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RAMABAI MUKTI MISSION

PRAYER BELL

July—August, 1950



KAMALA

UNTO HIM

As rocks that had to be chiselled and cleansed, carved and polished, they came to us, four tiny girls who needed love and protection from that which is darkness. In their growing up there were the painful times that hurt, the joyous times that are heaven given, the purifying times, the gracious times. As the qualities He has given of trueness began to glow in the polishing, Mukti hearts rejoiced over four new cornerstones fit for the temple of His building. They have gone to training schools that they might become Bible-women who will adorn the gospel as they proclaim its glad tidings to their own people. May we ask for them your prayers, for these once unwanted children of India who have become daughters of the King?—CAROL TERRY

TARA

SHALINI

PREMILA



FRUIT THAT IS RIPENING

Almost twenty years ago a fourteen-year-old Brahman mother came to Mukti. She held in her arms her own baby—a tiny, opium-fed scrap of humanity. The baby was put in our Krupa Sadan nursery. It is not hard to imagine the prayer that must have ascended to the Lover of little children that this little life might be spared and brought up for Him. Our records say that in the nursery she was very weak and was late in walking. Later in the Blossoms' compound she had to be nursed and prayed through pneumonia. But God heard and answered prayer, and, as she grew up, she fell in love with Him. One day she accepted Christ as the Saviour and Lord of her life.

Today, if you would walk through our big stone archway under the wind-charger tower and then turn to the left, you would find a large room—the Kindergarten where she teaches. On school days in the midst of thirty starry-eyed children you will find Moti, whose name means 'Pearl'. Her ways among them are ways of kindness. The Lord has given her much love for tiny tots and a super abundance of patience for teaching them.

When word came that Moti had passed her Kindergarten Training Course, I almost ran to her room to break the news. Her eyes lighted with joy. Words would not come for a minute. When she did speak she said, 'God has given me the fruit of faithful study. I will give Him the praise.'

Moti's story is typical of many whom the Lord has loaned to us, girls whose lives bear testimony to the faithfulness and greatness of our God. Along with Moti there are ten others who would like to share their joy with you, girls who this year have reached the attainment of a goal and would give to God their praise.

Dorcas and Suwarna have passed their three-year Bible School Course. Elizabeth has passed her first-year Government Nurses' Examination. Orpha, Krupa and Indira have passed their Primary School Leaving Certificate Examination. Sarala has graduated from high school. Dayawanti and Rajas have passed their Training Course for Primary Teachers and Vimal has added to her B.A. degree the Bachelor of Teaching degree from a college in Poona.

We believe that each would say as Moti has—'God has given me the fruit of faithful study. I will give Him the praise.'—JEAN MACGREGOR

A SACRED TASK

Perhaps no weapon in the Christian armoury has met with more contemptuous ridicule than the Word of God. To some people the mere sight of even a portion of the Bible is as a red flag to a bull. They will not merely cast it aside, but will tear it with the utmost vindictiveness in the spirit of that King of Judah, of whom we read in Jeremiah 36 that, when three or four pages of God's message had been read to him, he cut them with a penknife and cast them into the fire until the whole roll was consumed. Others present a quieter but equally determined resistance, saying, 'Not for us.' But there is always a residue of thirsty souls who welcome a draught from the wells of salvation.

One of the happiest months of my life was spent distributing Gospels and New Testaments, taking the Bible van from Nasik to Nagpur, stopping at each village, town and city. In a small town we opened our Bible van and played a few gramophone records of Christian songs. We were in front of a Hindu temple. A few young high school boys gathered around us asking for Gospels, which we gladly sold to them. When they had about fifteen of the Gospels in their possession, they stood a few yards away from us and tore the books in small pieces. Then lighting a match to them, they said, 'Here burn the Holy Scriptures of the Christians.' The very sight and the teasing words made indignation well up within me, but controlling myself, I sent up an earnest prayer. Immediately the reply came, and with a peaceful mind I quoted them the wonder verse from Isaiah 40:8, 'The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the Word of our God shall stand for ever.' Then I told them that they were burning only paper, but the Word of our God would stand for ever. The Words of the Holy Scripture, His promise, went home to their hearts, and they all were convicted of their act and felt truly sorry. They asked forgiveness before the whole crowd, and, buying more Gospels from us, they promised that they would read them through.

In a big city I spent a day with the late Rev. W. Fletcher distributing Scripture portions. After I had sold a few Gospels on the main street, Mr. Fletcher told me that I would not be able to sell more there, for years ago he had packed his motor car with Ramabai's translation of the Bible and had given them away freely to all who could read in that big city. He also said that he knew there were faithful readers of the Word of God. To prove this, he took me to a Hindu temple where a Hindu

Brahman priest was living. It was a morning hour and the priest was getting ready to go into the temple for worship. When he saw us, he asked us to wait for him until he returned from his worship. Mr. Fletcher asked him how he was and whether he read the Bible which had been given to him years ago. He went into his room, brought out a copy of the Bible, as translated by Ramabai, and said, 'I read it every morning before I go to the temple.' Then a few men started to gather around us and at once he hid the Book and later took it to his room. Thus a priest was worshipping an idol and caring for a Hindu temple to earn his daily food, yet he could not leave the Word of God alone. Why? Because he was not satisfied in his idol worship. No peace came to his heart.

Another time we were observing a week of witness in the city of Nasik. Mr. Read, now the Bishop of Nasik, and myself were selling Gospels in front of a Hindu temple. We went and offered a little book to a shop-keeper at the entrance of the temple. The man was selling powders used by Hindus in their worship at the temple. He looked at the little book we offered him, turned its pages, and then handed it back to us. He then very humbly requested us not to stand in front of his shop and sell that book. We asked him why, and his reply was that he did not want to let anyone know that he was interested in a book like that and would allow them to sell it in front of his shop. We made inquiry as to whether he had read the Bible. He put his hand behind a small hanging cupboard and brought out a New Testament as translated by Ramabai. From its pages one could see that it was a well used book. He put the Book back in its hiding place behind the powders sold for use in idol worship, and then requested us to go away.

Yes, people do love and read His Word, and it has found its way even into Hindu temples. These Bibles, as translated by Ramabai and distributed freely so many years ago, are still being found in these out-of-the-way places, much read and carefully kept. But how are others to have it unless we give it to them? For years we have had no copies of the Bible, as translated by Ramabai. People ask for it, for it is written in a simple Marathi that is understandable to even an uneducated villager. A committee is working on republishing Ramabai's translation of the Bible, but it is only a tiny beginning on a sacred task tremendous in its scope. Will you pray for the completion of the work in the Lord's appointed time?

—L. N. CHOWDHARI

WELCOMED BACK TO SUPA

After a word of prayer by our Pastor, our evangelistic band was in our Station Wagon and on the way to Supa. Bapu and his family were there ready to receive us. For a whole week they had been preparing and waiting for our coming, and the bungalow was ready for occupancy. Immediately the people started to come, saying how very empty the place had looked without us. Even the head man of the village said, 'We will not let you go again.'

We are specializing in preaching the Gospel through adult literacy work. We are now having many requests to teach English and are considering this as a medium through which we can reach some with the Gospel who otherwise would not come to hear. One of the school teachers came to ask if I would not take time to teach him individually. One Brahman landlord's wife must be taught privately, as she cannot mingle with other pupils who are of lower caste.

Our evangelistic band this time is made up of our younger Bible-women. It is a joy to note the earnestness with which they do their work. In consideration of their youthfulness, it has been felt wise to discontinue the night meetings for men, but another schedule is being worked out to meet that need. Now that the epidemic of smallpox is over, Sunday School and other services can be resumed again.

Our daily schedule was upset the other day by the death of the eldest village chief. Almost as soon as his breath was gone, they dressed him in special clothes, sat him up against a wall, and there the family kept crying out, 'Speak, father, speak.' Everyone from Supa and surrounding villages gathered to pay their last respects to their beloved chief. The body was burned to ashes at the burning ghat, which is near our bungalow. The next day we saw a small earthen vessel, which had water in it, among the ashes. People dipped their toes into it to receive merit. Later the ashes were put in that vessel and poured into a flowing stream.

That village chief had heard the Gospel for many years. Where must his never-dying soul be now? Did you do your part by praying? Will you share, by prayer, the burden of reaching those who are still living and may yet be plucked out of the burning?—ELDA AMSTUTZ

TO YOU FROM RAMABAI

The mail bag brings many precious assurances of love and prayer from those who care. It was a lovely surprise to find a letter from such a one who wrote: 'The enclosed letter from Pandita Ramabai I found in a packet of old letters the other day and thought you might be interested in it. Nearly fifty years ago I visited Mukti and saw Pandita surrounded by her girls. What a wonderful woman she was—so greatly used of God to her own people! . . . Do not return the letter as I am no longer keeping old letters, but rather looking forward to reunion with those who wrote them.'

Since the above-mentioned letter from Ramabai expresses so clearly that which we would say, and that which she would write today, we send this letter forth from her and from us to all of you who lovingly pray and give.

March 15, 1906

Dear Friend:

I praise the Lord and thank Him with all my heart for His goodness to me. 'He faileth not.' How sweet, how very comforting is this promise. He says, 'Prove me now.' I am proving Him and I find Him wholly true. I cannot express in words how happy I am to have found such a wonderful Saviour.

You will be glad to know that He is in the midst of us and taking care of His children in Mukti. We need your prayers to strengthen us and to make us steadfast in faith. We fail to reach His ideal, but oh how very loving and long suffering He is. 'He knoweth our frame. He remembereth that we are dust.' So He pities us and lifts us up every time we tumble down, and alas how often we fall. This is why I am asking you continuously to pray for us more and more. I would like to suggest that while you are praying for us, you would please pray the prayer taught by the Holy Spirit in 1 Thessalonians 5:23. You are daily remembered before the throne of grace by the praying people of Mukti.

I thank you very much for the generous gift you sent me. Wonderful is the love of God which prompts you to supply our daily need. Your gift comes in at the exact time when it is needed to get something for the Lord's children living at Mukti. It will be a great satisfaction to you to know that what you sent was at the Lord's bidding and reached us in His own appointed time when it was most needed. May the Lord reward you a hundred-fold. Here is a promise for you. 'And whosoever shall

give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward.'

Please remember the praying bands that go to different places to pray and awaken an interest in the hearts of the Christians to pray for a worldwide revival. Please pray that all the Christians living in India may be awakened by the power of the Holy Spirit and that a lasting Holy Ghost revival may come to them during this year. With God nothing shall be impossible.

Thanking you again for your continued kindness, I remain

Most gratefully yours in the Lord,
Ramabai

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