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# RAMABAI MUKTI MISSION PRAYER BELL

KEDGAON, POONA DISTRICT, INDIA

January-February 1940



This number of the PRAYER BELL has to press long before 1940 is here. As we think of the many sad hearts and bereaved homes, we just cannot use the ordinary greeting of 'A Happy New Year,' but there is one real way of joy open to all, through our Lord Jesus Christ. If we look away to Him and realise that He knows every circumstance that touches us and that He stands alongside of us with His help and comfort a wonderful peace and stillness fills our being and we understand in a deeper way the meaning of 'Alone, yet not alone, the Father is with me' (John 16: 32). Oh, let us crave a closer, deeper fellowship with Him and crave to know Him better and to be something for His Own heart, during the days that may yet be to come, and it will be a blessed year. He gives us so much, what do we give to Him? As a promise for each day, will you look at John 16: 20, 'Your sorrow shall be turned into joy.' We have had some exciting, hectic days. First, there was glad anticipation of two new workers coming to Mukti; next there was the sending off of some one to meet them and escort them from Bombay; then the busy decorating, and the preparation of the school children to sing their welcome; and lastly the waiting and looking for a telegram to tell us the train in which they would come. Excitement rose higher as the 'Ford' came in sight bringing its precious load. Now the songs burst forth, smiles and welcomes from many gathered along the sides of the gate and on the pathway, glad shouts, too, of 'Auntie, Auntie,' as one and another pressed up closer to the newcomers. Now they are settled in, and are hard at language-study. Pray for them as 'For His Sake' they strive to get to know the

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sounds and twirls and idioms of Marathi, the language spoken in this wide district of some millions of people; pray, too, for Misses Fletcher and Callan, as they expect to have an examination in February early in the month.

Babies still come along to Mukti unwanted and unloved, and we feel each wee mite is sent of the Lord, a gift from Him, to be given back to Him—we hope as joyous witnesses of His love and care and salvation.

Just at present Toddlers and Blossoms and school children, aye and grown-ups, too, are looking forward to Christmas, wondering how long it will be before it comes. Now you will all be very interested in the following messages from our two latest arrivals:

(1) A journey from America to India in war time.

(2) First impressions of Mukti.

Prayer Helpers, rally your forces and fight prayer battles and help us through these difficult last days.

Our King expects us to be faithful and true, and we depend on you, too. 'Press on.'

### **A Journey from America to India**

'For He shall give His angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways.'—Psa. 91: 11.

As I set sail at eventide of October 6 from San Francisco, California, God flooded my soul with His peace which passeth all understanding. I committed loved ones, friends and native land into God's hands and drew nearer to Jesus. I claimed the 91st Psalm for all my needs for the journey.

It seemed rather strange the first few days not to see any land but only water and blue sky. I never had had to trust the Lord as I learned to trust Him on the sea, for we knew there were dangers along the way of mines, etc.

Our first stopping place was Honolulu. Oh, how good it was to see land again! A friend of our party—of 16 of one faith—met us and showed us about in the city. Needless to say it was a thrill to walk on earth again.

As we journeyed on, we visited Yokohama and Kobe. It was interesting to see another nation for whom Jesus died.

Now we set sail towards Shanghai. Here Rev. and Mrs. Jacobson and Miss Hilty met us at the boat. Even though I

had never met them before it did not take long to get acquainted. Here I had my first introduction to a Chinese meal with chopsticks. We visited many places of interest, and they will live long in our memories.

Within a few days journey we arrived at Hong Kong where we again had the privilege of meeting some more Alliance missionaries. They did their utmost to make our time pleasant. In visiting these ports my missionary vision has been greatly increased. I saw the harvest field white and ready to harvest and the labourers few. 'Pray ye.'

After leaving China we had to get ready to embark at Manila where we transhipped. How happy we were that here also some more of God's people welcomed us and gave us their kindest assistance. I had the joy of giving a word of testimony to the Manila Baptist Bible students. It was a treat indeed to see their faces all aglow.

We also called at Penang, Singapore and Colombo. Our stay was short at these ports but very interesting.

After a forty-four days journey we arrived in Bombay, India. Words fail me to tell how I felt. Two dear sisters from Mukti Mission were at the gate to receive us. It seemed as though some of the family had come to bring me home. English and Indian officers, as we went through the customs, showed such courtesy as though they were happy to have us in India.

As we boarded a train for Kedgaon, we were delighted with a nice bed to rest on. We stopped at Poona and the market place was visited. This, of course, was extremely interesting.

Now entrained for Ramabai Mukti Mission, as we neared the station we saw some more of the family waiting for us. As the train stopped, we heard the chorus, 'Welcome to Mukti.' So we jumped into the waiting Ford, and in a few minutes we saw the rest of the family ready to receive us at Mukti's ever open door. Then we spied crowds of faces all aglow, singing choruses in Marathi and English, 'Bless them, Lord, and make them a blessing.'

I now realized I had reached the place to which the Lord had called me. Yes, the Lord has given me a peculiar love for India's people. I shall add the promises with which the Lord has blessed me many times:

Joshua 1: 9, 16, 17. . . . 'Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest. All that thou commandest me I will do, and whithersoever thou sendest me, I will go—only, Lord God, be with me as Thou wast with Moses.'

Prayer warriors, may God reward you for your faithfulness. He has answered your prayers. Praise Him. I would appreciate your continued prayer interest.

MARIE SCHRAG.

### First Impressions of 'Mukti'

Mukti! After a long and perilous journey over sea and land, and the exciting train ride from Bombay with Miss Woodward and Miss Amstutz, how the sight of these 'walls of salvation' warmed our hearts! There were the 'moushies' (aunties) gathered at the gate to greet us, and just inside, the school girls waited, greeting us with songs of welcome as we stepped from the car. Gay little banners were hung about, and smiles adorned the faces of the girls as they welcomed the two new 'moushies.' It was a home-coming fit to melt the hardest heart, and how our hearts did go out to them as we listened to their song! Pray that the joy of Christ will dwell richly in each of them, that as they go out from Mukti they may spread that joy abroad in places where no foreign missionary could go.

Next came a tour of the compounds including the hospital, Bartimæus Sadan for the blind, Bai's friends' compound, sewing department, rescue home, farm, sanatorium, and the nursery where the baby toddlers crowded around and in lisped Marathi tried to tell us all about everything.

In the afternoon we visited the school and gave short testimonies which Bhimabai interpreted in her musical Marathi. Then the girls sang again as four of them hung huge garlands about our necks. We felt like queens come home to the kingdom, yet so undeserving of all this honour.

The welcome was wonderful, but that was just the beginning. It is such a joy to move among the girls and speak a few words with them in Marathi, for we studied a bit with Krishnabai in America, with Miss Bernice Steed on the ship, and now with the

Pandit. How good it is to be able to understand a word here and there of all that is being said around us!

The babies know us now and run to meet us or smile at us from their cribs whenever we visit the nursery. The school girls, vivid and smiling in their multi-coloured *saris*, are a joy to teach. What a contrast they are to the sad faces of the non-Christians on the streets of Bombay, Poona and the villages we have seen! Thank God for places like Mukti where souls are saved, hearts are made happy, and girls are wanted, loved and cared for.

In and out among her 700 girls Miss Wells goes, like the little general that she is, directing here and suggesting there, seeing that all goes smoothly. She is the beloved 'mama' to all of the girls. Miss Hastie gathers the accounts of the interesting incidents occurring in the various compounds and sends them to you, that when you, in your hearts, ring the prayer bell at the Saviour's feet, your prayers may be sweet with the incense of thanksgiving for the blessings He daily pours upon Mukti, and that you may join us in our morning and evening petitions for salvation for every girl who comes to Mukti, and also for the material needs.

Miss Hastie and Miss Fletcher supervise the office and do the corresponding and treasury work, and Miss Fletcher teaches English. Miss Woodward carefully supervises the care of the infants and toddlers as well as grain supplies and grinding work. Miss Amstutz has the children's compounds, and what a handful and heartfelt these merry girls are! Mrs. Hahn in the sewing, painting and blind department helps the girls to turn out exquisite needlework and basketry, while Mr. Hahn has the huge responsibility of the farm work and witnessing to the village people, especially the men, who come in to work on the farm. Miss Morris and Miss Callan in the hospital, rescue home and dispensaries have a great ministry to souls as well as bodies, and are on call day and night. Miss Fletcher, Miss Callan and the Bible-women and Indian school teachers also carry on Sunday schools in the surrounding villages. All the missionaries have numerous other duties and offices that we have not yet observed.

It is such a privilege to hear the girls singing in their early morning worship service each day and to join with the mission-

aries in prayer for all nations and mission fields of the world and for the homelands, our own India and Mukti as well. We yearn to have each of you who read this, join with us in ringing prayer bells before the throne of grace. Can we depend on you?

EDNA SHAVER.

*Ramabai Mukti Mission,  
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India.*

Yours in the fight,  
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