Mukti Prayer-Bell.

"The Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." Isaiah 61:1.

"I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem which shall never hold their peace day nor night: ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence, and give him no rest, till he establish, and till he make Jerusalem a praise in the earth." Isaiah 62:6-7.

"MUKTI," KEDGAON, INDIA.
August, 1903.
Mukti Prayer-Bell.

Greetings.

Dear Praying Friends,—

It gives me great pleasure to comply with my dear daughter's request to write a few words of greeting to you. The Lord has put the thought in her mind to send to our praying friends an occasional, printed circular containing news of Mukti and of the progress of God's work here from time to time, that they may know how their prayers on behalf of Mukti are being answered. The name was suggested by the sound of our big Church bell which wakes us up, at the right time, to pray.

I am so thankful to God for His great mercy in inspiring you to pray for us all. We need all your prayers. The devil is busy as ever, and is trying to upset us in various manners; when he sees at Mukti special efforts to improve our spiritual condition, and our attempt to be more faithful to our Saviour, he takes an alarm and tries to frustrate our plans in different ways. Just now he seems to be very angry with us. The Holy Spirit is warning us saying: "Be sober, be vigilant, because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about seeking whom he may devour; whom resist stedfast in the faith." "Greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world." We are trying to give heed to these warnings, but we need to be upheld in prayer by you all. I thank you all for your continued interest in God's work at Mukti. I embrace this opportunity to thank all the Christian friends who gave such a warm welcome to my fellow-worker Miss Abrams and my daughter Manoramabai in Australia, New Zealand, and Tasmania, and so generously helped them in every possible way and took special pains to make them comfortable. God bless you all, dear friends, and reward you as you deserve. Finally I beg of all my friends, who may
Dear friends,—

"Helping together by prayer for us:" In answer to a cablegram from Pandita Ramabai, Manoramabai and I sailed from Sydney, May 11th. In Melbourne, a night's rest on land, hurried calls, parting bits of blessed fellowship in Christ, and some shopping, prepared us for the journey. At Adelaide, although we were far out in the harbour, Mrs. M. K. Smith of Semaphore came with greetings from the Prayer Union, to cheer us on our way.

In Melbourne we bought a French Testament and some Gospels, all there were to be had. On this French ship we got a picture of the great destitution of the Word of God in Roman Catholic countries. We found only one French speaking person who had read the Bible. With much prayer and quietly, we gave out these Bible portions, lest some enemy raise an alarm, and hinder their being read. All seemed glad to get them.

We arrived in Colombo, Saturday, May 30th. Here Manoramabai put her book on sale, and addressed a Sunday
School. Monday we pursued our journey. Our first stop in India was at Madura where is a large Mission with schools, college and hospitals. One of the largest temples in India is located here. Each pillar, of which there are hundreds, one hall alone containing one thousand, is hewn out of solid stone and an immense idol is carved on it. At the entrance are the merchants; such an host, who sell all kinds of things required for the worship of these stone images, and five elephants are kept inside to escort the idols about the street on festive days. An immense tank in the middle of the place, filled with stagnant water covered with a green scum presented a lively bathing scene of men, women, and children, who believe that these sacred waters cleanse from sin. Inner dark passages, filled with female worshippers passing in and out, were too holy to be shown to us. Praise God! we worship a God in whom is no darkness at all. Twelve gates surmounted by immense towers literally covered with graven images are seen from a distance as one approaches Madura. Pray that the thousands who worship here may learn about that other city whose gates fly open to receive the penitent one returning to God.

Our next stop was at Madras where we spent several days. Here Manoramabai had a meeting with about forty Indian Christian young women, matriculates, university and medical students, before whom she brought the needs of their country women, and their responsibility as Christian women. Here at the Y. W. C. A. we found an European orphan, who was soon to be put into a convent because no place could be found for her. I was able to secure by telegram a place for her in Poona, and we brought her along with us. There is work for Jesus everywhere if we are willing to do it.

It is a great joy to be back in the work. There has been much progress spiritual and mental, fruit of the Spirit's working through God's children here since we left. There are still many unsaved ones, and some halting Christians. Pray that they may be led to a knowledge of the Saviour.

There is much prayer here in India for a revival. In
searching my own heart to know my failure, that I might be afresh empowered for service, God showed me my need of humility, and that union with Him which creates unity of the Spirit with other Christian workers. Pray for me, that I may have the mind of Christ, ever ready to do the will of the Father.

Minnie F. Abrams.

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Not One Forgotten.

Pandita Ramabai has asked me to write and tell you some of the things regarding the Mukti family, that have come under my notice, lately.

For some weeks I have been feeling that our girls are individuals, and need dealing with as such. We have such a large company gathered together here, and on account of fewness of workers have had to teach them in the mass; and in writing of them, I'm afraid it has been much the same; so if in this letter I am enabled to introduce a few special cases to you, and if they are laid on your hearts to pray for, I shall be glad, and I'm sure it will be a real help to the girls. Do we not know the encouragement and strength it is to feel that someone is praying for us? And these dear girls are learning the help and power there is in prayer; so often I am asked by one and another to pray for them, and I say,—"What do you specially want me to ask?" Sometimes they hardly know, but they are conscious of need. At other times they will say,—"Pray that I may holy." "That I may have patience and love; and not fall into sin etc." I was very much touched when one said to me the other day,—"Auntie, do pray for me every day." There are very hungry hearts here, and the Lord has said to us,—"Give ye them to eat," and in this ministry we want the help of our friends in the homelands.

A few evenings ago I had a company of little girls in my room and was speaking to them of Jesus and His love: how He is always with us, and ready to help and comfort us in any sorrow. I wanted to find out their idea of sorrow so asked them some
simple questions about bodily pain, loss of relatives and so on, and in proceeding said,—“How many of you were living in your parents', homes before the famine, and before you came to school?” A good number of hands went up. Then I said,—“And how many had gone to live with their mothers-in-law?”

A quiet spirit fell upon the meeting as some answers in the affirmative were given, and one dear child sitting right in front of me burst into tears at the very remembrance of what her experiences had been. Yes, although so young she had been obliged to leave her parents, and brothers and sisters and go to live where she had much hard work to do, and cruel treatment to endure. Her name is Alarki. Our elder girls, or rather women, have very motherly instincts and find school life irksome at times. Rashum, a fine strong-looking, young woman, possibly twenty five years of age or even more, can manage her class of grown-ups very nicely, and they together do some of the hardest work of the place.

One day I saw her sitting under the shade of a tree with two tiny tots on her lap; she was caressing and fondling them as affectionately as if they were her own, and the trio looked extremely happy. When occasion offered I reminded her of what I had seen her doing, and asked her if she did not feel very happy that day. She replied emphatically, “Yes I did.” There is abundant opportunity for the big girls here to mother the little ones, will you please pray that they may have grace to do it wisely and well. Another day I found Pratapi crying because visions of her little boy whom she lost at famine time were rising up before her. And whenever one can go among the children to talk or play with them, or give them any loving attentions, how they appreciate it, and gather round, eager to tell some little thing that has happened or ask some questions.

Will you please pray for these and all the girls at Mukti; and for us that we may be free channels for the love, light and life of God to flow through to His needy ones.

M. Macdonald.
Mukti After Ten Months Absence.

It is nearly a fortnight since Miss Abrams and I returned to Mukti and we are both glad to be at work again. We found a warm welcome awaiting us here from my mother and all the members of her large family which now numbers 1700 girls and 70 boys. Manikarnikabai, the head matron who was terribly burned some four months ago, and who has been down to death's door, had sufficiently recovered to come and meet us at the gate; and a note of praise was raised to God for His goodness to us in sparing her life. She is still very weak and unable to work, but we hope that with careful nursing she will completely recover before very long.

We arrived towards the close of the summer holidays and found that some special meetings were being held among the students. In an English letter written to a friend one of our girls gives an account of some of these meetings, as follows:

"The preacher gave the messages so plainly and proved the truths so clearly from the Bible that even an ignorant man would have been able to follow what he said.... He spoke of three kinds of people, Those who are not converted, those who are converted, and those who live with God. Once he spoke about seven characteristics of Christian workers: separation, heart purity, filling with the spirit, waiting upon God, trustfulness. Workers must also be sent forth ones, and obedient to God. Again there are three points about those who are sent forth by God; they have power to witness for God, they are supplied with their message by the Holy Spirit, and they lack nothing. On one occasion the preacher said, "There is no excuse for disobedience in God's Word. 'To obey is better than sacrifice.' The life of obedience is a glorious life because Christ's obedience brought us salvation." He reminded us that the life of Jesus in this world was a simple, humble, and from a human standpoint a losing life. A humble life is a glorious life and God honours those who are meek in soul. I find that many girls including myself have been greatly benefited by these sermons."
School re-opened about a week ago, and the girls are getting on very nicely with their studies. There is marked improvement in their behaviour during school hours. Some months ago, it used to be difficult to keep them quiet, for they were so restless, and seemed to find it so hard not to talk and play. Now however most of them have begun to take an interest in their studies, and we find among them some very promising pupils.

The work in the industrial school is also very encouraging. In addition to the industries mentioned in my book and in some of the reports, the girls are manufacturing sheets, quilts, and towels. In dealing with so large a number of girls and young women, Pandita Ramabai and her workers feel their great need, of special guidance from on high concerning the training of each girl. With so many duties to occupy their time and thoughts, it is difficult to get acquainted with the girls individually and to judge for what work each seems best fitted. Yet we realize that this is a most important matter, for God has a plan concerning the life of each one of His children. We have for some time been asking our friends to make this a special matter of prayer; this morning Miss Macdonald called my attention to one of many instances which show how this prayer is being answered.

“Hantokh Rajoji a girl about 13 years old went to have a little talk with Miss Macdonald one day, and the conversation turned upon the child’s home life; she belonged, it seems, to a poor but thrifty family. The father and mother were weavers and those of the children who were old enough were taught the same trade. Little Hantokh who must have been about ten years old at that time says that she used to fill the bobbins. Famine came, the price of grain rose and the family found it hard to make two ends meet. At last the home had to be closed, and the little party set out for the nearest city where they hoped to find employment. The children were too small and weak to walk fast and after they had gone some distance the parents said they must hurry on in advance, as it was a matter of life and death. The eldest son accompanied his father and mother, while Hantokh and her two younger
brothers were left by themselves to enquire the way and follow more slowly. "We walked, and walked, till we could go no further" said the child, "and then we just sat down and cried!"

God saw these friendless little ones and sent a friend to guide them to this home. Soon afterwards, the one brother who survived the sufferings of famine was sent to a mission orphanage, while Hantokh began to work diligently at her studies in Mukti. When she was old enough Pandita Ramabai arranged for her to attend the weaving classes in the Industrial School and Hantokh seems skilful in this work. Yet it was not until a few weeks ago that we knew, weaving had been the trade taught her by her father. Her heavenly Father guided Pandita Ramabai in her choice concerning Hantokh. "O the depths of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!"

There are a number of girls in the hospital and the deathrate is still high. Famine has so undermined the constitutions of most of the girls and boys that the least change of weather often causes a severe illness. Marybai and Miss Hoffman who have charge of the hospitals are very busy and often get tired. "But," Marybai said to me, "it is a pleasure to work, because the nurses are so faithful and most of them love their work! It is nothing unusual for a nurse to neglect her own meals and deny herself of her rest, in order to spend more time with a patient needing special care."

Many of the women in the Rescue Home have been receiving much blessing and the reports from the boy’s school are also very encouraging. Much of this blessing is, we believe, due to the prayers of God’s servants in many lands, and we desire to convey to them our heartfelt thanks for all their goodness to us. May we and all our girls, encouraged by their example, be more quick and eager to learn new lessons in the “School of Prayer.”

MANORAMABAI.
Special Requests for Prayer.

1. Please pray that special wisdom may be given to our workers who train the middle-sized girls. Also for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon those among this class of girls who seem to be specially adapted for Christian work.

2. During the rainy season which is from June to the beginning of October there is usually much illness among our girls and boys. Will our friends kindly bear this in mind during the next few months when praying for Mukti?

3. Little Gunga Bhato has just recovered from an attack of fever and sore eyes, and her mind is still weak. Please remember her in prayer.

4. Please pray for the complete restoration to health of Manikarnikabai the head matron.

5. That those who are not converted may believe on the Lord Jesus and be baptized.

6. That patience and wisdom may be given to our pupil teachers who are training the blind, deaf and dumb girls.

"O Thou, by Whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray!"