IN MEMORIAM

MARIE SCHRAG

RAMABAI MUKTI MISSION
INDIA

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LIGHTS AND SHADOWS ON THE NEW YEAR

'What does this year hold for us?' is a question which always comes as we cross the threshold of a new year, and for us, as we now look forward, we see there is darkness as well as light on the pathway ahead, but we go forward in confidence because we know God is with us.

As the new year broke, our hearts were sad because of the serious illness of one of our missionary colleagues, Miss Marie Schrag. She became ill a few months ago and was hurriedly taken to St. Margaret's Hospital in Poona, where a major operation was performed, and it was reported that there was a malignant growth. The news stunned us all, and prayer was made continually for our co-worker, that she might be sustained through pain and weariness. However, it soon became evident that God would either heal her or take her to be with Himself, and on January 2 He released her from suffering and called her to service in His presence.

Miss Schrag has faithfully sown God's Word among the Hindu farm workers and people in the villages. She longed to see some fruit for her labours, and we know there yet will be, for God will fulfil His promise that His Word shall not return void.

We start the new year with a shadow on our pathway, but we know God is with us, so all is well.

—J. ISABEL CRADDOCK

UPHELD BY THE EVERLASTING ARMS

(This article was dictated by Miss Schrag just a few days before she went to her Eternal Home).

The very thought of being an invalid or to be laid on the shelf gives one a shock. However, I have proven for myself that to be an invalid in God's care can bring joy and blessing. Although I dreaded the very thought of being an invalid, I can say to the glory of God that He has been with me from the beginning in a closer way than any human being could ever be. He has given me perfect peace and grace to suffer pain. Even though I am bedfast, I am ever conscious that underneath are the Everlasting Arms, and I find my heart praising the Lord.

I would like to give a special word of appreciation for the kindness of the doctors and nurses in St. Margaret's Hospital in Poona, and also for the host of friends who so faithfully have remembered me in prayer, as well as with letters, cards and notes of cheer. Please pray for those who will take up the work which I must lay down at this time. Above all, pray for souls in India.
OPENED DOORS

'I the Lord have called thee in righteousness, and will hold thine hand, and will keep thee, and give thee for a covenant of the people, for a light of the Gentiles; to open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the prison, and them that sit in darkness out of the prison house' (Is. 42: 6, 7).

Furlough time spent at home was a happy as well as a busy time. The presence of the Lord was very real as He dealt with members of the family and also in opening doors for speaking about Mukti. The work of the Ramabai Mukti Mission is not well known in many parts of Canada. However, we praise the Lord for those who have and are now daily upholding the work and workers before the throne of grace.

A dear old lady came to me after one meeting and told me how she has been praying for Mukti for many years. She had also seen Ramabai when she was in America. May the Lord richly bless every faithful prayer warrior.

When we were definitely asking the Lord what type of training I should take while at home, the Lord worked in a most wonderful way. Through the kindness of the John Milton Society in granting a scholarship, it was my privilege to attend Perkins Institute for the Blind in preparation for working among the Blind in Mukti. It is a joy to be able to assist Miss Craddock and help her bear, at least in a small measure, the burden of the Blind School. Please pray for the work among the Blind and for me as I study the Marathi Braille.

I would like to thank all those who so faithfully prayed for my mother during her illness. The Lord answered prayer and healed her, thus making possible my return to Mukti for another term of service. I praise Him for His faithfulness.

—Anne Siemens
MUSIC THAT SPANNED

It was a beautiful wedding, with the unusual feature of music from a Marimba. The young couple vowed then that should the Lord give them any children, they would be taught to play the musical instrument which helped to make their wedding so lovely. True to that vow, their two little girls were taught from childhood the wonders and secrets of the Marimba. The day came when the two young girls stood before a radio audience on Major Bowe's Amateur Hour. Thunderous applause and hundreds of letters won for them first place. Offers from vaudeville and moving picture companies followed, but these two young girls, facing a brilliant future in Broadway lights, knelt before the Lord and offered their talents to Him for His service.

After graduation from high school, these two young women applied for entrance into the Bible Institute of Los Angeles. They had no money, but offered to work their way through school by playing the Marimba. Many calls came from churches for their services, and they freely gave of their talent to the glory of the Lord they loved. Sometimes they received remuneration for their services, and sometimes they did not, but it was not for money, but for the joy of service that they gave of their musical talent.

One day at a Bible conference the writer saw these girls thrill a congregation with 'Wonderful Grace of Jesus' as they played the Marimba with hands that travelled over the keys so fast the eye could not follow them. And then one of them sat down at the organ and began to play 'Master, the Tempest is Raging.' There was the sound of the little boat on the water, the rising of the wind, the lashing of the waves, then the wind howling and whining. There was the fear and mounting terror of the disciples. Then the voice of the Lord could be heard saying, 'Peace, be still.' The wind ceased, the waves melted into glass-like smoothness, and the peace that only He can give flowed out of that organ into the hearts of the entire congregation as a silent hush fell all over the auditorium. We understood then more of the talent and consecration of the young girl sitting at that organ. It did not seem to matter what musical instrument she touched, both the message and the music flowed out from it to the souls of those who heard.

Out of the small income which she was able to make while attending school, she put some aside regularly that she might give it as an offering unto the Lord for His work. As the little sum grew over the months into a sizable one, she prayed
every time she heard a missionary speaker, 'Lord, is it to this one, to this work that this money should be given?' But somehow no answer came, and the sum continued to grow and she continued to pray, 'Lord, show me where.'

Last summer at a conference of the Bible Institute of Los Angeles she heard of the little children the Lord is sending to the Ramabai Mukti Mission in India, children without father or mother to care. As that young girl listened day after day, she heard the Lord say, 'That is where,' and she gave all she had with a joy that made her face and eyes glow.

The missionary to whom it was given felt it was sacred money and asked just how the girl wished it to be used. Something to bring joy into the lives of the children was chosen, and a slide was selected, bright with red and green paint, shining with stainless steel. It was cumbersome to pack and take on the ship, cumbersome to change to another ship in Italy, cumbersome to bring to a village in India, but the day came when it was unpacked and assembled. The little children in the 'Blossoms' compound gathered around it. The red and green paint which first attracted them lost its importance when they saw their reflections in the shining steel. The children wondered what type of thing it was, for none of them had ever seen a slide before. A picture was shown of children sliding down one in America, then all heads were bowed in thanksgiving to the Lord for sending them such a wonderful joy-giver, and then they thanked Him for the one in America who loved enough to give such a gift.

To the girl at home it meant sacrificial saving when other teen-agers were buying more clothes it meant sacrificial saving when others were spending their spare money for pleasures. To little hearts in India it meant hours of joy. We wonder if their angels in heaven are smiling down on that teen-ager in America, as she looks toward the foreign field for service and she wanted to place her gift, As so we know He will tell her when she wanted to place her gift, so we know He will tell her 'Where' now that she is asking Him where to place her life in His service.

—Carol Terry
MOUNTAINS CHALLENGING

‘Up into a mountain . . . ’ (Luke 9: 28)

For centuries the eternal snows of the Himalayas beckoned those who longed to conquer their heights, and many gave their lives ere the highest peak was reached. But there are other mountains in life which must be climbed by each one who would know the joy of reaching the spiritual heights of God’s best for a life.

Furlough in America was spent on the sea coast of California. An island home, a year of college study to obtain my Bachelor of Arts Degree, and the privilege of telling others of Mukti presented few mountains that needed climbing. It was rather a time of quiet joy in the cool, green valleys of life. The gain of twenty-two pounds in weight is visible evidence that it was a refreshing furlough. But often as my eyes swept the horizon of the Pacific ocean stretching out so calm and straight and blue before our island home, I knew that beyond that horizon were mountains waiting, mountains in India that were calling, challenging—living mountains waiting to be climbed, not for the glory of man, but for the glory of our Lord Christ. Thus the lovely valleys of furlough time were left behind and my face set toward the mountains calling.

Those mountains were not visible in the welcome given on arrival at Mukti. Pathways, lit by tiny Indian lamps held by the children, led the way to my room. Some of the lamps were so held as to spell out the word WELCOME, while the shining eyes of women and children sent the meaning of that word from their hearts to mine. The children sang as I walked the lamplit pathways, and I thanked God for the light and song of the Christian life.

But now the mountains are becoming visible, some as forbidding as Gibraltar, some as challenging as Mount Everest, some as inviting as the lovely Swiss Alps. They are seen in the lives of the young working girls who have been assigned to me in the Bethlehem Compound, girls who have been intellectually unable to continue their studies in school, those for whom there are many mountains in life yet to ascend and yet with not as much equipment as many have to help them climb upward. But we shall climb together, these girls and I, toward the Mount Everest of each of their lives, which will be God’s best for each one. We would ask your prayers as we press on together in the Name of the One who is our Light and Song, our Saviour and Lord.

—Carol Terry
FOR HE ALONE IS WORTHY

They sat in long rows, these people who were waiting for one of the happiest moments of the year. In the front rows, little brown hands smoothed new dresses and ran fingers over satiny ribbons on black braids, while in the back of our large church sat the aged, but all eight hundred were listening, worshipping and waiting.

When each one’s turn came, they made their way down the long centre aisle of the church and placed on the altar their thanksgiving gifts to the Lord in remembrance of His birth in Bethlehem. The gifts meant sacrifice for most, but no thought of sacrifice crossed anyone’s mind. The only thought was ‘For He alone is worthy.’

We saw the women come with their grain, which meant that they had gone without their bread for several days; there were the children who presented their precious Christmas candy, and the teen-agers who gave their new blouse materials.

One group of little girls came forward and placed their slates and rulers on the altar. We feel the Lord must have been saying to them, ‘You have given more than them all,’ for they had placed on the altar all the Christmas gifts they had received—everything, except for a small comb each necessary to keep their hair tidy.

To the writer the climax of the service came when she saw a woman dying of Tuberculosis lay her grain on the altar—grain she needed to keep herself alive. What more could she have given, for it was her life she gave, and in return there was the look of eternal peace on her face.

In contrast to all of this was the gift of an old, worn out, torn jacket with neither value nor use left in it. It was obviously given that others might see that she had given something, but with no thought of the God who knows the heart. As we saw that gift which told so much about the heart that gave it, we prayed that all who give for Mukti might do so unto our Lord and not for the sake of those who see. And then we searched our own hearts and prayed that always our service will be unto Him and never for the sake of those who only see the outward appearance. With those who gave their all, we pray our all might ever be given unto Him.

C. T.
We are happy to welcome Miss Siemens back from a furlough of deputation and further preparation.

Prayer is asked for the family of Miss Schrag, that the Lord of All Comfort will draw near at this time of separation.

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

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PRINTED IN INDIA AT  
THE WESLEY PRESS AND PUBLISHING HOUSE, MYSORE CITY