his wife. A little note was passed over the wall of the Nurses' compound—quite contrary to all regulations—and a most satisfactory one was returned. Armed with this information he approached the Doctor in charge of the Hospital saying he wanted to marry Premi and Premi was willing. No doubt it was pointed out to him that this was not the correct procedure, but the

Doctor had an understanding heart and in due time the wedding bells rang for David and Premi.

When the second World War broke out, the Doctor was called up and the Hospital had temporarily to be closed. So it came about that in 1940 the young couple with their three children joined the Band and started to work in Nautanwa. This small town was on an important trade route and many Nepalis trekking down from the hills passed through it. Nepal at that time was still a closed land, but once across the border, these men and women could be reached with the Gospel.

The war presented endless opportunities to preach to those who had never heard before. Thousands and thousands of young men came down from the hills to enlist in the Gurkha regiments. Night after night the little group of Christians would take their magic lantern out and show slides illustrating the life of Christ. Sometimes there would be as many as a hundred listening intently and afterwards many would buy Gospel portions. On one never-to-be-forgotten occasion, about 300 soldiers of the Nepali Army camped in a wood quite near the Mission House. The Nepali Colonel was approached for permission to show them the lantern slides.

"Don't tell me anything about it, but just carry on. If I knew you were going to do it, of course I would have to stop you!" was the amazing answer. They carried on, and there were very few of that contingent who did not leave their fires and join the interested group looking at the pictures. In all this David was the leader and he would preach until he had no voice left.

David was certainly a tireless preacher but Premi was always his loyal supporter. When there was to be a meeting in the Town, the children would be sent to bed early, the lantern turned low in the room and put out of reach of the boys, and the door of the house locked. When the missionaries demurred and suggested that one or other should stay behind, they would be told that the Heavenly Father Whom they were serving, would look after the children because neither of them could be spared from the work.

During the next few years it became increasingly apparent that David was the one of God's choice to be the Nepali

Pastor. Accordingly, one Sunday morning, at a little gathering in Calcutta he was dedicated to God for this work. All were very conscious of the Lord's Presence in the midst, that it was He Who had called David with a "holy calling"; He Who was interceding for him that he might be willing to suffer all things for his Master; and He Who had laid His Hands upon him in ordination.

Besides witnessing amongst the Nepalis in Nautanwa, from 1940 onwards the Band went up to Shillong for the summer months to try to reach the many thousands of Nepalis there. In connection with the Shillong work, the year 1942 stands out as a time of much testing but it was also the year of the first baptisms. In May one of the earlier colleagues, Martha, died of typhoid, then Premi had an undiagnosed fever and it seemed as if the Lord were going to take her too. She was admitted into Hospital and finally when she was out of danger and convalescing, a laboratory test showed she had had typhus. She was sent home, a shadow of her former self. As the days passed by, she did not seem to be gaining strength and a cough began to trouble her. Again she was taken to Hospital, this time for an X-ray. It showed a cavity in the left lung with the disease spreading from it. Premi had active consumption.

"Yes," said the British Civil Surgeon, "she will, of course, have to come in for prolonged treatment and even so it will mean that she will be an invalid for the rest of her life."

It was impossible to think of Premi as an invalid, let alone for the rest of her life; she was far too necessary for the work. It was also impossible to think of her going to Hospital. She and Pastor David were living in a rented house half-way up a steep hill, down which the Army trucks thundered on their way from the camp to the town. More than one child had already been killed on the road and at that time baby Elizabeth was only two years old. Premi knew her husband to be a truly spiritual man, but could she trust him to look after the children? In agony of heart the Christians rolled their burden upon the Lord and He revealed to them that they were to look to Him alone for healing. Premi was to rest in her house while Pastor David cooked for the family and washed their clothes. It was before the days of Streptomycin,

but the Lord blessed the simple means available and Premi's face began to fill out and her colour to return. That year they stayed on in Shillong, and the X-ray twelve months later showed that not only had the disease been arrested but there was fresh lung tissue where the cavity had been. After a further year the X-ray was completely normal.

"It's a miracle," declared that same Civil Surgeon.

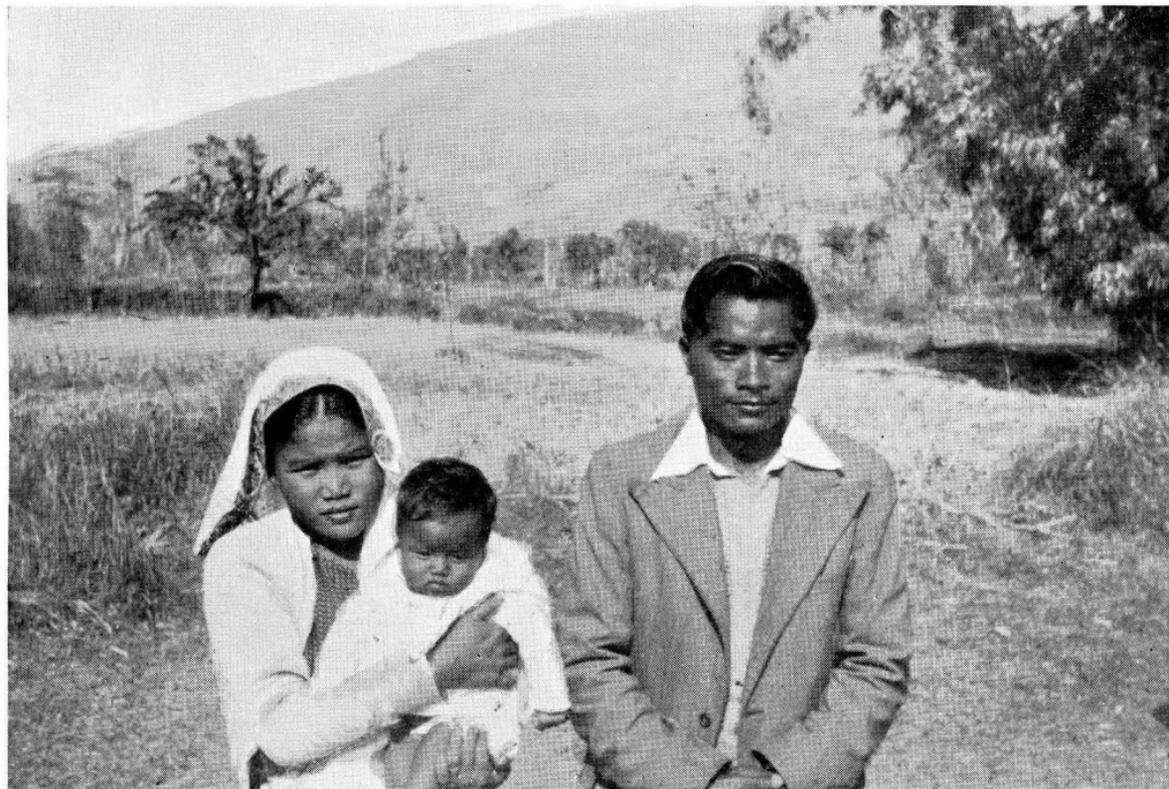
"We have prayed," the missionaries told him, "and God is a miracle-working God."

There had been severe testings in 1942 but there had been blessing as well. A young Nepali man from Kalimpong was living near Pastor David and Premi. He was invited to attend the Sunday service and said he would come, inwardly deciding to be far away from home at that particular time! Unfortunately for him, however, round came one of the evangelists before he could escape and as he could think of no proper excuse, he found himself walking to "church" and occupying a seat on a hard bench. That very day the Lord laid His hand upon Samuel and the young man responded with all his being. His wife, however, was not prepared to accept this new strange religion so easily and for some months she held back, but "prayer was made," and finally she, too, accepted the Lord Jesus as her Saviour.

In the succeeding years others were "added to the church" in Shillong and now they are a goodly company with Samuel as their Pastor.

Pastor David and Premi came to settle in Pokhra in 1953. Since her illness in 1942 not only has Premi had two more sons, but she has accompanied her husband on several treks to distant villages, and is a veritable "mother in Israel" to all the Christians.

It was in November, 1956, that there were the first baptisms from amongst the local people. Now the blessing is reaching out beyond Pokhra to villages where there are isolated believers and groups of enquirers. The work is increasing but Pastor David is growing no younger. It would seem that the time is fast approaching when he will need an energetic Spirit-filled man to help him, so that the "fires" in Pokhra may not smoulder, but burn ever more brightly and reach far out into the surrounding darkness.



*Philip, Maili and Buddhimaya.*

## CHAPTER THREE

### PHILIP AND MAILI

‘If you go near the Miss Sahibs, they will catch you to extract oil from your body.’ This none-too-pleasant thought was facing a young Nepali boy with a wounded hand. He had but recently come down from the hills of Nepal to Nautanwa, and finding a cartridge, had cut it in half. Holding it in his hand, he had set it alight with dire consequences to his fingers. For an hour now they had been bleeding profusely. Some of the local Nepali boys saw him and told him to come with them to the dispensary. But could he? Did he dare? Whatever was he to do?

Greatly fearing, he went with them, and sat on the extreme edge of the verandah while they went in to tell the missionaries. He was then brought inside, told to climb on to the table and lie down. They gave him a strange sickly medicine to smell, and after that he knew no more until he awoke to find his hand, still hurting badly, swathed in a large bandage. They offered him a cup of tea. “A cup of tea,” he thought, “but I can’t take a cup of tea from these people, that would ‘spoil’ my caste.” Understanding his dilemma, it was suggested that one of the Gurung boys should bring him some and this he drank gratefully.

His food presented a problem as he had no relations in Nautanwa and could not work for his living. The Head-man of the Nepali community promised to see he was properly fed, but as the days went by, he received less and less, until one morning in the dispensary he told the missionaries that on the previous day he had had to live on a farthing’s worth of food.

“Will you eat our food?” they asked him.

“Yes,” he said, “I will.”

After that he would slip into their kitchen, hide behind

the door from the Hindu chaukidar, eat rapidly and emerge with a satisfied look on his face.

Each day he learnt more about the Lord Jesus and His so-great salvation and each day he felt his heart drawn irresistibly towards Him. When in April they had to go to the hills, he went to the Hospital at Raxaul, a border town further east. In the Autumn he returned saying he had given his heart to the Lord and wanted to confess his faith openly. As there had been no baptisms in Nautanwa before, some of their friends thought the new believers should be baptised elsewhere, in case they were taken back to Nepal or poisoned. Apart from being tackled on the folly of losing his caste, however, nothing happened at all. Slow as he was in most things, he had his answer for them that time. "Losing my caste?" he queried, "I'm becoming a son of God and there's nothing higher than that."

At the baptismal service he took the name of Philip, and being asked to give his testimony, he came slowly to the front, and then facing the congregation of Hindus—mostly from his own caste—he said slowly and distinctly so that all might hear, "Once I walked in darkness, but now I have come into the Light." From that time he has had a burden for his people, and great was his distress when, some years later he heard that his father had been killed by falling over a hillside while cutting grass.

"Oh! Miss Sahib," he said in an agonised voice, "Where has he gone? He came through Nautanwa to get his pension last winter and I spoke to him of the Lord, but he was drunk most of the time, and couldn't understand what I was saying to him. Where is he now?" They tried to comfort him by saying he had given the Message, but it was some days before he could smile again.

Philip is very deliberate and never does anything on the spur of the moment. His marriage arrangements with Maili were no exception! Maili was an orphan from Shillong, who was living at that time in the Gorakhpur Nurseries, a Christian home for girls. It was suggested that he should come down from Pokhra to see her, but at the meeting because she would give him no definite answer he felt uncertain about her and did not want to pursue the matter. A

distressed letter came from one of the Missionaries in the Nurseries to say that Maili was truly in love with him and when was he going to write ? Philip had no intention of writing and only under pressure was he persuaded to do so. An answer came back—but through the missionaries—that Maili wanted to marry him. “No,” he thought, “she must write herself.” Then the answer came, but it was in Hindi. What a blow. “No,” he said, “she will not do. How can I have a wife who cannot write Nepali ?” It was pointed out to him that she had only temporarily forgotten her Nepali and that the important thing was that she loved him.

Not at all reassured he left once more for Gorakhpur to find all his fears were groundless. As he met her again, he knew, without being told, that she had given her heart to him and now there was no holding him back. At the wedding ceremony, unasked, he gave out hymn after hymn to express his deep gratitude to God for all His goodness to him ! They were married at the end of 1953 and came straight back to Pohkra to work. Now in 1959 they have three delightful children, a little girl, Buddhimaya (Lover of Wisdom) and two roguish boys, Paul and Matthew.

Maili was born in Darjeeling, but at the age of twelve was sent to live with her uncle in Shillong. He was a cook-bearer in one of the local houses, but as he was away from home every day for long hours at a time, Pastor David and Premi became more and more anxious for Maili and her younger cousin, Maichang. Both children spent all their days at the “Manse,” but what was going to happen to them when the Pastor’s family returned to Nautanwa ? The uncle was approached. He said he was willing to hand Maili over to the missionaries if Maichang could go too. To this they readily agreed, and hearing the Nurseries would take them they gratefully sent them there. It was while Maili was attending the Nepali school run by Pastor David and Premi that she came to the Lord Jesus and found Him as her Saviour. She realised that only He could take away her sin, give her new life and the future security of a home in Heaven. Another little “fire” had been kindled.

## CHAPTER FOUR

### DAUD AND SONI

Down he would come from the hills each winter with his home-made, wooden fiddle slung on his back, to sing and play to the Nepalis in Nautanwa. He was young and his voice was as clear as a bell. Many were the ribald songs he knew and as he sang them, his eyes would dance with merriment. "A wandering minstrel . . ." one's mind went back to mediaeval England when such were employed at weddings and other festivities, and would live on the small earnings and the odd coins people tossed to them in the street. It was a happy-go-lucky existence, he never knew what a day would bring forth. When money was plentiful he gambled and drank "rakshi," the local brew of fermented rice-water, and when times were hard, he would sing all day long going from house to house.

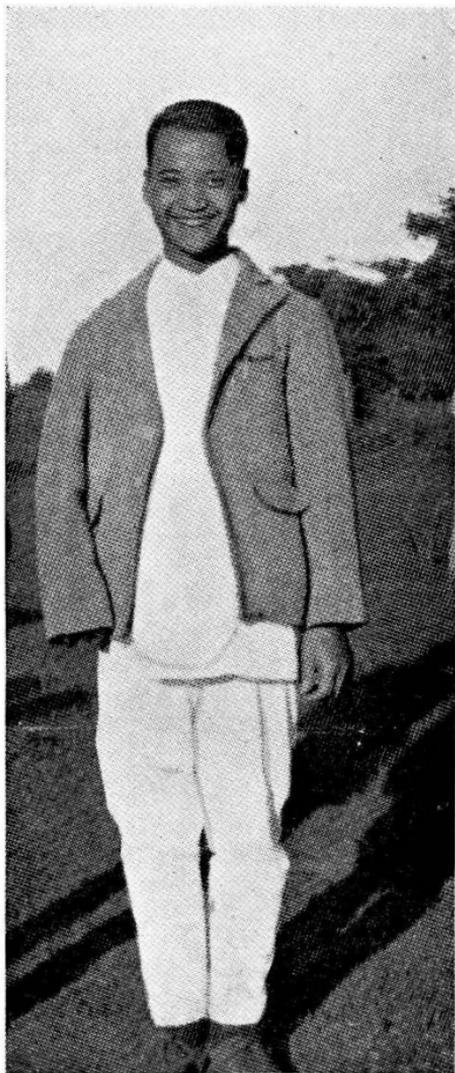
Arriving in Nautanwa one year, he heard a school had been opened for Nepali boys and that they were all going. He was curious to see what it was like. Next morning when the bell rang he presented himself at the missionaries' door.

"Why, here's Half-a-Farthing come to school!" said their Nepali cook with a laugh, "come and learn the Christian hymns."

Half-a-Farthing sat down somewhat shyly. He looked at the lines of boys sitting cross-legged on the floor, with slates and books in front of them; he looked at the pictures on the walls. "They must be the gods of these strange people," he thought. At the end of the morning he was asked to come again, and told that if he came regularly, he could learn to read and write.

"If you come till Christmas time," put in one of the junior scholars cheekily, "you'll get a present!"

Never in his life before had there been any routine, he had an inherent dislike of it, but in these circumstances, he felt



*Daud.*

it would be to his advantage. So day after day he came and on the closing day of school was given a wonderful new shirt—rather too big for him—and a small tin of rice. Away he went and the school-house knew him no more that season.

During the next four years, when he came to Nautanwa he would put in a short appearance at school, but never again did he qualify for a present ! Then early in 1940 he came to the dispensary in great distress because his right arm and leg were partially paralysed following an illness. How could he play his fiddle with one arm ! He did his best by sitting on the ground and holding it between his feet, but the result was not very pleasing and he knew it. Not only had his disability made him unable to play, it had also robbed him of his light-heartedness. If he could not use his fiddle then how was he to make a livelihood ? Up in Tansen lived a cousin whom he dearly loved, he would go to her and find out if she would help him. By this time his thoughts were beginning to turn towards the Lord but he wanted his cousin to come with him.

When he came back from Tansen it was to say she had died. Poor Half-a-Farthing—it was blow upon blow, and life seemed to hold nothing for him. These very blows, however, made him turn all the more eagerly to the One he was learning to know for himself. He spent the summer of 1940 in Raxaul and in the Autumn he returned asking for baptism and saying that he had taken the name of Daud. The Christians were satisfied that his faith was genuine and he was baptised in February 1941. Straight away with Pastor David and the others he began to sell Gospels and Christian books in the town and on the railway station. Having been a professional beggar he was not easily put off by cold looks and snubs and soon became a good colporteur.

Daud has always loved children and it was not long before he wanted to be married. But who would take a lame man from the lowest caste ? To those of you at home this may be hard to understand. When these Hindu men and women become Christians they do put caste away, but differences of background must be considered. Much prayer was made concerning this matter, but year after year passed by and still there seemed to be no one suitable. At last in 1950 a

girl was suggested to them who was then living in a Women's Home. The accounts of her were by no means glowing but the missionary-in-charge considered she was converted. Pastor David with Premi and Daud went to see her.

"Have nothing to do with her" was Premi's comment, after they had met the girl. Daud, however, so longed to have a home of his own he did not take her advice, and finding the girl was willing, though by no means enthusiastic, he married her. From that day until two years later, when she ran away from him for the second time, she brought him nothing but heart-ache.

From time to time during the next four years he searched for her in Gorakhpur, Butwal and elsewhere, but could find no trace of her.

It was in 1956 while he was in Gorakhpur on one of these searches that he was asked to sing at the Railway Church service. In the congregation sat some of the girls from the Nurseries and amongst them was Soni. As Daud sang of his Lord, she was arrested by his bright expression.

"What a lovely face he has," she thought, "he must be a very spiritual man."

He had made such an impression upon her that she actually went to one of the missionaries and told her she would like to marry Daud! A letter was sent to Pokhra stating this—another one went to Daud in Tansen where he was visiting his cousins and from Tansen as fast as his legs would carry him he came down to Nautanwa and caught the next train to Gorakhpur. The two met and matters were quickly settled to their mutual satisfaction. Several months later they were married and their home continues to be one of the happiest. Soni had been brought up in the Nurseries and had then become one of their trusted workers. How good God has been to Daud in giving him such a help-meet. The overflow of joy came when a little Nepali orphan boy needed a home and they were allowed to have him. Jaiwant—"Victory"—is now five years old, a much loved "son" and devoted to them. And then in the summer of 1959 a very precious daughter of their own was born, bringing with her immeasurable joy to her parents. So in their lonely outpost God has given to Daud and Soni the blessing of a happy family life.

Daud and Soni have felt a special call to stay on in Nautanwa and have carried the work on there alone. He continues to sell Gospels and to explain the way of Salvation to anyone who will listen, and leads the Sunday service. Soni has a sewing class each week for girls which includes the telling of a Bible story.

The people of Nautanwa have long heard God's Word without making any response, so it was a tremendous cheer when this year a young man asked for baptism. Pastor David went down from Pokhra to see him and being satisfied with his testimony he baptised him in May. His new name is Stephen.

It is over seven years since anyone in Nautanwa confessed Christ openly. Apart from the Lord's two servants it seemed as if there was nothing but darkness there, but once again the fire is beginning to burn and it is spreading.

## CHAPTER FIVE

### BUDDHI SAGAR AND PUTULI

After the day's work was finished, Buddhi Sagar was sitting on his verandah playing Christian hymn records on his gramophone. People gathered round to listen and he told them of the Saviour he had found in far-off Shillong some years previously.

He had left Nepal, his native land, after epidemics had twice taken his family from him. Accompanied by Putuli, his third "wife," he made his way to Assam and found coolie work in the capital.

Whilst in Pokhra, he had been a practising Brahmin, respected by all for his knowledge of Hinduism and a leader in his own set; now in Shillong, although the Hindus were in the minority, he was still proud of his caste and in his opinion his religion was superior to all others.

One day, while he was resting his load by the side of the road, Pastor David spoke to him. They had a long talk as naturally he was argumentative and resented the fact that this man from such an inferior religion as Christianity should presume to try to teach him. Finally he was given a tract.

"I will learn to read, so that I can contradict you," was his parting shot. He did learn to read but the more he understood about God's way of salvation, the more he was convinced that this was the truth. Soon he was coming for regular teaching and now it seemed as if he could not hear enough; in no time he was asking for baptism. The Christians told him it would be better for him to wait until Putuli was ready to take the step with him. Unfortunately she had no intention of doing anything so foolish. "Become a Christian," she thought to herself, "never, he can if he likes, but I will never throw away my caste like that." For two years he witnessed patiently to her without any apparent effect. Finally one night he issued his ultimatum.



*Buddhi Sagar and Putuli.*

“Get down on your knees, woman, and give your heart to the Lord,” he declared, “or I’ll leave you.”

Putuli demurred and showed her unwillingness.

“Then I’ll leave you,” he cried exasperated.

Realising that he meant what he said, she meekly obeyed and that is how Putuli was bullied into the Kingdom ! The next morning triumphantly he came up to Pastor David and said that Putuli was converted and now what was there to hinder their baptism. It was suggested that perhaps he should wait until she had learnt a little more, but he could brook no delay. It was finally decided that she should come before the Church members. One after another, they asked her questions but the answer was always the same—“I don’t know.” Then she said, “It’s no good you asking me any more questions, all I know is that the Lord Jesus died for me and that His Blood has washed away my sins. I don’t know any more than that.”

That seemed to be sufficient, and shortly after this they were baptised. A year later God called Buddhi Sagar to work among Nepalis and he was accepted into the Band as an evangelist.

In those early years he had never visualised going back into Nepal and before seeking the advice of the Christians he had given away the greater portion of his rice fields to his younger brothers. Four years later, after the revolution in 1950-51 the status of Nepali Christians was changed ; instead of being exiled they were to be allowed to return to their own country and to hold property there. In February, 1951, Buddhi Sagar came back to Pokhra and claimed the small field which was still left to him. Later the first church in Nepal was built here. In the following year the first party of Missionaries walked up to Pokhra and feeling that Buddhi’s witness would be greatly strengthened if he did not receive an allowance from them, it was suggested that he should make his living by farming. If he had not been so generous and given his fields away, this might have been possible, as land in Nepal is often farmed free, on the understanding that half the harvest goes to the one who has given his labour. Buddhi, however, was not in a position to do this, on the contrary he had to work in the fields of others. The harvests

were not good and by 1956 it was evident that he could not make ends meet. He had never been strong, and by then he had a wife and four children to support. What was he to do ? What would be the best job to get to provide for them ?

Then it was that a Moslem asked him to go into partnership with him and to open a shop in his house. The position was certainly good. It was on the main road, but they had to borrow a large sum of money to buy in their stores and this had to be returned by the end of the year. The shop failed and they found themselves unable to give back the full amount. It was a time of anxiety to him ; he was out of touch with his Master. He was doing things he knew were not God-glorifying and he was still not providing for his family. On top of all this he did not feel well, and began running low fever. A visit to the Shining Hospital resulted in his being admitted and his trouble was found to be abdominal tuberculosis. Much prayer ascended to the Throne of Grace for him at this time, and gradually his physical health improved and his spiritual health, too. He saw how wrong it was to be in partnership with an unbeliever, of having the shop open on Sundays as well as many other things. By Christmas time he had put it all right and his fellowship with God had been restored.

He is now one of the Nepali colleagues working with the Band in building and maintenance work. He has a gift for talking to people, especially to Brahmins and making friendly contacts which pave the way for the Gospel. May it always be that he uses his gifts and opportunities for God in his everyday living.

## CHAPTER SIX

### NOAH AND HANNAH

With other terrified refugees fleeing from Burma during the war, was a woman and her three sons. She had been deserted by her husband, and now, leaving behind her all the wealth, possessions, and comfort that had been hers, was going into the unknown. She had had eleven children, but only these three \*Jetha, Maila and Kanchha had survived. Jetha, "Eldest Son," professed to believe in a God, called Jesus, of Whom the Naga people had told him on the road. This fact added to Hannah's grief in those terrible days. That time was a nightmare to her, and she arrived in Shillong in 1941, an ill, forlorn woman ; all she could do was weep. She did not know then that she was actually suffering from leprosy.

At that time the man we now call Noah took pity on her, offering to care for her and the children, and later they were married. Noah was born in Darjeeling, but when he was ten years old, the family moved to Shillong. He was sent to the Roman Catholic school where he learnt to read and write. After leaving school he became a bearer, first in Shillong, then in other parts of Assam and in Calcutta. He never spent long in any one job, however, as sooner or later his anger flared up, sometimes with serious consequences. In one of those bouts of temper he murdered a woman and spent twelve years in prison as a result. It was while he was working for a Christian employer in Calcutta that he first heard the Gospel, but he did not respond to it. Nevertheless, there was then laid in his heart the fire of love which was one day to replace the fire of temper.

In 1946 Hannah, still weak after her experiences as a refugee, developed pneumonia, and when at death's door she cried to the God in Whom her son believed, saying, "Oh ! God, if Thou wilt let me live, I will seek and obey Thee."

God did let her live and later Jetha took her to the Sunday service at the Mission. It was during this service that she found the Lord Jesus as her Saviour and through Him the only true God.

Knowing that Noah was an ardent idol-worshipper and also had a hot temper, she asked the Nepali evangelist to invite him to the service. He went most reluctantly but his immediate response was to become more devoted than ever to his idols. One day he thought he would put his god to the test. If, on receiving his offering, the idol spoke to him then he would know who was the true God. He waited, but no word came. Kicking the idol away in a rage he decided to go to church next Sunday to hear more. At that service the sermon was about a man called Noah who made an ark and was saved from a terrible death. The story gripped him and he could not forget it. Unfortunately he could not remember all that the young preacher had said. Reaching home, he pondered over it for a while, and then decided to walk the three miles to the young man's house. Long after dark he tapped on the door and was admitted. "It's about Noah," he blurted out, "that was a wonderful story but I can't remember it all. Please tell me it again."

With a great wonder in his heart and a God-given longing that this man should be won for his Master, Samuel went over the story once more and drove home the application.

"I'm like Noah, I need to be saved. Could I be saved now?"

"Why, yes," replied Samuel.

The two men knelt down on the bare wooden floor and as Noah accepted God's free offer of pardon he knew his sins had been rolled away. With a thankful heart and a new light in his face, he turned to Samuel.

"I would like to be called Noah" he said, "because I have three sons, who can be called Shem, Ham and Japheth. But what was the name of Noah's wife?" Samuel too searched in his Bible but nowhere could he find the name of Noah's wife!

"Let's call her Hannah," he suggested, and Hannah she became. The boys fortunately kept their original names!

In May of that year, 1948, they were baptised in Shillong.



*Noah.*

The following year when there were others giving their testimonies, Hannah could not help rising to her feet.

"See," she exclaimed, baring her arms, "God has not only cleansed away the stains of sin in my heart, but He has blessed the treatment I have had and taken away the marks of leprosy as well."

Eighteen months after his baptism, Noah was travelling in a bus in the Assam Valley. Another bus came up to overtake them but the one in front merely accelerated. Together they raced along the narrow road and the passengers inside had the greatest difficulty in keeping their seats. In order to hold on more securely, Noah stupidly put his arm outside and as the second bus passed them it was crushed between the two vehicles and all but severed. He was treated in Hospital, but his arm could not be saved, and had to be amputated.

"The devil can take my arm," was his comment, "but he can't stop me serving the Lord."

It was shortly after this that he joined the Band as an evangelist, working first in Shillong and the Assam valley, and later in Nautanwa.

In 1954 they joined the staff in Pokhra, Noah first working for some time in the men's out-patient department in the hospital and then on building and maintenance work. He seemed to be able to do more with his one arm than most men can do with two! Noah is keen to go out into the villages to tell the Good News. He and Buddhi Sagar have already been out on one such trek and are contemplating another. For many years Noah's sight has been failing and he finds Bible reading increasingly difficult. It is our prayer that Noah and Hannah may be a help one to the other. God's fire is burning in their hearts—may it burn more and more brightly in the days to come.

Of the boys, Jetha went back to the Assam valley and has not been heard of since. Maila was in the party which trekked up to Pokhra in 1952 but after a short somewhat unsatisfactory trial as cook, he returned to India and is now working as a bearer; he has made no profession of faith. Kanchha was in boarding-school with Prabhu Dan and Prabhu Das for a while, and although he did profess conversion and was baptised in July 1956, he has not shown much signs of

spiritual life. At present he is in one of the Gurkha regiments as a male dresser. In none of these boys' hearts is the fire burning brightly, but there is no ember too cold for God to re-ignite in His own time and way.

\* pronounced Jeytaa.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

### MAGDALENE

In a hospital in Shillong, a middle-aged woman, named Desire, was very ill. "I'm going to die," she thought, "I know that the Lord Jesus gave His life for me, but as I've never confessed Him before anyone, perhaps He will deny me before His Father in Heaven." She had come face to face with the One to Whom she had given a mental assent for so many years.

Who was she ? From where had she come ?

Desire, a Nepali of the Magar caste, had lived with her husband, son and daughter in Gorakhpur. She was an energetic, enterprising woman and, presenting herself at the Christian school there, said that she wanted to learn with her children ! When her son, Goman Singh was fourteen years old, she moved to Nautanwa and asked if he could be educated at the Mission school ; so for twelve years she lived in that border town, coming to the Christian services and learning all she could. But even after the death of her husband when she was free to decide for herself, she made no open confession.

In 1946 Goman Singh went to Shillong in search of work and, finding a suitable job, sent for his wife and mother. Desire had not been there long when she became ill and in the hospital God used Samuel, a Nepali evangelist, to bring her into a saving faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. As soon as she was well enough she went back to Nautanwa. Shortly before Christmas she was baptised, taking the name of Magdalene, and began to witness with no uncertain sound to her newly found faith. After working for several months in the Hospital compound at Raxaul, she went into Nepal on a visit in 1951 with Buddhi Sagar, Putuli and Daud. On her return to Nautanwa sick relatives in Shillong claimed her attention for a while, so it was not until 1953 that she came

back to work permanently in Pokhra. She became the Hospital trainees' cook, but was much more interested in spreading the Gospel than cooking the food !

Magdalene's husband had come from Peace Hill and, ever since her conversion, she had wanted to go there with the Good News. Imagine her amazement when one of the women, named Mani, came into Pokhra for treatment, and was told to stay for several months. She was suffering from leprosy and as Magdalene spoke to her of the Lord Jesus, she drank in the message eagerly. She went back to Peace Hill with real faith in her heart and was used to lead others there to the Lord. Shortly before Christmas 1958, Magdalene's relatives in Shillong again sent for her to come to them on account of illness. She went, but now that they are better she has heard God's call to return to Pokhra, this time as an evangelist to her own people. What has the Lord for her in the future ? The enquirers in Peace Hill are asking for someone to teach them. What could be better than that one of their own kith and kin should go to them ? She seems well suited to the task and it is the prayer of many that the Church here might take up this responsibility.

So the fire spreads from village to village.



*Simon.*

## CHAPTER EIGHT

### SIMON

A small boy of about eight years old, whose nickname was "Foolish One," sat in the front row of the lowest class of the Mission School in Nautanwa. That was in 1936 when the school opened in the rented house of the missionaries. As term succeeded term, he continued to sit in the front row of the lowest form and so far as his teacher could see he made no progress whatsoever. He never learnt to read, and he could not even recognise his letters properly, which, of course, might have been the teacher's fault, because she did not take much notice of him!

In those early days he lived with his mother and older brother in the Nepali section of the small town. They were Magars from a village near Tansen in Nepal who, along with many others had left their native land and had settled in Nautanwa.

After those early unsuccessful years at school nothing more was heard of Foolish One until 1948, when Daud brought him to prayers one evening. He had been teaching him about the Lord and had found him responsive. By this time he was living with an antagonistic uncle as his mother had died of consumption and his brother was a soldier in one of the Gurkha regiments.

Besides his desire to be right with God, Foolish One had a secret burden. It seemed to him that his face looked swollen in certain places and he had had a number of unaccountable blisters. Could he be suffering from that dread disease—leprosy? He decided to go to the Dispensary to find out. After he had been examined, it was arranged that he should go to the Christian Leprosarium in Almora. Before he left, however, Pastor David gave an opportunity at a Sunday service for anyone who loved the Lord to stand up and give their testimony. Foolish One shot to his feet and

in front of his Hindu relations and neighbours told them what the Lord Jesus meant to him. His uncle had already beaten him for leaving the religion of his forebears and this open witness infuriated him still further. The little group of Christians were thankful when the time came for Simon to leave Nautanwa. After reaching Almora, a grateful letter came from him to say that they were not to worry about him because the Lord had made a wonderful provision for him. Two years later he returned to Nautanwa once more for a short holiday and during that time was baptised taking the name of Simon.

At the end of a further year, he was pronounced "symptom-free" and was sent to the Nepali Bible School in Gorakhpur. While there the missionary-in-charge often spoke of his friendly nature but also of his quick temper and lack of stability.

He completed the course, and as his eyes had been towards Nepal for some time, it was suggested to him that it might be the Lord's will for him to come up to Pokhra to do the garden work. To this he readily assented and being fond of growing things, with his usual enthusiasm he threw himself whole-heartedly into the job of growing vegetables to improve the missionaries' diet. This enthusiasm is typical of Simon, as he has been blessed with initiative, but unfortunately he needs a good second-in-Command to carry his plans to completion, as he so often lacks perseverance! All went well for a while and then his quick temper and independent nature landed him in trouble. Over a petty matter, he decided he would no longer work in Pokhra and took himself off to Tansen. There he found work in the Mission Hospital carrying their letters down to Nautanwa and arranging for drugs, stores and mail to be taken back.

Life was now very free for him, he could go at his own pace and stop the night where the fancy took him. Being a friendly chap there were many houses where the inmates were only too pleased to put him up for the night. In this new job, however, fresh trouble was brewing for him. He was trusted to bring up money for the missionaries, sometimes quite large sums and often his accounts were just a little short—why, he could never remember!

Finally the newness wore off, the continual trekking began to tire him physically, and he wrote asking if he might return to Pokhra. As the Doctor was not really satisfied with Simon he readily agreed to release him and Simon came back to the garden once more. It was at this time that he expressed a wish to be married and plans began to be made. To be sure that he was still symptom-free, he was sent for a further test. How bitter was his disappointment to hear that the disease had relapsed and once again he was infectious! It was a hard time for him as the blow was quite unexpected. Slowly the Lord was able to give him victory and he learnt to take it from Him. When the "Green Pastures" Leprosarium in the Pokhra valley opened its doors to the first patients in September 1957, Simon gladly agreed to help the missionaries and soon became their right-hand man. Once more there was fresh work to be done, fields to be ploughed and sown, and later crops to be reaped.

"We will have a path right through the middle of the land," he said enthusiastically, "then when visitors come it will be easy for them to see everything we are doing."

Besides the agricultural work, there were the patients to teach. He built a small raised platform outside on which they could sit in the evenings to learn the Christian hymns and listen to the messages. He seemed to be doing very well there though from time to time his outbursts of temper tended to spoil his witness amongst the patients.

Gradually the spiritual fire in his heart began to burn less brightly and there were rumours of immoral conduct. One night in June, 1959, these reports were found to be true. Pastor David and Premi spoke to him and prayed with him; he was told he would have to be ex-communicated from the Church until he repented. They waited; but there seemed to be no change of heart. Finally the Band in consultation with the Church has had to dismiss him.

When he went from Pokhra, he left behind him many sad hearts. His friends could not go with him but they knew his Heavenly Father would follow him, and in answer to prayer would bring him back on fire for Him.

## CHAPTER NINE

### PREM MASIH

When Aitey was five years old, his parents died, and he was left to the tender mercies of an elder brother, who lived in a village on the outskirts of Shillong. With the outbreak of war, this brother wanted to join up, but what was he to do with "junior" ? Hearing of two missionaries in Shillong, who were working amongst Nepalis he wondered if they would take him off his hands. They were invited to come to his house and after the matter was fully discussed, the final decision was left with the small boy.

"Would you like to stay in the village after your brother has enlisted or will you go with these Miss Sahibs ?" he was asked.

In those days Aitey's one concern was how to find enough to eat. He knew what to expect from the neighbours ; would it be better then to trust these strangers ? He looked up at them again. "Yes," he thought, "I think I'd rather go with them." A small skinny hand was lifted to take hold of one of theirs and that is how Aitey, then seven years old, handed himself over to be cared for by the missionaries.

He was badly under-nourished and under-sized, but after spending the winter months in a Mission School on the plains of North India he began to fill out and to look a different boy. The heat of the summer, however, he found very trying and it was suggested by the missionaries in charge of the school that he would do better in a hill station.

At that time Pastor David and Premi were living in Shillong with their four children, two boys, Prabhu Dan and Prabhu Das, and two little girls, Phulmani and baby Elizabeth. They offered Aitey a loving welcome into their home and he became another "son" to them, later going to boarding school with the two boys.

For many years Aitey heard about the Lord Jesus without



*Prem Masih in male ward.*

having any personal experience. Then came a time of rebellion against the One Who was seeking to draw him to Himself, followed by a terrible fear that because of this attitude he could never be forgiven or be right with God. Peace and assurance of forgiveness came to him one day as he read 1 John, 1.9. "If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." He knew at once that there was nothing now between himself and his Heavenly Father and life for him was completely changed. Instead of an aimless drifting with his own pleasure taking precedence, immediately his desire was to serve the One Who had been so patient with him.

It was towards the end of 1951, when he heard the Christians in Nautanwa beginning to talk of going up to Pokhra that he knew the Lord was calling him to go with them. First, however, he wanted to witness to his new-found faith. On the last Sunday in the year there were to be more baptisms, so he asked that he might be included and was accepted, taking the new name of Prem Masih.

Arriving in Pokhra he helped in the medical work in the morning and in the evenings took his turn with the cooking. The "bomb" pudding became famous from those early days. Locally only wholemeal flour could be procured and it was not easy to make a light pudding with it. Sometimes the result was truly wonderful and sometimes it was distinctly "heavy."

After the first few months he was relieved of his culinary efforts and started male nurse's training. Now he is Dr. Turner's right hand man and is able to take his full share of the work in the Ward and the Theatre, as well as helping to train the junior nurses in Hygiene and First Aid. He understands English well and is beginning to speak it more fluently. "That patient is very fussy," and "This patient was very rude today," have appeared in the Nurses' Report book before now. If he is thanked for doing anything he usually replies, "Don't mention it."

For some time now he has wanted to go to a Bible School, but it has not been possible to spare him as most of the courses take two years. In the meantime he is learning how to dig into the Word for himself and to pass on the message God gives him from it.

At the beginning of the year, the Church elected him to be co-treasurer with Premi and he serves on the Committee. The "cottage meetings" that take place twice a week for those working near the hospital were started by him. Besides all this he is busy translating hymns and helpful Bible study books into simple Nepali.

The Lord has begun a work in this life, the "fire" is burning but prayer is greatly needed that it may burn more and more brightly in the place of His choosing.

## CHAPTER TEN

### YACUB AND REBECCA

“Miss Sahib ! Miss Sahib !” called a voice from the verandah of one of the missionaries’ huts in the early hours of the morning. “Miss Sahib !”

There was no answer.

“Miss Sahib !” This time a little louder.

“Yes, Yacub,” answered a sleepy voice from inside.

“A woman in labour has just come to the Hospital.”

“All right, I’ll come,” and the nursing Sister prepared to do what was necessary.

Yacub is our chaukidar and “liaison officer” when we have to meet officials. He lives with his wife, Rebecca, and three children, Shanti (Peace), Luke and Anandi (Joy), in a little thatched house next to the Hospital.

He was born in a village in the Peace Hill area. At the age of fifteen, when he could neither read nor write he was recruited into a Gurkha Regiment, in which he served during the war. The following year he spent in his village and then in 1946 he again enlisted, this time in an Indian Gurkha Regiment and was sent to Kashmir. Five years later he took his own discharge and settled in the Nepali quarter of Nautanwa with Rebecca, who was not then his wife.

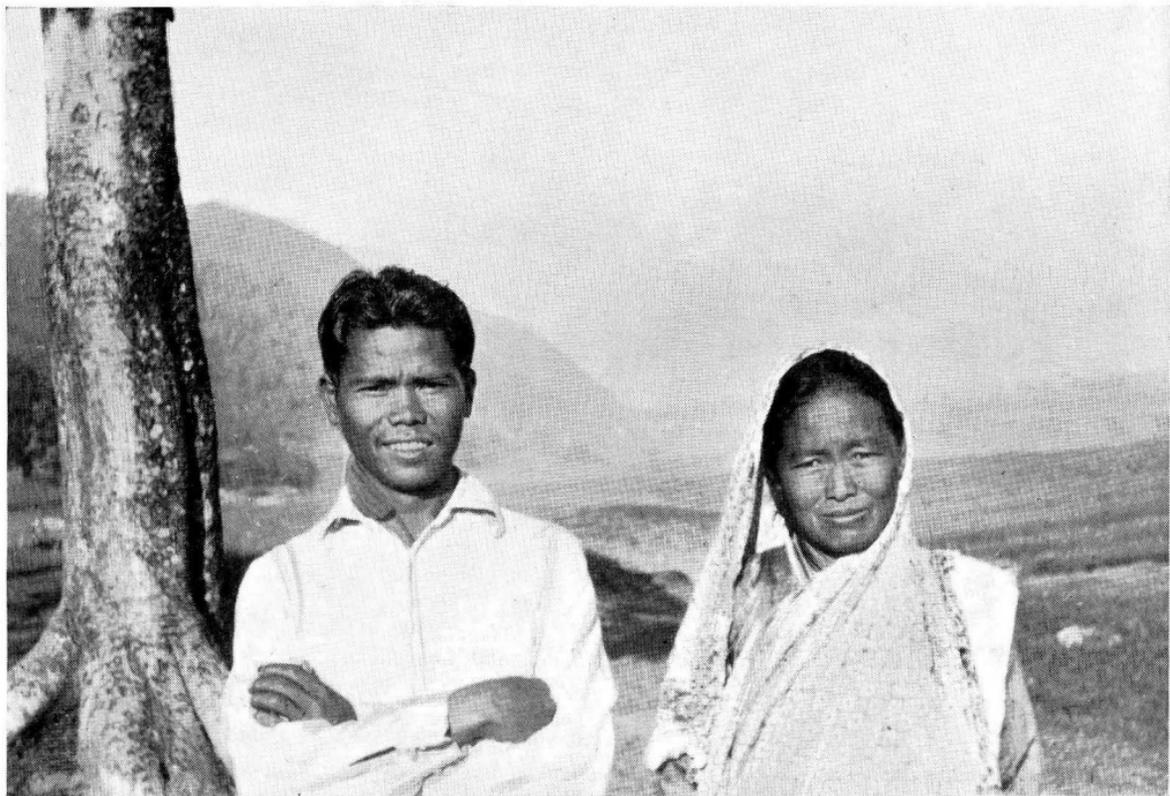
He has the happy disposition of the Magar caste, but without their characteristic quick temper. One thing troubled him in those early days, however, he was kept awake at night by evil spirits. They came to him so often pulling at his mosquito net and prevented him sleeping. While in Kashmir, he had been given a Hindi gospel and this he had read carefully, but it was not until he met some Nepali Christians in Nautanwa that he understood God’s wonderful message of salvation. He started to pray in the name of Jesus and this he found sent the evil spirits away. Soon he was rejoicing in the deliverance and peace that comes from the knowledge

that the Lord Jesus had died on the Cross for him, and His Holy Spirit was now living within him, thus freeing him from the power of Satan's emissaries.

Rebecca's home was in a village to the south of Pokhra and there she lived with her parents until they died. Shortly before her father's death she was married to a man who later went off to India and was never heard of again. In going in search of him, she reached Nautanwa where she met Yacub. They joined forces and she, too, began to hear of a Saviour from sin. The message was very new and strange to her, however, and long after Yacub was converted she was still unwilling to accept the Lord. But one day as she was listening to the story of the woman who touched the hem of His garment, she, too, put out her hand in faith and found He was waiting to receive her. On the last Sunday in 1951, she and Yacub were baptised and then were married as Christians. In November of the following year, they were in the first party to trek up to Pokhra. Rebecca's dainty sandals were one of the amusing incidents of that journey. She had acquired them during her stay in India, but they were most unsuitable for the hill paths and the rest of the party wondered how long they would last. At the end of the second day they were giving trouble and after that they had to be carried. She tried Yacub's shoes, but they, too, were unsatisfactory, being far too big, and so the rest of the journey had to be completed bare-foot.

Yacub is now an elder in the church in Pokhra and his advice is often sought. He is steady and dependable with a burden for his own Magar people and prayer is needed that, should the Lord call him to settle in one of their villages, he may go gladly. With a young family this will not be an easy decision to make as he has the children's education to consider, and the Church, not the Mission, would have to send him.

Here is a "fire" which has been lit by God and He alone knows where it can best burn for Him.



*Yacub and Rebecca.*

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

### PRISCILLA

Who was this stranger who came again and again to her in her dreams, and what did it all mean? Repeatedly she saw a man with his hands outstretched towards her. They were wounded hands, and somehow she knew that through this man she would find the peace for which she was seeking. She searched for him in her own village where she had lived all her life, but without success. Now a woman of over fifty years, and not wanted by the rest of her family, she set out with characteristic determination to search further afield.

She left her village in Nepal and settled in Nautanwa where one of the shopkeepers suggested she went to the Dispensary to hear the hymns that were sung there. This she did and at the same time sought medicine for her body. It was while she was there that she heard the story of the Lord Jesus Who was wounded for her transgressions and Whose blood cleanses from all sin, and with wonder realised that this was the One Whom she had seen in her dreams. How prepared she was, and how readily she accepted Him as her Saviour! For a few months Premi prepared her for baptism, and at the end of 1951 she made her open witness with Prem Masih, Yacub and Rebecca, taking Priscilla as her new name.

Dreams mean a lot to these simple people and when she had a further dream—like the Macedonian call of Paul—telling her to go back to Nepal with this Good News of Salvation, she responded eagerly. In spite of her age she was a very active member of the party who walked into Nepal in November 1952. For a time she helped the missionaries in their kitchen, but this was not very suitable as she was really too old to train! Too many teaspoons were thrown away with the washing-up water, and too much of the best china was broken!

Later, she started helping Dr. Ruth Watson in the Women's Outpatients' Department, and there she was quick to grasp every opportunity to tell those who came of the One who not only can heal bodies, but souls, too. Although no open preaching is allowed, Priscilla carries on personal work among those in the waiting room, and often, when she is speaking to one, others gather around to listen. A relative was called into the consulting room to help the doctor with a patient, and as soon as she was no longer needed she rushed back into the waiting room saying : "You'll have to say all that over again because I missed it." One particularly busy morning when Priscilla had not been able to sing or to tell the patients of the Saviour, one woman asked, "When are we going to hear the Christian songs ?"

She is very forceful in her teaching and sometimes adopts the rather militant attitude of trying to "drill" people into the Kingdom ! But she has a heart of gold and has certainly found her niche in this work. God is giving her His own encouragement, too, in seeing other fires being kindled through her witness—and so the fires spread !

## CHAPTER TWELVE

### P R I T I

In a small village eight days' journey from Katmandu, a little girl was watching her husband's body being taken to the river, where according to Hindu custom it would be burned and the remains thrown into the "sacred" stream. She was very unhappy because she knew that as long as she lived she would be blamed for his death. She went back to her own family but was never really wanted. When her parents moved from place to place she went with them, first to Patna in the Katmandu valley and then to the capital itself. In her late teens she met two Brahmin women who told her about the Lord Jesus, and that just as He loved them and had died for them, so He loved her and in Him she would find the security she had lacked all her life. They told her all they knew, but for fear of Hindu relatives, had not professed their faith openly. Priti's heart was being prepared for the fire that was later to burn there for her Lord.

As she was still unwanted by her family, she went down to India which seemed more attractive to her than her own home. Being a Brahmin she could always find a job as a cook, as no one would object to eating the food she had prepared. For many years, she wandered from town to town, all the time unsatisfied in her search for heart peace. At last she came to a village near Gorakhpur and decided to settle there. One day she was told that some women preachers would be coming to talk about Jesus Christ. "Where have I heard that name before?" she asked herself. It had been so many years ago that she had almost forgotten, but not quite. She decided that she would go to hear what they had to say. As she listened again to the Good News, she knew that the Lord Jesus was the One Whom she had been seeking for so long.

"How can He love *me*?" she thought. She went to these

village meetings several times and at one of them she saw a picture called "The Saviour of the World." Looking at it, she said to herself, "If Jesus loves all those different people, then He must love me, too," and she found her soul's rest in Him.

Soon after that she went to live at the Gorakhpur Nurseries where she remained for the next ten years. After her baptism, she helped in the village dispensary work and for a short while with the children in Gorakhpur, but as she had no patience with them—they worried her and got in her way—it seemed that God had some other plan for her life. She believed that God was calling her back to Nepal to tell those who had never heard about the Saviour of the world. At that time there was need for domestic help in Pokhra, so Priti came to wash up for the missionaries. This she did well and from time to time brought delicious tit-bits which she had cooked herself. About a year later, a cook was wanted and after she had been given a trial, it became apparent that this was to be her work. She is very happy in it and rarely becomes flustered even when there is an influx of visitors. To those who bring wood, milk, meat and other commodities, she will often speak of her Master, but her greatest delight is to be allowed to go on trek. Last year she and Priscilla went to a village to see a lone Christian who was in need of fellowship. On her return she gave a graphic description of how twelve people had been converted the first time they stopped on the road and another twelve at the second stopping place! This was how Priti saw it; to her it was no exaggeration. As she had looked at their interested faces, she had felt sure that they could not do anything else but believe the wonderful message she was bringing to them. Some months ago, she and Priscilla again took to the road and were away nearly a fortnight. Although the villagers were busy planting the maize crop, the two's and three's would gather to listen and many must have heard that matchless story of God's love.

Priti does not find it easy to "feed on the Word," as she seems to understand little of what she reads. The Holy Spirit can, however, lighten up the page for her, and Himself teach her, continuing the work He has begun in and through her.



*Magdalene.*

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

### EPILOGUE

. . . . . Is there nothing but darkness ?

. . . . . Is there no light ?

Yes, there *is* light ! We praise God with all our hearts that here in Pokhra we can see the torches that God has placed to kindle others with His love. We see the fire spreading from house to house and from village . . . . .

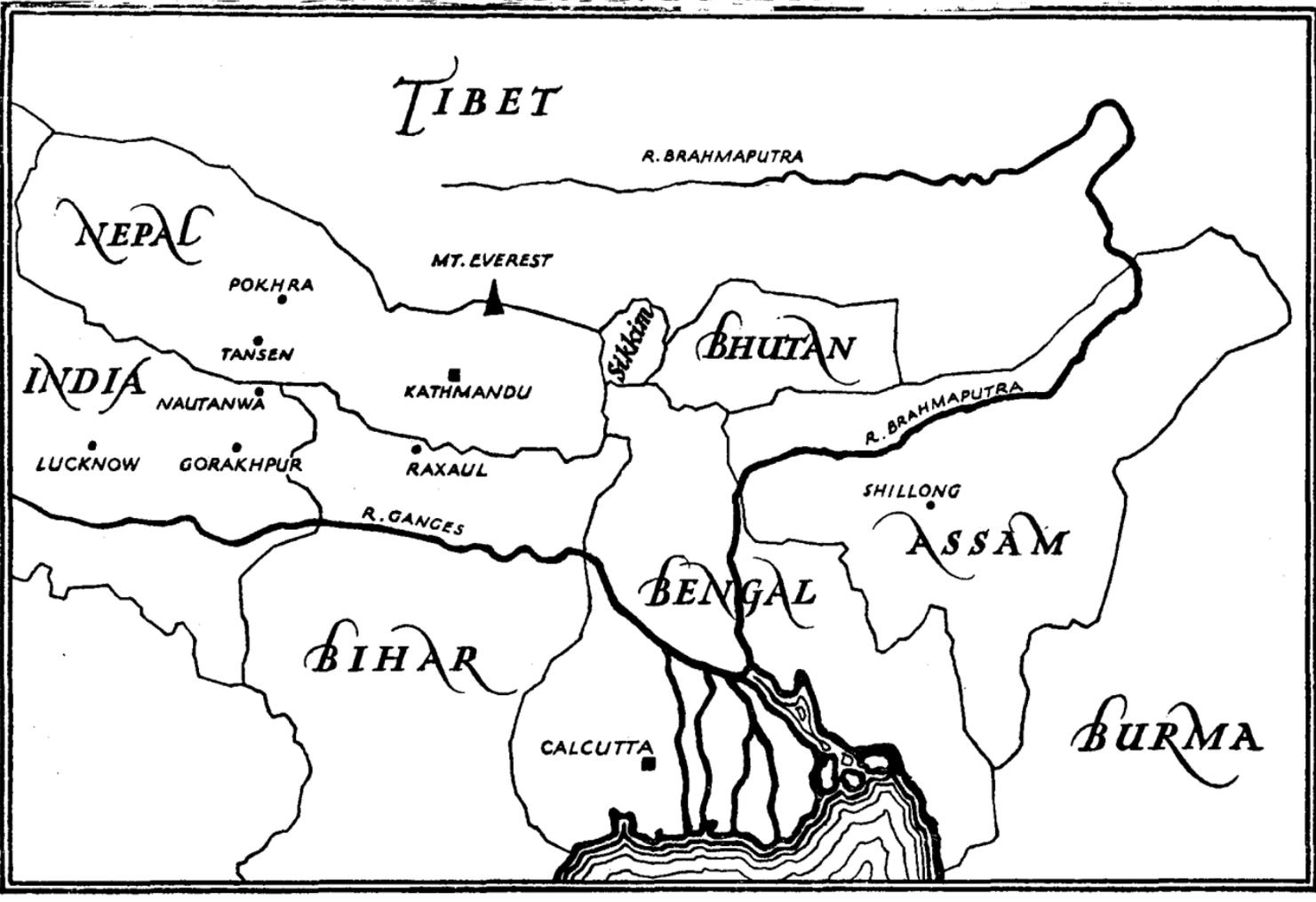
Where will it end ? No one can tell.

Although there have been changes in Shillong and Nautanwa the fire has not been extinguished there, because the "torches" have moved elsewhere. Now Nepal is opening its door to aid from other countries, schools, hospitals, dispensaries, roads and bridges are being built. With the regular plane service the country has been able to establish improved communications both internally and also with the rest of the world. Thus many Nepalis have returned to their own land. The church in Shillong, however, has continued to be a burning and a shining light under Samuel's leadership.

In Nautanwa, with the advent of the plane service, many people have moved inside the border of Nepal to Bhairawa where there is an air-strip. For this reason the resident Nepali population in Nautanwa is diminishing and many more pensions are being paid in Pokhra instead of Gorakhpur. In past years Nepalis had some standing in India, but since partition they have been regarded more as intruders. In 1952 the "fire" there died down and seemed to be extinguished altogether but God was keeping the embers alive and after seven years they have once more been fanned into flames.

As this book is being written it seems that the fire has begun to smoke and die down in the hearts of several of those

who came into this land to be torches for God. Unless the Spirit of God Himself fans these fires into flames, they will only be smouldering embers which cannot kindle the tinder, however well it may have been prepared. Perhaps God is calling you to co-operate with Him by your prayers that He may be able to fan these embers into flaming torches for Himself once more. Only God can tell what part our prayers will have in the spreading of His fire among the Nepalis in years to come.



TIBET

R. BRAHMAPUTRA

NEPAL

MT. EVEREST

POKHRA

TANSEN

INDIA

NAUTANWA

KATHMANDU

SALWEEN

BHUTAN

R. BRAHMAPUTRA

LUCKNOW

GORAKHPUR

RAXAUL

R. GANGES

SHILLONG

ASSAM

BIHAR

BENGAL

CALCUTTA

BURMA