Little girls playing at 'growing up'
In the plots of our Mukti garden, there is a special plot of orchids—fifteen in all. As I have had the privilege of serving among them, I have noticed a remarkable change in their growth both mentally and physically.

They naturally fall into three groups. The four little ones go to kindergarten, the second group goes to school, and the four big girls go to work. When their sisters have gone to school or to work, the youngest four have full freedom, and then they will open each clothing locker and in no time have all the things on the floor. The youngest, four and a half year old Premilla, is the pet of the family. She is a favourite with everyone and you never see her without a companion. She is also a great singer and learns very quickly. In the play of Ramabai during the Centennial, she acted the part of little Manu, Ramabai’s daughter of four years. On the platform she sat on the stool with a doll in her hand, looking at the audience fearlessly and most naturally, not a bit disturbed by the crowds. Her little feet were swinging freely as she looked at the doll and smiled at the audience.

Little Rhoda loves to sing, too, and in our times of prayer together she loves to suggest the choruses. She seems to be colour blind. We have lots of fun when we ask her the colour of anything, for you never know what the answer will be. She is a delicate child and easily upset by little things. She has graduated from kindergarten into the first standard now, and we hope that this will help her.

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FROM OPIUM BABY TO PREACHER

By Elizabeth Morris

'Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name'.

Last week-end I spent a few days in our out-station at Supa. Miss Amstutz is here in Mukti as she is preparing to go on furlough and so I went in her place. Little did I realise what a joy would be mine during that week-end. One of our boys who is now going to theological college was there, too, doing evangelistic work during the holidays. As I sat and heard him giving the message on Sunday morning to a group of villagers that had gathered, my mind went back twenty-three years when a little baby was brought to me and left in my care. He was such a wee thing and there was little hope of his survival. He was just a month old when he was left and he was so weak and sick that none of the girls wanted to help me care for him. I have never had a more pathetic opium case. He screamed incessantly and his fingers, toes and head bled from scratching and beating as the little body writhed in pain for the opium.

But, by God's grace, he lived and grew into a lovely little boy. We named him Philip and when he was five years old, I saw him one day, gathering all the other children around him, telling them that he was going to be a pastor some day. He announced a hymn and then prayed. I lifted up my heart also, praying that this might come to pass.

Now, here he was, appealing to those heathen people to give their hearts to the Lord. One man put up his hand for prayer when Philip gave the invitation. Then he cried out, 'Oh, pray for me now!' I wonder if you can imagine my joy as Philip knelt with him leading him to the Saviour. It was worth all the sleepless nights and anxious days of his early childhood days to see him now.

There are many other little baby boys growing up in our Home of Mercy in Mukti. Will you pray that they, too, may not only come to know the Lord as their Saviour, but yield their lives to Him for His service. Pray also for Philip as he goes on with his studies this month, that he may grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.
HAPPY SCHOOL

[Written by Philip Boudeker, one of our boys, who helped us in the Daily Vacation Bible School, or 'Happy School' as we call it, while he was home from Seminary during his summer holidays.]

The theme of our Happy School was taken from Paul’s words in 1 Cor. 4:2 ‘Moreover it is required in stewards, that a man be found faithful’. The school was divided into different groups of stewards. There were Messengers and Heralds striving to be faithful stewards as ‘Friends of the King’. There were Timekeepers and Watchmen who strove to be faithful as they studied about the Christian’s time and talents. The senior groups, which included the girls and boys home from high school and other training colleges, as Soldiers and Explorers lived and travelled with Paul as they learned to be faithful stewards in sharing the gospel with others.

Each day was full of excitement in the battle to maintain knowledge, experience and rewards. There were new lessons, songs, Bible drills, new handwork, treats at recess time and new bills of money (imitation of course) to go into the cash box of the group that proved to have the most loyal stewards of the day. There were new teachers and a new joy that comes from Christ. We received new blessings each day as teachers. There was the same great happiness among the children, and enthusiasm among the older ones as well as the younger ones.

There were occasional disappointments when Rs 200 were lost instead of gained by a wrong answer, or when some paint was spilled accidentally, or when the boys defeated the girls in the Bible drill. But none of this could overshadow the fun of competition and the thrill of learning and working out new lessons.

The demonstration programme for the missionaries, parents and friends was the climax of the two weeks of happiness. Work-books and handwork were on display in the club-room, and there was much admiration and appreciation for the amount of fine work accomplished in two weeks. Then came a short programme when each group through song, drama and recitation demonstrated what had been learned and what Bible portions had been memorized. The Juniors beautifully demonstrated their desire to be faithful friends of the King, and a crown lit up behind them revealed jewels and stars with which they would be rewarded by their Heavenly King. The Intermediates informed us of different ways in which time is measured and revealed the challenge that had come to them to buy up faithfully each moment in living and witnessing for the Lord. The Seniors by way of a Bible drill took us to different places where Paul triumphantly...
faced opposition and won so many precious souls to the Saviour. It was climaxed by the scene of Paul chained to a Roman guard standing before King Agrippa proclaiming the gospel with boldness and challenging us all with the 'crown of righteousness' which the Lord has laid up for all those who like Paul would fight a good fight to the end.

This was my first experience in Happy School, and I remember one day as we bowed in prayer how some of the boys and girls raised their hands to show their desire to know Christ and have the assurance of salvation. The seed sown in weakness will bring forth fruit for the Master. There was a great joy in heaven, but there are still some who have a real desire to know more of Christ's power in their lives like Paul. Some admitted their weakness with tears to the Lord. Some are still on their way to Christ.

In their work-books we came across many things that were a blessing to us. A new student gave a lovely testimony in his. He had had a difficult time hiding his tears as he told of his need of Christ as Saviour and Lord. Now his life for Christ has begun and the fight will not be easy. Constant prayer for him is necessary. We pray that the many Scripture verses that he memorized may be written on his heart.

Now Happy School is over. Was it happy school just because of the times spent in the club-room, class-rooms or church? Oh no, it was happy school because of Christ's joy. This was my first experience, but it is my definition of the vacation school.

In our school we learned of those who in Paul's day worshipped the 'unknown God'. There are many today who are still worshipping the unknown God. I am reminded, too, of the jailor who found Christ through Paul's testimony. We wonder how many from among the children in Happy School will go to make Him known to others, too. There is a reward and crown of righteousness laid up for all those who will be faithful like Paul. They will need your prayers. We are sure that those who are given Christ's invitation 'Come unto me . . . and I will give you rest' will listen. May we all be faithful stewards and be able to say with Paul 'For me to live in Christ and to die is gain'.
HOME OF MERCY MUSINGS

By Lillian Doerksen

Across the road from the Mukti Gate, the Home of Mercy constantly thrives with activity, laughter and love. Little boys, lungs almost bursting, sing and shout as they swing and play. Little girls, more quietly, but with no less fun, play at 'growing up'. Widows, beautiful young girls, and the handicapped wander back and forth happily to their places of work and training. There are nearly two hundred in this large, bright happy home where young girls and widows, robbed of their purity and crushed by sorrow find love, hope, and forgiveness in a loving, compassionate Saviour. Hardly a day passes without a new girl, woman, or baby boy being admitted.

But this has been a month of happy departures, too. Rosie, Sosan, Elizabeth, and Keshuri, who came to us with shattered futures, were happily married to fine Christian men. We breathed prayers of thanks to Him whose plan for each life is so wonderful.

Rajkumari, who was born in the Home of Mercy, was married, too. Her mother cared for her faithfully and is still serving in Mukti. Her little girl grew up here and for some years has served as a matron caring for our babies and children. Now she has left her mother and Mukti to be a witness in her own home in Poona.

Many of our boys, who are six years old now, have gone to live in a home and school for boys not far away. But we were happy for three of our bright little boys for whom God provided homes of their very own. Rosie had had to leave her little boy behind when she was married and it had not been easy. The other day a professor from a large medical college came with his wife to Mukti to adopt a girl. But instead of a girl, this little boy walked right into their hearts. We thanked the Lord for providing a lovely Christian home for him.

Andreas and Vinaykumar were almost like twins. Their mothers had both left them when they were babies. Two fine Christian families came on the same day from different cities to adopt a child. Instead of girls, both these two boys were chosen and we wondered at the loving kindness of the heavenly Father in providing homes for both of them on the same day.

The young girl who had looked after the two boys would have been very lonely when they left, but that very day God sent us a little boy whose mother had died. How gladly she took the little one and cared for him!

Another young woman was brought to our door dejected looking and holding a dirty basket. When we took the basket from her, we found the contents very precious—twin babies, a boy and girl about a month old. The poor woman had lost her mind when the babies were born and the husband had sent them away because she could
not care for them. We knew the children needed their mother, even though her mind was ill, and we refused to take the children without her. The sister urged her to stay. Miss Morris took them in, but the very next day the mother left them and ran away. A young deaf and dumb unmarried mother gladly took the little ones and she is lovingly nursing and caring for them together with her own little one.

These little motherless ones, together with those who have their mothers and must grow up without a father's care, need your prayers, too. May they grow up like Philip of whom you read in this issue. Will they be pastors and evangelists, leading others to Christ, through your prayers?

(Continued from page 2)

Mangala and Kumudini are in the same standard and are very fond of both school and Sunday School. Often they come home from Sunday School eager to show me the pictures they have received and to recite the scripture verses. Bharati is a bright nine-year-old, who is very independent and sometimes finds it difficult to get along with other children.

I have five teen-agers in my family. Krupa, a seventeen-year-old girl, is very shy, and Minakshi is always laughing and is childish in her ways. She wants to be good and to please the Lord, but she still is unsteady in her actions. She needs much prayer. Nergis is the eldest one in the family and is the big sister for the little ones. She is keen to serve the Lord. She teaches Sunday School and is anxious to go to the villages to give out the gospel. Will you please pray for her that she may get a vision to serve Him in Mukti?

I am really thankful to the Lord for my matron. She is a real mother to the children, a faithful worker and a Bible-woman who has worked for the Lord for many years. Will you please pray for her?

COUNCIL FORMED IN ENGLAND

For a number of years there has been prayer regarding the forming of a Council in England, and recently we have been waiting much before the Lord for His guidance in this matter.

In ways that mark them as His pathways, the Lord led those who became members from different parts of England to Manchester, where on May 31 the Council was officially organized, with Mr. Bob Sergent as President and Miss Gladys Tillett as Secretary-Treasurer. Other members present were: Rev. G. Tett, Mr. and Mrs. Naylor, and Miss J. I. Craddock.
The moving picture of Mukti entitled Jewels Eternal was shown. Miss Tillett writes of the meeting: 'The Lord was present in our midst and gave to us a spirit of unity, “all one in Christ Jesus”.'

We do praise the Lord for those who have volunteered to hold the ropes at home for His work here on the field.

—Carol Terry

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

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