



RAMABAI MUKTI MISSION

PRAYER BELL

KEDGAON, POONA DISTRICT,
January-February, 1944.

DEAR FRIENDS AND FELLOW WORKERS,

As we begin another year, we would send you loving greetings from Mukti. It is blessed to know that the Lord marks every day because He says, 'As thy day so shall thy strength be'.

During the past year God has been calling one and another to the heavenly Home. The place He went to prepare must have been ready. Miss Mabel Whitley who was a very efficient and faithful worker here for years, has gone, and now sees the Father face to face. How wonderful for her, and what a change! Of late months she was interned in the Channel Islands and we fear suffered quite a bit, but God wipes away all tears and for her no more pain or sorrow.

Then from Canada we hear of the Home Call of Miss Isobel Lear. She was Secretary for Mukti and how she loved it, and helped in every possible way. She had a joyous Homegoing and seemed to see wondrous things beforehand, which she tried to tell. Her face shone, but she tried in vain to tell her sisters. Heaven is enriched and we are glad to give the Lord joy, though it means a blank to us. We can still say 'Hallelujah to the Lamb.' He is coming soon, and then, glad re-union.

The children had the happiest Xmas. The Blossoms are still rejoicing over their rag dolls. They had never seen dolls before, and how they laughed as they were taught how to play with them! The dollies were sung to, they were put to sleep amid screams of delight as we sang 'Sleep, baby sleep'. Then dollie was hugged and kissed and shaken hands with and

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finally smacked because it was naughty, though shrieks of laughter belied the naughtiness. Dolls from New York or London could not have given more pleasure.

All Mukti seemed to be full of happiness and many were grateful to God for His loving provision for them. They had a special dinner and lots of Indian sweetmeats, and went for frequent walks. They sang carols too. The Blind Compound sang ever so sweetly. We had a Christmas Service in Church, and after that sweets, toys and the famous dollies were given out, and there was great rejoicing.

You will be interested in the two following letters from Miss Fletcher and Miss Penny. We are so glad the latter seems decidedly better since her operation and rest. We praise the Lord for His goodness. She is now able to take her share in the work. The letters will be of interest and stimulate to 'Pray without ceasing'.

Needlework

Day after day we sit and stitch, stitch, stitch, using many coloured threads on different materials and turning out different pieces of embroidery—that is the fancy needlework department.

There are about 24 girls in this department, some have been doing this work for years, and are very proficient at it; others come in for a few months and then leave us, but they have learned something by which they can earn a little money.

These last six months have been very busy ones. We have been overwhelmed with orders. As soon as anything is finished it is sold at once. This has acted like a spur to the girls and they have wonderfully risen to the occasion, even taking the needlework home with them in order to get it finished in time. Our sales have amounted to Rs. 1,220-11-0 or \$400., or £93., approximately in five months. Of course, there have been expenditures for materials, cotton and wages, but at a time when prices are so high we are glad to be able to contribute a little towards the upkeep of the Mission.

We were sorry to lose Mrs. Eicker who did good work in this department for a year or more, but we are glad that she was able to go home for a much needed furlough.

Christmas coming and toys an awful price, Miss Woodward suggested that the needlework department turn their hands to making rag dolls for our wee ones. One hundred and fifty were

needed! To make the body and legs we used a white sari, and for stuffing saw dust that came round some ice—they say nothing goes to waste in Mukti, and that is quite true. The dresses were made from scraps left over from frocks and old dresses. The sewing girls say, ‘That is Miss So-and-so’s dress.’ I wish you could see these dolls. Some have the most peculiar faces, and many a laugh I have had, but our babies will think they are wonderful.

The plain Sewing room girls have been busy, too. Their work is much more monotonous, but very necessary, for they keep our children clothed and do a lot of patching as well. Some jackets and skirts rival Joseph’s coat of many colours, but the children are hard on clothes and materials are expensive and hard to get for such a large family as ours. In pre-war days many frocks and jackets came from the homelands and now we realise how much they meant to us. We lift up our hearts and thank God for all His love and goodness to us in these dark days. He is still the Father of the orphans and the widows. Continue to pray for us.

GLADYS FLETCHER.

‘How good is the God we adore, our faithful, unchangeable Friend. . . .’ My heart is indeed full of praise and thanksgiving to Him, and there seems to be more and more to praise Him for. I would like to thank all those who have been praying for me concerning the operation which became necessary. God certainly answered prayer above all I could have imagined, and manifested His love and care in so many different ways. Now I am beginning to feel really well, and am so glad to be back again with the prospect of giving back the life I owe, in loving service among His other sheep here.

It was such a joy to be at Sunday School with the Bethel children yesterday—the children of our married people still living at Mukti. I wish you could see this little group and hear them sing! There were fifteen present yesterday, boys and girls, the oldest being about eleven years, and the youngest three years old. They are an eager little crowd and some are very bright and intelligent. Nanoodie Bai, one of our School teachers has been taking the Class during my absence, and she was very happy to tell me that one of the little boys who had always found it very hard to pay attention, and almost impossible to memorise, was a good boy now, learnt his verses and

remembered the stories. When she asked, 'What is the Second Commandment, and what story do you know about it?', it was this little fellow who repeated the Commandment and told the story of Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego. Another boy told the story of Ruth with the first Commandment. They have also learned to sing the Commandments to Indian music. One of the girl's told of Philip and the Ethiopian eunuch, and another girl told about Paul and Silas in the prison and the jailer's conversion. It all seems so worth while. We know that the entrance of His Word giveth light, and that faith cometh by hearing and hearing by the word of God, and we do long for each of these little ones to be so rooted and grounded in the truth and so captivated by His great and wonderful love, that their lives may be yielded to Him and that they may become instruments of His grace in the days to come. Some of you I know, are praying specially for some among these children. Please continue in prayer for them, and for these families. Very often it seems that the cares of this life have choked the Life that was breaking forth while they were young people in the Mission. They need your prayer help. And we know that prayer changes things and people.

Yours by His grace, rejoicing in His love.

FLORENCE PENNY.

We continue to look to the Lord for His provision of every kind, not the least is the need of workers.

Rejoicingly

JULIA WOODWARD.

M. L. HASTIE.

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