RAMABAI MUKTI MISSION

PRAYER BELL

American Council,
Ramabai Mukti Mission,
240 West 44th St.,
New York.

January and February, 1932.

OUR DEAR PRAYER HELPERS,

This has to go to press long before 1932 dawns, but we pray for each one of you 'A Blessed, Holy, Happy New Year.' As our Lord tarries may He find in us those who are ever ready to His hand for His use, and may we each one gladden Him more than we have ever done before. As we look around in the world, there seems tumult and distress of nations and strife everywhere. We fear for India, stormy days lie ahead; yet, Jesus is our King of 'Peace.' He stands in the midst and says, 'My peace I give unto you,' so, just as at the centre of every storm there is a calm, so, amid all the storms that may yet arise in this land, the Lord keeps His own in perfect peace. 'Naught can harm the Father's child.'

The past year has been a year full of His love and daily provision; aye, and of discipline, too, and we praise Him for all. He knows how to educate us, may we be quick to learn of Him and not have turned lessons.

Miss Bjoland, of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, has recently become a member of the Ramabai Mukti Mission. She very kindly helped us for two or three months in 1931, and then came back as a loan for as long as we need her for the accounts, etc.

We are so glad she has sent a message to all our helpers, which you will enjoy and it will remind you to pray for her.

TWO NEWCOMERS

By A NEWCOMER

All of a sudden I find myself a member of the well-known 'Mukti' family, and with the rank of 'Moushie' (Auntie), if you please, bestowed upon me! While still busy rubbing my eyes, as it were, with the feeling of unawakeness to this reality, the ringer of the PRAYER BELL awakens me to another fact—that I must write my letter of introduction if I wish to get acquainted with our numerous relatives, far and wide. To miss so rare a privilege would be my great loss, and hence I am today taking this opportunity of sending forth my first 'salaam' to you, who are separated from us by lands and seas and yet are such a vital part of this great Household of Faith.

But I must let you in on the secret that I am only an adopted child—a loan from the C. and M.A. Mission. However, the queer-sounding title of 'Moushie' (a new word in my vocabulary) gives me a feeling of security, for during my brief sojourn here I have come to interpret that appellation as the seal of the genuine Mukti-ite! So, whatever the newcomer
may be, it is on the strength of this new name that she appeals for adoption into your hearts and prayers.

Although I am not a stranger in India, having for some years been in the Gujarati-speaking district, yet I feel very new these days! Almost as new as the five-weeks-old bit of humanity that was ushered into the office yesterday, by a worker eager to show us the latest arrival—another baby. The mother, just one more of India’s countless wronged widows, brought her to our doorstep, fitted out with nothing more or less than her birthday suit and her daily dose of opium. Even the customary string, that holds in place the little charm to ward off ‘the evil eye,’ was absent in this case—perhaps because she is nothing but a girl. As we exclaimed over the beauty of the little body, and the pretty face and head crowned with raven locks, we gladly adopted this unloved and unwanted mite into our family circle, believing that we have here another opportunity to nurture a soul for Him who said, ‘Whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me?’ On that Day when Jesus shall come to make up His jewels, shall little ‘Marneke’ (Ruby)—for such we have named her—not be found among them, ‘clothed with the garments of salvation,’ because she learned to know Him at our united family altar?

As I mingle with the veteran workers, who have spent and been spent in a ‘labour of love’ here, and also as I think of that choice Handmaid of the Lord who was the heart of Mukti, I am made very conscious of my own unworthiness, but also of His boundless grace. May that grace bring us ‘forth also into a large place’ during this new year, and may the constraining love of Christ make it possible for us unitedly to replenish the fires of the family altar with that fuel which shall make for heavenly power and count for the highest efficiency in claiming for Christ, out of India’s benighted millions, those who shall pass our way.

Yours in His glad service,

CLARA BIOLAND.

GIVING OR SHARING

We have been having lessons taught us on giving lately. From the very beginning of the work ‘tithing’ was made a strong point. Pandita used to tithe every bit of money that came to Mukti; and how many people have been helped thus, and tided over difficulties and helped Godward, only the ‘Morning’ will reveal. Perhaps lately we have been a bit slack along this line, and so our blessed Master has been letting us feel the pinch of things—we got to the place where we had no money. Our Matrons and elder girls began to think of their ‘giving,’ and brought in to us rice and wheat and grain, so that the children would not go lacking. It cheered our hearts to see this spirit among them. It seemed as though the old lessons, taught long ago, were bearing fruit anew.

The precious Book says, ‘A little child shall lead them,’ and we find it true here.

Among our little children is a wee waif of about five years, passed on to us by another missionary. This same lady sent a parcel to the child the other day, it contained a warm quilt, for the nights are cold now, and a little chest of drawers made out of match boxes, not of much value, but to that child it was like gold. It was good to watch her face and see the expression, as she stood by my knee and I showed her how to open the drawers and together we examined the contents—beads in one, an Armistice Day poppy in another, two with a peppermint in, and one had a pice in and another had a pice in (one farthing). Her little brown face was a study; it showed real interest. This was the first toy of her own
that she had ever had, and the first money she had ever had. How do you think it was spent? One farthing for sweets and one for Father God. Don’t you think that was more than ‘giving’? Was it not sharing?

What joy she had over it. A few days later she ran after me to show me a farthing’s worth of sweets she had bought, and, said she, ‘I have the other pice for Father God.’

Next Sunday is the monthly offering day. Some give! How many, like the little one, ‘share’ with Jesus?

Truly ‘a little child shall lead them,’ and we learned a new lesson that day.

May we know more of ‘sharing’ with Jesus this New Year, and then we’ll know a deep closer intimacy that will mean much in our own lives and to others, too.

Just a line from the Hospital. Miss Hanna writes:

‘Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.’—Ps. 103:2. In our little hospital all the temperatures are usually taken before breakfast and the all-important mouth-washing—quite a big thing in India. Ground charcoal is used to clean their teeth and a piece of twig, or more often the fore finger, as a tooth brush. Our tooth brushes would be considered quite useless.

Breakfast is at 8.30, then there is the usual cleaning to be done and medicine to be given, etc.

Nothing is on a very elaborate scale, still our patients usually get well fairly quickly, and this is not to be wondered at, for have not we a Mighty God who loves to answer prayer! If you could run in to our early morning prayer meeting, you would hear the petitions go up for the sick ones and those in special need. Lately we have had quite a number of girls down with a kind of cold and rise of temperature, but here again the Lord has undertaken for us. Dr. S. Esberri prescribed the treatment, and surely the Lord has added His blessing on it.

Now, I am having prayers in the hospital usually every day but Saturdays; those who are able to get up gather on the verandah or in one of the wards. We have singing and prayer and a portion of the Word.

Pray that I may be made a blessing in this corner of His vineyard.

E. Hanna.

So day by day we seek to be His channels to needy souls. You are perhaps weary of the refrain, ‘Pray For Us,’ but the Lord is teaching us these days the wonder-working power of prayer, so we ask you to help by prayer.

Yours for Himself,

Eunice Wells,
M. Lissa Hastie.

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