

PRAYER BELL

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RAMABAI MUKTI MISSION

Yale Divinity

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RISEN WITH CHRIST TO

Easter-time with all its promising evidences of new life had come at last. Thirteen girls looked forward to this day with eagerness, when through baptism they could demonstrate to all around their experience of having died and risen with Christ and their desire to walk in newness of life.



In order that all could witness this happy occasion there were to be two baptismal services this day. There had been some speculation as to whether there would be enough water during these dry days to fill the tank twice, but as the eight o'clock sun broke across the morning sky, the bullocks pulled up the last bucket full of water and all stood quietly around the tank. There were missionaries, Christian families and about thirty-five Hindu workmen and

women. The five teen-age girls stood with radiant faces and with assurance pledged that they would never deny the Saviour whom they were so gladly acknowledging before all on this day.

The missionary remembered the day these five had waited after school to ask if they might join the baptismal class. 'Why do you want to join the baptismal class?' she had asked. She remembered the longing in Shilaja's eyes when she answered quickly, 'I want to be a real Christian'. They followed the missionary to her room and there on the verandah for several hours they searched in the Word of God and discussed how one could become a true child of God. Not only Shilaja, but all of the five girls had realized their need of salvation and received the assurance that Christ had made them His very own, giving them new life in Him.

Now all five signified, as they stepped into the water, that this new life in Christ was to be manifested always in their lives. Having changed into white saris, they stood radiant and happy, to receive their New Testaments which, by reading daily, would help them to show forth this resurrection life.

The Hindus watched with awe and wonder, and some with longing, as the happy band wended its way home singing the praises of our risen and living Lord.

SHOW FORTH HIS PRAISE

The afternoon service was just as beautiful and impressive. Six of our teen-agers, two young boarders whom the court had sent to us because of their bad home backgrounds, and three of the girls from our House of Mercy—all gloriously redeemed, stood before the large Mukti family to confess to all at this happy Easter-time that Christ lived and reigned in their hearts.

Tarabai, who knelt in the water with such radiant joy upon her face, had come to us the year before. She had been desperately unhappy—a pretty Brahmin girl who had been robbed of her honour. The sad, hopeless look in her eyes did not seem to vanish. In the sewing room, where she worked, there seemed to be no response to the love and help that was shown her. She began to learn to read the Bible and could soon follow the hymns in the hymnbook too. But the listlessness and the expression of hopelessness remained until one day she recognized the One who said, 'Come unto me—and I will give you rest.' What a change came into her heart and life as the burden of her sin fell at His pierced feet and she rose to follow Him. At work, at home in the compound and at church we now see a new Tarabai. Now the lovely eyes radiate joy and a sweet smile tells to all that Christ lives in her heart.

Each of the other girls had a testimony of God's deliverance from sin and darkness too. Each one stood there as a trophy of His wonderful grace and each one stood there with a determination to demonstrate the power of this living Christ in their lives. May the resurrection life of Christ always be manifested in these who have died and risen with Him to bring forth fruit to His glory in India.

—L. DOERKSEN



NEW JOYS FOR THE BLIND

Just over twenty years ago the monsoons broke with high winds and torrents of rain which caused much damage to some of our buildings. One of these was Bartami Sadan, our home of the blind. As the bricks came tumbling down, Divalibai gathered the blind women together and all prayed that they might be kept safe. Their prayers were answered and later some new, airy rooms were erected. Opposite these there was a long room which was a part of an older building and this had been badly in need of repair for a long time. At last this had been done, so that now there is a small room for 'Granny' and one or two more of the older women, as well as accommodation for the others who had lived in the old room, which was leaky and insufficiently ventilated.

More room was needed for the basket and rope makers, as well as the weavers, so, by taking down a middle wall here and putting up another somewhere else, this need was met. Two new kitchens, and a grinding-room have been added and one of the old kitchens demolished. One, we hope, can be made into a room where anyone who wishes may be able to spend time apart to read and pray. This can be done even after the lanterns are lit in other compounds, for the blind do not have to depend on artificial light in order to read.

When the second kitchen was ready to be occupied, Divalibai and the older women invited Mr and Mrs Rebeiro and myself to tea. The invitation was also extended to the work people who had laboured day after day. There were the masons, carpenters and coolie women who had had a share in the work under the supervision of an Indian overseer. Prayer was offered and then we were served with tea, fruit and Indian sweetmeats, which must have taken our blind hostesses many hours to prepare.

As the matrons and I had walked around with Mr Rebeiro before the work was commenced, we told him of our needs. He too, made suggestions and so the plan grew, so that now it is a delight to take visitors to see the work and to know that there are fresh, airy rooms for all in which to sleep and live.

It was such a thrill to have Granny and others come to meet us as we went to the compound, saying, 'Oh thank you, thank you for giving us such a nice room.' But most of all we unitedly give thanks to our heavenly Father for providing the funds and for the willing band of workers through whom this has been accomplished.

—J. ISABEL CRADDOCK

A BURIED TREASURE

The milk-boy hurrying across the field stopped suddenly in his tracks. In front of him was a dog scratching in the ground and he thought he saw something he was sure looked like a baby's leg. Excitedly, he called to a village woman passing by on her way to the market. Tossing away the dirt, he gave a start for there before them was a baby girl gasping for breath and struggling to live. Her mother-heart touched by the pitiful sight, the woman picked up the little babe, and wiping away the dirt from its eyes and nose, wrapped it in the end of her sari. Holding her close so she would be warm, the woman hurried quickly to our door, and called for the missionary.

The missionary took the little one who was trying to blink the dirt out of her swollen eyes, wrapped her into a towel and called for the police. She wanted so much to bathe and dress the little one but she could do nothing until the police arrived. Usually that means waiting indefinitely, but it was a relief to see them appear shortly upon sending for them. They took down the particulars and immediately began searching for the mother, because it was obvious that the baby had been born not many hours previously.

Except for a few little scratches which the dog had made while digging her up, the child was unhurt. The missionary gave her an injection, bathed and dressed her and placed her in a little white basinette. She



looked so sweet and peaceful. The little eyes that had been swollen and red, looked up clear and trustingly. Just as plans were being made as to what formula to prepare for her feed-

ing, the police arrived bringing the mother. What a pitiful sight! They had found her in a dry river bed beside some bushes where she had lain down to rest until the path was clear of villagers on their way to work. How frightened she looked and helpless! Without mercy they had told her she would have to come into our rescue home to care for the baby or go to jail. Terrified, she truthfully gave her story and her sorry plight wrung our hearts. She was a young widow. Hers was the same story as we must hear so often. After her husband's death she became the slave of her in-laws. But worse than that she was also at the mercy of the men who instead of protecting her, robbed her of her honour.

Grabbing a very old, ragged blanket, she had left her home in the middle of the night, had walked nine miles and had arrived in the field near our gate when it was time for the baby to be born. Overcome by the thought of the disgrace and cruelty that she would have to face if the fact became known in the village, she, alone and in desperation, took the new born babe and dug a little hole, placed the baby in it, and quickly covered it loosely with some dirt.

Heartless mother, you may say, but can you not feel some of the hopeless desperation that was in the mother's heart? Perhaps it was not quite so heartless after all, for why did she walk the nine miles and leave the little one so near our gate where she knew the door was always open to receive little ones? Escaping unidentified, did she perhaps think of the little one being discovered and brought here to be loved and cared for?

She is still restless, though she cares faithfully for the little one. There has been no word from her people who no doubt have heard her story. They have not even inquired about her. She has two of her own children and is it any wonder that she finds it difficult to settle down and forget her past without knowing how they are faring? Her heart, torn with anxiety and burdened with the thought of the disgrace and ill-treatment which she must face if she goes back, needs the release that only comes when she finds rest in the bosom of the Compassionate Saviour. Won't you take it on your heart to pray for her, for the little one who unknowingly has become the object of her sorrow, and for the two children for whom her heart yearns? May they all be brought into the fold of the loving heavenly Shepherd.

—L. DOERKSEN

HELPING TO BUILD THE WORLD

The other day I came up against the most profound philosophy. I consider it worthwhile to record.

Bhav Patole, the Hindu brother of Nathaniel, is a mason working for us. Every time he sets a stone, he looks over the alignment twice and plumb-lines it twice. Thinking this a waste of time, I asked him, 'Bhav, why do you align and plumb-line twice, when the other masons are satisfied to do it once?' His reply was most astounding. 'Saheb,' said he, 'in setting my stone, I am helping to build the world. It is my responsibility. To be a man is to be responsible.' Profound wisdom!

Instances such as this, gives one a glimpse into the precious souls of these simple village workmen. I thought to myself, 'Do I measure twice every stone of thought, word, and deed, before I lay it, as my responsibility towards that world without end, the eternal edifice of which He is the chief corner stone?' In Proverbs 4:7 we read, 'Wisdom is the principle thing. . . .' We covet your prayers for Bhav, that he may have 'Christ, the power of God, and the wisdom of God' (1 Cor. 1:24).

—A. M. REBEIRO

'LO, I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS'

Long ago when I received the Mission's notice telling of my first sailing, it was a time of rejoicing. The Lord gave the command, 'Go ye' but He also with it, gave the promise, 'Lo, I am with you always,' and He has been faithful. What a wonderful Saviour He has proved!

He proved His 'I am with you' while studying the language, taking examinations or giving messages in the strange language. Again, when serious illness came, 'I am with you' was real, because He said, 'I am the Lord that healeth thee.' He was present when assignments were given which seemed beyond our ability. 'I am with you,' not only in times of distress, but while travelling and when on holiday.

'I am with you' to lead you on to a richer and fuller life of fellowship with Himself, and 'I am with you' when the time of service draws to a close. Once again a date of sailing has been set, but this time it is not accompanied with the same feeling of rejoicing. To leave Mukti and all the women and children, together with its activities which have become a part of my life, is difficult. But I do want to praise Him for permitting me to serve Him in Mukti and thank each of you who have so faithfully surrounded me with prayer. May He continue to let us serve Him until He comes. Kindly remember Miss Schrag, Mrs Rebeiro, and Sonubai Anda as they carry on the work that I lay down, together with their own many assignments.

—J. WOODWARD

FAMILY NEWS

With mingled emotions we bid 'Good-bye' to Miss Woodward on April the 21st, when she laid down the work that she has so faithfully and lovingly performed through the years at Mukti. She sailed on the 23rd and our loving prayers go with her. Though separated by many miles and oceans, through her prayer ministry we shall still be one in our labours together for Mukti and India.

Miss Callan will be sailing on May 13th for Scotland for a much needed furlough and our prayers go with her too. May God refresh her and bless her. We know He will also give her a rich ministry as she represents Mukti in Britain.

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

Secretary in America:

MISS J. F. PATTERSON
P.O. Box 415
Philadelphia 5, Pa.

Treasurer in England:

MISS E. B. BUTLER
Flat 4
6 Arundel Avenue
Liverpool 17

Secy.-Treasurer in Australia:

MISS M. S. JONES
623 Inkerman Rd.
Caulfield S.E. 7
Victoria

Secy.-Treasurer in New Zealand:

MISS MARY PASCOE
168 Victoria Avenue
Remuera, Auckland S.E. 2

Treasurer in Tasmania:

MRS J. MCFIE
'The Hut'
Pillenger's Dr.
Ferntree, Tasmania

Treasurer in West Australia:

MRS MULLINS
28 Loch Street
North Perth
West Australia

Treasurer in Scotland:

MISS M. LAIRD
Lynton
Kilmacollm
Rensfrewshire

Treasurer in Ireland:

MISS M. REA
'Bethany'
Ormiston Crescent
Knock, Belfast

Secretary-Treasurer on the Field:

MISS J. I. CRADDOCK
Kedgaon, Poona District