



## RAMABAI MUKTI MISSION

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### PRAYER BELL

*Nov. & Dec. 1927*

DEAR FRIENDS OF MUKTI,

Rejoice with us that the party has arrived from England. The long-looked for re-inforcements are now a reality. Our mutual joy at meeting on the 15th of November can better be imagined than described. It would be hard to tell who were the happiest, we or they and very soon we became all "we". We want you to have a word from them to say "How do you do" to the old friends and to be introduced to the new workers.

You will be so glad to hear from Miss Hastie whom you have missed very much the past year.

Loving greetings in Jesu's Name, to all those who are linked up together with us in the battle for the Lord.

We arrived safely in Bombay on November 14th, up to time in spite of the tossings we got in a cyclone the last three days of our voyage. When we got ashore, and heard of vessels going down and of lives being lost, we realised afresh how God had been watching over us in answer to much prayer ascending for a safe journey and it certainly was good to know that "He setteth a bound to the sea" during those trying days. We praise Him for blessed opportunities on board of witnessing for Him. We got back to Mukti on November 15th and words fail to tell of the royal welcome to us all—the gay decorations, even the Bullock Tonga had "Welcome" stretched across it and was ornamented with bright coloured flags and flowers—the lines of joyful faces, the hugs and kisses, the greetings, our hearts were too full to express what we felt, but we do praise God for the privilege of being back again.

We have been busy unpacking and getting settled in and we know you will all pray that each one of us may be energised by the Holy Spirit and fitted into the niche which He has planned for us. It is blessed to know that highest service is to do His will and as we keep in His marked out pathway He promises "Thy paths drop fatness". Fatness drops in the wilderness and even hills of difficulty He says shall be "girded with joy" Psalm 65. 11, 12. (American Standard version). May we be kept where His fatness can ever drop upon us. The whole Mukti family looks so well and so happy. There are many new faces and also some gaps, some who have entered the larger family above.

We hope Miss Wells and the other workers who have so bravely carried on and been so hard pressed with the work, will be somewhat relieved now, since God has sent re-inforcements. Four old workers and two new ones arriving ought to ease things here a bit, though the new ones will have to make the study of the language their first work. Pray for them, that the Lord may daily renew them and be their enabling.

I specially want to thank all those in the home land with whom I had such happy fellowship and all who helped so willingly for His sake. It may be that ere long we shall meet again in His presence, for surely "The coming of the Lord draweth nigh".

M. LISSA HASTIE.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy Name". This is the song that springs up again and again in our hearts.

At the eleventh hour the Lord very beautifully met the home need and wonderfully opened up the way for me to get back with the other dear ones who were returning; and for answered prayer and a blessed journey, we praise Him. It is a joy to be back again in this land, and the family gave us such a hearty welcome. It was good to see them all, and yet not all; for we missed many familiar faces. Some have gone to homes of their own, to be Light-bearers there, we trust, and a few have passed "Over". We missed old Radhabai, whose greatest grief was that the Lord left her down here so long; and a little epileptic who always ran up with a sunny, yet very wistful face, was also missing. God had answered prayer by setting her free from her little afflicted body. Well we praise the Lord for them all. Those gathered home no longer need our prayers; but for those scattered in their own homes and for us here—girls and teachers and all workers we long for prevailing prayer partners. We are remembering that, If we *can* believe, we shall see the glory of God; and that as we *do* believe Living Waters will flow, therefore dear friends we thank you for all the prayers of the past and, please go on praying.

MABEL E. WHITLET.

"My thoughts are not your thoughts" is the Word which comes to mind again and again as one returns to Mukti after nearly three years absence. When going home to England early in 1925 for health reasons, it was hard to see what was in the mind of the Father, though there was no doubt about His leading. Now, on looking back, my heart is filled with gratitude for the many revelations of His purpose. This is particularly so in the restoration of health and the bringing back to this needy field.

When I left, the Blind School contained about 24 members, but now it has increased to 35, which means that there are many new faces amongst the old and fresh names to be learned. One girl is called "Sugar" so the girls say we shall always have sweetness in our midst. We trust it will also be the sweetness which, like the sugar-cane juice, will flow from one to the other and thus permeate the whole. Those who were children in the school have grown almost beyond recognition. Little Hephzibah is no longer with us for she has been taken from a life of pain and suffering to join the throng who do always behold the face of their Saviour. We rejoice on her account. Thus outwardly many things have changed but the things of the Master remain the same for He changeth not.

We thank all those who have helped by prayer up to date and ask for further intercession on our behalf that every moment of this new term may be so spent as to satisfy and glorify Him Who has called us to be co-workers together with His here.

J. ISABEL CRADDOCK.

The uppermost theme in Mukti just now is praise to our gracious God for journeying mercies vouchsafed to us on our voyage. During the last few days on the water we were in a terrible storm, but He brought us safely through with nothing more than a little physical discomfort. This was, we know, in answer to the prayers of God's praying ones both in the homelands and in India, and we thank you all.

Now we have arrived and what a loving welcome we received! May God return in His own measure spiritual blessings to all these dear ones, both Indian and European, who made our arrival so happy, by their kindness and love. The decorations and reception were beautiful. One wishes we could describe it all to you. We can but ask you to praise God with us for it all; and oh! dear friends pray with us and for us, that we may so keep ourselves in the love of God that our every thought and action with all the renewed strength and health that He has given us may be used for His glory alone, to the salvation of souls.

Loving greetings in our Lord Jesus.

E. BUTLER

"The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage." I'm indeed very happy that the lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places such as Mukti. From my very youth there was a deep desire in my heart to help take the Gospel Light farther and farther into the night, and after five years of waiting, my petition has been granted. "God has a blue-print for every one of our lives."

Every day for seven long weeks this past summer I was waiting for a letter to tell me whether or not I might come to India this year. Just five weeks before the S. S. "City of Harvard" sailed from New York City for India, a cable came, "Wanted at once." The Lord through kind friends and loved ones more than supplied my outfit and transportation.

I'll grant you my feelings were rather varied when the gang-plank was lifted and we had our last glimpse of the dear U. S. A.—though tender feelings at the thought of separation from loved ones, but those of great joy by resting in the consciousness of being in the centre of the Lord's will. The Lord has promised that if we leave father and mother, brothers and sisters for the Gospel's sake we shall have blessings a hundredfold and inherit everlasting life. Of mothers and sisters there is certainly no lack at Mukti.

Several veteran missionaries and the oxmobile greeted our arrival at Kedgaon on the morning of October 17th. The word "Welcome" in large letters on the arch of the main gateway made me feel more like bowing down than to walk in, for I knew that the ground whereon I trod was Holy ground.

Surely if you could see this large company of women and children at the place of worship on Sunday morning, you would say, "The people which sat in darkness saw a great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death, light has sprung up."

His and your's for glad-service in India.

ELDA ARMSTUTZ.

"I will be a little sanctuary to them in the countries where they shall come." Ezekiel 11-16

This promise from the Lord is a comfort indeed and explains the feeling of being at home although I have not yet been a week at Mukti, as I write. How I praise the Lord for bringing me here, for the supply of the needs for coming, and for journeying mercies.

Our welcome to Mukti will not be easily forgotten. Then the assurance of prayer in the Home-land is and will be a source of strength in the days to come, should our Lord tarry.

We who are new have commenced language study. It will be a joy to be able to speak for the glory of Jesus.

Yours in His blessed service,

ENA HANNA

"How great is His goodness which He hath laid up for them that love Him." My heart is full of praise to God for His excellent loving kindness to me since leaving home. "When I sent you, lacked ye anything?" I can truly answer "Nothing", for He has so wondrously supplied my need in answer to prayer.

During the voyage many things caught one's eye, especially the beautiful Eastern sunsets, and these, being the work of His wondrous hands, spoke of His glory and beauty. I have realised in a deeper measure what Calvary must have meant to our blessed Lord, having seen multitudes yet in heathen darkness, and so sadly needing the touch of a Saviour.

Finally we arrived at Mukti, where we received a great welcome from the large family here. This will never be forgotten, and I praise God for accepting my life for this work. Pray that I may very quickly get the language to speak to these dear girls. I have already had two lessons from the Pandit and although it seems impossible, yet, "Nothing is impossible with Him". I have been much impressed when I have heard the girls singing in their own language the hymn "I am so glad that Jesus loves me". Oh, that they may each get to know this love in their hearts. And may I ever be kept a cleansed vessel "Sanctified and meet for the Master's use." "Till He Come"

GLADYS TILLET

#### Day of Prayer for China

On November eleventh all work in Mukti was put aside that we might join God's children in many parts of the earth who were bringing stricken China to the Throne of Grace in a day of prayer and fasting. The compound prayers before daylight, the workers, early meeting, the gathering of the whole Mukti family in the Church, and later the smaller prayer groups were all permeated with his presence. Though there were several meetings and many groups, yet there seemed to be a very marked unity and continuity throughout the day. We were all humbled before Him as we realized our great heart needs and the needs of the land for which we were praying. He wonderfully met us and refreshed our spirits. We were sure that our loving Heavenly Father had heard and answered us. Praise His Name.

#### Prayer Notes

The Touring season is again upon us. All missions are getting out for a time of seed sowing. This morning two of our own girls left for a few months of giving out the Gospel in quite new territory in a native State.

Please pray that this may be a really fruitful touring season. It may be the last before our Lord returns, we know not.

Pray for three of our girls who are entering on their second year of normal training to better fit them for the Lord's service. All passed their examinations well. One other, having completed her course of study, remains to help in Mukti.

Please continue to pray for funds for the needed buildings as well as for daily bread.

Yours In His Name,

EUNICE WELLS.