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

RAMABAI MUKTI MISSION

PRAYER BELL

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New Haven, Conn.
The sun was lowering in the sky, after having raised the day's temperature to 110 degrees, when we gathered near the Well of Love for a baptismal service. There were ten girls and women standing ready to take the step which in India means a public forsaking of all other gods for the true God. In each life there were evidences of the working of the Holy Spirit, and we rejoiced in ten victories won for eternity.

One was a teen-ager whose name for years had been synonymous with trouble and who was the despair of the matron. Dissatisfied with herself and everyone else, the girl made her own life miserable as well as the lives of those with whom she lived. Much prayer, as well as long talks and sometimes punishments had been used in dealing with the girl, but with no evident results.

One moonlit evening the missionary called her out of the compound to talk to her about something dishonest which the girl had done. As that teen-ager stood under the archway leading into the 'House of Joy', desperation and wretchedness were written on her face. Tears streamed down her cheeks as she uttered bitter, hopeless words about life and her desire not to live any longer. The scolding for the dishonest deed of the girl was left ungiven, and quietly in the moonlight the missionary led her to the little prayer chapel in the compound. The two knelt there with only the sobbing of the girl to fill the quiet night. Gradually the sobbing softened and the missionary prayed as never before for this girl who heretofore had never responded in any way. As the words of the prayer ceased, there was quiet again, and then in low, stricken tones came the voice of the girl in prayer asking the Lord for forgiveness and help. The Holy Spirit continued to work until the moment came a few days later when she was born again of the Spirit of God.

That teen-ager stood among the ten that day who were baptized at the Well of Love. Perhaps someone in the homelands was praying for that girl during those days and a victory for eternity was won, as the joy of the Lord replaced self-wretchedness. As you read this, will you pause and ask yourself the question, 'Are my prayers for India winning eternal victories?'

—Carol Terry
OUT OF THE DARKNESS

The 'House of Grace' is filled with those whose lives have been blighted by sin. Some come weeping with despair and others defiant and bold, but they stand as one in need of help. Many have never heard the gospel, some having their understanding seemingly darkened by the prince of darkness. 'The Lord works in mysterious ways His wonders to perform in their hearts. Among the ten baptized recently at the Well of Love was Chandri, a girl from a high caste Hindu family who came to us in her need. I shall let her give her testimony in her own words as she gave it one morning at prayer time:

'Yesterday early in the morning the matron came to wake us up for early morning prayers. I refused to go and turned over and went to sleep again. While I was sleeping, I saw the following vision: The missionary was standing and calling to the girls, "Come to prayers". I arose and went to the prayer room, but found the door shut. I went away feeling sad and after a while went again, but found the door still shut. I walked over to a nearby tree where some other girls were standing. I looked up and saw the Lord Jesus Christ in the clouds. He looked so wonderful. Then in my vision the missionary came and took us to the river bank. The sun was shining through the clouds, and, as I looked up, a second time the Lord appeared in the clouds. I said to the missionary, "Auntie, look, the Lord Jesus is standing in the clouds". I then realized I was a sinner in the sight of God. I woke up crying, and immediately told the Lord I was a sinner and asked His forgiveness. I asked Him to come into my heart, and then He gave me peace, and I know now that He is my Saviour. My life is changed now. From now on I am not going to give the matron any trouble and I shall always go to prayers on time.'

Will you pray for Chandri, who has followed the Lord in baptism, that as she lives Christ day after day before the girls in the rescue home who have not yet found Him as Saviour, her witness might always ring true? 'The one in charge of the sewing room where Chandri works reports that not only has there been an evident change in Chandri's attitude, but her work is much, much better. Every evidence gives witness to her being a new creature in Christ. We praise God for this new gem for His crown, and ask your prayers for her continued walk with Him.

—ELIZABETH MORRIS
ALL THINGS WELL

As my first term in India is very quickly drawing to a close, I can certainly say, 'My Jesus has done all things well'. These five years have been filled with some days when I was caused to lean harder and harder on the Lord and other days when He led on the mountain top with Himself. The Lord does not call us to a task beyond that for which He is going to give the strength and grace to fulfill. However, He does cause us to realize more and more the real meaning of this verse, 'Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths' (Prov. 3:5, 6).

When the Lord called me to Mukti, He gave me many precious promises, of which I would like to mention two: 'When he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them' (John 10:4), and 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world' (Matt. 28:20). Whether kneeling in prayer with the young girls, or seeking to teach the precious Word, or else sitting on the mud floor in some small hovel in a little village seeking to tell them of the great love of our Saviour, or in the daily routine tasks, the Lord was there to help and to guide. Many times I have proved His faithfulness, for which I certainly praise Him. May I always be found faithful. Thank you for all your faithful prayer support.

As my time for furlough has arrived, I would ask you to pray for the work which I leave behind, which will naturally become an added duty to some other missionary, and to pray for my furlough time. Pray that in every message the Lord permits me to deliver in the homeland, He alone may be exalted, and also that every day of my furlough I may go deeper and deeper with Him, and thus be spiritually refreshed and built up to return to the work here at the end of my furlough, if the Lord tarries.

—Anne Siemens

Miss Siemens left India on March 25, and Miss Terry and Miss McGregor left on June 1. As we wish them 'Godspeed', we prepare to welcome Miss Fletcher and Miss Callan back into our fold.—Ed.
WITH CONFIDENCE IN HIM

"Being confident of this very thing, that he which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ" (Phil. 1:6).

As I look back over my first term in India, my thoughts turn to the verse quoted above, and I am confident of this—that God who has begun a good work in me will continue that good work until He comes, confident because He alone is able.

In mercy and love, as is His habit, He has turned my time in India into something comparable to attending a 'boot camp' or practice training school. And now, as I look back, my heart is overwhelmed with praise remembering His kindness and carefulness.

This training school includes cutting, polishing and refining in its curriculum—a cutting and rounding off of those things which hinder and a polishing and refining of that which can be used. Through these five and one half years He has used many as my teachers. Some of our women, some of our girls, the school children, the Hindu folk of the surrounding villages, other missionaries, my Buds and babies—each group has played an important part which could not have been filled by another.

Where exposure to training has brought forth good fruit, to Him be the glory. Where cutting and polishing is still needed, He sees and knows. Let Him do what seemeth good to Him.

As I turn toward home and furlough, I know that my life has been richer and fuller because of God and India, not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect, but I press toward the mark . . . looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith.

—JEAN Mcgregor

"The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore" (Psa. 121:8).
ON THE THRESHOLD OF HIS SERVICE

It is the privilege of one of our Mukti girls to be taking a four year's course at a Biblical Seminary in training for the Lord's service. We have asked her to write for you a few words of testimony. She has written in English, and we share it with you just as she has written it:

It has been two years since I first went to the Biblical Seminary in Yeotmal. Three years back I had a chance to go to Nasrapur for spiritual meetings, and the Lord spoke to me in a definite way. I promised Him that if He would give me a chance to learn something more from His Word, that I would earnestly study it, and very soon, within two months, a chance was offered me to attend the seminary.

The classes in the Biblical Seminary are a great blessing to me. We are about twenty-five students. Once a week we all go to hold street meetings and Sunday mornings to hold Sunday Schools in the surrounding villages. Our seminary students go every year to preach the gospel in different parts of India. The studies in the Old Testament are very interesting, especially the journeys of the Israelites in the Holy Land. Also the studies and messages of the prophets are a challenge to our Indian churches. The verses in Ephesians 2:8-10 help me very much when I am alone and sometimes feel discouraged.

We have about thirteen Travancorian students, and two of them have chosen Nepal for their summer preaching work. When the school opens, we'll have the reports from them and from other students regarding their summer work.

This summer I have a chance to go again to Nasrapur, this time as a leader, and I am requesting that friends pray for me that I may be a faithful worker for the Lord. I shall finish this course in the seminary after two years more, and I am ready to give the gospel to the people—needy people around Mukti. I have found a great treasure of salvation, and I should by God's grace share it with others. I thank all the friends who pray for me and appreciate their prayers. Please pray that I may be faithful in the smallest thing that the Lord wants me to do and that it may all be for His glory.

—KAMAL DESHPANDE
JOY OF THE CLIMB

The fragrance of a childhood garden filled my first two years in Mukti, when language study was brightened by the privilege of caring for our 'Blossoms', the remembrance of whose whole-hearted love and childish pranks will be a joy forever to my heart.

When language examinations were over and I thought the uphill road was finished, my assignment was changed from the Garden of Blossoms to the teen-agers. The road seemed up and up like a mountain whose summit would never be gained. For three years I have been ascending that mountain with my teen-agers by my side. It has been uphill all the way, and still the summit has not been reached. There has been an occasional oasis by the way—a time of refreshing and joy when a girl has named Christ as Saviour and Lord and followed Him in baptism. There have been several such, and then there have been the times of talking with the girls when the sweetness of Christian girlhood has been like a cool spring in a hot land. There have been times, however, when some have slipped backward, and we have had to retrace our steps and reclimb together part of the mountain.

I cannot think of my teen-agers without thinking of interviews, times of prayer, times of heart-to-heart talking, times when girls have disappointed, and then again times when they have caused my heart to rejoice, and times when I have endeavoured to tell them all my heart's longings for each of them. It is with unmistakable heartache that I leave them, for we realize together that through trials and joys, through punishments and prayers, we have come to know and trust and love each other. I would ask your prayers for Miss Bollman as she takes my place by their side in climbing the mountain.

As I leave the work of the printing press, the unfinished Bible revision work is a burden on my heart, but I rejoice that it goes to the hands of Miss Callan, whose love for the Word will cause precious proofs to be kept carefully. The superintendence of Mukti's Sunday School I leave to Miss Fletcher, whose experience in this work will mean a Sunday School alive for the Lord. Some of my office work will go to the new hands of Mrs McMillen, and I ask prayer for her as she takes over work that can be confusing.
I leave Mukti with the knowledge that it has done much to discipline my own heart, much to soften, much to enlarge and challenge it. If my five years in Mukti have done for some hearts here what these years have done for me, then I thank God and in Christ take courage to come back.

—Carol Terry

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