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RAMABAI MUKTI MISSION
PRAYER BELL

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WELCOME HOME, MISS MORRIS

Far more precious than the ruby or the crystal's rainbow light,
Valued not with precious onyx or with pearl and sapphire bright,
Freely given to all who ask it is the wisdom from above,
Pure and peaceable and gentle, full of fruits of life and love.

—FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

It is over two years since I left for my furlough, and as I look back over the past and see what great things the Lord has done, my heart is full of praise to my heavenly Father. What a joy it is to serve the Lord and be in the centre of His will. I had much joy and happy fellowship in meeting my loved ones and friends, and my soul was enriched as I proved over and over again the

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**'THEY THAT ARE FAR OFF SHALL COME
AND BUILD IN THE TEMPLE'**

(Zech. 6 : 15)

Is there anything that causes the heart to leap with joy as a garden of beautiful flowers? Yes, there is a sight more inspiring than even such glory—a sea of faces wreathed in smiles of welcome at Mukti's door! 'Welcome' was written over the arch to say Mukti's door was open as always to the newcomer, but the friendliness of the smiles and the warmth of the songs told me in unmistakable language that hearts also were open to receive. The East as well as the West knows how to 'say it with flowers,' so lovely garlands and a bouquet were presented, which were only surpassed in beauty by the Buds and Blossoms who presented them.

Then passing over the threshold and past Pandita Ramabai's room, I was reminded of the 'master-builder' who, with her God-given gifts and God's enabling, 'laid the foundation' of this home. Again and again as I have worshipped in the large church which she built, I have marvelled at the structure. A glance at the engraving on the corner stone reveals her vision for the work—'that our sons shall be as plants grown up in their youth; and our daughters as corner stones, hewn after the fashion of a temple.' I thought of the hundreds, yea thousands of 'daughters' she mothered, prayed for, cared for, that they might become a habitation for the living God. Only the records of heaven can give a full report of her building work. And shall we not see that which she built over there, for she built for eternity.

The influence of her life reached beyond India's shores. It was when I was seeking God's will for my life that the story of Pandita Ramabai came into my hands, and it had a great deal to do with my call to India. As I read it I thought if only somewhere on India's dusty road or in some famed sacred shrine I could find and win for Christ another little Ramabai, it would well be worth spending a lifetime in India. (Youth fears not to ask largely.)

Little did I dream then that I would one day be asked to have a small part in her work. The natural reaction was to shrink from so great a responsibility, but when I thought of the group of fine, consecrated workers who would be my colleagues, when I was told my 'way to Mukti would be paved with prayer,' when I remembered

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WHERE DAYLIGHT

BY JEAN

In the days before she found Christ, Pandita Ramabai wandered from temple to temple seeking the true God. The following is an account written by one of our missionaries who recently visited one of these temples in which Ramabai sought for peace.—Ed.

'You must take off your shoes' were the words of greeting as we entered. We took our shoes off, put on thick woolen socks, and then stood at the huge entrance, waiting for a Maratha guide to take us through the famous Hindu temple before us. Some of the men, women, and children around us had shaved the hair off of their heads and then had smeared yellow paint all over the shaved portion. Many wore on their foreheads the so-called 'ashes' of the god they worshipped. *Sadhus* and priests came with no clothing on at all except for a short skirt around their waists. Their chests and foreheads were marked with coloured paint, there were strings of beads around their necks, while their hair was long and done up in a knot at the back.

With the coming of the guide, we were taken into a long corridor with high, vaulted archways. 'This temple,' said our guide, 'though not as large as some in Southern India, is built more after the will of the gods than any other one, and any person coming here who has never had a vision of the god or who believes that there is no god cannot go away from here without seeing a vision and receiving faith.' In another corridor were huge, brilliantly coloured statues of Hindu gods. Just as we turned to leave this hall, some pilgrims passed us. They were dripping with water from head to foot, for they had just come from a bath in the 'holy' water. This water we were yet to see. We found it to be a tank filled with very slimy, green water, which is supposed to have the power to wash away sin.

From the open halls we were led to dark, secret rooms. A great key had to be obtained to unlock each door. Then a black curtain was raised, and we walked into a room, the darkness of which was so intense it could be felt. A torch was lighted, and we gazed upon shrouded figures standing on all sides of us. One by one the shrouds were lifted and we looked upon gods of silver and gold, some in the shape of birds, some horses, one the 'holy' bull. Then in the centre was a vile-faced creature called the

IS DARKNESS

MCGREGOR

'King of the Devils.' I shuddered and felt that really we were standing in the presence of the very Devil himself. In another such room the images were in half human and half animal forms.

For the sum of eight rupees we were taken across the street to a garage which housed the silver chariot in which the god is taken for a ride. This silver car cost in the neighbourhood of eighty thousand rupees. In the car was a silver chair, electrically equipped, in which the god rides when taken out for a drive.

We were then taken into a room where painted, life-size figures stood just as though they were acting some scene from a play. Some of the images had snakes entwined around them. We were told the story of the scene portrayed before us. It was full of vile and filthy symbolism.

We were not allowed to see the very innermost part of the temple, where all the true worshippers go. I was just as glad, because a sense of darkness and heathenism and oppression seemed to permeate each place we had been allowed to enter. How much greater that sense of oppression would be in the very innermost part.

When at last with aching feet and heavy hearts we stepped out into the bright sunshine again, I breathed a sigh of relief. We stood for a time just watching the different pilgrims come out. They had worshipped the images, paid money to the priests, and bathed in the 'holy' water, but their faces were sad. They had come, as Ramabai had come, with a burden of sin, and they were going out of that temple, as she went out, with that same burden.

Before coming to India I was often told, 'Oh, they have their own religion. They are happy. Why don't you leave them alone?' In the sight of the God of heaven and earth, our living God whom we love and serve, is it right to leave these folks alone—alone to go on in darkness until at last they die, without hope, without Christ? We thanked God that Ramabai was not left alone to die in such darkness, but that she found the true and living God, and that the sins she once tried in vain to wash away in the filthy, green water of that temple tank became washed away by the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, the King of kings, the Saviour of the world, and the Lord of Glory.

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faithfulness of our God. Truly we have a God who hears and answers prayer. One joy among many others was to have one of my family come to the Lord, and I am looking to the Lord to continue to do great things in my home.

After a time of rest, meetings were arranged by the Secretary, Miss Tillett, in different parts of Britain. It was certainly a joy to report progress of the work in Mukti and to meet old friends who have laboured together with us for years, as well as to meet new friends and create new interest in the work.

The Lord opened the way for me to go to America for a short visit. Because I had heard that the U.S.A. moves very quickly, I went in fear and trembling, wondering how I would keep up with them. Miss Patterson, our Secretary, along with Miss Waelty and Mrs. Snead, met me in New York. When I left the dock and saw the hundreds of different coloured cars of all sizes on the street and when I looked up at the skyscrapers, I truly realized that I was in a different country.

When I met Miss Wells and Miss Hansen, who had just arrived by plane from India with Mrs. E. Eicher, it was as a fresh breeze from Mukti. I found the folks so kind and friendly that it was a joy to know them. In Detroit also I found a large group of friends backing me up in prayer and in many other ways, and I rejoiced to meet them.

One surprise at Headquarters was what the American people call a 'shower,' but when the shower actually came, it came like the elephant rains in India. I was overcome with the flood. The gifts were lovely, and I know there was much love behind them. I had a second shower of lovely things from friends in Cranford, New Jersey. I would like to thank all the friends in America and England for all they did to make my furlough a happy one. I had a very happy voyage back to India and found opportunity to witness of Him along the way.

Mukti is my home, so I felt like people usually feel returning home after a long absence. When I arrived at Kedgaon station, crowds of people from the villages around, along with some of the Mukti family, were eagerly waiting to welcome their returning 'Auntie.' As I stepped out of the train, I was greeted with cheers and the lovely Indian custom of garlands of flowers.

I was driven to Mukti in our new station wagon, but had to get out of the car a few yards before I reached the Mission gate in order to greet the crowd of girls and children that awaited me. It was sweet to see the twins, James and John, come forward with garlands of puffed rice made by their mother. Following them was dear little Roshan and Eileen with garlands of flowers, then a matron from the Rescue Home and others, until I was carrying the burden of sixteen garlands. I appreciated the love which I knew it represented.

May the Lord help me in the coming days to be what He would have me to be, and to do what He would have me to do. I am assured of the prayers of loving friends in America and England. Will you continue to pray for all the girls at Mukti and for us, that we may be free channels for the love, light, and life of God to flow through us to His needy ones?—ELIZABETH MORRIS.

‘THEY THAT ARE FAR OFF SHALL COME AND BUILD
IN THE TEMPLE’ (C*ntd.*)

(Continued from page 3)

the praying friends across the seas, and most of all when the assurance was given that God’s promises to Ramabai were for Mukti today, my heart was prepared. When Miss Craddock left for her much needed and well deserved furlough, the voice of the Heavenly Captain could be heard saying, ‘As I was with Moses, so I will be with thee: I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee.’ So we press on, knowing that we are privileged to be ‘labourers together with God.’ ‘He shall build the temple . . . and he shall bear the glory’ (Zech. 6:13).

‘Beneath His eye and care
The edifice shall rise,
Majestic, strong, and fair,
And shine above the skies.’

—BERNICE STEED.

FAMILY NEWS

We are glad to report that Miss Muriel Asbery has passed her second-year language examination, and that Miss Elsie Rohrer has passed the preliminary examination, which covers the first six months' work of the language course.

In order that new friends might become acquainted with our missionary staff, we are listing below the names of our missionaries and the countries from which they come. As you read over the names, may we ask you to pray for each one?

Australia

GLADYS FLETCHER

Canada

ANNE SIEMENS

England

MURIEL ASBERY

*ISABEL CRADDOCK

ELIZABETH MORRIS

India

RATAN DONGRE

BEJALABAI HARISHCHANDRA

New Zealand

KATHLYN HOLMES-LIBBIS

Scotland

JANET CALLAN

United States of America

ELDA AMSTUTZ

JEAN MCGREGOR

ELSIE ROHRER

MARIE SCHRAG

BERNICE STEED

ELIZABETH STONE

CAROL TERRY

JULIA WOODWARD

*on furlough

Secretary in America :

MISS J. PATTERSON

P.O. Box 415

Philadelphia 5, Pa.

Treasurer in England:

MISS E. B. BUTLER

Flat 4

6 Arundel Avenue
Liverpool 17

Secretary in Australia :

MRS. E. RICKARD

55 Stephen St. Yarraville

Melbourne, Vic.

Treasurer in New Zealand:

MISS MARY PASCOE

168 Victoria Avenue

Remeura, Auckland, S.E. 2

Treasurer in Scotland:

MISS M. LAIRD

Lynton

Kilmacolm

Renfrewshire

Treasurer in Ireland:

MISS M. REA

'Bethany'

Ormiston Crescent

Knock, Belfast.

Secretary-Treasurer on the Field:

MISS B. E. STEED

Kedgaon, Poona District