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*Lead them in the paths of righteousness for Thy Name's sake*

**RAMABAI MUKTI MISSION**

Yale Divinity Library

PRAYER BELL

New Haven, Conn.

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## A DOOR OF LIFE

Over here a group of children are singing a morning hymn of praise. In another class-room all the fourth graders are reciting their memory verses in unison. Upstairs one of the teachers is expounding the Gospel According to Luke.

For years Sharada Sadan School has had 'Scripture Hour' each day just before the regular classes. We have often wondered just what has been accomplished through this time of morning devotion. Has the Word meant Life to any of the children? What about the Seventh Standard boys and girls? We seldom see again those from the villages after they step out of our school door on graduation day.

Some of them say that they never worship idols again as the result of the Scripture classes, but is this enough? We have longed to see something more positive, evidences of fruit from branches truly belonging to the Vine.

A door of opportunity opened wide about a month ago, opportunity to spend an hour with the Seventh Standard children in concentrated Bible study. The class was not compulsory, but everyone came. In order to come, they had to sacrifice all of their 'game period,' still they came.

We took up a series of lessons centered around the verse in which Christ says, 'I am the Door.' For a week twenty-six teen-agers came regularly and listened and thought and found Scripture to prove the truths they were learning. The last meeting of that week ended in a special time of consecration and decision. Some wanted then and there to be saved. Some knew that they had taken this first step but felt that they had not allowed Christ to put away all the old things, so that the new might have pre-eminence. For others it was a decision to show to their parents and friends in their villages that they belonged to the living God. Later, those of the group who came to our school from surrounding villages met in my room for prayer and to receive New Testaments in Marathi. Bhimabai spoke to them that day. We felt drawn very close to Him as she spoke. God has begun a good work in the hearts and lives of these young people, and we are confident that He is able to perform it unto the day of Jesus Christ. Let us surround them with daily prayer.

—JEAN MCGREGOR

## A SWEET FRAGRANCE

Labouring over a rose one evening, one teacher whispered to another, 'The bell rings so quickly in Moushie's room. At home never is an hour so short.' The thrill of creating beauty makes these teachers forget their weariness and the tediousness of learning how to train little hands.

There are classes for matrons as well as for teachers. We at Mukti are a family where teacher, matron and missionary must labour in harmony, in order that young lives may be beautiful for our Saviour's garden. Muktabai often said, 'Humph! No invitation.' When admitted to the class, she soon matched the others in skill and speed. One day, with face aglow, she exclaimed, 'Today I illustrated the gospel message in a village. My hand shook, so the lines were not straight. In spite of all that, the people listened. Children listened. No one stirred. Truly they will never forget the way of the cross.'

Today is a day of searching and sifting, that we might find those who have been given the talent of creating beauty and of introducing it into the lives of others. Who will enjoy just using the simple things available in the village for beauty's sake? Who will be far-sighted enough to use all these things merely as channels for leading our girls into lovely, Christian womanhood? Who will saturate this work with prayer?

There are two—a young teen-ager and a teacher—in whose lives our Father has placed artistic talent and a heart that is tender toward spiritual things. Who will accept the burden of prayer for Madhumalti and Madhukanta? Oh that these might be shaped into vessels unto honour.

At the close of a class a young girl prayed, 'Lord Jesus, we thank Thee for these hands and these bodies. Above these blessings, we thank Thee for Thy hands and Thy body that suffered that we might be redeemed. Take us and make us a sweet fragrance for Thee.'

—RUTH BOLLMAN

MAKING ROSES



## FOUNDATION OF KNOWLEDGE

'The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom' is the first sentence in *Foundation of Knowledge*, a book written by Pandita Ramabai to make people literate, that they might read God's Word. The book has long been out of print, but increasing demand for it has caused us to order a new edition of 5,000 copies. It is significant that this book, published for literacy work by the Pandita so many years ago, is today listed by the Committee for all of the Marathi speaking area of India as a required textbook in adult literacy classes. As we ask you to pray God's blessing on this new edition, we would summarize for you something of its contents.

The book begins with the introduction of the letters of the alphabet, printed in large, bold type, so that young eyes and old can see them readily. A collection of words follow which a villager uses in his daily life, each word beginning with a special letter to be learned. On each page are Scripture verses which apply especially to the life of a Hindu villager, giving an idol worshipper an introduction to the living God and to a Saviour who can save from sin. There are the verses teaching one to worship the Creator and not the things created, while hymns are also included. On some pages are songs, which the Pandita herself composed, teaching lessons from birds, animals and other things common to the knowledge of the villager.

Multiplication tables and measures are included, and combined with the teaching on each page is something from Scripture, so that the pupil, when he has learned to read from this textbook, has read of the birth of Christ, of His ministry on earth, His death on the cross, the salvation He offers, His Deity, His resurrection and ascension, and of the judgment to come. The villagers say: 'This is a one-sufficient book of knowledge, and all that we want to know is in it.'

Ramabai's father started literacy work when he taught his wife to read, and the Pandita worked constantly to create a literate church. Will you pray for us as we continue to carry out this vision of using adult literacy as a means of evangelism?

—RAJAS DONGRE

## BROUGHT IN A GUNNY SACK

It was just a dirty, torn gunny sack that was brought to us the other day, but the contents it held were precious enough to the Lord of Glory to lead tired feet many miles to our door. One might have thought from the movements of the sack that it held a puppy or a kitten, but when we folded it back, there was a baby girl, just twelve days old.

I looked into the eyes of the woman holding the sack, 'Are you the baby's mother?'

'No, the mother died when the baby was born, and the father died a month ago. I am their neighbour.'

'How did you know to bring the baby here, when you were so many miles away?'

'The name of the Ramabai Mukti Mission is known afar. Everyone knows that when there is no other help for a girl, we can come to you.'

We took the tiny baby into our fold and named her 'Jewel.' She now swings in her cradle with a roomful of babies for whom there is no father nor mother to care. The hands that rock the cradles and feed the little mouths are the hands of nurses who twenty or more years ago came to us just as such babies, now grown, now trained, now serving the Lord with all that He has given to them.

Of such is the Ramabai Mukti Mission. The little ones come day after day—brought in a gunny sack or a basket, a rag or a bag, tiny babies with no one to care. And thus they grow into young women. Missionaries come to us trained as nurses, trained in child evangelism, trained in education, trained in Bible teaching, trained in crafts, even trained in farm work and building, and they all fit into the plan made by our Lord to bring up these little ones in the nurture and admonition of the Lord and to make them fit vessels for His service.

The children come and they go, a steady procession throughout the years, hundreds and hundreds of India's girls. Will you pray that the procession will always be onward for Christ, always be upward for His glory, always going forward in its vision of service for the One who says 'Go' and 'Lo.'

—CAROL TERRY

## IN THE LORD'S TIME

It was in 1946 that a feeling of being stale in spirit and mind assailed me, and I decided to join the New York School of Sociology at Columbia University in America. I applied for an International Fellowship, and began to make all preparations for going, even booking my passage, as influential friends assured me that I would receive the Fellowship. However, we found that it had been granted to someone else even before I applied. I not only was disappointed, but felt my store of knowledge exhausted. During the twenty-four years I worked for different institutions, I tried six times to secure a Government post, but always something prevented it. The Lord truly works in a mysterious way. It was when I surrendered my will to Him that an invitation came to join the staff at the Ramabai Mukti Mission.

When the American Council invited me to come to America for Bible study and observation work, and the Executive Committee on the field granted me leave for eighteen months for that purpose, I realized why the Lord had always closed the door to me before when I had tried to go. I sail on March 27, and go knowing the Lord has not only opened the door but prepared the way. What joy it is to go at the time of His planning.

As I look back over my three and a half years of service at Mukti, I realize something of how very much I owe to the Lord and to the friends in Him who have helped me. As I leave, I commit my work to His care.

I am happy and thankful that Miss Callan will carry on the literacy work, and pray that the Lord will give her help and wisdom in teaching the Hindu villagers not only how to read, but the truths of God's precious Word. The Clubs go to the gracious, efficient hands of Miss Bollman, who by means of her handcraft is teaching the co-ordination of mind and hand for our Lord's glory. Miss Morris will look after the Bethlehem girls, who need so much individual attention during this time of entering young womanhood. As I ask your prayers for these who will take up the work I must lay down, may I ask that you remember me before the Throne as well, that the trip to America may mean my service for the Lord and my country may be unto the utmost for Him.

—RAJAS DONGRE

## LENGTHENING OUR CORDS

Eyes of the missionaries have looked askance for many years at the sagging roof and leaning supports of the old building known as *Char Bhag*. Its best feature was its ventilation, for there was more ventilation than building. In the rains the women sat under umbrellas, for the roof was little protection. Sparrows were as at home there as were the women and flew about at will, building cozy nests among the loose tiles of the roof. But it was 'home' to many women, and, more than that, it was the place Ramabai herself had given them. It was, therefore, beloved.

It was the eyes of the women that started looking askance when one of the buildings, left us by the Military outside Mukti's walls, began to be made ready for them. The building of red brick, red tiles and green trim was made neat and convenient, but still the women were not satisfied. They had lived within high walls too long to feel safe without them, so some of the open space was closed in by a surrounding wall, and then forty-four of our women reluctantly went to live in the new building.

It was quiet there, with the clamour and noise of Mukti's hundreds of children stilled by the distance of several hundred yards that now separated these older women from our crowded city inside Mukti's main walls. The women began noticing things that had not caught their attention before—the sunsets so beautiful in the tropics, the lovely carpet of green made by the surrounding fields just after the rains. They began to grow flowers and vegetables. There was only one name suitable for the new home. 'House of Peace,' and thus a new compound has come to Mukti and a new policy of lengthening our cords, even to outside the heretofore limiting walls.

The old *Char Bhag* building was dismantled, and in its place are forming attractive rooms for our teachers, nurses, and young working girls. Will you

VERANDAH OF THE  
'HOUSE OF PEACE'



pray that the new 'House of Peace' (*Shanti Sadan*) and the new rooms now under construction may be ever sanctified by the presence of our Lord, who has blessed many homes with His presence.

—CAROL TERRY

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

*Secretary in America:*

MISS J. F. 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:*

MISS M. S. JONES  
c/o MR A. J. THORP  
623 Ingham Rd.  
Caulfield S.E. 7  
Victoria

*Treasurer in New Zealand:*

MISS MARY PASCOE  
168 Victoria Avenue  
Remuera, 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 J. I. CRADDOCK  
Kedgaon, Poona District