PRAYER BELL

November and December, 1929.

OUR DEAR PRAYER WORKERS,

By the time this reaches some of you, if the Lord tarries, it will be Christmas once again, and we would wish you all 'A Happy Christmas.' Happy, with hearts running over with joy for the wonderful Full Salvation that Jesus gives; happy, in the blessed hope that soon we'll see Him face to face; happy, yes happy, in the privilege that some have, of suffering for Him—perhaps that is the highest kind of service to be trusted with, and brings the deepest happiness and closer heart to heart fellowship with the 'Man of Sorrows.'

It cheers our hearts as we look back and see all we wanted to do and hoped to do and didn't get done, that Jesus knows and credits each one with all that they had in their hearts to do for Him, as well as what has been accomplished.

Day by day we have been seeking in many ways to make Jesus known, and to show forth His Salvation to our ever changing family, and to those in the villages around, and others who migrate along the Government road that passes our doors.

A number of our girls have been married and now have homes of their own, and it is good to see how they know the value of prayer, for never a letter comes from them without a reminder to pray for them; one said 'Pray that I may order my household aright.' Think of them among the vileness and wickedness and darkness of heathenism, seeking to keep their lights burning; and answer their requests by praying for them.

Some of our girls, we are glad to say, have gone forth as Bible-women, and others are offering to go.

Several have gone to the Heavenly Home where they will have no more sin or sorrow.

Then new girls have come in, some, alas! into our Rescue Home, but even there, 'all things are possible to Him,' and He takes these blasted, blighted lives and makes them 'new creatures in Christ Jesus.' There are still some among them who are hard and indifferent and resentful. Are they waiting for you to intercede for them at the Throne of Grace? Oh, don't let them miss getting softened and melted because you haven't prayed faithfully!

There are others who have come to us because parents have died and they were sent to Mukti's ever open door. Sometimes missionaries find these children and pass them on to us, and we are glad, because we see in each life, one that Christ has died for, and we expect them to be 'Something for Him.'

Many are the 'not wanted' babies that come in, and as they grow up, they help to keep us young, and bring a joy into our lives that repays all the care they need and, oftimes, anxiety they cost.
One of these babies came recently, brought by a woman who had evidently some compassion in her. The wee mite was only eight days old; her mother had died and the father didn't care if she died or what became of her. We took her into the nursery and the first thing the worker there did was to give her a good bath, at least she thought it was a good one. Next morning the little one was being proudly shown to the children as 'the new baby.' We noticed some funny, black looking things hanging down from her ears, and wondered whatever they could be. I even tried giving one a gentle pull but it seemed embedded in the skin. I said, 'They look like things I've seen on dogs but they can't be that.' It was a puzzle. Next day we discovered they were 'ticks,' that get on the animals and cause them no little pain. Poor baby! her cradle must have been where the buffaloes and cows were. Hindu people and animals all live in together often. So baby's bath had to be repeated and the 'ticks' pulled out. Now she is sweet and clean, and has such a pink face that we have called her 'Pushpa' which means 'Flower.' If you had been in the nursery the day she came, you would have heard such exclamations as 'Oh, where are we going to get napkins for her? Oh, she needs woolen socks for her feet! We must find a little frock or two for her. What are we going to do for vests for her? Oh, she needs a blanket and we haven't any!' And so on, but our Father, Who sends these little ones, never fails to provide food and clothing too, for is He not their Father!

We have another big compound of bigger children, such a crowd of them. Some of them are so delicate and often ailing, we do so want the 'Life more abundant' for them for both body and soul.

There is another section of the work that you seldom hear of, but it is none the less needing prayer and love. This is the part of Mukti where our older women live. Oh, dear, how they need helping! For many years most of them have worked hard in Mukti, indeed many are still working as field-women, washerwomen, carpenters, etc.; but they are getting old and infirm and often times nothing is right, and they quarrel and are cantankerous, and work gets irksome, and somehow they cannot always lay hold of God for help; many of them cannot read their Bibles. They need a helping, cheering hand and we have the privilege of being 'Helpers together by prayer.' Do pray that they may get more taken up with Jesus and let His blessed sunshine in.

You would have rejoiced could you have stepped into Mukti on a recent Prayer Day. After the morning gathering for prayer and praise in the church, we wended our way to a tank and there we had a holy, joyful time as nine of our young women confessed Christ as their Saviour, and were baptised by our Indian pastor; a young lad, too, was baptised, the son of one of our Christian families. One could almost feel the Presence of the Lord brooding over us, and surely He was there, seeing of the travail of His soul and rejoicing that some more of India's people had covenanted to follow Him. Pray for these, that amid a multitude of difficulties and temptations undreamt of in our different home lands, they may keep loyal and true to the Lord Jesus Christ, and show others what it means to be saved from sin.

One Sunday afternoon the Blossoms had a lesson on 'Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.' They had never seen snow, so it was a bit difficult. Two imitation snow-balls sent among some toys were requisitioned, and proved very attractive and
illuminating; then from a bundle of old picture cards we sorted out those with snow scenes on and distributed them. At night, as we walked through the dormitory, we noticed the snow cards at the head of the sleepers. Thus we seek to get 'Truth' into hearts that will bring forth fruit for the King of kings.

You would know how hard Miss Wells has been working, and how God has been answering prayer, if you could see how high the walls of our new sanitorium are. Materials have been more expensive than we expected and she keeps saying, 'We'll need more money you know.' But our Father knows, and the building is for Him. We have cried much to Him about it, and have sought to get His pattern, and our heart's petition is that it may glorify His dear name.

We do so thank every one who labours with us in prayer. Pray that souls may get to know Jesus, and that all in Mukti may hunger after the riches of God, and that we may each one so realise the nearness of His coming that we'll live as though He was coming today.

'Behold I come quickly.'

'We're waiting for the Lord,
Thy beauty to see Lord,
We're waiting for Thee, for Thy coming again,'

Yours in that blessed Hope,

Eunice Wells,

M. Lissa Hastie.

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