PRAYER BELL
INDIA

TIME IS SHORT
And our opportunity

— to witness of a living Savior

IS NOW!

RAMABAI MUKTI MISSION
May—June 1960

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New Haven, Conn.
“WHAT SHALL I RENDER TO THE LORD?” PSA. 116:12

BY JANET CALLAN

At the end of another five and a half years in the Lord's service here in Mukti, I look back and say again, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped." Praise His holy Name! There has been a deepening consciousness of His abiding presence and power combined with an ever-deepening realization of my own unworthiness and weakness. For all He has done I can give nothing, but take it with a heart overflowing with gratitude to Him for His abundant provision in all things, and I pray that He may be pleased to let His glory shine through this earthen vessel.

In these years there has been the joy of seeing our nursery babies grow up and go into families where they know that they really belong.

My own Jasmine family, while sometimes causing problems, has also been a great comfort and joy. The inestimable privilege of leading little ones to the Lord and helping others to go on in the pilgrim way has been shared with so many who write to say, "I pray for this little one every day." This is a great challenge to us to be faithful in our ministry.

The Lord proved His sufficiency, even for my ignorance, in caring for the farm work in Howard McMillen's absence, giving renewed strength for the added burden and His guidance day by day.

Has there been anything outstanding in this term? Surely I must testify as to how the Lord answered prayer in leading me to contact Dr. Sheela Gupta in Vellore and in His definite call to her to come to Mukti.

Much prayer and many dreams have been woven around our Mukti hospital. "The Lord has done great things for us whereof we are glad." He has given the joy of seeing our own girls trained and prepared to be able team workers with Dr. Gupta. The climax came on the 13th of this month when we had our first Caesarean Section in our operating theatre. We were conscious of the prayers of many of our Mukti family and the presence of the Lord Himself in our midst. Truly it was another token of His faithfulness. The mother, Subhadrabai, one of our own girls who is married to one of our Christian workmen has made a splendid recovery and her baby daughter is progressing well.

The children say, "Don't go. Why do you go?" and my heart too cries, "Why?" It becomes harder each time to say good-bye to Mukti, the place of His choice for me.

May His purpose be fulfilled in and through me while on furlough as He leads.
The Indian sun streamed down hot and piercing on the hundreds of people laboriously lifting out and carrying the rocky dirt in large vessels on their heads. Their faces and backs glistened with perspiration in the sun. As far as the eye could see beyond the busy workers, there was only an arid stretch of dry soil and black boulders and rocks. The government was building a canal to bring water to this famine area and hundreds of men and women were able to earn a little to provide bread for their needy families.

One young Hindu woman, whose face looked old and sad with care, wearily trudged away from the scene of activity, with a crying baby clinging to her hip. Two days ago she had come with such hope. Now her last hope was shattered. She stopped in desperation wondering what she could possibly do and which way she would go. Another woman on her way to market was about to pass her on the road, but noticing the desperate look on her face, stopped to ask the poor soul what was wrong.

"A mountain of grief has fallen upon me," she answered, "my last hope of keeping body and soul together has just been shattered. Oh, what will I do now?" She could hold back the tears no longer. Taking the bundle of grain off her head and putting it down, the other woman inquired as to her trouble and squatted down on the road beside her to listen to the poor woman's story.

Her eyes filled with tears as the young woman with the old face told how she had been married when a little girl. Her husband had died when she was still a girl, and her parents had married her again to an old man. They had one child and she was the little two-year-old crying on her hip. Several months ago the young wife had got into trouble and her furious old husband had put her out. He was unable to care for their child, so he made his wife take the little one, too. She had gone from place to place, but everywhere, as it had been here on the canal, it was the same.
The baby would cry because she was hungry and try as she could, it was impossible to satisfy her. If only they would keep her on the work long enough so she could get some pay? Then she could get sufficient grain to make bread and porridge and she would not cry so much. But no one wanted to crying baby around, and the man had just told her angrily that they had to keep a contract, not a nursery. Now what was she to do and where could she go? She could not hope to get work again with the child, but what could she possibly do with the child?

The other woman listened sympathetically and then told her, “Woman, on my way to the market I pass a large place not far from here. There are big buildings there and many children. They say they get food and lots of it there. They say the children are well looked after and get the best education they could get anywhere around here. Besides, they say the white people there and the others are kind to the children and love them like their own. I believe it’s true, too, for I have seen them laugh and play together sometimes when they go for their walk on Sundays. Why don’t you take your little one there? I am sure they would take her and then you could at least earn money to keep yourself alive. This way you will both die.”

“I’m ready to give her up to anyone who will take her and care for her. I know I cannot go on like this. I am getting so weak myself from not eating that it will be hard to work if I get a job. Come, did you say you go right past the place? Let’s go.”

They picked up their bundles and the baby, and with a new gleam of hope in the woman’s eyes, they walked quickly down the road before the noon sun should beat down on them with its merciless heat.

“Is this the place?” she asked as they stopped in front of the gate. “How clean and lovely it looks!” As they walked up to the door, they were met by a friendly greeting and upon hearing the woman’s request, the one at the door ran quickly to summon the missionary Moushie (auntie) in charge.

Brokenly, and with tears, the mother poured out her heart to the missionary who listened with loving sympathy. What could they do but take the little one? Could the mother really be ready though to give up her child? “Yes,” she said as she held her close. “it is the only way. We have no bread and this way we must both starve. You take her and care for her like your very own. I do not know what will happen to me, but I have a cousin in Bombay who will help me to get work. But I know they will not be able to do anything for me if I have the baby.”

The missionary tried to persuade the woman to stay with her little one here, but she would not be entreated. She signed the paper giving the child over to the Mission, accepted a little money to buy food along the way, and after handing the baby over into the arms of one of our loving nurses, she walked away sadly to the station.

The little one gobbled up the food given to her at every feeding with eagerness, but it was several days before she seemed to be able to forget that her mother was not coming back. Gradually she began to respond and smile for those who cared for her with loving hands. Now after two weeks have passed, she plays as happily with her new sisters in the hospital nursery as though it has always been her home.

It was lack of bread that brought her to us. How wonderful to have a heavenly Father now who can supply her every need. But even more wonderful to know that here she will hear of Jesus who is the living Bread. Will you pray with us, that as she grows up, she may come to know Him as her Saviour and share His love with many other in this land who are also hungry for the living Bread? Pray for that lonely mother, too, that God will meet her needs and help her to trust in Him and accept Him as her Saviour.
The Joy of Easter in Mukti

By Pastor N. A. Hiwale

Early on Easter morning, before the day broke, the Mukti church woke up to greet one another with “Christ is risen. He is risen indeed.” The whole congregation marched to a nearby hill and assembled there before the sunrise to worship the King of kings and Lord of lords, and to thank the heavenly Father for sending His beloved Son—Jesus Christ, our Redeemer who died on the cross for our sins and rose again the third day with a glorified and incorruptible body to reveal Himself to His sad-hearted disciples and to the world.

The non-believers in the village were still in their slumbers while the Christians assembled on the hill to worship and adore their risen Saviour. It was a great joy to greet one another with shining, happy faces which were imprinted with the joy of Easter.

The Mukti girls clad in coloured saris and dresses portrayed a happy atmosphere. Fear, doubt, disappointment of the past seemed to have dropped away and they seemed to be clad in garments of courage, enthusiasm and zeal to serve and follow the risen Saviour no matter what the circumstances would bring in the future. There must be no going backward like Peter the denier, Thomas the doubter, and Judas the betrayer, but a going forward to proclaim the happy tidings of Easter “Christ the Lord is risen from the dead.”

The message was given by Rev. F. Schelander, the humble servant of God who devotes his life for the Lord Jesus Christ in Maharashtra. He preached on the importance of Easter. If Christ had not risen, then our faith would have been vain. But the fact is that He is risen and we believe in the living God. His enemies could produce no contrary evidence. Their explanations were childish, absurd and impossible. But had Christ not risen, how quickly they would have proved it to the world. All founders of the world’s religions have died. They never rose again. Christ and Christ alone arose. One day we will all experience resurrection and will reign with Christ forever and ever.

On the Saturday preceding Easter we had the joy of seeing six of our girls follow the Lord in baptism. Several girls from the family groups, one from the Rescue Home, and Jewel McMillen gave testimonies clear and radiant of having passed from death to life through Jesus Christ their Lord.

At the worship service on Easter morning, we had the joy of receiving them into the church fellowship and they were formally, but warmly welcomed by the members of the church Panch (or church board). The church was filled and the choir of blind girls sang some beautiful resurrection hymns. After another stirring message on the meaning and observance of Easter, there was a quiet and impressive communion service when all who partook were conscious in a special way of the presence of the living Christ. This consciousness seemed to pervade the day and Easter seemed a special V-day in the life of Mukti.

HOW I CAME TO KNOW JESUS AS MY SAVIOUR

By Jewel McMillen (aged 10)

When I was about 3 years old I asked Jesus to come into my heart. As I grew older and went to school I wondered whether I was really saved or not. My matron, Auntie Bernice Shaw, talked about it with me and told me that once a person was saved, he never had to ask Jesus into his heart the second time. So then I was really sure that Jesus was in my heart.

Since then I have had many experiences of witnessing to people and having the Lord speak to me. On April 8, 1960 the Lord spoke to me about being baptized. My answer was “yes” and a few days later I was baptized along with several other Mukti girls.

The Lord is really living in my heart and is working there, too. My favourite verse that helps me through temptations is Philippians 4:13 “I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.”

(See Jewel, second from left on cover picture)
**For The Children**

**A New Bud comes at His appointment**

**By Lillian Doerksen.**

A lonely figure, with head bent low over a bundle in her arms, walked through the gate in the dusk and sat down wearily on the long, fern-shaded verandah. Her tear-stained face turned pleadingly towards us and with sobs she fell at our feet beseechingly. "My daughter, my daughter, oh where is my daughter?" she wailed.

"What is wrong, grandmother? What can we do to help you? Whose baby is that you are bringing?"

"What can you do? If only you can take this wee one and care for her, so she will not die. Her mother, my only daughter is gone. Oh, why did this have to happen to us?" she wailed again.

Upon inquiring as to what had happened, her story poured forth with bursts of weeping and beating of her chest. Her only daughter had been married to a man who months before the baby was born had left her alone and broken-hearted. The coming of the baby had not eased the little mother's grief but her anxiety over who would care for them both now seemed to overwhelm her completely. She lost her mind and five days later she died.

The news of the woman's sorrow over her only daughter's death and her anxious care of what was to happen to the little one, soon spread around the neighborhood. This happened far away from here, but there were some Christians living in that district who knew about the Ramabai Mukti Mission and who told the grandmother to bring the baby here, to see if we would take her. After listening to instructions and directions carefully, she put some milk in a brass bowl and dipping a little rag into it, she fed the baby as much milk as she could get her to take, before they began their long journey. They started out early in the morning and after many hours on the hot, dusty bus, they arrived at Poona where they could get the train for Kedgaon. It was almost dark now when she arrived and put her bundle down wearily on the verandah floor.

Tenderly, we told the woman of the Saviour's love and entreated her to trust Him as her Saviour. He would ease her sorrow, too, and because He loved the little one for whom she was concerned, He had led her here where we promised to care for her most lovingly. Again there was a burst of tears as she poured forth her gratitude.

The little one is only 15 days old. She is sweet but very weak. The hot season is not the time to take in new babies, for these days are hard on little ones, even the stronger ones, when fevers and epidemics rage. How quickly they become dehydrated and so weak, especially until the right formula can be found. But we cannot choose the time of their coming for this is God's appointment, not ours, and when we must trust Him more, His power and greatness can be revealed in greater measure. Hold this little Bud close to the Saviour's heart with us, that she may survive and become a life of beauty for His glory.
NEWS AND REVIEWS

Visitors

It was a great joy for us to have Miss Craddock's sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Snell with us last month. The happy fellowship of those few days will not easily be forgotten by those in the Blind Home and all of us who love Miss Craddock.

Missionary returning

We rejoice with Adrienne Mocatta in all the Lord has done for her while studying and meeting with relatives and Mukti friends during her furlough in Australia. Preparations for her return to us are under way and we look forward with joy to her being with us again in Mukti about the middle of May. Pray for her as she takes up her ministry in the Home of Mercy and in the Physiotherapy department again.

Missionaries leaving for furlough

On June the first we must bid good-bye to Janet Callan and Jean McGregor as they leave us for furlough. It is not easy to see them go and it is even more difficult for them to have to leave the children in their families and the work dear to their hearts. Remember them faithfully before the Throne of Grace that our loving Father will lighten the parting with His peace and presence and enrich them body, soul and spirit during their furlough days at home.

Please pray for those who take up the responsibilities as these two missionaries go. Leelabai Singh will be taking up the responsibility as nursing superintendent, Juanita Harrell will be looking after the Buds, and the children in Janet Callan's family. Susan Werghis will be supervising the Boarders' Compound. She will also be in charge of the Plain sewing. Lillian Doerksen will be in charge of the Kindergarten and Rohinibai Adhav will look after the Records. Pray, too, that God will call others to assist in the manifold ministry in Mukti.

New babies and girls

God has sent us three new babies to love and nourish for His sake. Pray for them as they fit into their new home and surroundings and for those who care for them.

In the Rescue Home there have been eight new addissions. This week brought a lovely 17-year-old and one little servant girl not yet 13 years of age. May we entreat you to hold onto our wonder-working God for them that they may find new life and hope in Christ. Pray for the many Hindu girls in the Home of Mercy that they may respond to the love of our Saviour and be born again.

To our Home of the Blind has come a pretty, fair new Hindu girl of nine. She has settled in well and we pray that as she learns in school she may also come to know and love our Saviour.

Blind girls graduate and serve

It was a joy to have among our Bible school graduates returning to us this year, two of our blind girls—Rajas Adhav and Shalini Salve. At the graduation service, Rajas had been chosen as one of the girls to give her testimony. It was a challenge and blessing to all. Rajas came to us as a girl of ten and found the Lord Jesus as her Saviour here. After she was baptized, she was allowed to go home for a vacation to her Hindu
parents. Her testimony was so sweet and clear that she had the joy of seeing her mother find Christ as her Saviour. Then the father, too, accepted Christ. The people in the area were so impressed with the testimony of this blind girl and new Christian home that had been established, that when we informed them that Rajas felt the Lord wanted her to attend Bible school after she finished school here, the church council there decided to sponsor her with a scholarship. They have seen her through and now they have asked her to come to do evangelistic work in their area. It was a great joy for Rajas to have God call her to the place of her birth to be His witness, and it was a great joy for us to see her willing to follow the Lord and go out to help to reap the harvest of the Lord in the needy villages for His Sake.

The Ramabai Mukti Mission is an international, undenominational Mission of evangelical faith, with representatives in home countries as follows:

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