RAMABAI MUKTI MISSION

PRAYER BELL

KEDGAON, POONA DISTRICT,

July—September, 1941.

DEAR FRIENDS,

We would have you join us in praise and thanksgiving to our Lord for His goodness in enabling our European workers and a great many of our older Indian workers to go for holidays, away from the burning heat of the plains. It has been a special boon this hot season as India has been visited by a very drastic heat-wave felt even on the hill stations—90° in the shade could not be considered cool, but we were glad of His wonderful sufficiency. Conventions were held at some of the places, and letters are full of blessing received and of refreshing and re-equipping spiritually. It is so good, too, to meet others and to hear different views and learn of the Lord’s work in other places and how difficulties are met and overcome.

Our younger girls and little children had extra walks in the cool of the evening and picnics, too. So all had holiday enjoyment. Miss Woodward bravely carried on all through the hot days and your prayers helped, then Miss Morris returned from her vacation, and Miss Wells, too, came to Mukti and so the hot weather got over and now we are hoping for rain. It is prophesied to be early, that will delight the hearts of the farmers and indeed of everybody. Already we hear of heavy rains and floods in Malabar and other places. We hope it won't empty itself—the monsoon—in these places and forget the Maharashtra for we are very needy. So pray with us for good rains here.

Those of our number who have been studying Marathi at Lonavla, with their usual Pandit, report good times of study interspersed with sightseeing and visiting places of interest.
Satan seems to be let loose in the world, but we continue in prayer and to look up knowing that the 'Lord reigneth' and that He has things in hand and His ways are right. Praise His name.

A BAPTISMAL SERVICE

The day dawned like any other Indian day, hot and sunny, but this morning there was a stir of expectation in the air.

The large concrete tank had been cleaned and partially filled with water the day before. Now the final preparations were being made; potted ferns surrounded the tank, chairs and benches were being brought; the younger children were getting in the way of everybody, afraid lest they missed something. Finally the bell rang and soon ‘Mukti’ started to gather from all points of the compass, seating themselves in orderly rows or wherever they could get a good view of the tank.

Then eleven girls walked out and sat down in front of our Pastor. If you had been present you would have noticed that one was blind.

A spirit of quietness settled upon everyone as the Pastor stood up to announce the first hymn. Thus began the Baptismal Service. After the message, the girls came forward one by one to go through the waters of baptism, thereby confessing to the world their faith in their Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. The joy on their faces reflected the joy in their hearts, and our hearts welled up in thanksgiving and praise. We felt we were experiencing in a small measure the joy there was in heaven that day. It is occasions such as these that dim the heartaches and disappointments of missionary life.

A Sunday or two later these girls stood up in front of our large congregation and gave witness to the fact that now they were new creatures in Christ Jesus. One girl broke down and wept as she told us how the Lord had cleansed her sinful heart. One and all requested prayer.

We must not forget that they are only babes in Christ Jesus and that the enemy is ever on the watch to trip them up, or cause them to lose their first love. Will you pray for these eleven girls, that they in turn may know the joy of winning their friends to Christ?

Gladys O. Fletcher.
SHARADA SADAN SCHOOL PICNIC

'What day is tomorrow?' questioned Bhimabai at the close of her Scripture lesson.

'March eleventh, the school birthday!' was the prompt response from about three hundred young throats.

'Now, don't be too disappointed at what I shall tell you, but listen,' she told the eager children. 'This year there is no money for petrol for the car, so we cannot go to a far distant place; but we shall have a picnic. Where do you think we shall go?' Many guesses were made, but most of the children guessed correctly, for the banana well is the nicest place in all Mukti for a picnic.

The girls were up very early the next morning, and before the sun was very high in the blue earth-roof they were on their way to our farmland. What a pleasant walk they had through the fields. They visited all the wells and listened to the different songs that the men who worked at the wells sang to their bullocks who were pulling up the huge water buckets. Then they went to the cemetery where Ramabai and many of her children and a few missionaries repose until the Lord's return. From this peaceful place they turned toward the banana well.

Here they found shade and cool breezes as well as chintz trees. Almost every Indian child loves to climb into the tamarind trees or search the ground below them for the chintz beans. The workmen brought long poles and helped the girls to procure some chintz. All the beans were put in a large pile and then divided equally.

The noon meal, a special treat of curry and rice, was served under the trees. Fruit and sweets were given to each and the men drew cold water from the well. Each girl then washed her own plate and cup and everyone settled down for a short noontime rest.

Soon a noise of running water announced that the houd (a big shallow tank) was ready for the would-be swimmers. With shouts of joy all the small girls donned old frocks and splashed about in the houd. The watchers had to stand at a distance to avoid a liberal drenching.

In the cool of the evening all assembled on the school playground for games and races. Bell, 'automobile,' bean, sack
and many other kinds of races were enjoyed by the children and all the other Mukti folk who came to watch. The most exciting moment came during the tug-of-war when the big rope broke and all the participants suddenly sat down.

As darkness fell each child was given Indian sweets and as they started toward their compounds we heard many say that the Mukti picnic was the best picnic of all.

Before leaving the banana well the children had prayers and sang hymns. We were happy to have the heathen boys who come to our school sing a Christian hymn. Do pray that all the outside children who come from heathen homes may soon accept Jesus as their own Saviour.

Edna Shaver.

Very soon the evangelistic work will begin again and we know you will continue in prayer for this. Souls are confessing Christ as their Saviour but we long for a Holy Ghost revival. May the Lord make us faithful in earnest, believing prayer. We know not what lies ahead but we have His promise, 'As thy day so shall thy strength be.'

We thank all our friends and helpers in the different home­lands for upholding us, and for their welcome and hospitality to Krishnabai, and for the many open doors.

Yours very gratefully,

Julia Woodward,

M. Lissa Hastie.

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