RAMABAI MUKTI MISSION

'PRAYER BELL'

September and October, 1928.

Dear Friends and Prayer Helpers,

It is time for another Prayer Bell, and we have been encouraged by letters from one and another saying how they look forward to it. We value every Praying Friend, and so we want to send you information that will help you to pray right through.

A gift of £300 to help finish building our church has given us much joy, also another of £40 toward the rebuilding of our sanatorium, which is in danger of falling down on the patients there.

Please pray that we may get the right workmen on this business and that God will give them a mind to work. There are a thousand and one difficulties to overcome in this land, that no one would dream of at home.

We praise God, too, for all the gifts that have been sent in for daily bread for this large family.

There is still a demand for Marathi Bibles, and we rejoice to get them scattered. Time is flying, opportunities are going, and Jesus is coming soon.

Again we would remind friends that a Post Card to Miss Kathleen Wright, 74 Holyhead Road, Handsworth, Birmingham, will bring them a Mukti Thank-offering Box, and we are praying that every box may bring blessing.

Our language students need much prayer. D.V. their first examination will be October 1st and 2nd. Will you hold them up to God? You'll see from the following how they need Him:

In a previous Prayer-Bell, prayer was requested for the Lord's help and blessing upon the language students, and we do even now solicit this. But just a line or two to tell you that we are sure your prayers are being answered. For I sincerely believe that it is the Lord giving us the courage and stickativeness needed until we acquire a fair hold of the language.

Our three months' stay at Mahableshwar in the Language School, we felt was a very profitable one. On this higher altitude there were only a very few times that we felt almost too hot to study. Coming back again it was a bit harder to buckle down to hard study, especially seeing the dear workers who had borne the heat of the plains, overcrowded with work. As I lift my eyes off my books and look through the door, I see one moushie (auntie) with quick step on her way to the barnyard to give the field-men their
orders for the day; one wends her way to the hospital and nursery; another to the cook-
room to see that all the girls and children get their proper amount of food and grain. 
Another must attend to, the wants of an early morning caller, and yet another hustles 
along to have an interview with the carpenters, ere they begin the day’s work. Along 
comes a bullock hitched to the water cart, and akkas (matrons) plus merry voices fill up the tank 
with plenty of water for the day. Here comes a partially blind girl leading some wholly 
blind, carrying material for the Blind School; there they make baskets, mats, etc., and then 
come creeping along the maimed and the halt ones, transporting stones for the mason’s use. 
Since the rains began I am very happy to see some lovely green blades of grass springing 
up in front of my door, and here comes my girl and roots it all up. I ask in surprise, ‘Now, 
why are you doing this,’ and in a subdued tone of voice she says moushie (auntie) told her to do 
it or else in a short time our yard will be infested with snakes and scorpions. I guess the moushie was right, and I had better resume my studies.

Now every noun in Marathi has its own gender. So before you can say one sentence 
in Marathi correctly you must know the gender of the subject as well as the complement. 
Just as important is it to remember that the verb ‘is’ never takes an object, and that the 
transitive verb in the past tense must have an instrumental subject. If the subject is 
inflected, then its modifiers must be inflected, too. We have been writing and telling a great 
many stories and are now learning the art of letter-writing. Reading and translating 
the Gospel of Luke in an Eastern language adds new colour, and adds new light to our understand­
ning of the Scriptures. We are hoping to sit for our first examination on the first of October. 
It is required that we write five compositions, one of which will be a short biography of the 
life of Pandita Ramabai. As we scan over the pages of history of this queen among the 
women of India, we stand in awe and wonder, and say, ‘Surely she was the Anointed of the 
Lord.’

E. AMSTUTZ.

‘O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His Name together.’ One is always 
glad to tell abroad what great things the Lord hath done. ‘The Lord is my strength and 
shield, my heart trusted in Him, and I am helped, therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth.’

I want you to keep on praying for me. So I’m sending a word or two about the 
language study. The greater part of the day is spent in the study of this somewhat 
complicated language. I praise God for the privilege of having this time, and one is 
anxious to make the best of it. I find the grammar difficult. It is so unlike our English 
grammar. The words here take what is called a ‘crude form,’ like many other things in 
India. I think I never read so many stories in my life as I am doing these days, and 
they all happen to be about animals. Then I am studying the Gospel of St. Luke, 
which is a blessing to me, because one has to note every word.

Some days are very dark, and you feel up against a high wall, as it were. It’s a good 
thing when we are fenced round like this to ‘Look up.’ I do praise God because of His help, 
and above all for the lessons He is teaching me of Himself, and His Word. Again and again 
we need to take a fresh hold upon Him, and stand upon the promises He has given. How 
good it is that we may claim them for our very own, they become life to us, and truly, 
‘There hath not failed one word of all His good promises.’
The Lord Jesus becomes more precious to my soul, and I realize more and more that life is worth living for His glory alone. To this end He has saved us. India needs Him, and those around us need Him and we long that they should get to know Him, and have Life Eternal. I thank every dear one who remembers me in prayer, and pray in return for His blessing upon them. And so we go on knowing that 'hidden in Christ' we need fear no defeat.

G. Tillott.

DISPENSARIES' REPORT

We do surely praise God for all His goodness to us and all His blessings showered upon us day by day. He is mindful of all our needs.

We praise Him for all His help in our dispensaries during the past year.

Eight hundred and forty-two patients have been treated in Mukti, a number of these are regular customers. We wish our girls knew Jesus as Healer as well as Saviour.

The girls flock into the dispensaries each morning from 8 a.m. until school time, most of them have aches and pains and coughs, etc. I sometimes ask them to tell me where they have not a pain. We treat them all in turn and do what we can for them.

How We need a Doctor

We get quite a number of delicate, little ones from the 'Blossoms' compound every day for a dose of cod liver oil, some swallow it like sugar plums and enjoy it. But the wry faces of others show that they think it a real nasty medicine. You would love to see them all standing in a row waiting to be dosed.

Then we have an outside dispensary where village people come from far and near. During the past year 1,016 cases have been treated. Some we are able to relieve and help, but others are almost past human help. All hear about Jesus the Sin-bearer, the Burden-bearer. Many of them hear of Him for the first time. Please pray for this scattered seed.

We have had quite a number of babies born in our hospital, some loved by their mothers and others not wanted, but our Heavenly Father loves them all and sometimes He lets us have them to bring up for Him.

Sometimes we get these cases from the villages round, but now and then the women are too ill to be brought so we have to go to them, they usually manage at such times with an ordinary village woman, but if there is anything abnormal then we are called. These are difficult tasks, but we praise God for His help and presence at such times. I also covet your prayers for a group of girls called 'Bethlehem.' These are the children of some of our married Christians. They live here and are educated here, and then go to their homes some distance away for holidays. I do want each one of them to know Jesus as their own Saviour.

May we be kept so in touch with Christ and so indwelt by His Spirit that we shall attract them to Him.

'It is not God's will that any should perish, but that all should come to Him and live.'

We do appreciate your prayers on our behalf. Eternity alone will reveal the work that has been wrought by prayer.

Cissie Morris.
Our *tonga-walla* (cart driver) died of cholera right on our premises, but the Lord has been such a wall of fire round about us, that we have had no more cases. Praise His Name. We depend upon you to help to surround us by prayer.

Yours in His Name,

M. Lissa Hastie.

*Ramabai Mukti Mission,*  
*Kedgaon, Poona Dist.,*  
*India.*