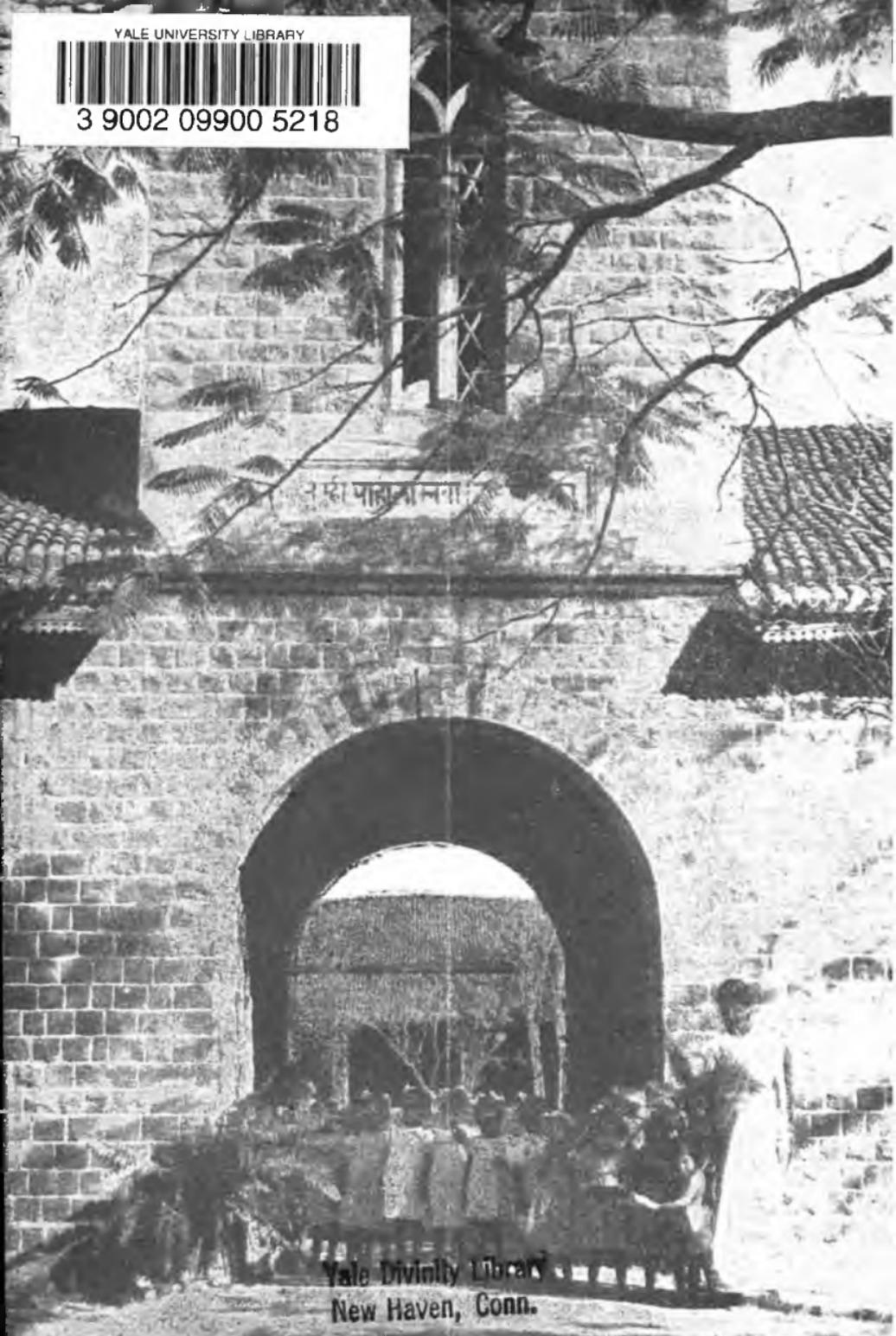


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RAMABAI MUKTI MISSION

PRAYER BELL

November-December 1952

PRESSING ON TOGETHER TOWARDS THE LIGHT

When Pandita Ramabai started her work in India, she hoped and indeed intended to be able to gather around her some of her own country-women, who would assist her in carrying out her plans, and to begin with, it seemed as if her hopes would be realized. Her daughter Manoramabai, returned from England and America, where she had been studying, and began to take a share in the leadership; but as time went on, some of the workers left to start other branches of work and so it was that there were gathered around them a group of missionaries from the West, who gladly recognized them as leaders and counted it a privilege to be associated with them in the various enterprises.

Quite naturally, Ramabai had expected Manoramabai to follow her as leader of Mukti, but the heavenly Father, in whose decisions she trusted with childlike simplicity, had other plans, and thus her faith never faltered, even when her beloved daughter was called to higher service above a few months before she herself received the call.

As Ramabai had found no one among her Indian colleagues ready to take the responsibility of Mukti's leadership, nor any among her large family who she felt would prove equal to the task, she appointed as her successor, Miss M. L. Hastie, a missionary from England, who had worked in close association with her and Manoramabai. So changes took place but the missionary staff prayed for another Indian leader for this outstanding, indigenous work, while realizing that only one called of God could fill the position. Through the years since Ramabai was called Home, this has remained the desire and prayer which is as yet unfulfilled.

When the change of government came in 1947, we, with other missions, realized that there might come a time when our Indian colleagues would be called upon to take the responsibility of leadership with all it involves and to this end we all have been working. Now a policy is to be considered by the government which concerns missionary personnel, for it is felt that the Indian Church must stand on its own feet regarding personnel and leadership.

In the 'Pilgrim's Progress' we read, Evangelist said to Christian, 'Do you see yonder shining light?' He said, 'I think I do'. Then said Evangelist, 'Keep that light in your eyes and go up directly thereto, so shalt thou see the Gate; at which, when thou knockest, it shall be told thee what thou shalt do'.

Our heart's longing is to stand by our fellow-Christians in this land to help them, through any coming crisis, to keep their eyes on Him who is the 'light of the world' and also the 'way, the truth and the life'.

To our prayer partners in other lands we send a plea to join us in prayer that God will guide the thoughts and decisions of the Indian leaders especially through the coming weeks, that God's will for His Church in this land may be done.

—J. ISABEL CRADDOCK

HER HEART CHRIST JESUS' TEMPLE

Geeta Waghmare, one of our girls, has completed her third-year examination of her nurses' training and is taking a nine-months' midwifery course before coming to Mukti to serve the Master here. She feels definitely called to serve Him



here where she has grown up and learned of Him. Below is a letter as she has written it, to tell our praying friends what He means to her and to thank them for their prayers.

DEAR FRIENDS,

I am very pleased to write these few lines to you. First, I am giving great thanks to the Lord Jesus Christ because He keeps me quite well through His great love.

My training is getting on very well. I passed my final examination in August and now I am starting my midwifery course. I have great interest in midwifery. We get so many interesting cases, and I like it very much. After I finish the course I will be a qualified nurse. Nowadays we have so many patients and we are very busy.

Last week a very fine convention was held in our hospital. We received so much blessing. The Lord filled our hearts with His great love, and He keeps me in His wonderful light. Please pray for me that I may never withhold anything from the Lord Jesus. I have given my life to the Lord Jesus and He is mine. I make my heart Christ Jesus' temple.

In the month of September I went home to Mukti for my holiday. I enjoyed it very much. I know that Mukti is the house of Christ. We are all happy there and we get everything we need through Christ. He supplies everything for us. Nowadays our village people are in a very poor condition. Thousands of people are short of food and also they are hungry for the love of Christ. So many people have not even heard a single word about our wonderful Saviour, but I am giving thanks because I have heard of Him at Mukti and He keeps me near Him and in His light.

I remember you with love and gratefulness and am always praying for you all.

Yours lovingly,

—GEETA WAGHMARE

CHRISTMAS IN THE AIR

Christmas is in the air! There are always a few milestones that have to be passed before one begins to think of Christmas—the half-yearly examinations, school inspection, World Sunday School Day, the All India Sunday School examinations; these are behind us and the practice for the school Christmas program has started.

A few Christmas songs already float over from the compounds during morning prayers, although there are still five weeks to go.

We, who are on the Christmas Committee have been racking our brains over gifts for our Buds and Blossoms, Fruit Gardens and so on right down through to the Sunset Home. Then come our outside Christian families, the Hindu men and women who work for us. In all there are approximately nine hundred gifts to get, and five hundred yards of cloth for blouses to be torn into one yard and a yard-and-a-half lengths—according to how fat you are! Rattles, balls, dolls, combs, thread, needles, safety pins (gold of course) soap, and ribbons from home.

Wouldn't you enjoy doing Christmas shopping for a family of nearly a thousand? If you, who receive so much, could witness the joy expressed over little things, you would know it was worth the trouble.

We thank God for His unspeakable Gift and for the gifts that come to us through His children.

—GLADYS FLETCHER

WHERE LOVE REIGNS

Dawn was breaking as the train pulled into the station and an elderly man stirred quickly. He picked up his sleepy three-year-old, got out and made his way to the large compound nearby. 'That must be the Mukti Mission', he thought, 'the place where they told me that the missionaries would take my little girl and love and care for her'.

All was astir and everywhere there was activity as he approached the gate. He heard singing coming from all directions. 'Happiness reigns here', he thought, 'I'm sure they will be good to my girl'.

When the missionary came to the gate to see the newcomer, she was surprised that the old man was not the little girl's grandfather or other such relative, but her father.

'Yes, I'm truly her father', he said, 'but her mother died, and the wife I married after she died, is so cruel to her, that I cannot bear it. Since she has a child of her own, she beats little Vimal and does not care for her at all'.

It was easy to see that she wasn't cared for. Her hands moved steadily as she scratched her head and then her body, which was covered with itchy sores, in turn.

Vimal had known the language of love once though, and she sensed immediately, when the missionary took her hand and stroked her dirty head, that she was wanted and loved.

Her father signed her over to us and left, glad to know that now she was in the care of loving hands and yet a little sad for he would probably never see his little girl again. There had been a sign by the gate with large letters saying, 'God is love' and this God was the One they talked about and worshipped here. He *must* be love, for had His people not been ready to take His little motherless girl and love her though they were complete strangers and they had not asked for any money at all.

Vimal, bathed, scrubbed, with soothing oil rubbed over her irritated body, and dressed in her new, clean clothes, played with her 43 new sisters in the Buds' Compound as though she had always belonged.

Won't you pray for this little girl of ours, that, even though she's still very small, she will quickly learn for herself that God *is* love, and will grow up to tell others of His love too.

—LILLIAN DOERKSEN

DIVARLI

Divarli-time is India's most exciting holiday of the year. The Hindu children look forward to it because it means the celebration of one of their biggest festivals and exciting food and new clothes. For the Christian children it also means fun and the excitement of preparing for and celebrating the Christian Home Festival. Homes are cleaned, whitewashed and decorated. Fresh cow dung is applied to walls and floors and designs drawn on the walls and in front of the homes with pretty coloured powders.

For months the children in school had been preparing for the pre-Divarli, which means the six-monthly examinations. Besides that, hands were busy every minute finishing up and stitching the embroidered bags, table mats, blouses, and cushions made out of odd bits of cloth and filled with the cotton that had been discarded in the spinning and weaving class. These and other articles made in the sewing class during the year were being made ready for the school bazaar which was to take place the last day of school before the holidays, when examinations were all over. Invitations were sent to the missionaries, matrons, and mothers of the village children.

Examinations came and most of the children were rewarded for faithful study and work. The bazaar day came too, and what excitement! Fourteen girls were in charge of booths and had another interesting examination as they quickly calculated purchases, made change and handed in their accounts. Village mothers, coming late, were disappointed because all had been bought up so quickly. However, they were taken around to see the school by some of the school girls and some of them over to see the new industrial room. There they watched the girls demonstrate how they spin and weave in school. They bought a cup of tea, too, which the school girls had prepared and served, and chatted with the teachers and missionaries.

Later, all the girls, who had helped, chattered excitedly as they had a cup of tea with the school missionary and other teachers, and eagerly begged to have another day like this again.

When the bazaar was over, the school was dismissed; boarders and village children went home for their celebrations and our own girls started cleaning, preparing and decorating, too, each compound trying to outdo the other.

For the teachers, too, it was a happy time and a blessed one. For five days they went away together for a retreat, where they could relax together and spend time in Bible study, prayer, and discussions on their relationship to Christ and other practical subjects. There seems to be a solemnizing awareness

of the need of preparation now for the days ahead and the need of taking on a greater responsibility of our girls in these days when they will be called upon more and more to bear the load and burdens for the Master here. May the holiday season have meant, too, the cleansing and preparing of our hearts—His home, and the re-dedication and full surrender to Him and His purposes for Mukti.

—LILLIAN DOERKSEN

Perhaps you would like to read what some of the teachers themselves wrote about what these days meant to them.

‘These have been blessed days. I learnt how to study the Bible, and the Lord opened my spiritual eyes to see His glory. My humble prayer to Him is, “Lord, I am an empty vessel. Accept me as I am and use my education, knowledge, and myself all for Thee”.’

—VIMAL DONGRE

Two of the others we have tried to translate literally for you:

In those four days I received great blessing. We studied carefully the Epistles of Peter and from them received special preparation for the difficult days that lie ahead.

Like Moses, I give my life and all for God’s service. To live not for myself, but for others and especially for Christ is my decision. I desire that the Lord may use me in His service.

—MADHUKANTABAI

I have received forgiveness for sins in my life, and will continue to keep away from these things because the Lord has blessed me and I realize how much I need to grow spiritually. From now on I desire to give Him a tenth of my time and do according to His will.

—DAYAWANTIBAI

FAMILY NEWS

We are glad to share with you the success of Mr. and Mrs. Howard McMillen in their first examination, after six months of strenuous study. Please pray for them as they continue their study at the Language School in Mahabaleshwar for the next seven months.

The Ramabai Mukti Mission is an international, un-denominational Mission of evangelical faith, with representatives in the home countries as follows:

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