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SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS OF MIRACLE

TRACING THE HAND OF A WONDER-WORKING GOD



**Pandita Ramabai**



**Manoramabai**



**Krishnabai**



**Bhimabai**

**DIAMOND JUBILEE OF RAMABAI MUKTI MISSION &  
SHARADA SADAN SCHOOL, Kedgaon Poona Dist. (India.)  
( 1889-1964 )**

**SOUVENIR PRAYER BELL**

*January | March, 1964*

## **“ Seventy—Five Years of Miracle ”**

### **Tracing The Hand Of A Wonder-working God**

Great vision, great faith, a brilliant, educated mind, unbounded compassion and love for the downtrodden and needy, unswerving faith in the God of the impossible, unerring devotion to Christ—these were but a few of the characteristics of God's chosen vessel, Pandita Ramabai, through whose ministry a stream of life has continued to flow since the commencement of the first Sharada Sadan in Bombay in 1889.

As Sharada Sadan was the name originally given to the work commenced by Ramabai, it seems fitting at this time to trace the hand of God to the present day, as seen in the ministry of those who have been pillars in the work called ‘ Mukti ’, through their ministry in the Sharada Sadan School.

Looking together into the lives of Ramabai, her daughter Manoramabai, and others, we shall see what God can do through hearts fully yielded, aflame with love for Him. We shall notice how the vision once given can be transferred from life to life down through the years, when the vision is God's, and we are altogether His. The fulfilment of God's word to His servant, Pandita Ramabai, in the establishment of a work that has stood the test of years, must surely challenge the hearts of God's children to greater devotion to the Lord they love and serve.

In telling the story of her life, Ramabai says, " My father, though a very orthodox Hindu and strictly adhering to caste and other religious rules, was yet a reformer in his own way. He could not see why women and people of Shudra caste should not learn to read and write the Sanskrit language, and learn sacred literature other than the Vedas, so he, at the risk of being excommunicated by the Brahmans, made up his mind to teach his wife, my mother, the Sanskrit language.

" When I was about eight years old, my mother began to teach me, and continued to do so until I was about fifteen years of age. During these years she succeeded in training my mind, so that I might be able to carry on my own education with very little aid from others. I did not know of any schools for girls and women existing then, where higher education was to be obtained.

" Ever since I remember anything, my father and mother were always travelling from one sacred place to another, staying in each place for some months, bathing in the sacred river or tank, visiting temples, worshipping household gods and the images of gods in the temples, and reading Puranas in temples or in some convenient places.

" This sort of life went on until my father became too feeble to stand the exertion, when he was no longer able to direct the reading of the Puranas by us. We were not fit to do any other work to earn our livelihood, as we had grown up in perfect ignorance of anything outside the sacred literature of the Hindus. Our parents had unbounded faith in what the sacred books said. They encouraged us to look to the gods to get our support.

" People were starving all around, and we, like the rest of the poor people, wandered from place to place. We were too proud to beg or to do menial work, and ignorant of any practical way of earning an honest living. Nothing but starvation was before us. My father, mother, and sister, all died of starvation within a few months of each other. My brother and I survived and wandered about, still visiting sacred places, bathing in rivers, and worshipping the gods and goddesses in order to get our desire. We walked more than four thousand miles on foot without any sort of comfort. After years of fruitless service we began to lose our

faith in them. My eyes were being gradually opened and I was waking up to my own hopeless condition as a woman. It was becoming clearer and clearer to me that I had no place anywhere as far as religious consolation was concerned. I became quite dissatisfied with myself. I wanted something more than the Shastras could give me, but I did not know what it was that I wanted. In the meanwhile my brother died. Having lost all faith in the religion of my ancestors, I married a Bengali gentleman of the Shudra caste. My husband died of cholera within two years of our marriage, and I was left alone to face the world with a baby in my arms. After my husband's death, I left Silchar and came to Poona. Here I stayed for a year. "

Thus wrote Pandita Ramabai concerning her early days, which reveals the background of this brilliant mind and life with its heart-hunger for God, and desire to see deliverance wrought for the womanhood of her country.

Ramabai had the privilege of education then unknown to womanhood in India. So great was her knowledge of the Puran ( Hindu scriptures ) that scholars of her day were speechless with amazement. While in Calcutta they gave her the title of Pandita, which had never been given to any other Indian woman.

Those were the days when women had no privileges except to serve and honour their husbands. All must be surrendered to this one aim of life. Should the husband die, the blame of death fell on his widow, and she became an outcaste from society and the family slave. As child marriage was the custom at that time, it was possible for young children to fall into this unhappy state, with nothing but a lifetime of sadness to which to look forward. It was not thought proper or necessary for women to be educated, and in particular this privilege could never be afforded to widows, who were thought to be deserving of no earthly benefit whatever.

With the knowledge of these circumstances in mind, and the sight of unhappy child widows all around her, Ramabai's heart was stirred to share with them the benefits of education, and to fight for the acceptance into normal society of these poor, unhappy women and children. Consequently she began to lecture constantly on these matters wherever she could gain an audience, and many began to take notice of her words.

Ramabai had not yet found Christ when she went to England in 1883, taking two-year-old Manorama with her. Her intention was to further her education in order to prepare herself for a life of service to the women of India. On arrival in England she was met by the Sisters of Wantage who took her to their Home. While in that country she visited the rescue work carried on by them in London, and was greatly moved at the loving ministry amongst needy women in the name of Christ. Thus her heart was drawn to Christianity. She began to search and read for herself, and was finally convinced of its truth on reading a book written by Father Goreh, and was baptized in the Church of England in 1883, while living with the Sisters at Wantage.

Concerning this she writes- " I was comparatively happy, and felt a great joy in finding a new religion, which was better than any other religion I had known before.

" After my baptism and confirmation, I studied the Christian religion more thoroughly, with the help of various books written on its doctrines. Although I was quite contented with my newly-found religion, so far as I understood it, still I was labouring under great intellectual difficulties, and my heart longed for something better which I had not found."

Ramabai travelled on to America from England where she continued her studies, and shared with others also her burden for her people. A number began to take an interest in her vision, and were prepared to financially assist her in the commencement of her proposed school for high caste Indian widows. As yet the true light of the Gospel had not entered her heart, though her mind was convinced and she had formally accepted Christianity. Hidden from her sight was the vast ministry to thousands of orphans, widows and homeless, that lay in the years ahead. Unseen was the path of faith and trust in the God of the impossible on which she was soon to enter, to be led beyond the possibility of trust in human aid, to the vast realm of faith in the God of the widow and fatherless. This God was soon to teach His child that far deeper than any human pity was the unbounding love of God for the needy, and she was to find herself a channel through which the Spirit of God would pour out Himself for India's womanhood.

On returning to India Ramabai commenced her school in Bombay in 1889, naming it Sharada Sadan ( House of Wisdom ) after the first pupil who came to her. She writes – “ There were only two day-pupils in my school, when it was started. No one was urged to become a Christian nor was anyone compelled to study the Bible. But the Book was placed in the library along with other religious books. The daily testimony to the goodness of the true God awakened new thoughts in many a heart.”

In November, 1890, the school was moved to Poona, where living was cheaper, and where it seemed an altogether better situation. One describing this haven for child widows says, “ On the street leading from the principal railroad station of Poona a wide lane branching off, opens into a large compound. Over the lane are the broad-reaching branches of the gulumur trees. At the left is a large quadrangle, around which are stables, carriage-house, and servants’ quarters. Further on is the low-roofed, red-tiled bungalow, the home and the school, with a vinewreathed porch filled with plants. A high wall surrounds the whole place, secluding it from the outside world. After school hours the young widows wander about the compound, and sit chatting on the benches like any other schoolgirls.”

Ramabai’s white-robed figure was ever to be seen moving from one girl to another with words of love, encouragement, and challenge, creating an atmosphere of helpfulness which assisted in blotting out the sad memories that haunted the minds of these children and young people. Life had been hard for them, but the future was bright with possibility, now that they had come under Sharada Sadan’s sheltering roof.

By 1891 there were twenty-six widows and thirteen non-widows in the Sharada Sadan. The age of the oldest was twenty-three and of the youngest nine years. But for this home two of the widow-pupils would have taken their own lives in despair, and seventeen would have been in very pathetic circumstances. The joy of these girls knew no bounds, once they became students in the Sharada Sadan. A case in point was Godubai, a young woman who had been a widow for fourteen years when she went to her new home. In writing her testimony she said, “ It is just like people blind who

suddenly receive their sight when their joy is unutterable. So we are in our present state. ”

It was in this year 1891, that Ramabai came to a personal knowledge of Christ as her Saviour. She says, “ I came to know after eight years from the time of my baptism, that I had found the Christian religion, which was good enough for me. But I had not found Christ, Who is the Life of the religion, and ‘ the Light of every man that cometh into the world. ’ It was nobody’s fault that I had not found Christ. He must have been preached to me from the beginning. My mind at tha time had been too dull to grasp the teaching of the Holy Scriptures.

“ One day I went to the Bombay Guardian Mission Press on some business. There I picked up a book called “ From Death unto Life, ” written by Mr. Haslam, the Evangelist. I read his account of his conversion and work for Christ. Then I began to consider where I stood, and what my actual need was. I took the Bible and read portions of it, meditating on the messages God gave me. There were so many things I did not understand intellectually. One thing I knew by this time that I needed Christ, and not merely His religion.

“ I can give only a faint idea of what I felt when my mental eyes were opened, and when I who was ‘ sitting in darkness saw Great Light ’, and when I felt sure that to me, who but a few moments ago ‘ sat in the region and shadow of death, light had sprung up. ’ I looked to the blessed Son of God who was lifted up on the Cross and there suffered death, even the death of the Cross in my stead, that I might be made free from the bondage of sin, and from the fear of death, and I received life. O the love, the unspeakable love of the Father for me, a lost sinner, which gave His only Son to die for me ! I had not merited this love, but that was the very reason why He showed it toward me.”

With this peace and joy of sins forgiven in her heart, Ramabai continued her school for high caste girls, widows, and deserted wives. This school, commenced on a secular basis to reach the high-caste, became a place where girls found Christ. In nine years nearly five hundred girls had been helped. They were allowed to follow their own religion. But Ramabai did not close the door



of her room during the times of family prayer. Girls of their own accord began attending, and to read the Bible for themselves. During this nine years forty eight of them were brave enough to be publicly baptised and become Christians.

In the year 1897, three hundred famine girls from the Central Provinces of India were added to the family, and these went to live at Kedgaon on a farm thirty-five miles from Poona, which Ramabai had purchased to assist in providing fruit and vegetables for her Sharada Sadan School. There were some who questioned the wisdom of this enlargement of vision, but when Ramabai heard the voice of God she obeyed, with nothing but a widow's mite in her hand. During that year their every need was met, and from that time forward, these who had been rescued from starvation and idol worship began to put their trust in the living God, whose love they were daily experiencing in their new home at Mukti. This place, true to its name, had become to them a Home of Salvation. In a short space of time these girls had greatly benefited from the home at Kedgaon. Ramabai writes, " Over fifty of the Mukti schoolgirls work in the farm constantly, and do all kinds of work except the hardest, such as digging and ploughing. No one would now recognise in the healthy, robust army of willing workers the famished skeletons, showing the only sign of life by feeble movement, that were rescued from death about two years ago.

" The Mukti Home has made much progress during the last year. The desert place is turned into a nice settlement full of buildings, and the newly-planted shade trees around the houses add to its beauty. Besides farming we have been able to teach other work to the inmates of Mukti. As we require a great deal of sweet oil to cook vegetables it was thought best to get an oil mill of our own. We have started a laundry. We have been helped to start a dairy. Some months ago we bought some hand-looms, and employed two teachers to teach the girls weaving. Several of our old girls who have been trained many years at the Sharada Sadan, are now employed as teachers to train the new girls. The educational part of Mukti school is very satisfactory. Mukti has all the primary standards, and the girls are learning their lessons with a will. Five hours are given to school study and four to industrial training every day.

“ Sometimes we have had to pay large bills, and did not know where the money would come from: At other times the storeroom was empty, and we wondered where the bread for tomorrow would be found. But the faithful and loving Father always provided.”

While Sharada Sadan School was in its early days, Ramabai's daughter Manorama was studying in England, her mother having left her there on return to India. With the exception of one or two visits to see her mother, Manorama spent her childhood at school in England and America. But this absence only confirmed her purpose to serve the needy women of India. It seemed in every way she shared her mother's vision. In 1900 Manoramabai graduated from a seminary in America with honours, and with great anticipation took the preliminary steps to enter college. But as she had been absent from home for a long time, and also her mother had been ill, many of her friends felt that it might be good for her to spend one year at least in assisting Ramabai in her work in India. In so doing she would come into touch with her people again, and would have a clearer idea also what further studies she needed to best prepare her to work alongside her mother. She willingly agreed, and one writing of her says, “ Without a word or a look of regret Manorama gave up her long-cherished hope, and strong in a new purpose turned her face toward home.”

In November, 1900, at eighteen years of age Manoramabai became the Vice Principal of the Sharada Sadan in Poona, and entered right into the ministry, helping to lift the burden from her mother. She was happy in the work, and truly devoted to her Lord and Saviour. The girls in the school soon learned to love her, and they called her ‘ Tai ’ which means ‘ elder sister.’ She was always behind them encouraging them to educate themselves to the fullest extent in preparation to serve the women of India. Many did go out from that school with just such vision and purpose.

When the terrible famine occurred in Gujerat in that same year 1900, Ramabai enlarged her borders at Kedgaon to take in more than fifteen hundred girls. To those who could not understand, and wondered as to where the support for so great a family should come, she replied, “ It is true that my resources are limited; not only that, but I am literally penniless, with no income of any kind. I own nothing on earth but a few clothes and my Bible. My friends



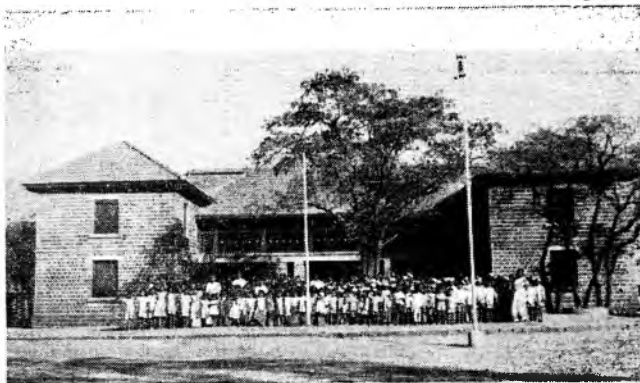
**Sharada Sadan in Pandita Ramabai's day.**



**A widow as she arrived at the first Sharada Sadan.**



**Retired Sharada Sadan Teachers—  
Ramabai's former pupils.**



**Sharada Sadan - present centre of education  
at the Ramabai Mukti Mission.**

## Sharada Sadan School Today



Principal – Vimalbai Dongre  
B A., B. T.



Present teaching staff.



Miss Fletcher, Superintendent,  
admits a tiny baby to Mukti.



A little village girl.



Mukti children leave for school.



'I go every day'.



Tiny tots of the Mukti family.



'I am going to school soon'.



A greeting at the gate.



In a Classroom at Sharada Sadan.



'I would like to be a teacher.'

## Former Pupils



Take further training and return to—



Preach in the villages.



Care for the Mukti family.



Minister to the sick,



Teach in Sharada Sadan School.

may well wonder how I am going to support and educate all these girls for years to come. It is not difficult to answer the questions that are rising in my mind and the minds of my friends.

“ I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me. His resources are limitless, and He has promised to supply all my needs. ‘ The silver and the gold is Mine, saith the Lord of Hosts,’ and He will send all that is necessary, not because I desire it, but because He is so loving and merciful. ‘ Not that we are sufficient to think anything as of ourselves, but our sufficiency is of God.’ To ask our Father to give us this day our daily bread in child-like trust, and to get it from His loving hand, is blessed beyond description. One would not like to exchange this life of faith after adopting it, for all the riches of the world!”

Girls rescued from the previous famine of 1897, and now strong and healthy, volunteered to go into the famine area of Gujerat to rescue others. The sights that met their eyes were unbelievable. As they looked on the emaciated forms of their Indian sisters, their hearts were torn with pity. The needy ones were brought to Kedgaon and tenderly cared for. As they gained strength and health they were educated. Girls who had studied in the Sharada Sadan in Poona, came forward to be their teachers. There were so many pupils that it was necessary to divide them into many groups. The brightest ones studied in the morning, and they in turn taught their sisters in the afternoons. They spent some hours daily also in the various industrial departments. In a short while this little settlement thirty-five miles from Poona became a community throbbing with life.

During this time the Sharada Sadan School had continued to function in Poona, reaching as it did the high caste Indian widow-Manoramabai had by now become her mother's most devoted helper. However, for several years it had been necessary to vacate the school and remain away from the city for at least four months of the year. Plague and the possibility of riots caused these constant absences from Poona, at much expense. It was eventually felt most necessary that the work should be transferred to Kedgaon, which transfer took place in June, 1902. Sharada Sadan with its ministry to the high caste girl, and Mukti with its vast family rescued from famine conditions, now became one unit at Kedgaon, each

retaining its separate life and ministry. Gradually however, the pupils of the Sharada Sadan decreased, until it was no longer necessary for its original purpose. It then became the centre of education for the Mukti family with Manoramabai as Principal.

In 1905 Ramabai was led to form a prayer-circle for revival. There were about seventy who gathered each morning and prayed for the salvation of souls and for a special outpouring of the Holy Spirit on all Christians of every land. Ramabai writes, "In six months from the time we began to pray in this manner, the Lord graciously sent a glorious Holy Ghost revival among us, and also in many schools and churches in this country. The results of this have been most satisfactory. Many hundreds of our girls and some of our boys have been gloriously saved, and many of them are serving God and witnessing for Christ at home, and in other places.

"I have responded to the Lord's challenge, 'Prove Me now' (Mal. 3:10), and have found Him faithful and true. I know He is a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God. His promise, 'My people shall never be ashamed' (Joel 2:16), and all the thousands of His promises are true. I entreat you, my readers, to prove the Lord as I have proved Him."

Pandita Ramabai moved amongst her family as a mother, helping, encouraging, teaching, rebuking, and most of all praying for their salvation and spiritual growth. Manoramabai was ever at her mother's side sharing in the work with her whole heart, and effectually praying for the deliverance of girls who were in bondage to Satan. She like her mother had a great heart-hunger to know the Lord and the fulness of His Spirit. It was evident in the blessing that came to other lives through her, that hers was a Spirit-filled ministry also. Both Ramabai and her daughter were indeed of one heart and soul in their God-given task.

In 1913 great difficulty was found in obtaining efficient and capable teachers for the Sharada Sadan School, so Manoramabai determined to train Mukti's own girls as teachers. To this end she obtained her B. A. degree and also a teacher's certificate. To do this she had to travel seventy-five miles daily in order to attend the Deccan College in Poona. It was prayer that carried her through these tremendously heavy days.

In 1914 Manoramabai started a school for high-caste Hindu girls in Gulbarga, once again drawing on the former pupils of the Sharada Sadan to be teachers. Although she was a keen educationalist, yet she never lost sight of the fact that it was the souls of the students that came first.

During these years the Lord had His hand on one who had been brought to Mukti as a little girl, namely Krishnabai Gadre. Manoramabai, ever on the watch for promising young people, recognised in Krishnabai one who could be trained to carry responsibility in the school. She consequently took great interest in the development of this young life. Her wise counsel was a great help and blessing as Krishnabai studied and succeeded in obtaining both B. A. and B. T. degrees. She returned to Mukti and took over the Sharada Sadan School while Manoramabai was in charge of the school in Gulbarga. Thus the vision was given to yet another of God's prepared vessels, for Krishnabai too was a truly consecrated servant of the Lord. A prayer of George Matheson's was very dear to her—" Lord I thank Thee that Thy love constraineth me. I thank Thee that, in the great labyrinth of life, Thou waitest not for my consent to lead me. O love that imprisons me only to set my feet in a larger room, enclose me more and more within Thy folds. Ask me not where I would like to go; tell me where to go; lead me in Thine own way; hold me in Thine own light. Amen."

In July, 1921, Manoramabai went to be with the Lord she loved. Her mother, who had cherished the hope that her daughter would carry on after she had gone, accepted the will of God, and knew that He who had begun the work would keep the vision bright and care for it.

It was only nine months later, while Krishnabai was on a visit to Gulbarga, that Ramabai herself went to her heavenly reward. Words cannot express the gap that was felt in the hearts of the family at Mukti, but the Lord was with His people. The missionaries on the staff, who had by this time for some years been Ramabai's ' sisters,' as she affectionately called them, also felt the loss keenly.

Krishnabai too felt very bereft, but took up the school work with fresh zeal, and Mukti girls were regularly sent for teacher training, as it had not been possible to commence such a training



school at Kedgaon. Krishnabai later felt her need of Bible training and went to England and Scotland for this purpose. She returned to Mukti to take a very real part in the evangelistic ministry, joining the bands who went out from day to day to preach the Gospel. In 1938 she wrote, "We are still waiting and watching and praying for a harvest of souls. As God has answered our prayers on behalf of many of our young folk at Mukti in bringing them to Himself, so we trust that rivers of living waters will reach these dead souls too and make them live."

Krishnabai visited America, New Zealand and Australia, sharing with praying friends around the world what the Lord had wrought for His people in Mukti. She returned to India in 1941, taking over the responsibility for the spiritual side of the work. In 1942, however, the Lord called His servant home to Himself. Her life to the last, through suffering and pain, was a clear witness to the grace of the Lord she loved.

And what of the Sharada Sadan ? Yet another life saved by Ramabai was being prepared by the Spirit of God to take the leadership of the Sharada Sadan School. Gunga Harischandra, a child widow, and her younger sister Bhima had been found by Ramabai herself, and taken to the Sharada Sadan School in Poona, after their father had died before their eyes when on pilgrimage to a holy city. They saw in the face of Ramabai a look of compassionate love and agreed to trust themselves to her; She cared for them as her own daughters. When it seemed in the days of young womanhood that Bhimabai would die of a wasting disease, Ramabai banded the women together to pray for her healing, and she was miraculously raised up to health and strength again. Bhimabai became a teacher on the staff of Sharada Sadan, having completed both Bible and teacher training, spending some years also on the staff of the school at Gulbarga. When Krishnabai died, the leadership of the Sharada Sadan School was given to Bhimabai Harishchandra which position she ably filled until her retiral in 1953. In 1954 she visited Australia and New Zealand to share with others the story of God's work called ' Mukti.' Her gracious personality and unconscious influence continue to be a blessing to our family.

One day while a little girl was doing her lessons in fourth standard, Krishnabai had singled her out. Her scholastic ability had

not missed her teacher's attention. Drawing her to herself she said, " Vimal, one day you are going to be Principal of Sharada Sadan." The little girl was awed by the statement and could not take it in. However, from that day she made up her mind that she would be a teacher.

A few years later when she was thirteen, Vimal was taken seriously ill and feared she would die. Realising she was not ready to meet God, she gave her heart to Him and was saved. In His goodness He raised her up from her sick bed, and she realised God's hand was upon her. During the days of her preparation for service she was to pass through three more such crises, each time her life hanging in the balance. As the Lord raised her up again and again, she yielded herself to Him with increasing conviction that she had been healed for a purpose, and that - to devote her life to His service.

Vimal proceeded to high school and later to college. During these days Krishnabai encouraged her to hold to the vision, and as Vimalbai studied for her B. A, she came to know in her own heart of a certainty that the Lord was calling to the position of Principal of Sharada Sadan. She felt unworthy, yet certain of God's hand upon her. It was during this time also that Krishnabai took ill and passed into the presence of the Lord.

When Vimalbai received her B. A. degree she returned to Mukti to teach on the staff of the school for a year, and then went to Poona for her B. T. degree. This attained, she spent a year at the Yeotmal Biblical Seminary in preparation spiritually for the ministry ahead of her. In 1956, Vimalbai Dongre became Principal of the Sharada Sadan school in Mukti, which position she continues to fill to the present day. The school, which includes the kindergarten section, now numbers thirteen teachers and three hundred and thirty pupils, of whom quite a number of children are from the surrounding villages. The staff of teachers, as Manoramabai planned, is constantly fed from former pupils of Sharada Sadan, who having completed their teacher training in other places, return to become part of its staff.

At the time of the Centennial in 1958, when God came down in revival blessing, many old students returned with thanksgiving to say what God had done for them through the training received

at Sharada Sadan. From time to time they come – headmasters of schools, successful business men, and former Mukti girls now wives and mothers, seeking to spread the Gospel light in the Christian homes they have set up. Others who return are secret believers who through fear of man will not make open confession, and yet others, who having heard the Gospel have hardened their hearts against it. But all testify with gratitude to the training and discipline that was afforded them during their days at Sharada Sadan School.

The Gospel that goes out daily into the villages from Mukti's gates, is taken by former pupils of Sharada Sadan, who having yielded their lives to Christ, have trained as Biblewomen and are now sharing the light with others. The families of children in Mukti itself, are cared for by matrons, who having benefited from the training received at Sharada Sadan, are now occupying positions of responsibility in the guidance and care of others. The leadership of the various work departments in Mukti is in the hands of those who were grounded in Sharada Sadan School. The nurses in the Krishnabai Memorial Hospital, ministering to the Mukti family and to the many who come from surrounding villages, are those who can thank God for Sharada Sadan, and its guidance of their childhood and teenage days.

Stories could be told of pupils who have found joy in Christ, such as one little girl who at the age of nine years gave Him her heart. At the age of sixteen that same young girl was drowned in the village well. Throughout the years she had maintained a simple trust in her Saviour.

Another young boy convinced of his need, came into an experience of salvation, and nothing meant so much to him as to speak of Christ and His love. Now a young married man, his heart is still hungry for the true and living way, though the confusion of other religions around him has for the time drawn him away.

Various educationalists visit the school from time to time, and one such listened with deep interest to the story of the Gospel, as he looked on the picture of Jesus healing the sick.

“Would you give me a New Testament?” he asked, and returned to his home satisfied. Just the following week he was taken ill, and spent some time in hospital. It was felt that God brought

him to Mukti that he might hear the glad news of the Gospel, ere those days of quietness when he could read God's word and be drawn to the light and joy of salvation.

Parents from the villages bring their children today, with insistence that they share the discipline and training that the school affords. They themselves speak with gratitude of their teachers, now retired, Bhimabai, Sonubai, Nanodibai, Sagunabai, Sundarabai, Divalibai and others. These servants of God have all had their share as the pillars of Sharada Sadan, and all can testify to God-given vision through their mothers in the Lord, Pandita Ramabai, and her daughter Manoramabai. The present teaching staff in turn have caught the vision from those who trained them in the Sharada Sadan School.

And so it continues today, as the centre of Mukti's education, where our children are prepared for the days of the future. As each little unwanted baby is brought into Mukti's Home of Salvation, she is lovingly tended in our baby-fold. Later she joins a family group where shortly afterwards she shares in the education which Sharada Sadan affords, to be trained with the service of Christ in view.

Sharada Sadan has continued until this present day because a faithful God has had His prepared vessels throughout the years.

These are hearts whose one aim and vision could best be expressed in lines from John G. Ridley's lovely poem "My Life's Longing"—

*" O Lover of all lovers, grant to my longing heart,  
To know the Love eternal, Thou camest to impart,  
To know in fullest measure, Thy mighty love to me,  
Which drained the cup of sorrow at cross-crowned Calvary.*

*" To know the Love that sought me long ere I found the way;  
To know the Love that brought me to great salvation's day;  
To know the Love that cleanses from every evil stain,  
And ever watches o'er me until He comes again.*

*" O Lover of all lovers, this longing grant to me,  
To know Thy Love more fully in Thine Eternity,  
To know it in such measure that by Thy wondrous grace  
I, too, shall love Thee fully when we are face to face. "*

Thus filled with a passionate love for Christ, His chosen instruments have placed their all at His feet, and He has made them channels of living water.

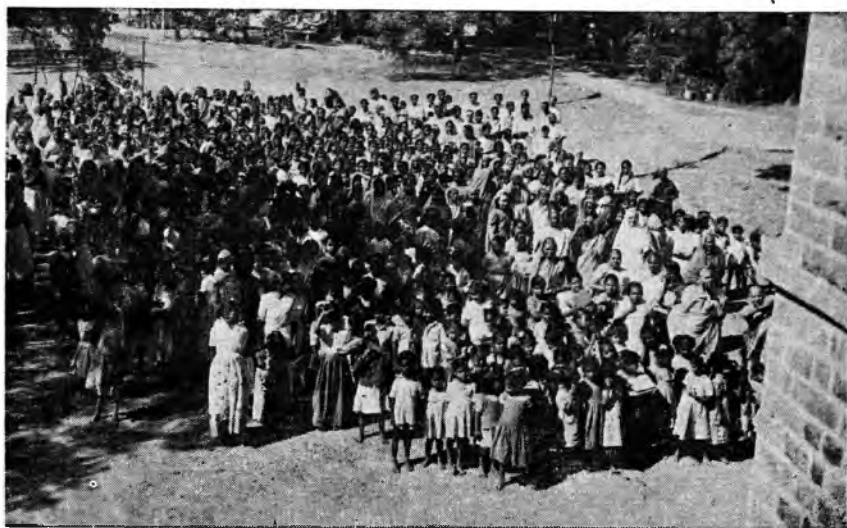
Sharada Sadan today is one facet of the diamond called ' Mukti '. As it as a school takes care of the education of our children, so the many aspects of Mukti's family life share a part in the building of lives for eternity. In looking back over the years of Sharada Sadan we have looked back over the years of the Ramabai Mukti Mission, which has stood since its foundation as a home for the widow and the fatherless, a place where many who were sitting in darkness such as the founder Pandita Ramabai knew, have seen the great light of salvation through Christ.

As the early morning church bell rings to call the workers to prayer, so the songs of praises rise in every corner of Mukti, from hearts young and old – praises to a wonder-working God, whose miracles can be traced throughout the years. The miracle of little children saved from a life of neglect and hardship, of young women rescued from sin and shame, of old people sheltered and loved, of lives converted to Christ and sent forth trained to serve their sisters in a needy land ; the miracle of friends in other lands who pray, work, and give, that this vast family may be fully provided for both temporally and spiritually ; the miracle of God's hand in calling out His children from many lands to serve Him in Mukti ; all of these and many more make up the years of miracle as we look back to praise our God.

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Through the Gates to the FUTURE.



The family at Mukti showing Sharada Salan pupils past and present.

The Ramabai Mukti Mission is an international undenominational Mission of evangelical faith which depends wholly upon God. Friends are therefore urged to pray earnestly for it, that the Lord may "make all grace abound towards it," that it "having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work." It is a member of the Interdenominational Foreign Mission Association.

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