DEAR FRIENDS AND FELLOW HELPERS,

It gives us great pleasure to send out the Prayer Bell once again for our British readers. How grateful we are to the Lord for you all. We have marvelled at the financial help sent, in spite of war stringencies and do praise His Name; and for all your prayer help we are truly grateful. We wish each one of you a very blessed New Year.

We regret to have to tell you that our dear Krishnabai has been taken to the Father’s Home, and we had just got used to having her back from her world tour. We thought the Lord had ripened her for the work here, but evidently it was for the heavenly Home, and we know God makes no mistakes. Miss Penny was with her night and day, and gave her every loving attention. She gives the following account in which you will be interested.

On top of this comes news of the sudden homecall of Lt. Col. Campbell who has been such a help to Mukti for many years. For him there was no sickness, just sudden glory.

Miss Penny writes:

‘As for God His way is perfect,’ and as the Psalmist said, ‘He it is that maketh (my) our way perfect’. It is so true that His ways are not our ways. As the hymn says, ‘God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform’. His ways are certainly past finding out, but it is good to know that it is to perform wonders. Just one year after the day of our arrival at Calcutta, God has taken our beloved Krishnabai to be with Himself. She had not been really well since we left Australia; the doctors think the trouble started in America, so it is all the more wonderful to think of how our Lord carried her through all her Deputation work so triumphantly in America, New Zealand, and then Australia. After returning, she took up the spiritual side of the work as had been appointed, and some said too earnestly, but
as she said, she has no regrets; and it was always a joy to know that she was taking another opportunity to minister to the people. Besides arranging for daily prayers and Church services, she re-arranged the Sunday school work and visited each school every Sunday. She started a Weekly Prayer Meeting with the matrons which was a source of great encouragement and blessing to them. Also a Weekly Meeting with the married people, which has been carried on since by Mr. Eicker. She had a great burden for these families and sought to minister to them faithfully and whole-heartedly. The Pastor holds a meeting with the male farm hands, and Krishnabai started a lunch hour meeting with the Hindu women who work on the farm. She was often very amused at their efforts to memorize and to sing, but she loved to try to help them to understand the Gospel message. She spent many hours in prayer and study preparing for the daily Bible Class and the letters that came again and again to the Hospital showed how much these young women appreciated her efforts.

At the Annual Meeting in July she was appointed to take over the Mukti housekeeping in addition to her other work, and she began to be up and out early keeping an eye on things in the kitchen, etc. But just about two weeks after this appointment she became so sick she agreed to get a doctor’s advice. It was thought the trouble might be gastric and that her digestion had likely been badly impaired whilst travelling around, so three weeks’ complete rest and milk diet were ordered. After two weeks no improvement was evident and we decided to make arrangements to see another doctor in Poona and for her to be X-rayed. Little did we suspect what would be revealed! The doctor told Krishnabai very kindly, but very clearly that she had a large, deeply-seated growth, which as a surgeon she did not think was operable. She was so brave, and said, ‘Well, if this is to be the gateway into Heaven for me, it is alright’. As she sat and listened to the doctor’s verdict she said God’s Word came to her, ‘The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty’. We were advised to have further advice from specialists in Bombay, and as soon as possible we went. We had been praying much, and we half expected that the doctors in Bombay would find no trace of the disease—we knew our God was able. The Doctor’s verdict was very grave, but he finally decided to give deep X-ray treatment and hoped to relieve her, so that she might be up and about again, and able to take an interest in things, though he said we must not expect her to be healed. We knew that our God could do what the doctors could not do, and we continued to pray and hopefully believed that God was going to be glorified

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in her healing. But she weakened very rapidly, and although they gave blood transfusion and did all they could in the way of injections and medicines, etc., the treatment had to be stopped after two weeks, and after a few more days the doctors said they could do nothing more than seek to make her comfortable, and relieve pain. We prayed on, but gently God showed us that it was not His Will to heal, and reminded us that Jesus spake ‘signifying by what death he should glorify God’, and ‘with many other words’ He spoke to our hearts. Certainly prayer was being answered and the Lord was very present with us. God was very merciful and spared Krishnabai severe pain. She was so weak she could not move in bed, but the day before she left us she sang two hymns in Marathi, one of them ‘Around the throne of God in heaven . . .’ which she sang right through, although it was difficult for her to articulate and the tune did not sound right. In the evening she said, ‘Are you going to read? I want to thank God specially tonight because I have had quite a good day, haven’t I?’ The next day she only opened her eyes to smile loving recognition of those who came into the room during the morning. Her pulse weakened and her breathing gradually became fainter and fainter until it stopped. She had talked of the hope that was in her to the nurses and to the ward girls, and one of the servants said, ‘We all love you and want you to get well’. Dr. Pool, the chief Surgeon at the Hospital, wrote, ‘I am glad we were able to help Miss Gadre a bit through her bad time. She certainly took her illness without complaint and most courageously’. The authorities said she had more visitors than anybody else in the large Hospital, and we received more than 159 letters whilst there, besides the notes which were sent from time to time from the women and girls at Mukti. She talked freely and joyfully of meeting the Lord she loved so dearly, and also her dear father and Ramabai and others who have gone before. But her heart did ache for her people in Mukti, and she would have so gladly continued ministering to them and battling for them. When she knew that the doctors could do nothing more to make her well, she arranged about her things, and said she wanted to send a message to Mukti, and to her friends, and to speak to her relations about their souls, and she asked the Lord to give her sufficient strength for this. For the next two days she did seem a great deal better, and she was enabled to do all that was on her heart, and talked with her people earnestly pointing them to the Lord Jesus, her beloved Saviour. She loved you, her friends, very dearly, with a love that never changed during the years, although God gave her new friends, and many. Her big heart held each one, and the love
of her friends was very sweet to her. While she was able she prayed aloud daily for you all, and thanked God for your love and for your prayers. This is the letter she dictated to you; at the end she said ‘I can’t say any more. It is difficult to think consecutively’.

Krishnabai’s Farewell Letter

My own dearly beloved Friends,

Here I have been in the hospital for the last six weeks. Even during this time I have received so many tokens of your deep love and care for me. From some of you cables have come expressing your deep concern.

In the Bible it says, ‘All flesh is grass, and all goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field: the grass withereth, the flower fadeth . . .’. Jesus talking to the disciples said, ‘Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow . . .’. Another time Jesus referred to the tiniest and the cheapest birds, sparrows, teaching His disciples how easy it was for the Lord to supply all their needs. When we see the beautiful flowers we often don’t think that they are going to wither in a few hours’ time: God gives them such beautiful beauty. When we are in the best of health and when everything is going on smoothly and nicely, and when God seems to be just working with us and for us, we do not realise that we are just as frail as these beautiful flowers we see around us. But one thing God does want us to remember, that He loves, He knows, He cares.

Some of you I have known for many years, and some of you I have come to know only within the last few years, but the number of years makes no difference. Every remembrance of you has been not only a help in my work, but also in my spiritual life. You have prayed and prayed continuously, and prayed without ceasing for my work, whether I have been travelling or whether I was stationary. Many a time I would have given up if I had not remembered that somebody, somewhere, was interested in me, and prayed through with me. When God gave me the opportunity of travelling abroad, and seeing many of you face to face, what a wonderful privilege I thought it was of actually meeting those who had been interested for so many years. While I was travelling and taking meetings and having such enjoyable times, I never dreamed that I was not too well, and God wonderfully carried me through. Most of you know that I never missed a meeting, and now, when I think how I was able to do it, I realise that it was only God’s grace and He within me leading and working, not only for me, but for the Mission
I love and which I represented. In spite of the dangers of war, He not only brought me safely home, but He gave me a beloved friend, who also offered and came to work in Mukti. God’s ways are mysterious. We cannot guess the depth of His ways or His thoughts. It is not quite a year since we returned safely. After I came back to Mukti the very first thing I felt was I was too tired and I began to wonder. I just felt I could not do much work. Still I took up the work God had given, and started, but after a month or so I could not go on any more, so I had to put my tools down, and I realised that it was not for me to continue with the work unless the Lord gave me new life, new strength, and a new plan. Now, as I leave my tools, I pass on the responsibility to you people. I know that you all love Mukti, and our Indian people. Mukti is not what it was, because those who were young have grown old, feeble, infirm, blind, lame, and are suffering with many afflictions. Many are just babies, and many are irresponsible young girls, but I know that many of you have taken them on as your prayer partners, and are going to hold them up in prayer. We know that prayer changes things. Prayer has changed many of us young irresponsible ones. Prayer can change more things in Mukti, and prayer can bring about God’s future plan for Mukti. Thank you for your many gifts, generously bestowed without stint; thank you especially for your prayer support, and thank you for the future continuance of your love.

If it is the Lord’s Will I know that He can and He is able to raise the dead, to open blind eyes, and He can raise me up from this sick bed. If thousands of prayers and tons of love coming from all of you can raise a sick person I am sure there would be no doubt of it at all, but I want the Lord’s Will to be done. I am getting all attention and care and comfort in this Hospital.

I would like to ask you for many of my Reformer relatives who often come to see me, that they may come to the saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus.

Some of you were expecting to visit us in India, and I was looking forward to seeing you and taking you round, but perhaps, instead of taking you round I shall be going round over other worlds, to see some more which I have not seen. We know that we have a Heavenly Father Who is preparing Heavenly mansions for us His children when we are ready.

My last message when I left Australia was ‘Occupy till I come’. May God keep you all in His love, and may He knit the Christians together. Wars and rumours of wars are far and near, but through it all we must go on, and as we work, and
 labour and pray, let us wait for the coming of our Lord, the Prince of peace, and we know that when He comes then there will be peace on earth.

Pray for the workers in Mukti.

'Again thanking you most gratefully
Yours affectionately

KRISHNABAI

'A Funeral Service was held in a Methodist Church in Bombay, attended by her relations and many friends, and it was a clear witness to the glorious hope that is ours, and a tribute to her beautiful life of faithful and devoted service and sacrifice. What a lot we could say to the glory of God as we think of the way He was magnified in and through her. Many testimonies have come, with letters of sympathy, of blessing received through her life and witness, not only here in India, but in the Homelands, since the first time she went to England in 1929. We brought her body to Kedgaon, and after a very impressive service in our Church, conducted by our Pastor and Mr. Naughton, a missionary who has known her since childhood, and a pastor from Dhond, she was carried by many loving hands to our cemetery, where her body was laid near to Pandita Ramabai. Many of our women had come from Bombay, Poona and other nearby towns, and all the villagers gathered at the Station, and the merchants closed their shops. She was greatly beloved, and all felt they had lost a true friend and one who had helped them. Our sense of loss cannot be put into words, but we try to think of her gain, and we praise our God for her lovely life and all the enrichment it has brought. Surely there will be many who will "arise up in that Day and call her blessed."'

JULIA G. WOODWARD,
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