

YALE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY



3 9002 09900 5283

# PRAYER BELL

March-April 1954



THE BOYS FOR CHRIST

**RAMABAI MUKTI MISSION  
INDIA**

Yale Divinity Library  
New Haven, Conn.

## CALL UPON ME FOR

The last few weeks have been red-letter days of blessing. When the school for our orphan children and widows was thrown open to the village children, Ramabai and Manoramabai, her daughter, prayed that it would be an avenue for the gospel to go into the village homes. Through the years the workers have prayed, as we have, and looked for fruit, but there has been very little. We know Ramabai and Manoramabai must be rejoicing in God's presence over the rich harvest which He has given these past few weeks.

Plans were made for a series of special messages to be given during our regular Bible classes each morning before school opens. When Mr Ravenhill, a missionary with the Child Evangelism Fellowship, accepted the invitation to come, he wrote, 'Let us claim the promise in Jeremiah 33: 3, "Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not."'

We claimed the promise and found that His 'great and mighty things' far exceeded our measure of faith. Although we prayed especially for this and had preparation classes with the teachers for dealing with the children, the opposition and daily religious practices that are an integral part of the lives of the village children seemed to us too big a barrier for them to cross in coming out publicly for Christ. However, as the message of God's love and His wonderful plan of salvation were unfolded in all their beauty and simplicity, there was immediate response in the hearts of these village children attending our school. No public appeal was given, and yet from the very first day children from all classes of Hindu, Moslem and nominal Christian homes came to tell us that they wanted to receive this wonderful gift of salvation. School recesses and every spare minute were spent dealing with children who came to us wanting to receive the Saviour. Who can describe the joy upon seeing the change and light in their faces as the Spirit gave them assurance that they were children of God! As they witness in their homes and to their friends, some are meeting with real opposition and ridicule, but remain undaunted and unwavering in their faith, and we feel ashamed for the fears we held in our hearts as we wondered how they could ever face opposition and remain true.

One teen-age Brahman girl, always shy and very quiet, was transformed, and not only did she find it easy to express herself and witness, but when she was but a babe of two days in the Lord, she led her cousin to Him. The cousin is

## GREAT AND MIGHTY THINGS

as bashful as she, and we gasped with wonder when she came to us one day to tell us she would like to pray with us. When questioned, she told us with assurance that she did not need salvation for she already *had* it. Two days before she had accepted the Lord Jesus in her heart. 'Where?' we asked astonished. In her own home her cousin had quite simply, but without any doubt, introduced her to the Saviour. Her face was radiant as she closed her eyes and thanked the Lord for suffering for her sins and for making her His own. It has been sweet to hear these who have never prayed express themselves sweetly and sincerely in prayer.

We were especially concerned about the older boys and girls in the Seventh Standard, for after their final examination this year they graduate from our school, and it means that most of them will not hear the gospel again. How we rejoiced when a number of these claimed the Lord Jesus as their Saviour. Their eagerness to witness for Him and to read and learn the Scriptures and pray is more evident every day. The little spending money given them at home for sweets once a week is spent on portions of Scripture and they are eagerly learning two hundred verses in order to earn a Bible.

While Mukti's ministry has always been mainly to girls, we have rejoiced these days in the number of boys won for Christ. Several days ago one of the older boys was taken to a religious festival by his parents. He did not want to go, but he came and assured us that he would not deny his Lord. When he returned two days later, his face was radiant as he told us that instead of doing obeisance to the stone image, he had taken out a Scripture portion and told the people the gospel. They had raised no objection to his refusal to bow down to the god, and he was strengthened because of his witness. He hesitated a moment and raising shining eyes said, 'And you know, Auntie, I've decided to compose a song about our Lord Jesus Christ.'

This dear boy, whose name is Narayan, and all these other precious ones we commit to you to bear up in earnest, fervent prayer, as the gospel goes through them into many village homes. Remember that for many it is hard, but we have committed them into the care of the One who said, 'I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.'

—LILLIAN DOERKSEN

## G O S P E L

As morning light pierced the sky, an unusual stir of excitement could be felt in the air. Men, women and girls were hustling back and forth with loads on their heads or in their arms. The verandah was filled with buckets, cooking vessels, cots, bedding rolls, trunks, lanterns, charcoal, wood, kerosene and all sorts of food supplies. We were going to camp! Three of our Bible-women and one of our young trained nurses started off in our bullock tonga, while two other Bible-women went with us in the truck to our camp-site, situated twelve miles from Mukti by the Bhima river.

Miss Bollman and I in turn went with the band every day into the surrounding villages. The days all seemed too short, even though they began at 4:30 a.m., and usually ended at 9:30 p.m. Many curious visitors came to see our equipment. The boys were especially fascinated by our kerosene stove and automatic can opener. They told their schoolmaster about them and one day he brought the whole class to see these things of wonder. Bhimabai was visiting us that day, and we had her explain how these articles worked, and then she talked to these visitors about the Lord. This helped to break down some of the opposition that the schoolmasters were giving us. Later we had two opportunities of going into schools with the gospel.

As patients came for treatment, we had opportunities to minister to the needs of their souls as well as to their bodies. One day three high-caste Hindu girls and a Mohammedan girl came to hear the story we were telling. They sat and listened eagerly as Subhadrabai, our nurse, explained the way of life and the way of death. Three of these girls said they wanted to accept Christ as Saviour, and prayed asking Him to cleanse their hearts and make them His own. They took the Gospel according to John away with them, and we pray that the Spirit will open their understanding as they read, for we did not see them again.

One night some shepherds came asking if they could hear our gramophone records. They said they had to be away all day with their flocks and therefore did not get an opportunity to hear our message. We played some records and gave them a tract to read. Our prayer as they went away was that they might come to know the Good Shepherd, who gave His life for them.

Even though we had to drink river water, the Lord protected us from all infections. We tried to forget that in this water people and buffaloes had bathed, clothes had been

## CAMPING

washed, and also that the ashes of cremated bodies had been thrown into this river. We were also protected from robberies, except for a pot of chicken soup that had been left on the fire while we were having prayers. Our bullocks were also kept from disease. One night one of the bullocks, named 'Typhoon' because of his nature, became loose. We know that the Lord kept him there, for it is not at all like him to just stay in one place when he is free to run. Even in these small things we experienced the faithfulness of our God.

Across the river from our camp was a typical Indian village. Its many temples were a constant challenge to me, and every morning we conducted a children's class within sight of one of the temples. At first a large group of eager children attentively listened to the gospel story, but the next few days the intelligentsia of the village came to break up our class. The children were then afraid to come near and when they did, they would take no part in the singing or saying of verses. As we made this a real matter of prayer, it was wonderful to see the Lord defeat Satan's efforts. The men disappeared, and the children again listened eagerly and took part in the services. Many of them earned tracts for memorizing verses, and at the end three boys received Gospels according to John for saying all the verses given for memorization.

Two days before we left, some women asked to hear the gramophone records we had played in the children's meetings. They listened eagerly and gave us an invitation to return the next day. We accepted their invitation and had another opportunity of telling the gospel to a large group. We left the village that last day longing that we could stay and tell these hungry hearts more about Him, who is the Bread of Life. Will you water the seed that was sown with your prayers?

---ELSIE ROHRER



## FROM CROOKED LANES

*(Miss Bollman continues here the story of Gospel Camping)*

An iron rod swung through the air. A demon-possessed woman shrieked at us, 'Depart! Go! Tell it not here!' Rage and fury rolled in great waves upon her face. The rod danced as it beat upon the rock near our heads. In the midst of that outburst the Bible-woman quietly answered, 'Beat us if you will, but we *will* tell the gospel to *all* this village.' More curses and threatenings came in a torrent. Suddenly her rod sank to the ground. With shoulders sunken low in defeat that woman slunk back into her earthen hut. The two bands of Christian workers wended their way up and down the tiny lanes of that village telling the gospel. Then they slipped off to the waiting tonga. Another village lay only an hour away. Suddenly a little boy overtook them. A woman was calling them to return that she might have the good news told within her very own home. She and her family drank in each precious word as it fell from the lips of their own countrywomen. Not by our might nor by our power, but by the Spirit of our Lord those people heard that Jesus Christ is strong to save.

He was strong to save down upon a lowly doorstep at noon one day. He saved her to the uttermost and claimed her life for His love. Caught up in the love and delight of her Lord, she whispered in awe, 'Now, how do I live for Jesus Christ?' A child of only a moment's birth, she reached out in devotion to her Saviour. Let us share with you the scene that lay there on an Indian hillside that noon day. A young wife of sixteen stood watching us as we came through the dusty lanes of broken and deserted houses. Her home stood in the midst of ruins. In response to our greeting she said, 'I am well but not satisfied.'

Our hearts were touched and it was a joy to say, 'We have come to share our joy and satisfaction with you. Will you listen?' Sadly she told of how she had fled from a life of compulsory and hideous sin back to her mother's home. Then her words broke. Lovingly we told the story of our Saviour and shared with her the Word of God. Down into that heart went the message of the cross. Before our eyes she turned from paths of old to the feet of her Lord, even Jesus Christ.

Later she asked in wonder, 'Will He really care for me in every situation just as you say? Is it really true that I can tell Him all?' Oh friends from afar, He will keep her, that we know. However, her victory and growth depend

## TO CALVARY'S CROSS

upon your intercession for her day by day. Remember that she stands all alone in a Hindu village far from any Christian fellowship. Keep her true.

Not the thrashing of a rod upon stone, nor the sob of a young wife, but the patter of little feet echoed in our hearts on another day. Over the dusty and burning road sped two little boys of a village nearly a mile away. On the horizon they saw a bit of dust in the air, and weary legs stretched just a bit more. The Bible-women in the tonga saw the boys far in the distance and paused. The boys finally reached the tonga but could not speak for exhaustion. They opened grubby little fists. There lay the smallest of Indian coins. They had run all the way from the last village that they might purchase a Christian booklet. Into those hands Miss Rohrer pressed copies of the Gospel according to John and a children's tract. Each received four times the value of his coin in material value, but who can measure the spiritual value received? Those two boys of eight or nine years ran that they might possess a copy of this wonderful story they had just heard an hour before. Press on with us in prayer that they might possess Jesus Christ who is strong not only to save but to keep.

Villages reached	...	...	...	...	18
Gospels sold	...	...	...	...	72
Booklets sold	...	...	...	...	120
Gospels given without charge	...	...	...	...	8
Tracts given without charge	...	...	...	...	155

—RUTH BOLLMAN

---

'Have you looked for sheep in the desert,  
 For those who have missed their way?  
 Have you been in the wild waste places,  
 Where the lost and wandering stray?  
 Have you trodden the lonely highway,  
 The foul and the darksome street?  
 It may be you'd see in the gloaming  
 The print of His wounded feet.'

## FAMILY NEWS

We are glad to report that Mr and Mrs Howard McMillen have both successfully passed their second year language examination, Mrs McMillen with honours.

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

*Secretary in America:*

MISS M. C. SAYERS  
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  
90 Eskdale Rd.  
Caulfield S.E. 7  
Victoria

*Secy.-Treasurer in New Zealand:*

MRS THOMAS and MISS GILL  
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  
Kilmacalm  
Renfrewshire

*Treasurer in Ireland:*

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

*Secretary-Treasurer on the Field:*

MISS J. I. CRADDOCK  
Kedgaon, Poona District