Receiving A Little One in His Name
Rescued, she now ministers unto others
How precious God’s Word becomes to us when we meditate upon it. He makes it living and real to us. One morning while attending the women’s conference at the Spiritual Life Centre (the Keswick of Western India), the above words flashed before me, ‘they shall hear my voice’. My thoughts and prayers were much for Supa, and now here was a definite promise God made for Supa. My heart welled up with gratitude and I went on my way rejoicing.

It has been such a joy to meet so many friends, while on furlough who are deeply interested in Supa, and who are definitely praying for real fruit. During my absence of nearly two years, Mukti’s evangelistic band has gone out faithfully every Wednesday, which is Supa’s market day. Thus the contact with the people has been kept up. The people’s weekly supplies purchased on market day, are not a large grocery order such as the people at home might think of. It may consist of three bottles of oil—vegetable oil for cooking, cocoanut oil for the hair (women’s only protection from the sun), and kerosene oil for the lanterns that light their humble little huts. They must have a bit of salt and some red peppers and a few other vegetables. Meat is out of the question. If the man is a land-owner these items are a reasonable supplement, but if not, he will have to forego them for the weekly ration of grain which often lasts only four or five days, and then the family goes hungry for the rest of the week. What poverty one has to face!

They must also see to the medicines for the sick member of the family. We are glad there was always a nurse in the band that could minister to the physical needs of those who come for help. Thus the closer contact was kept up.

In a week or ten days we hope to go back and live right among them. Meanwhile some necessary repairs have been made. Ceilings have been put up to keep the dust and insects, scorpions and other creatures from falling down. The verandah has been screened in and septic tanks have been put in.

Just in order to get a bit closer to these ‘lost sheep’ we are planning to rent a room in the town, for a dispensary and reading-room where weary men and women who have walked miles may come for help while they get medicines. Others can be hearing or reading the gospel. We trust that one thing that will attract them will be the new glass case with a beautiful felt-o-graph picture which will afford an opportunity to speak for Christ.

Pray that they will definitely ‘hear’ and receive into their hearts our precious Saviour.

—ELDA AMSTUTZ
The Boarders' Compound was brimming over with little girls who had been sent to study in our school. There were nearly sixty already and we wondered if there would be room to put down even one more mat. However, when an extraordinary request came from a Mohammedan man, we decided the mats would have to be laid a little closer together at nights to make room for his three little girls. He had brought them because he wanted them to learn Christianity. He had married a Hindu woman and the two girls had names of Hindu goddesses. Lakshmi was named after the goddess of wealth and Saraswati after the goddess of wisdom. Subhadra, the third girl's name means 'good one'. Had the father and mother both found their religions inadequate? Were they, too, looking for something that they could only find in Christ, the living God? In any case they wanted them to know of Him.

Everything seemed so new and strange to the three at first, and they dashed hither and yon like three frightened little fawns. The loving matrons tried to make them feel they belonged in the large family, but every now and then Lakshmi would sit right down where she was and howl and howl, simply overcome with loneliness. The other two would sit down near her with tears shining in the large, sad eyes. The missionary came over and patted her lovingly, but the white face only seemed to add to all the strangeness that surrounded her. Lovingly, she picked up the weeping child and carried her to her room, leading the sister by the hand. She set them down on the rug and placed a doll into each pair of little arms. This room seemed more like home than the big compound and in a few minutes both were laughing and heartily engrossed in play.

In school they refused to be separated and all three sat together in a wee huddle. But it took only several days and all three were happily adjusted both in the school and compound. It is a joy to see them listening with such interest to the stories of Jesus, both in the daily Bible class in school and during the morning and evening prayers in the compound. Already they have learned to pray. Our earnest prayer is that they may not only learn of Christianity, but that they may come to know for themselves the Christ Who loved them and died for them in order that they might have eternal life.
'Moushie, moushie, there's a new little girl at the gate! Come quickly!' What an enticing interruption it was that called us away from the routine of one of the most sultry days of the trying hot season! She stood at the gateway holding her father's hand and smiling as though she was welcoming us. She did not look a bit like the usual beggar girl as she stood there like a little soldier. She tried to understand and please although she did not really understand a word we were saying. Being a south Indian from another language area, our Marathi was quite foreign to them, but the father, making use of the little Hindi he knew, explained that he was forced to sell his little girl because they were desperate for food.

How he had heard about Mukti when he came from so far away, we could not perceive and it was evident that it was not without a conflict that he was giving up this bright little one.

We do not 'buy' little girls even though he asked only five rupees, which is a little more than one dollar. He was offered a meal and he gladly partook of it. Persuaded in his own mind that his little girl would be well taken care of here, he asked us to take her. He put his finger-print as signature on the little slip of paper. After a last, long glance and a salaam, he turned away from his little girl and walked away.

Instead of tears, she smiled up into the missionary's face with smiling eyes, and held her hand. Obviously she was an intelligent child and her spontaneous trust and confidence in us filled us with wonder. She won our hearts immediately. We loved her more when we saw her bathed and dressed in the new, bright clothes which had been laid aside awaiting the arrival of a new girl like this. There was gratitude and pleasure written all over her face.
TO BLOSSOM

Even though she could not speak a word of their language, she fit right into the Garden here and became one of the Blossoms. They called her Kusum, the name of a flower, so she was truly a Blossom.

But it seemed such a joy was not to be for long. Several hours later the father was back. He realized that begging was not very successful without a little girl to solicit pity from the public. Already Kusum had endeared herself so much to all that the thought of sending her back again to begging was revolting. Making it plain that she was giving it as a gift for food, and not as payment for the girl, the missionary handed him a rupee and he left.

How she and the Blossoms prayed that he would not come back again, but two weeks later there he was at the gate. They wondered if the heavenly Father had not heard their prayer. But He who never fails to heed a little child's plea had heard. The father had only come to get a letter saying that his little girl was here and he said he wanted to see her once more.

The children told Kusum he had come and as the missionary took her hand and led her to him, she kept saying, 'No, moushie, no, I don't want to go.' Was her newly found home and happiness to end so soon? He coaxed her and offered her a small bag of candy he had brought, but she was quite reluctant to go near him. Then he left, and there was a tear of sadness in his eye, but he did not look back. He seemed satisfied too, to know that, even though she was his own little girl, she had a home at last which he could not give her, and she had those around her who loved her.

Her life was valued at just five rupees, but she was entrusted into our hands by the One who considered her precious enough to give His life for her. Now we entrust her back to Him and to you, that you, with us, through your prayers may be privileged to see her grow up to be a true and fragrant Blossom for His name.

—L. Doerksen
THE NEW FLOOR

'Look at that child sitting on the floor in the nursery with a lump of earth in her fist, eating it as though it were a sweet cake.' It is taken from her and she is given a little tap on her hand and told not to do it again.

She soon forgets and starts to pick at another portion of the earthen floor. Another little one is lying on her tummy on the floor and with her tongue is licking the floor. I wonder many times what there is in the earth that these children seem to like. What are we to do to keep them from eating it? The only solution is another kind of floor that the little fingers will not be able to pick at. But how are we to get a new floor? Stones are expensive these days. Our God is able to supply and while thinking about this very thing a friend wrote from England asking how he could help in the work.

This need for a new floor was put before him and immediately he replied, 'Get cracking with the floor and I will meet the expenses.' Our builder, Mr Rebeiro, ordered the stones as quickly as possible. When they arrived there was lots of work to be done on them. The masons had to chip and cut, and this took a number of days.

When I told the masons that I thought they were doing unnecessary chipping, they replied, 'They must be chipped and cut carefully or else they will not fit together.' A thought came to my mind—how much chipping and cutting our heavenly Father has to do with some of us before we can fit into the right place of service He has for us.

The floor was then prepared and one by one the stones were fitted in side by side. The masons worked steadily for ten days until the last stone was laid. The dream of many years for our little nursery on this side of the road has come true. What a joy it is to see the clean floor where the little ones can play about without any anxiety of them picking up and eating pieces of the earthen floor.

We are grateful to the friend who made this possible and look for the day when not only this one but all the other children's compounds, too, will be able to have stone floors in place of the earthen ones.

—E. Morris
OBSERVATIONS OF A HEADMISTRESS

About 9:30, were you to pass by the school, you would be amused to hear the children singing, 'This little light of mine, I'm going to let it shine,' which sounds far more like 'I'm going to lady-shine.' They have learned many English songs and are always proud and happy to sing them with actions. Most every day, too, we celebrate some child's birthday. It is easy to note whose birthday it is each day. The girl comes in her best Sunday dress, hair well combed with big ribbon-bows, clips or some flowers in her hair. The boys, too, remember to put on new shirts. When they come forward, the children sing 'Happy Birthday' for them and then they receive sweets. This means a great deal to the village children as well as to our own orphan girls. You see, the Hindu children never celebrate their birthdays in the villages.

The school anniversary, Independence Day, and Republic Day are all great days for the children. Various performances from different classes take place. Last year the school held a small exhibition and sale for the parents and guardians, too. This was an exciting day for all. Embroidered mats, bags, cushions, blouses and doll's clothes were among the things that were in the exhibition. After that, were simple refreshments for them. We made more than seventy rupees from the sale and this is being put into books for the school library.

Another item of interest this year was the essay competition. The subject was, 'The Life of Manoramabai,' the one who has done so much for our school. Quite a few essays were written and the best composition we got was from a girl who was in her final year. She received rupees five as a present and she is now in high school and the five rupees went towards this education.

We have attempted a new project—the starting of the school magazine. The name of the magazine is 'Vikharlele Dava Bindu,' which means 'Scattered Dew-drops.' It was suggested by the children and all the contributions are by the children.

To establish deeper fellowship and to learn the Word of God more thoroughly, all the teachers gather in Miss Doerksen's room for prayer and Bible study every Wednesday evening. Last year we studied Ephesians and now we have started the Book of Acts. Each teacher in turn takes the meetings. At the end of each lesson, discussion follows, and it is a great benefit to us. We have learnt many new things about God's Word in order to be effective Christian teachers.

Some of us went to Supa for a retreat during the Diwali holidays. We had a blessed time there. Then during the
summer vacation we went to Mahableshwar. Such trips and
retreats refresh our bodies and our minds.

The new year for school has already started. Village children
are coming in great numbers. They hear the gospel here.
Will you pray for these Hindu children and for those who
have already heard and now have left the school, that the
seeds which have been sown may be fruitful? Before leaving
the school, the seventh standard Hindu children received
New Testaments. Will you pray for the school, that it may
be the light-house for the villages around about which are
still in the darkness?
—Vimalbai Dongre

FAMILY NEWS

We are glad to share with you the news that Mr and Mrs
Howard McMillen have successfully passed their first year
Marathi examinations.

The Ramabai Mukti Mission is an international, undeno­
minal Mission of evangelical faith, with representatives
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