Memories of Mukti’s beloved Pandita Ramabai still linger within and without its walls, even though twenty-eight years have passed since that April morning when the heavenly Father called and she entered into rest. Woven into the very texture of Mukti itself are her thoughts and ideals, her vision and wonderful faith in God. When one who knew her intimately, such as Miss Lucia Fuller, comes into our midst, it seems as though once again Ramabai, dressed in the familiar white sari and carrying her green parasol, walks through Mukti supervising and instructing women and girls and workmen. We share with you some of the memories which Miss Fuller recalled for us one evening in her own charming, inimitable manner.
One of the most outstanding traits of Ramabai's character was her 'bigness'. She was always big in her thoughts and plans and ideals, and yet she had a wonderful capacity for detail. Someone once likened her mind to a great archway through which great elephants or tiny mice could pass. Her girls used to say, 'Ai (Mother) has an ocean in her.' People imposed most shamefully upon her at times, but she never refused help and never complained.

With all her greatness of mind and scholarship, she possessed a sweet, natural modesty and great humility. When she received the title of Pandita in Calcutta, a great German scholar was there. The German paid her a graceful compliment in a couplet, 'You are not an ordinary woman. You are the goddess Sarasvati incarnate.' Ramabai was thoughtful for a minute or two, and then replied in a Sanskrit couplet, 'Far from being Sarasvati, I am only a humble pupil of hers sitting in a corner.'

Ramabai had the faculty of drawing out the best in people. She had wonderful insight into character, and would put the right load on the right shoulders. Sometimes she made people do things which surprised themselves and others. Once Ramabai gave one of her head men a commission to do three things about which he knew nothing. He had to buy 1,600 saris, some buffaloes and fodder for the cattle. He felt that he simply had to do it, for when she first gave him work, Ramabai said, 'When I tell you to do something, never say “no.” If you have any difficulty, ask me about it, but never refuse me.' He came back with the work successfully completed, saying, 'I always knew, if I made a mistake, Ramabai would not blame me because she would know that I had done my best. She had confidence in me, and I just had to do it.'

Deep humility, tremendous faith, and wonderful compassion made up her lovely character. Her capacity for detail and administration she inherited from her mother, while from her father she gained all her bigness, hospitableness, and open-heartedness. She had marvellous patience and wonderful grace. Sometimes she had great provocation, but she was always self-controlled. When she did become angry, her look of indignation was enough.
The following story is an illustration of her compassion. As she sat busy with Bible translation work, one of the matrons jokingly said, 'See, another new girl has arrived.' There by the gate stood a poor, dejected, miserable donkey. 'No one loves it,' Ramabai said without smiling. 'Bring it in and feed it.' The donkey was brought inside, and, when food was brought, Ramabai fed it with her own hands. Every day the donkey came to Ramabai to be fed, and how delighted she was when, in the course of time, the donkey had a foal. She could never bear to see anyone hungry.

Greater than all her scholarship was her marvellous faith in God. Although it was wonderful in its breadth and depth, yet it was very simple. She really wanted to do God's will, and she simply believed that He would help her do it. At the time of the great famine in 1897 she brought many girls from the Central Provinces to Kedgaon, put up a few tin shacks, and set to work in the scorching sun to build, to dig wells, and to farm the land. Money was scarce, and Mukti was still in a very primitive state when she received clear direction from God that she was to return to the Central Provinces and bring another group of girls.

Ramabai only had sufficient money to enable her to reach her destination, none to bring her and the girls back, but she started off and did not argue with God. 'The Lord has told me to go,' she said, and went off with perfect peace of mind. When she arrived at Bhusaval, where it was necessary to change trains, she had further leading. 'Take the second train, not the first one,' was the guidance that came. It seemed foolish for a beautiful girl, alone and unprotected, to wait there at that station, but she knew God wanted her to wait. She waited, praying as she sat there on a bench. The Bombay train pulled into the station. In that train a young missionary had been thinking about Ramabai, and she felt that Goa wanted her to send her Rs. 100 as soon as she reached the next station. The train stopped, and there in that unexpected place she saw Ramabai sitting on a bench. She ran to Ramabai and thrust the money into her hand. Ramabai was not astonished. It was just the kind of thing the Father would do, so she just praised Him.

If Ramabai ever read the words of Ignatius, she would have agreed with him, 'Trust God as if everything depended upon Him, and then work as if everything depended upon yourself.'—Kathlyn Holmes-Libbis.
How glorious is the privilege of having a part in the work at Supa. For the past few weeks I have been here with Miss Amstutz, and have been doing the medical work. In addition to the many diseases now prevalent, there is an epidemic of Smallpox. Many people are more afraid of vaccination than of Smallpox and hide their babies rather than submit to having them vaccinated. As a consequence, many of these little ones have contracted the disease and some have died.

This fear of vaccination is partly due to a superstition that Smallpox is a visitation of the goddess, and, if she wants to come, she will come, no matter what you do. People suffering from this disease usually refuse to take any medicine whatever. They neither wash, have their hair combed, nor speak for a whole month for fear of angering the goddess. During this period they are considered 'holy.'

If only we could show you the darkness and cruelty of heathenism as we see it in this proud, orthodox town! As we pass through the streets at sunset, we see near the river an outdoor shrine where a semicircle of small boys are lighting lamps before the god. A little further on a young girl of about sixteen, with bowed head, is holding up a tray of little lighted lamps before the god, and our hearts burn as we see these bright boys and sweet, young girls bowing in worship before these hideous, daubed idols.

Near home we pass the white Mohammedan mosque in its setting of green trees, beautiful against the evening sky. As we pass, we hear the prayer gong sounding for evening prayers. It seems that all the town is worshipping, under one guise or another, the cruel god of this world, the same power behind mosque and idol.

In the midst of the idolatry, disease and suffering we find some evidence of real heart hunger. A few young men gather twice a week to hear the Word of God, while some come quietly, one by one, to talk about the things of God. One high caste girl asked to borrow a Bible. Another young woman showed much interest and asked many questions. She had obviously heard the gospel before, as she displayed unusual intelligence and knew quite a bit about the death of our Lord Jesus Christ. One delighted in talking with her. But in the midst of our conversation she was hurried away by an irate, elderly
PIERCE THE DARKNESS

AASBERY

woman, who demanded to know where she had learned such things. I have seen the girl since, but was not allowed to hold any conversation with her. Those who show interest are carefully shielded from our influence. Graciously, politely, but oh so firmly we are barred from speaking with them about the things that matter.

One day we had the joy of telling the gospel story to two women who had never before heard of our Lord Jesus Christ.

One day I was called out to a sick man in a village about three and a half miles away. A young schoolmaster came to escort me. As we cycled along the road, he said, 'Now tell me something about the Lord Jesus.' I told him the story of Nicodemus and pressed home the need of the new birth. He answered, 'I am born again.'

'How do you know?' I asked.

'Because when I decided to follow Jesus, my heart was filled with joy' was his reply. On arrival at the village I was surprised and delighted to find quite a group of people who said that they gather daily to worship the Lord Jesus Christ. This young man and his friend come to our meetings about once a week, and then go back and tell their people all that they have heard. We are praying that the Spirit of God will work in the hearts of these people and draw out some who will be willing to follow Him all the way.

A man from another village came and asked Miss Amstutz for a picture of Jesus Christ, because, he said, 'I worship Him.' Miss Amstutz had a long talk with him, and then he stayed for the evening meeting.

Will you please pray with us for these dear people, that the glorious light of the gospel may shine into their hearts, and that they may be emancipated from their sin, superstition and bondage into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

Only like souls I see the folk thereunder,
Bound who should conquer, slaves who should be kings,
Hearing their one hope with an empty wonder,
Sadly contented with a show of things.
Then with a rush the intolerable craving
Shivers throughout me like a trumpet call;
Oh, to save these! To perish for their saving,
Die for their life, be offered for them all.

—Myers
SELECTIONS FROM THE GUEST LOG

Since it is not the privilege of our readers to see all our friends that visit Mukti, we shall share with you some of the choice selections from our Guest Log. People from far and near come to spend a day or days with us, and these are the impressions Mukti prints upon their hearts.

'It has been a joy to see the happy children at Mukti and the love and interest of those who care for them. It was a blessing and a challenge to notice the happiness and contentment of those deprived of some of the physical blessings of life and the interest with which they do their work. It has indeed been an inspiration to have been here for just a little while. The Lord has certainly honoured the faith of His servant, Pandita Ramabai, and of those who carry on the work she began.'—DORA BARKLA, L.B.M.M.

'Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.' Our brief stay has been truly the "pause that refreshes," and the above Bible quotation is certainly lived out here in the Mission Ramabai started for the good of the people and the glory of God. God's peace and blessing abide here and we go on to our own task with lighter hearts and a stronger will to serve our Lord and Master Jesus Christ.'—WELDON AND ETHEL FRANKLIN.

'Mukti truly is being carried on in a spirit of love and sacrifice. Mukti is the light that shines in the darkness of heathenism, superstition and ignorance. It is our earnest prayer that God may bless the work that is being done here. May Mukti go forward from strength to strength.—H.B.L.

'Today we feel that we have been walking on holy ground.'—MR. AND MRS. A. E. MITCHELL.

Pray for those who enter our gates as guests, that God might, through the testimony of Mukti, speak to their hearts His message for them.—ANNE SIEMENS.

FAMILY NEWS

We are glad to report that Miss Kathlyn Holmes-Libbis has passed her second-year language examination, and that Miss Elsie Rohrer has passed her first-year language examination.
‘Our Guru is sick in a village nine miles away’ came a message with six young men. ‘We would like you to come and see her, as she refuses to have the male doctor in the village attend to her. She has a thorn in her foot and now it is septic, very painful and swollen. We will pay your expenses if you will only come out and do something for her.’

We went and found the Guru to be a woman priest of about ninety years of age. She was a priest of the Jain religion, and was lying on the floor in a home of people of the same group. She has no house of her own, as she gave it up fifty years ago when she dedicated her life to her god. After attending to the septic foot, in the presence of her caste people who crowded the room to see what the missionary was doing to their Guru, I asked if she would come into our hospital, as I had the Mission car along and could take her with me. But she refused and said, ‘I have never ridden in any kind of a vehicle for fifty years and I could not do so now. I must walk if I have to come.’ It was impossible for her to walk on that septic foot.

I asked her about her religion and how many miles she had walked. She said, ‘I have walked thousands of miles barefoot. I have wandered from one sacred place to another and from one temple to another, meeting my caste people, reading to them and teaching them to do good works and to worship the god faithfully. If I went in your car, I might kill some insect with the car wheels, and that is against my religion.’

I then gave her some pills to make her sleep, but she said, ‘I can’t take any kind of medicine or food after sunset or before sunrise.’ She told me that she did not take any water unless it was boiled and then very little of it. She also told me that she had not had a bath for fifty years, and only used one pint of water in which to wash her clothes. She never went out in the rain, and never cooked any food, but depended on her caste people to feed her as she went from place to place. She would not step on a damp floor, and took a brush along with her everywhere she went to brush the floor before she sat down, lest she might sit on some tiny insect and kill it.

After she had finished speaking, I told her about the loving Lord Jesus, who was her Creator and who was
the only Saviour, that He was able to save her without requiring that she go on long pilgrimages. She looked bewildered, and wondered how that could be.

Pray for this woman at the end of her days, that she might find Christ as her Saviour. It makes me feel ashamed when we see a woman like this who has devoted all her life to a god who is not able to do anything for her, but still some day hopes to get to heaven. Are we letting such die in their sins without Christ? It is our duty to tell them and do all we can in whatever way we can to acquaint them with the gospel of Christ. We will be held responsible if we fail to respond. What are you doing about it? Prayer changes things.

—Elizabeth Morris.

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