PRAYER BELL
INDIA

TIME IS SHORT
And our opportunity

to train
and send
them forth
with the gospel

IS NOW!

RAMABAI MUKTI MISSION
March–April 1960
HE IS IN THE MIDST—HE IS MIGHTY

BY ELsie ROHrer

As January drew nearer, it seemed more and more evident that the Lord was leading us “behind the ranges” again this year for our camp. Only once since last camping season were we able to re-visit a small portion of the area. On the whole, the people had only heard the message of life once.

The day came when we were to look for a suitable camping site. We prayed much that the Lord would show us just the right spot. After stopping in several lovely mango groves and being given a hearty invitation from each owner to camp on his land, we came to the spot that we felt the Lord had chosen for us. On investigation we discovered it was in the very centre of that area.

As we went forth we realised that we were going into Satan’s territory, for only five miles away stood the large temple of Khandoba. There many times a year, pilgrims from all over Maharashtra flock to get a vision of the god in hopes that they will find peace for their troubled souls. There, before the government put a stop to it, were found five hundred girls who, having been offered to the god, were caused to lead lives of sin. How thankful we were before we left that the Lord had given us His promise in Zechariah 3:17 “The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; he will save.”

It was a real joy to find that as we visited these villages again, many people remembered the name of Jesus and were open to listen to the gospel. We also found that some had been studying the Word for themselves. Several who had bought New Testaments last year, asked to have the whole Bible. Pray that the Holy Spirit will convict and convince them as they read the Word. In every village we found at least one who was vitally interested and we pray that the seed sown in these hearts will spring forth into everlasting life.

Satan did not let us forget that we were in his territory. Discouragement seemed to be his mightiest weapon. But because of it, we were able to prove that our God is mighty. There was the day when the children were forbidden by their parents to come to camp for their daily Bible story. They were told that we would tie them up and carry them away. So for several days none came near. Then one evening our evangelist and one of our Christian men returned to camp, having been held in custody for one and a half hours. They were questioned as to why they had come and who had given them the authority to preach. Through this, however, they had the opportunity of giving their testimony to the whole village, who had gathered to see what was going on.

Still another time, some government medical men came to camp to say that a very serious epidemic of small-pox had broken out in the area. We were advised to stay out of the villages. After seeking the Lord’s face He gave assurance from His Word that He would protect, and so we carried on. Because many of you were praying, we were able to recognise these things as Satan’s devices and refused the discouragement as we encouraged ourselves in His might.

We covet your prayers for our evangelist and his wife as they stay behind after we break up camp to continue teaching the people. We are asking the Lord to raise up a church in that area for His name’s sake. As you pray in faith believing, He will work and He will save, for He is in the midst and He is mighty.
Building for Eternity

By Winfield F. Ruelke

Gone is the builder’s temple,
Crumbled into the dust;
Low lies each stately pillar,
Food for consuming rust.
But the temple the teacher builded
Will last while the ages roll,
For that beautiful unseen temple
Is the child’s immortal soul.

Poetry is rarely the product of a machine-like mind. It is the fruit of experience and of observation, often of both. The stanza quoted is from an unknown author, but surely one who knew the root from which greatness comes. The ministry that I have seen at Mukti during my all too brief visit has been that of building temples. I have looked into the faces of temples of the Holy Spirit, started years ago at the Ramabai Mukti Mission. These temples are now teaching the preciousness of God’s love to little ones, and older ones alike. This Mission’s scope of ministry is far wider than one often presumes.

The school, with many of its leaders trained from infancy at Mukti, now faithfully and carefully bestows on a new generation of unwanted children, boarding girls and village children studies to enrich their minds. Every class and activity brings to them the fragrance of the lamb of God. Almost four hundred children are in what we at home would call a Christian day school, which would be the full service of teachers and principal. Not so here, for they must also care for a family of perhaps of 12 to 16 children that have been sent to us by the Lord. This is not all, for other steady tasks or frequent temporary assignments come. What a great and fruitful treasury of temples now under construction!

The clinic in Supa or the road-side clinic in a wayside village, express by medical care and the witness of voice, how great is our God. I saw a little child brought by her father, both dirty with India’s dust, treated with love by the godly Christian lady doctor. The doctor was born of parents who had taught her the ways of a dark religious life. Through her years of education, a final discontent and doubt brought her to the Lord Jesus Christ. Now transformed, she yearns for a Mobile Medical Unit that she might touch more for Jesus, the sinner’s Friend. A young man with a terrible leg infection calmly told us that it had happened fifteen days before. I watched as he took off the tree leaves he had put on the wound. They stuck with the help of the filth! Salve for the legs and balm for the soul from hearts that yearn to reach more, sent the farmer on his way.

Time and space fail me to tell you of hospital patients, retarded children, the blind, the mentally unbalanced, the T. B. girls, rescue home girls, new babies, or the child that was found filthy and naked in a nearby village, brought to Mukti’s gate at night. These all are daily sights! Each one is met with love, as only the child of God can express it with compassion.

Ramabai Mukti Mission has only three hours of electricity a night! It needs an isolation unit for T. B. patients. There are no flush toilets but rather an indoor commode arrangement that is anything but healthy! A very old cooking arrangement and improper facilities for storing food stuffs are problems to the cooks. True these are physical matters, but
their correction will mean improved health, more time for souls, and cleaner facilities for everyone. All of these will bring greater glory to our heavenly Father and His son, our Lord Jesus Christ.

As president of the American Council of the Ramabai Mukti Mission, I return to the states with a greater concern that God’s people shall know the problems so that they can pray intelligently. May there also be a stirring on every Christian’s part to give. This is a tremendous work that God is doing! Still more could be done with added facilities that would not even border on luxuries! There are few places that I have seen a single American dollar go as far! It is a privilege under God to be a member of the world fellowship for Mukti. One need for prayer for instance, is the cost of supplying milk. Since 1953 farming costs have according to record, actually doubled!

Perhaps as you pray, the Holy Spirit will put upon your heart a special need. If you wish information as to costs of projects that must be completed by December 1960, write to the mission office for further information.

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**Seed sown in our Children’s Hearts**

**By Vimalbai Dongre**

We were very happy to have Mr. Ruelke with us. His interest especially in the children, drew him frequently to the school. Every day he spoke to the children, and though he had to attend the Executive Committee meetings for two days, yet he spared some time for the school.

He has a wonderful gift of telling stories to children. He makes them live so vividly, that the children’s attention is completely captured, I remember on the first day he told the story of “Daniel in the Lions’ Den”. When he reached the climax there was such a silence, you could have heard a pin drop. The children were spell-bound, as they almost saw Daniel lowered into the lions’ den. Then suddenly there was a terrific roar. Everyone jumped with fright. Then they relaxed and laughed, seeing the smiling face before them, and realising it was only Mr. Ruelke. I remember I was just next to him, interpreting, and I got such a fright that I jumped myself. All the stories were told in such a dramatic manner that the children will never forget them. During those few days we could hear children trying to imitate lions and other things. But through his stories he brought the gospel in a most simple, effective way.

He spoke not only in the school, but in the church and Sunday School and we all were much blessed. We praise the Lord for bringing His servant among us. Our prayer is that the Seed which was sown may bring much fruit and that it may result in more leaders from among our girls to serve Him here.

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*Mr. Ruelke, speaking to the Beginners' department in Sunday School*
Only one Life

By Margaret Williams

The scene was set at a religious festival. Crowds of people were milling about. Others were waiting for buses to take them home. They had visited the god and their mission was complete. The tea shops and sweet stalls were thronged with people, and everywhere were groups of people talking eagerly with one another. Then came two buses full of young children. They alighted and wended their way up the big hill and its four hundred steps to the temple, chatting happily as they went.

How my heart rejoiced that amidst this scene of hungry, seeking hearts, God had sent His children to lift up the message of life and hope. We sang and preached from 7-15 a.m. until noon and again from mid-afternoon to 8 p.m. There was no tiredness, but rather an uplifting sense of our heavenly Father's presence as we gave out the message.

Then just at dusk I heard a man shouting and saw a long line of people making their way to the village square. He had in his hand a long wooden pole with what appeared to be a series of little flags fluttering from it. He was calling the people to follow him up to the temple. This was the special time of the day. And so that long procession began to wend its way up the steep hill.

With greater earnestness we stood by the jeep and proclaimed the message of life, and many thronged about us listening to the blessed gospel. One young boy's eyes filled with tears as he listened and then bought every type of booklet he could in order to read more to the satisfaction of his heart. As I listened I felt constrained to turn around to look at the temple which stood like a fort in the background. There I could see a moving stream of colour as men and women, boys and girls made their way to and from the temple. Then, as it became dark the colour changed to a series of tiny lights which seemed never-ending. My heart was full. God gave me a new vision of the wonder and blessedness of His love and the tremendous responsibility that was mine to give the Light of His life to the hungry hearts of India.

The scene had changed. Now it was early morning and Shakuntala, Pushpa and Suman, members of my family, were gathered around me. Together we were studying the Word of God before they went off to school.

"Girls", I said, "God has given us a tremendous responsibility by bringing us to Mukti. Just think that you could have been one of those precious souls climbing up the hill to worship a god that cannot hear. But instead God has brought you here, away from hunger and need, to a place of love, privilege and opportunity. Do you realise that God is waiting to see what you are going to do with the life He has given? What response are you going to make to Him?"

Silence fell and we turned to prayer. Then my heart rejoiced as I heard from a teen-ager's lips, "Lord, you have done so much for me. Help me to give my whole life in your service."

The hush of the Saviour's presence filled my heart. It is for this, that day by day we love and serve the children of Mukti. We only ask that our children may grow up to give themselves fully to Him. We know that there is nothing else that matters to our Saviour so much as that these precious children committed to our trust give themselves wholly to Him, and that this land be reached for Christ.
Nirmala could not help but feel a little badly the day that Chubbie asked the Lord Jesus to come into her heart. She was glad for Chubbie, but after all, she was eight years old while Chubbie was only seven, and she had wanted the Lord Jesus to be her Saviour, too. She knew that He had died for the sins of the world and for her. She wanted to ask Him to come into her heart but she just couldn't seem to do it. She thought of what her school friends might say. She knew, too, that if she let the Lord Jesus come into her heart, He would not want her to do some of the things she was doing now, because He was pure and holy and He would want her to be like Him.

Family prayers were always happy times. Nirmala loved to lead the singing. She enjoyed the stories from God's Book and could always answer the questions better than anyone else. But she always felt a little uncomfortable when the story had a personal application about accepting the Lord Jesus into one's heart. She always felt that He was looking right into her heart, seeing all the things that were there. Yet, much as she wanted to, she could not seem to ask Him to come in and give her the new heart she needed.

One Saturday this month, there had been a number of visitors and, as usual, they had come to see the family where Nirmala lived. However, that evening, one of the visitors from Australia asked to come back again when they had their family prayers. Nirmala had been having lessons on the little Indian organ by one of the teachers from the Blind School. She was so glad to play while the children sang "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, very precious name; Jesus my Saviour will never leave me," with all of their hearts. Then the visitor, Mr. Iggulden, sat on the floor and played the little organ while they sang more songs, and after that he told them how he had come to know the Lord Jesus as His Saviour four years ago. He told them how wonderful it was to know Him. He reminded them how much Jesus loved them all, and illustrated simply but so plainly how He was knocking at their hearts' door and waiting to be their Saviour and Friend if they would open the door.

Nirmala felt the same uncomfortable feeling she had felt before, only this time it was stronger than it had ever been. She knew the Lord Jesus was speaking to her by His Holy Spirit. But just then her mind was distracted. There, trying to hide under the eave of their room was the lost white pigeon from the Sunflower family next door, that everyone had been looking for. The visitor saw the distraction and asked what the children were looking at. Then he smiled and said, "You know, I think God sent that pigeon. If you have not received the Lord Jesus into your hearts, you are like that lost pigeon. The Lord Jesus is waiting for you to come home by opening the door of your heart and receiving Him. How happy it will make Him if you do, and how happy you will be."

Then it was time to pray and Nirmala could hardly wait. She just had to be first because she had something so important to tell the Lord Jesus. "Dear Lord," she said, "you've been knocking at my heart's door, but I haven't let you in. I've been like that lost pigeon." The tears were streaming down her cheeks and she could hardly pray. Brokenly, she asked Him to forgive and cleanse her heart from all the wrong things she had done. She wanted Him to live in her heart.

How happy she was when she had done this! She felt she wanted to tell everyone to open their hearts to the Lord Jesus and let Him be their Saviour. Pray that as she grows up, many in this land may hear of His love through her and come to know the Saviour as their Friend as she knows Him now.
NEWS AND REVIEWS

These past weeks have been full with many visitors. There have been several large parties of Hindu social workers who had read about Pandita Ramabai and the work here. They wanted to know the secret of her ministry and the extent of her work. Many of these were women of influence in Poona and it was a great privilege to witness to them of the greatness of Ramabai's God and ours, for He is the same today. When they were so impressed with all they saw here, it was a joy to present them with the gospel and literature so they could read more of the Saviour.

We had visits from the Chief Minister of the State of Bombay, and other government officials. There was much excitement abroad but also much prayer went up as he was able to see here at Mukti a great monument of grace to one of India's servants of the living Christ. He gladly accepted Pandita Ramabai's testimony and other literature which presented Christ as the Way, the Truth and the Life. Pray for them and all whom we have the privilege of introducing to the Author of this big Home of Salvation.

It has been a joy to entertain many friends from abroad as well, including Mr. Winfield Ruelke who is the president of the Ramabai Mukti Mission Council in United States. Other guests were Betty Gray's sister and her husband, the David Merritts, on their way back to Australia, Mr. S. Igculden from Australia, and two missionaries from the Fiji Islands who had been interested in Mukti for many years and now were able to see what their prayers were doing.

Mr. Kevin, principal of the London Bible Institute and Mr. Ben Wati spent a memorable week-end here and we will not soon forget the blessing of the message that God brought to us through Mr. Kevin's ministry.

We praise the Lord for calling a new national missionary from South India to serve Him in Mukti here. Pray for Miss Susan Werghis as she studies the Marathi language and assists Miss McGregor in the sewing department where the children's clothes and bedding are supplied.

We are happy to report that the new twins are growing both in body and in personality. The mother is still with us here. She was so hard when she came and did not want to stay for six months to care for them as we requested. The love of Christ as she sees it here has changed her attitude altogether. She is caring for them most lovingly. Pray that she may come to know the Lord Jesus Christ as her Saviour before she leaves us.

A lovely child, eight months old and fair as a lily was given to us in the past weeks. Another miserable little one, over three years old but weighing only 14 pounds, hunch-backed and rickety, who did not walk or talk, was also given to us and placed in the Honeysuckle family. Just the few weeks in which she has been surrounded by love, prayer and care, have completely transformed her. Laughing and eager to reward the loving hands that massage and minister to her, she brings delight each day with new words and accomplishments.

Mr. Howard McMillen would like to present to you for special prayer the needs of the farm, the building work and the many work-men who are in these departments. One out-reach which is being made and for which we thank the Lord is the new venture of sending a literature stand to the weekly market. He tells of this on the next page.
HOLDING FORTH THE WORD OF LIFE

BY HOWARD McMILLEN

"Out in the highways and byways of life
Many are weary and sad;
Carry the sunshine where darkness is rife,
Making the sorrowing glad."

Over hot dusty roads, through winding paths of stony fields, a woman on foot carrying a basket of onions on her head, a man cycling with live poultry tied to either side of the handle-bars, several members of a family sitting on bags of newly threshed grain, the weight of which seems to test the strength of the creaking bullock-cart; these are a few of the hundreds who will make up the crowds at to-day's weekly bazaar. Will those who come today go home only with rice, sugar, cloth or the proceeds from their produce sold? We trust not. We hope that many will notice that right in the centre of the market place, two Christian men are standing near a display of Christian books. They are distributing tracts and selling Gospels. They are holding forth the Word of Life. Those men want your help in believing prayer, that in this way the gospel of Christ might go forth. "So shall my word be that goeth forth it shall not return unto me void"

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