THE MISSIONS
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OCT 1 & 2

RAMABAI MUKTI MISSION

PRAYER BELL
September and October, 1929.

OUR DEAR PRAYER WORKERS:

Time flies very quickly, and another PRAYER BELL is due. We are half way through
the rainy season and we praise the Lord for the way He has been round about us all with
His protecting power and that, so far, our babies have weathered through. We constantly
lose them in the rains. This year He has let us keep them. They are so fascinating and
have such sweet ways that I'm sure you would all love them as much as we do, if you could
see them.

The monsoon began with great promise. We had some lovely showers of rain, and
grass sprang up, and trees and creepers put on a vivid dress of refreshing green, that was a
treat to see—all nature was rejoicing. Since then we have had weeks of drought and every­
thing is languishing, the green has a yellowish tint and vegetation everywhere is crying out
for rain. Thus a parable is enacted before our eyes, and we see how true Luke 8: 6, is, 'It
withered away because it lacked moisture.' So long as moisture was supplied everything was
at its best, and just so long as we keep in the moisture of the Holy Ghost, we too will be at
our best for our God and King. Praise Him, He Himself says 'I will water it every moment.'
We only need to keep in His Will with nothing between Him and us, and He gives the
'moisture.'

Two of our young workers will d.v. be sitting for the second language examination, on
October 1st and 2nd, and an earnest petition comes that you will pray them through, and,
that for the Glory of the Lord, they may pass and thus be more free for the work. They will
feel as though a burden had rolled away when examinations are over.

Several of our young people are asking to be baptised and thus confess Jesus Christ
as their Saviour; pray for wisdom and guidance concerning these.

Now that the weather is cooler our Gospel Bands are having fine opportunities. Four
of our young women went to Pandharpur for twelve days to help in giving the Gospel there
during a recent Hindu festival, where it is estimated 100,000 pilgrims assemble.

We have been so gladdened by the demand for English New Testaments; so great has
been the run on them, that our stock is exhausted. We need a fresh supply. How we thank
the Scripture Gift Mission, Dr. Heyman Wreford, and others who enable us to distribute the
Word of Life.

Many of those New Testaments have gone into a Native State, to young men who have
matriculated in a Hindu college. This State has been very hard, and many have prayed for
it. Is this the beginning of God's answer? What might it not mean for India if these young
men were led into the Light?

We have been having gales and hurricanes of wind lately and some of our poor old
walls have gone down, and we have come to the conclusion that to rebuild with proper bricks instead of the sun-dried ones, will be real economy though it means a greater outlay at first.

You will be glad to hear something of the Needlework Department and of the Nursery, and our Bible School, these reports were too late for our last Prayer Bell.

NEEDLEWORK

'Whoso offereth praise glorifieth Me.' During the past year there has been much to praise and thank God for. Truly it has been, 'Stitch, Stitch, Stitch'; monotony perhaps, but pretty bedspreads, table cloths and tray cloths of every size have been produced, and many lessons have been learned in patience and perseverance. I, as well as the girls, have had lessons to learn. Some one said to me lately, 'Do you never get tired of the needlework?' 'Tired? Yes and very tired.' 'But I thought you loved the work so much?' 'Only because I know I am in the place God wants me to be;' and I praise Him because in the hard places He is there.

The girls are often trying. They are not all good, and not all naughty. Thank God for those who are His, and show by their life and conduct they follow the Lord. There are those who seem far away. But God is able to save them to the uttermost. One girl I keep just behind my chair; she does not like this, but her tongue never ceases and she is fond of taking what does not belong to her, and may be it is an accident when she speaks the truth, yet 'God is able.' Will some one strong in faith take her on their heart and daily pray for her?

One of the young girls who has just left school, works for half a day in the Store Room and half a day sewing; she, too, can be very tiresome. One day she lost her needle, and would not look for it; my attention was called to her doing drawn thread work, a fine pattern on a handkerchief, with a safety pin. I called her and made her shew me how she managed to be so skilful. She can do nice work though she is such a mischief.

By the returns, more work has been done this year than last. Many letters have been received saying how satisfied customers were.

We still have orders for the G.I.P. Railway badges which keep a number of girls busy. We try to let them work only half a day, as stooping over the frames is very trying. The order is for 3,000 three times a year, which means constant work.

A corrugated iron partition has been taken down in the workroom, and a brick wall has been put up, and a new store room built for which we are very grateful.

At present there are three girls doing plain sewing, dresses for children and babies, and skirts and jackets for the defectives, etc. etc.

Thank God for the matrons and helpers who have worked so well, easing me of many burdens. The younger girls after ordinary school closes, come in to us for half an hour; it is quite a change for them, and they enjoy learning to sew, and we hope it will fit them for the future and make them more useful women.

VISITORS

'Use hospitality one to another'—1 Pet. 4: 9. We had 176 visitors last year, some came just for the day, others for a few days, and some for even longer periods. Many come from
other lands. We are so pleased to welcome them. They all want to see the work established by dear Pandita Ramabai.

Often one is plied with all kinds of questions. People are so surprised to find not a Mission Station but a village of some 600 people. As we walk round the place, those who visit us for the first time are surprised at the extent of it. One visitor remarked, 'When I saw all the workers together I wondered what you found to do.' When she had finished going round she wondered how so few could do the great amount of work needed to keep things going in proper order. Truly, there is no lack of work.

Our babies, of course, come in for much attention; some chatter, some cry, but all are taken notice of, and visitors seek to make friends with the little ones.

We have been glad to make our visitors' rooms a bit more comfortable, some of them have had stone floors put in, in place of the earthen ones. Things have been added to make the work lighter for the girls who attend to our friends.

We do indeed praise God for all the help given, and we pray that our visitors may have received a little lift nearer to Him Who meets our every need.

E. P. Browne.

MUKTI NURSERY

'He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death.' If it was possible for all our praying friends to take a walk into our Mukti Nursery I think the foremost question each would ask would be, 'How did you get hold of these babies? Where did they come from?' The history of each little one would be a different story, but suffice it to say that each child hath 'He brought out of darkness and the shadow of death.' They seem to be sent right from His Hand into our midst.

Mukti is an ever open door for baby girls. We always feel delighted when one is brought to us, and a well of joy springs up in our hearts when we think of His great Father Heart of love. He still says, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.' As each child comes along, He seems to whisper, 'Take this child and nurse it for Me,' and we are showing our love to Him by feeding His lambs. What a blessed privilege He has bestowed upon us all, on those of us here who care for these little tots, and also upon all the dear ones who take them on their hearts and pray for them, and sacrifice, to send gifts which make it possible to keep the children.

I often wish you could just see your little adopted girls, nearly always in mischief and playing baby tricks just like our white children. Colour makes no difference along this line.

The last little girl that was brought to us is 4½ months' old and weighs 7½ lbs. She was like a wee doll when she came and had arms like sticks, all broken out in sores. They are healed up now after being cared for, and she looks very sweet with her little round face. She is always smiling and seems so pleased that she has been brought somewhere where she is wanted and cared for and loved. Her name is Premala—Love. If you could see her you would say she was a 'love.' She lies in her cot either sucking her thumb, or playing with her hands, or crying out, reminding one of her feed time.

One day on going into the nursery, just about feed time, I found one of the older ones, Jivan, four years' old, trying to get one of the wee mites to ask a blessing before taking her
feed of milk. She had succeeded in getting the little one's hands together and holding them so, but could not get her to repeat the words after her, and after some time she gave it up.

Many of these babies seem to have a fight to live. The rainy season is very hard on them. But we do praise God for the measure of health He has given them thus far this year, and the greatest desire of our hearts is that each one may grow up to really love and serve Jesus and to be a power for God in this dark, dark land of India, if He should tarry; otherwise we would rather see them taken to be with Himself now, while they are little. Each one is a life to which He has a right, whether it be to live or die, and we say 'Thy will be done' in each life.

Pray for them that even from babyhood Jesus may be very real to them. Also please pray for their Elder Sisters who care for them, that His smile may be upon them, and that all they say and do may tend to draw the little ones to Him. Then pray that we all may be more and more keen to satisfy His Heart, and as we seek the extension of His Kingdom may we work as pleasing Him 'Who loved us and gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.'

G. Tillett.

**BIBLE SCHOOL**

A few weeks ago our usual Wednesday evening service took a unique form when certificates were presented to the successful candidates in the recent Bible School examination.

One of our Indian workers, Bhimabai Harischandra, taught the class for the last two years and excellent work has been done, the 'Course' covering most of the Books of the Old and New Testaments, as well as several books dealing with Biblical History and Evangelism.

The pastor, however, pointed out that the candidates had shown a good general knowledge of the Bible which had helped them through, almost more than the study of the prescribed books. This is the fruit of the past years of labour and instruction given by Pandita Ramabai and her fellow-workers, and we rejoice to know so good a foundation has been laid.

Our pastor is a keen Bible student and had been one of the examiners, so that it was with sympathetic understanding he conducted this service. Each hymn was suitably chosen, as also was the reading of the 19th Psalm. After a few remarks on selected verses from Psalm 119 the presentation of certificates was made by Miss Macdonald. Out of thirteen candidates, ten were successful, two of these being blind teachers.

As each recipient went forward she was loudly applauded by clapping of hands, and once we were reminded of our Western young school folk by the prolonged applause with which some of the younger members greeted the matron of their own compound, thus giving expression to the feeling of unity and good-will existing between them.

We would ask our friends to continue in prayer with us that these women who have spent so much time in the study of God's Word, and who now frequently help to form the Gospel Bands as they go out into the villages around, may indeed be made 'Wise unto salvation through the faith which is in Christ Jesus.'

I. Craddock.
BUILDING

Many friends who have been sending gifts for building and repairs will be waiting to hear what has been done.

We sang a joyous chorus when Bartimi Sadan’s new building was dedicated. There were even then some finishing touches to do later, and now we are saying farewell to ‘Bartimi’ as far as repairs are concerned for a time. Mukti is like a worn out garment. One hole is patched and, immediately, another appears. There is no end to the repairs. Some few more important things have been accomplished. The big hospital with the sheet iron roof has been covered with tiles, and made comfortable for the heat and safe for the rain. The tiles were a gift from Australia, for which we thank the donors very much. The hospital veranda needed repairs, we knew, but when we came to do it, we found it all ready to tumble down; so down came the whole thing and in a little over a week a new one was up, the whole length of the hospital (110 ft.) eight feet wide, and it is there to stay. This is a great comfort to patients and nurses.

The water pipes had caused us much trouble and hard work, and were not a great success either, so we launched out and bought and installed new ones, at no very great expense and now the water flows into Bai’s Friends’ (Defectives’) compound with no difficulty. Had you seen the poor creatures, all dripping wet, carrying water from a distant tank, the lame, halt, and blind, you would not begrudge the few rupees we put into the pipes, to make their work easier. How grateful they were to us for those pipes. ‘Par oopkar manté.’ Our heads, arms and legs ached so and we got all wet. Now we have ‘sook’ (ease). Three toilets have been built and in use for months. The rain hindered this work. For years the dining-room veranda has been a menace to heads. One got weary of saying to each newcomer ‘Mind your head’! At last it was pulled down and a new, wide, and sufficiently high veranda has been built to ensure the safety of all heads.

Last year the rain brought down hundreds of feet of mud walls. We could not rebuild them, so have substituted corrugated iron sheets for walls. The old timbers left from the verandas, furnished material to repair the roofs of the bullock stalls, so the animals are now comfortably housed.

A group of five or six women have done hundreds of yards of tiling. For weeks, during the hot season, they were on the roofs, and even still are tiling. Poor girls, they have worked hard and received only a little extra remuneration for their work and been happy. Had we hired labour for all this work done, the bill would have astonished the ‘moushies’ (aunties) in the office. Last year the girls were requested to pray for money to buy a lakh (1,00,000) of tiles. All these have been bought and more, Praise the Lord! The roofs of the printing press rooms are still waiting until we can find time for them. Minor things, such as howds (small tanks), gutters, bath places, repairs on the wells are really too numerous to mention, but all represent much time and expense, and are still going on.

The hot season had been rather strenuous, hence we found it necessary to halt for a time of rest. The sanatorium for the T.B. patients is the next work ahead. The foundations were laid out months ago, but we were unable to build them until other things were out of the way and we could put our whole working force to it.
The church is too big a proposition for us women to undertake and we must wait until a good builder brother is able to engineer the enterprise.

Please be patient with us. We are doing what we can as fast as we can with the working force we have. India moves slowly at best, but we will plod on to finish by God's help and grace.

Yours in His Name,
EUNICE WELLS,
M. LISSA HASTIE.

Ramabai Mukti Mission,
Kedgaon, Poona District,
India.