Receiving A Little One in His Name
Rescued, she now ministers unto others

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RAMABAI MUKTI MISSION
A NEW LITTLE BLIND GIRL

It was dark when the train, bringing us a new little blind girl, arrived at the station. Her little, white sightless eye-balls were visible in the lamp-light as they turned towards us at the sound of our voices. Her fingers curled tightly round the hands that led her to the waiting bullock-cart. Then we realized that she was not only blind, but also very lame. Her little left leg was so short that she had to walk on the very tip of her toes. We noticed later that her leg was not disformed or crippled, but it was only much shorter than the other. We hope one day she may be able to have treatments or a shoe that will enable her to walk like other girls.

She was a simple, little village girl and everything was so different in this new, big home. From the very first minute she was surrounded by love. She sensed it in the hands that reached out and touched her, that stroked her hair, and in the arms that went around her waist and led her to her own room with two other blind young sisters. Sonu, who is 15 and the oldest in the room, and who still has a little sight, was delighted with the new joy of mothering little Nirmala. She cooked for her, helped her to put on her pretty new clothes, took her to the school for prayers and classes and taught her to surprise the missionaries with a cheery 'Good-morning, moushie'.

Nirmala's first day at school was pure delight. The songs and prayers and Scripture verses were such a new experience and it was interesting to watch the expressions on her face. She was quick to pick up the little phrases and tunes, too. Then in the first braille lessons she was moved with alternate feelings of awe, laughter and shyness as the sensitive fingers came in contact with the little groups of raised dots on the paper.

Several days later, upon greeting her, there was a special pressure in her little fingers. The expressionless eyes were
 unnoticed as her whole face lit up with happiness. Almost with awe she said, 'Moushie, I learned a BIG letter today'. Day after day she was filled with the same delight and enthusiasm over learning new things.

Several months passed happily, until yesterday, when a cloud of sadness covered her horizon for a while. We had to tell her the news that her mother had died of the awful disease of cholera, and that others in her home were also ill. She made a funny little noise but said nothing for several minutes. She had no desire to go to her father, for she said bitterly that he had been very unkind to her mother. She seemed too little and sweet to harbour bitter thoughts, so we told her of how her mother had heard the story of Jesus before she died and trusted that she had accepted Him and was with Him where there was no unhappiness and where there was no unkindness or bitterness. The missionary who wrote us about the mother's death told us that the mother had heard the gospel message at least once, so we pray that some word of assurance and comfort may have come to her as she passed from this life to face the Saviour of whom she knew so little.

Nirmala grieved for her mother, but our hearts rejoice to think she was spared to come to Mukti where she hears of Jesus daily. As the tears followed, we told her gently that if she would learn to trust Jesus, she would some day go to see His face, which will be an even greater joy than meeting loved ones again. Will you think of this mother who heard just once, and remember to pray for this little one whose heart is so tender and who loves to memorize the scripture verses and who loves to hear about the Saviour? Her name Nirmala means 'no dirt' or 'cleansed'. Our prayer for her is that she may be truly cleansed and set apart as a spotless vessel for the honour and glory of the Saviour whose love for her far exceeds even the love of a mother.

—J. I. Craddock

MERCY DROPS OF JOY AND BLESSING

How eagerly the children in the fifth standard have awaited the opening of a yellow chrysanthemum after months of tending the plants with great faithfulness! How they have delighted in the bursting of the first cotton ball after tireless attention to the thirsty cotton field where the weeds constantly sought the place of predominance! The flowers and the cotton balls made the children forget the tediousness of the daily routine of the months spent watering, weeding, transplanting and digging.

Such moments of joy and blessing have coloured the daily routine tasks in Elim Sadan, too. Daily checking of habits in
work, eating and play, counselling and helping the awkward teen-agers in their problems, mothering little ones who need so much loving and training in practical and spiritual things daily, have reminded us that we are watering, weeding and digging up precious human soil. Constant digging kept the soil soft so the Word could be nourished and blossom forth into salvation and the fruits of the Spirit.

What a joy it was several weeks ago to gather a few flowers in Elim Sadan. Let me tell you a bit about it. We had one big family before, divided into two parts—big girls and little ones. Recently we made them into six families. The oldest six girls became the big sisters of seven younger sisters for whom they were to be responsible. We divided the compound into six parts and the six ‘families’ now sleep together. They try to make their allotted space look attractive, tidy and homey. The big sisters look after their younger sisters’ clothes, work and habits. What a help it is to the matrons who are growing old in their constant, faithful service. The ‘tais’ (big sisters) take prayers with their own little families each night. During the week I meet with the big sisters for Bible study, prayer and preparation. What a joy it is to see six little groups just after sun-down, sitting in different corners of the compound singing softly, and joining in scripture reading and prayers.

Recently, I went to the compound as usual after dinner to say good-night and to see if all were safely tucked in. As I approached, I noticed that there was an unusual hush and the stillness was broken with intermittent sobs. At the door were several waiting for me, burdened and weeping. ‘Moushie, big sisters told us to-night of the Lord Jesus’ soon return and we know our hearts are not clean and we are not ready to meet Him,’ they said. One little Hindu girl who had been in the compound for six months was weeping bitterly. Upon inquiry, I discovered that the Holy Spirit had spoken to the hearts of the girls in the Senior Christian Endeavour meeting where Bhimabai’s theme had been on the second coming. The big sisters had been touched by the message and each one had shared the blessing in her own family prayers.

Three little hearts, prepared by faithful tending, now opened up and received the Lord Jesus as their Saviour and showed forth the beauty and joy of salvation. Others, too, were moved, and a blessed hour was spent in making things right, and in prayer. All desired with all their hearts to be clean and prepared for the coming of our King. It was difficult to leave the compound that night and we are continuing to pray that the Holy Spirit’s work begun in their hearts will go on and result in showers of blessing and the perfection of that which concerns each one in Mukti.

—L. Doerksen
AN EVANGELISTIC WEEK IN SUPA, THE MUKTI OUT-STATION

(The following article was written by an Indian Christian lawyer who asked to spend a week with our evangelistic bands. His zeal and help are a real encouragement and his meetings have been followed by blessing.)

The town of Supa is of historical fame and importance since Shivajee, the founder of the Maratha empire, and his worthy successors, the Peshwa kings, frequently camped in this strategic point, before the British took control.

The meaning of the word 'Suwartha' in the vernacular is 'glad tidings,' and this is eminently a fitting title given to the Mukti missionary stationed at Supa, Miss Elda Amstutz. She is called 'Suwartha Moushie' which means 'Glad Tidings Aunt'. Living in a solitary bungalow, next to deserted temples, a rendezvous of robbers, the houses in the town being infested with reptiles (there have been some actual snake-bite deaths), the Glad Tidings Aunt with singleness of purpose, devotion and passion for preaching the gospel of the cross of Calvary, and burning zeal to exalt our Lord and Saviour, has obeyed the command contained in the great commission, 'Go and preach' and is, in the last hours of the age, preaching to the heathen, Hindus and Moslems, most of whom have never heard of our Saviour.

Tuesday, October 6, before going to Supa, we spent in Kedgaon at the weekly market day. Villagers from all the surrounding villages come to buy and sell. At such a place the gospel can be well presented. Bhimabai, the national missionary at Mukti, not only came with me herself to help, but brought six well-trained Bible-women who gave straightforward messages and helped sing choruses and tunes which I had especially composed. There was an attentive audience, some of whom accompanied us to other centres in the bazaar, standing for more than an hour, in the inclement weather, as it was cloudy and threatening to pour.

The central market day of Supa was on the 7th. In the beginning the sky was overcast, and a few drops of rain did come, but it was our Lord's will for us to complete the gospel message, and the sky was soon clear. People of all castes and creeds gathered—about two hundred of them. The chorus singing attracted many people who had never heard up-to-date gospel tunes. It was noteworthy that the two men playing the instruments were non-Christian, yet they played very enthusiastically. Music is the heart of India. From the cradle to the grave it occupies a prominent place.

Karati village was visited on the 8th. The village headman extended his kindness and hospitality to the whole band. He had arranged, even before we got there on our bullock-cart,
two blackboards with scripture verses and sentences written in red and white chalk. This man is a graduate of Poona city schools and he is the chairman of the town board. He secured for us the voluntary services of a professional drummer, with whose scientific playing the audience was well pleased. Brahmins, out-castes and all listened to the gospel messages with rapt attention. Suitable stories of self-sacrifice and love were told to bring home to their minds that our Lord loved even His enemies, and though sinless and holy, died for their sins, and rose again. The headman had recently started a high school, the only one of its kind in this community. It speaks volumes for this man. India is making rapid strides in education, social service, reforms and reformation, but through from all these there can be no salvation from sin. The only way, truth and life is Jesus Christ, our Lord. The time of our Lord's coming is drawing very near. Missionaries and evangelists should concentrate in giving the gospel in season and out of season. The headman insisted on our taking tea in his house. All this indicates the great esteem with which Miss Amstutz is held by the people all over the country side.

October the 9th brought us to Deugav, a town of temples for Hindu deities. We were cautioned that people would be apathetic, yet they offered us chairs to sit in front of the school. When we love the people and are sympathetic towards them, they reciprocate too. These people are well-known for their hospitality. Another village was Padvi (meaning verandah) where the unusual happened. The headmaster of the local school board invited us in during school hours. Everywhere we went, we found the hand of the Lord upon us. As outsiders would not find room to join us, we preferred to sit under the shade of a big banyan tree. It had a parapet stone surrounding it about four feet high which served as a good pulpit for speaking. The boys and girls with the school master enveloped us. Most suitable gospel verses were quoted and explained. It was emphasized that the man dies once and then comes the judgment, and hell if not saved, by grace and faith in the Lord Jesus. The headmaster in his closing speech thanked the evangelistic band for their music, messages and fascinating stories.

Morgaon village is supposed to be most conservative, orthodox village, which we visited on October 10th. There are Hindu temples to various deities from the lowest to the highest, the town being literally studded with them. Before going to the villages, we offered prayer every day at the Throne of Grace, pleading for help to resist the counter activities of the devil who would surely try to frustrate our preaching, and our prayers were answered every day. A retired police head constable recognized us and arranged for our accommodation
in the central place of the bazaar, right in the thick of the crowd. Farmers, merchants, Jains, Muslims, low and high, boys and girls, all came to hear of the cross of Calvary, and the only Hope of the world. Nobody opposed, but all listened attentively. There is a great hunger and thirst to hear the Word of God. The superlative need is for courageous evangelists to preach the gospel boldly.

The Sunday services we conducted were well attended. All classes and creeds were represented, both men and women. Even the non-Christians quoted Bible verses and their Bibles were marked with red and blue pencils. It is not known why these non-Christians who are almost Christian in heart are delaying accepting our Lord as their Saviour openly before men. The sermon was about the dead young son of the widow of Nain. Professors of education, of philosophy and managers of social service or high priests of various religions in the world could not save the dead boy, nor could any of these offer to raise him from the dead. They were utterly helpless. Only the Lord Jesus who touched the bier could bring him back to life. All those who are spiritually dead can only be raised by the Son of Man, who was God, sinless but He paid the price for sin. Winning lost souls is the need of the hour in India.

Thanks are due to the evangelistic group and Miss Amstutz who are deeply devoted to the Gospel work, and who have endeared themselves to all in the country side. It is difficult to find in the 20th century missionaries with such burning zeal and passion for the lost of India. The out-moded bullock-cart of the 10th century is not suitable to cover the distances. I could not help but think how quickly she could cover the distances and also the follow-up work which is so essential after evangelism, if she were provided with a jeep.

There was a constant stream of visitors on the Sunday at the mission house—Gujarathi business men, wives, farmers, high and low. At the morning service was an ‘emandar’ (big Brahmman landlord) who listened attentively. He said he would be thinking seriously about the appeal made.

The following morning we spent in hearing the difficulties of some harijans (depressed class men) who had lost their lands. The village officers were especially visited and advice given to these poor people.

We thank the Lord for a successful evangelistic week. We were informed that a number interested in the group there anticipate the most important step of baptism by the coming January. They need more Bible study, instruction and prayer. Please remember to pray for these and all who have heard the gospel.

—D. S. Modak
We are glad to welcome Miss Terry back to Mukti after a busy and blessed furlough.

Please pray for Miss Schrag who is still in hospital after a serious major operation.

The McMillens will be going up to Mahableshwar this month to continue their studies at the language school. Please bear them up especially during the coming four months as they prepare for their final examinations.

We gratefully acknowledge gift of £ 5.0.0 sent per Marshal Morgan and Scott.

The Ramabai Mukti Mission is an international, undenominational Mission of evangelical faith, with representatives in the home countries as follows:

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