"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.
April, 1908.
Parcels and Boxes.
RECEIVED FOR CHRISTMAS 1907.

We are very grateful to all the friends who kindly sent us parcels and boxes of Christmas gifts for the Mukti family. As nearly all have already been acknowledged by personal letters which have been sent to the donors we are not printing the usual list of parcels and boxes. If any who sent a box or a parcel have had no acknowledgement of it, we should be grateful if they would write and let us know.

Prayer Bells and Letters returned from the Dead Letter Office.

We should be grateful if any one would send us the correct address of any of these friends:

Mr. H. Johnson, Y. M. C. A., Los Angeles, California, U. S. America.
Mrs. N. G. Rowe, Ardrossan, Wynyard Square, Sydney, New South Wales, Australia.
Miss Anna Ebert, 40 New Chetty Street, Madras.
Miss Blanch Brown, Ballarat, Australia.
Mr. E. Krofft, Klosterman's Field, Germany.
Miss Rollings, 28, Longmore St., Middle Park, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia.
Mr. E. Lewis, 10, Boyd St., Albert Park, Melbourne, South Australia.
Miss Cora Hansen, Akersveien No. 21, Christiania, Norway, Europe.
Miss Bessie Wyatt, Emon, Victoria, Australia.
Mrs. Chas, Reynolds, 334., W. 59th Place, Chicago Ill., U. S. America.
Meditation.

"For by grace have ye been saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, that no man should glory. For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus for good works, which God afore prepared that we should walk in them." Eph. 2:8-10.

Praise and Prayer.

We praise God for His faithfulness and love to us, and for His continued blessing. We praise Him for His goodness in supplying all our need. The people of our land are suffering greatly just now from famine; many are engaged on Government Relief Work, and others who are too weak to do the hard work in the sun, are living as best they can on the help that is given them in the Government Relief Hospitals. Prices of grain are high in many parts of the country; cholera, smallpox, and other diseases are beginning to find their victims among the suffering people. When, in a very few weeks, the green mangoes come, and are eaten freely by the starving people many will be carried off by resulting disease.
Yet God has not allowed us to suffer. Day by day He sends our daily food, and reminds us that He is Our Father. How much we have to thank Him for! Please pray for us that we may "walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God..........giving thanks unto the Father Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of His dear Son." Col. 1:10,11,13.

The Lord has graciously given us many opportunities for preaching the Gospel. He has opened the way for bands of young men and women to go and live for a time in heathen towns and villages, and preach the Gospel. There are at present, bands working in three different places, and in addition to this, bands go almost daily to preach the Gospel in those villages near Mukti, which are within walking distance. We are asking the Lord to pour out His Spirit upon these heathen people, and upon the many in India, who have heard, but who have not yet accepted and publicly acknowledged the Lord Jesus as their personal Saviour, that they may be truly converted and that they may confess Christ by baptism. Will our praying friends please join us in this request?

It is difficult for Hindu or Mohommedan women, to get away from the chains which bind them. We know of several Hindu women who are desirous of leading upright and pure lives; in order to do this they must be set free from the dark bondage of idolatry. Will our friends kindly pray for all the women of this land, who are known to the Lord, as ones who would turn to Him, and be saved, and perhaps be the means in His hands of saving others; that they may be set free from all that binds them to heathenism, and that they may be brought in contact with Christian people, who will show them the way of salvation.
It seems late in the year to write about Christmas. Yet, we feel, that as there has been no number of the Prayer Bell published since Christmas Day, and as many readers of the Prayer Bell are especially interested in Christmas at Mukti, something should be written about how we spent Christmas.

Let me first convey to the many friends who have so kindly sent gifts of money, boxes, parcels, cards, or other presents to Mukti for Christmas, a very warm "Salaam, Oopkar Manto," which means, "Greetings! We thank you," from all the girls, boys and workers at Mukti. The presents arrived safely, and have been much appreciated. We are all very grateful to our kind friends who are praying, and labouring for us. We know that the Lord will reward them abundantly.

It will be interesting to those who sent the gifts, to know how the Lord provided for us on Christmas Day.

Our friends will remember that early in the year 1907 the Lord graciously gave us a fresh outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Since then, He has been doing a work of strengthening and establishing. The fact that those who have been brought into fresh touch with God, are now able by His grace, to stand firm in tests which they could not have borne two years ago, and that the Lord has been able to apply tests a little more severe than before, proves that His work among us has gone deeper, and that there has been real growth.

Towards the end of last year the Lord called afresh the attention of many, to His purposes for His people, reminding us how He had chosen us in Christ Jesus, to be unto Him a people for His own possession. How He desired above all else, that we should love Him with all our being, and that He should have His portion (His people) wholly for Himself.

God had been graciously pouring out upon different ones among us, the various gifts of the Holy Spirit mentioned in the twelfth Chapter of First Corinthians. He showed us that He desired to perfect these gifts in us; that He desired also, that the fruit of the Holy Spirit mentioned in Galatians V,
should be made more manifest among us; for the manifestation of the gifts, and the faith, must go together; and behind the outward life of service and soul winning, there must be the hidden life of prayer and thanksgiving, and close union with the crucified but risen Lord.

In connection with the fruit of the Spirit, God gave, towards the close of the year, several messages concerning joy, teaching us how wonderful is the joy that He gives to His children; how it triumphs in the midst of sorrow, and remains, though every earthly source of joy be taken away. The true test of the joy that is the fruit of the Spirit seemed to be, that it was not dependent on earthly sources of pleasure, that no man could take it from us, for none could separate us from Him Who is the Spring of all our joy. The question was asked in more than one message, "Supposing we should have no presents for Christmas, should we still be able to rejoice?" "Did we really know how to rejoice in the Lord?"

Weeks passed, and Christmas drew near. Friends from different countries had written telling us of boxes of presents which had been packed up and sent to India. Some of these boxes had arrived, but the majority were still on their way, delayed by,—what shall we say—wind, storm, circumstances? We must say "No, not delayed by these, but by God's hand working through them."

Those who usually have as their work, the unpacking of the boxes and the preparations for Christmas, looked doubtfully at the boxes and parcels that had arrived, and said to one another "No, this will not be enough to go round. We must wait till the other boxes arrive before we assign the presents, as we cannot give to some, and not to others. We hope that they will arrive in time for Christmas." But the days still passed, and about a week before Christmas, it was very evident that we could not possibly expect to have the boxes by Christmas, as some had not even arrived in Calcutta or Bombay, and they would have to be sent on to us from there, after their arrival.

As we heard one girl remark to another, "God our Father will send us some presents," we felt sad, to think that they
might be disappointed as far as presents at Christmas, were concerned, but we knew that "Our Father" would certainly give them a happy day in some way or other. We began to look to Him, to know what our part was to be in contributing to the Christmas rejoicing. Could we not teach some of the children some songs and recitations, and get up a simple innocent entertainment that would give joy? We began to prepare for this, but an unforeseen difficulty sprang up in connection with the work, and we found ourselves in the midst of a prayer-battle, which must be won whatever the cost. All our time, thought, and strength were needed, and preparations for an entertainment had to be given up. The Lord graciously gave the victory, and our thoughts returned to Christmas. It was too late now, to try to do anything that would need much preparation; "What could be done?" "Could we have a magic lantern lecture? No, slides could not be procured in so short a time." No plan that we could think of was feasible.

The day before Christmas came, and the usual decorations were put up. That done, we waited to see what the Lord would do, for we knew that He must have some plan that we knew nothing of.

Early on Christmas morning, a little before dawn, parties of girls, or boys, began to go from one part of the grounds to the other, singing hymns of praise. As we heard them singing we felt that they were filled with joy. They knew, as well as we, that no presents were going to be given, and that there was no plan that we knew of, for any sort of Christmas entertainment. Yet, we were roused early in the morning to rejoice, and praise God for the Saviour Whom He had given. And then God so filled us with joy and gratitude to Him, and so satisfied us with Himself, that there was no desire for anything besides. There was a beautiful Service of Praise in our Mukti Church, then came dinner; and then? Nothing special, but just real, deep, joy, that sprang up, and brightened every face and every corner of Mukti. Wherever we went there was joy. Not a word of murmuring to be heard, or a sad face to be seen that we knew of. Not even the
tiny little ones asked or seemed to expect any presents. Everybody was happy, and they were happy too. The time did not seem to hang heavily on anyone's hands. Evening soon came, and we met together to thank God. Just as we were gathering, a number of heathen villagers came. They had heard that it was Christmas, and had come expecting some presents. They were told that we had no presents to give, but they were invited to sit down, in the garden; a few girls sang to them, and then Pandita Ramabai told them about God's Unspeakable Gift, and asked them to receive Him. Christmas cards which had arrived in time were given to all, also two bananas were given to each, and to those who could read, the text "God so loved the world" etc., in Marathi, printed in large letters. All went away happy, and satisfied it seemed.

Then Pandita Ramabai went to her large family who were waiting for her to come and speak to them. It was certainly a praise gathering. How many things there were to praise God for. First there was His great love, then His Son Whom He had given, then so many other things that God had given us in Him.

But one thing seemed lacking. Our friends will remember that the Christmas before, God had taught us something about the joy of giving, and this year we had not yet given anything. What could we give? A plea had come from the Bible Society, and many were anxious to contribute to its funds, for our girls who know God, do love their Bibles, and they were anxious to help in spreading the news of salvation. But they had no money. Last year they had given their presents, but what could they give now? At last it was suggested that those who had nothing to give could go without one dinner, and that the price of the food (which makes a fairly large sum, when about 1400 people give up one dinner), could be sent to the Bible Society. This suggestion was welcomed, and many were deciding to give up one dinner, when the question was asked, "Are we going to give a really good dinner, or just an ordinary every day dinner?" This was an important question. Of course we must give our best, but the
Christmas Dinner had already been eaten. We could not
give that dinner now. It was then suggested, that three
ordinary dinners would be equivalent to the best dinner we
could give, and so, nearly all Mukti gave up three dinners
within the next few days, and the money was sent to the Bible
Society.

The day ended as it had begun with hymns of praise. As
we watched the happy family going home to bed, each one
receiving from and giving a good-night kiss, to Pandita
Ramabai as she passed her, and receiving a Christmas card
and a printed text from her, we saw that the faces still wore
the same joyful expression that they had all day. As the
last girls left the Church, the workers sang together the Doxo-
logy. Never since our girls and boys first learned what Christmas
was, had they had such a happy day. One on which so little
had been done by us to make them happy, and yet one which
we could truthfully call the best Christmas we had known.

One day, several weeks later, after school had re-opened,
and all expectation of presents had been almost forgotten by
the girls, mysterious looking packages were taken into the
schoolroom towards the close of afternoon school. Similar
packages were carried over to the weaving, needlework,
printing, and various other Departments. "God Our Father,"
had not forgotten us. The Christmas boxes had arrived and
there was a present for each. The gifts gave much pleasure;
we thank God for them, and for the kind friends whose love
led them to send us these remembrances. Yet, we did not
feel sorry that the boxes had not come in time. We had truly
had a joyful Christmas; and the best of it had been, that the
joy which God had poured out upon us that day had not been
caused by presents, or entertainments, or even by new clothes,
for even the new saries came several weeks after Christmas.
No, it had not been joy in any of these things. The joy
had been deep and real; true joy in the Lord alone. Our
hearts had been filled with gratitude to Him Who gave to
the world on Christmas Day "His Unspeakable Gift."
"GIVE me something to eat, do give me something to eat, I do not want pice (money), but give me some carrots or something to eat," pleaded a poor weak voice behind me one day, when I was in the Bazaar getting the supply of vegetables for our band of girls who had come to that town, to preach the Gospel. Turning, one saw Bhagu for the first time, and one is not likely to forget the first sight.

A fairly tall girl of about sixteen or seventeen; but, Oh! so emaciated—only a skeleton! "Could she eat carrots if she got them?" was the first thought; but as she pleaded so hard for them and said she could, a few were given to her and she began to eat them at once. A few questions were asked as to who she was, and she replied that she was a Marathin. "Had she any one to care for her?" At first she said "No," so was told that if she wished, we would put her in a nice hospital, where she would be kindly cared for. At first she did not reply, but this was not the only time we saw her; very often she was in the market-place and begged for pice and fruit etc.

One day a man saw her ask for a pice, and saw my hand stretched out to give it; so he pushed her away, saying, "Do not take pice or anything from these Christians. Here, take this," and threw her a half-pice, rather than let her take from us. As we questioned her at different times, it was ascertained that she was living with a cousin whom she called her husband, though she said they were not married, but when her parents died long ago, this cousin cared for her; shortly after, leprosy developed in him, and at that time they were living nearly two hundred miles from the place where we met her.

At that place there was a school belonging to the missionaries of the place, and they saw the untainted girl with the leper man, and offered to take care of her, but these two preferred to beg, and went from place to place begging,
as lepers do in this land, receiving alms wherever they go. Three years before we met her, she had come and lived among the many, many, lepers, who live there, as it is a good place to receive alms, as the worshippers gain great merit by giving alms in that town. As we preached the Gospel, we saw her at times, and she saw the opposition, and the stone-throwing etc., and saw how it was borne by those who preached the Gospel. The poor leper man also was seen; he had only a few days to live, so much had the disease made progress in his poor body.

When the band of girls went home for the hot days, Bhagu made up her mind to seek the care of the missionaries. She said that the thought came to her, “I will go to them—they are true and kind and will be good to me.” She was so very weak, that she was glad to have the help of a half-witted girl who wandered about the town, to get water for her to drink, and any other help she could get. This half-witted girl she persuaded to come with her, and the two presented themselves at the Mission Bungalow, whence they were brought to Mukti.

At Mukti she found a home in the hospital; and amongst those who tend the sick, there were three women who had often seen her wandering and begging, as they with others in the Band preached the Gospel. Often all had unitedly pleaded at the Throne of Grace that the poor, emaciated girl might come to us, and that she might be saved. Needless to say, there was much praise and rejoicing, the day poor Bhagu became an inmate of the Hospital, and many were the messages from the Word of God that were given to her as she was cared for. Soon, she learned to pray to the Lord Jesus Christ, and as she talked with others and listened to the Scriptures, she learned about confessing Jesus by baptism in His Name.

She began to ask for baptism, and when one said to her “Wait a little,” thinking she knew very little about the Lord, she weeping said, “Then I shall die without being baptized, for I shall surely die soon, and I want to be baptized.”

So she was baptized, almost six weeks after her arrival in
Mukti, and that day as she went down into the waters, she clasped her hands, and her face wore such a happy peaceful expression as we had never seen it wear. She was satisfied.

"But were the rest of her days always as peaceful?" some one may ask. No, poor Bhagu had, owing to the disease from which she suffered, an insatiable appetite, and she had so long begged, that she did not get rid of the begging habit, but would be often miserable, and asking for food from others in the Hospital, and from those whom she came in contact with, no matter how much she had taken. She suffered much, and grew very weak. If possible, she grew thinner; though she was free from outward signs of leprosy, she suffered from other diseases. She often said, when asked, that she was happy in Jesus, and longing to go to Him. She was so tired! Several times she was prostrated, but rallied again.

One Sunday evening I went to see her, and told her I would next day go out for the whole day to a village, so would not see her that day. "Then, when will you come again to see me?" she asked twice. "I shall come Tuesday morning Bhagu." "Very well," and she was too weak to talk more.

I did go on Tuesday morning, but it was to the funeral service of Bhagu, who lay still and quiet, with the same peaceful look that she wore when baptized. She passed away in her sleep, but it was to be with Jesus which is far better.

How thankful we felt to our Heavenly Father, Who in answer to prayer, inclined this poor suffering little one to come where she could be cared for in her suffering, instead of lying, dying in a corner somewhere, uncared for; and most of all for opening her heart, and leading her to trust in the Lord Jesus Christ for her salvation.

J. McGregor.

"Within the Veil,"—for only as thou gazest
Upon the matchless beauty of His face,
Can'st thou become a living revelation
Of His great heart of love, His untold grace
DEAR FRIENDS,

Come and have a peep at Mukti "Out for the Day." It will rejoice your heart to see the joy on Mukti's face. Yesterday it was decided that a day's outing would be good, a picnic. There was great excitement, early rising, much happy expectation, and on the part of those to whose share it falls, much preparation. As the company is so large, the serving of food was done at home in the various divisions of the School. Bread and chutney made at home, and gool made from the sugarcane grown in the fields, were divided.

Little groups tied up their food all in one lot. Some carried the brass drinking vessels, some the bread, a few carried buckets for the water on their heads.

The procession started; a long line of girls, a guard consisting of masters and married young men accompanying them, Miss Wyatt and I also joined the merry procession. Matrons, married young women and their babies, Sharada Sadan girls, old girls, new girls, middlesized girls, little girls and babies, blind girls, hospital patients, only those who were not able to go stayed at home.

After walking about a mile and a half, we reached the riverbed along which we were going to the jungle chosen for the day's camp. Along the road the procession was in good order, for they were walking on government road, but on reaching the dry sandy river-bed, the girls began running and skipping in such glee that there was no order. They had no time to lie where they fell, as some did fall, but up and on they went, till the shade of the trees and shrubs was reached. Here those who had brought little mats spread them. Babies and tiny girls were put in shady places. Sisters who live in different parts sought one another out in the great crowd. Some went along with their Bibles alone or in groups, for a time over the "Word", so precious to many of them. Som
spent time in prayer. Some wandered among the rocks, and up the little hills, to see what their camping ground was like.

No rules, so no one wanted to break them. The masters and married young men who also had a holiday from their printing, carpentering, masonry, and other trades, were as a sentry at different parts all around the camping ground. They too enjoyed themselves as they walked about, and took with pleasure the responsibility laid upon them, of caring for such a large crowd. One or two kept a watch on a Hindu temple there, for any of the little girls might have easily gone into it, not knowing that by so doing it would cause great displeasure to the worshippers. The entrance of a Christian would defile a temple, and it is not our part to hurt the feelings of others.

It is a beautiful scene, the varied hues of green of the trees, shrubs and prickly pears, the red, blue, and green sardies of the girls, and the blue, blue sky flecked with the loveliest fleecy white clouds. (Many of the girls said while coming along the road, that "God Our Father" had given them clouds as a large umbrella as He did to the Israelites.)

A little later Miss Stroberg came, and then some Salvation Army visitors, who were with us. Then Manoramabai came for a time. Water-carts with great barrels of drinking water soon arrived, and what a rush for water, for all were thirsty with scampering about so. Soon it was dinner time, and all shady spots began to be filled with groups, of friends, and sisters, and class-mates. Now it is time for us to return home for a few hours at midday. The Indian girls can enjoy the midday sun if they get a little shade, but at this time of the year, we do not stay out at midday, unless it is absolutely necessary. So the tonga is waiting to take us back, and we shall return about 4 p.m. or so, to spend a little time with the girls, ere the happy day finish.

* * * * *

The picnic was such a source of pleasure to the girls that it was thought well to soon give them another. Therefore, three or four persons went in the tonga to find a nice place in the direction opposite, from that taken before. A spot with large
trees for shade, and a nice water stream was found. Again the long procession, about a quarter of a mile long, was moving along the road. At the railway station, and at the village of Kedgaon, people came out to watch and ask where we were going. It was a sight, as the girls, all orderly, passed by. When passing the village they did not sing, but as they got away, the sound of hymn-singing could be heard, from different parts of the long line of girls.

When the camping ground was reached, very soon the whole valley was filled with groups wandering all over to see the resources of the place for the day. Here too, there is a Mahommedan *pir* (demigod) and burial ground, so there were boundaries to be observed regarding that. A worshipper who attends the place soon came on the scene, as the news had reached him that we were in the vicinity. He hurried to the spot to see if our party were going near to their burial ground, but when he saw that we had taken precautions to prevent this, he was pleased, and after listening to the Gospel message went away. After a time, we who had work at home, came home.

How quiet and empty Mukti seemed. The old man who acts as watchman in front of the home, by the road, was sitting looking dejected. When asked "Are you getting a rest today?" for generally he is kept busy by the little ones lingering in the garden, on their way to school and back, he replied, "I do not like this; it is so quiet. The daily crowd is better." So did Pandita Ramabai think. She said "I would not like it always like this; it is so quiet."

About 4 p.m. we went back in the ox-tonga, and on arrival a bell was rung as a signal to assemble. Many of the girls had dug out the sand in the river bed to make little wells for themselves and the clear fresh water had gathered in these, nicely filtered through the sand. They all wanted us to "Taste from my well," "Taste from my well!" The sandy river bed, under the shade of the great gnarled trees made a nice meeting place where all were seated according to their classes, just as they sit in Church at home. Manoramabai
stood on the bank and taught the Bible lesson for the day. Some Hindus had gathered and they watched, and listened to the hymn sung, lesson taught, and prayers offered. One could not but thank God for this scene in this heathen district; about 1500 people all silent listening to the “Word that is able to build up”, and all silently kneeling, with closed eyes following the one who led in prayer, the green, green, trees giving shade, the blue sky overhead, the hills around, as the Lord is round about His people from henceforth even for evermore.”

The benediction was pronounced, and the small girls rose and filed up the banks of the river; so quietly they passed on, one division after another. We stood watching; so did the Hindoos. I wonder if they contrasted this order with the disorder and noise that usually accompanies all gatherings of their people. Those of us who have been in those noisy crowds know how to appreciate all that has been accomplished, amongst these dear lives gathered from heathenism.

Just as darkness began to gather, the last of the long procession reached Mukti, and Pandita Ramabai was on the road, to watch them all come in as she had watched them start. This was not the last of the picnics, and, whether it be all of Mukti at once, or a division at a time that goes out, it is so good for their health, as well as a pleasure, to spend a day in the jungle.

J. McGregor.

“Bethel.”

(Our Christian Families.)

“THOU art the God that doest wonders.” These words come to me, when I remember, that not quite six years ago, when I came to Mukti, intending to remain here a few weeks only, there were not, at that time, any boys or young men in the Home. Now quite a number are here.

God has done much for these lads in this short time, both in soul and body. It has not been possible for our boys to
have exactly the same advantages of school and other things that the girls have had; and some of the young men did not care to learn. They wished to work and earn money. Those of our married young men who were careless about their education before their marriage, have made rapid progress since, because their wives have helped them. Only two of our young men are unable to read. Those who loved study from the time they came, have pressed on in their studies and in their work.

Some of the schoolboys, as well as the married men, can compose English, Marathi, Hebrew and Greek type for printing. They also know bookbinding, and other kinds of printing-office work. Forty six young men from our school, have married young women who have been brought up at Mukti. It is very touching to see how tenderly they care for their little ones; the fathers, in their spare time, help the mothers nurse them. It is a pretty picture to see father, mother, and little one, going into Church for morning prayers at 6 o'clock.

These young people, who have not before known home-life—appreciate it now. Think what this home-life must mean to those who had been wanderers all their lives, until they came to Mukti.

It is often necessary through times of testing, to have the young men’s work changed, and to put them to work as woodcutters, watchmen, watercarriers, and even dishwashers. I have watched their faces while praying for them, when Pandita Ramabai has been telling them of their change of work. Instead of murmuring, they have thanked her with bright faces, and said to me afterwards, “We are thankful to God and to Bai, for giving us work at all, especially during this famine time.

One of the first couples married, has a son eighteen months old, and a little daughter three weeks old.

Many of the young men have sisters in the school. It is a pleasure to see their bright faces, as the brothers and sisters sit in the garden on visiting days, after their work is
Some of those young men who have run away the oft-
enest, and have given the most trouble, have come into real
spiritual blessing, and are making the best of husbands. They
have tender loving hearts. They make many pets. One has
taught his parrot to say, देव ज्ञाति आहे, (God is love.)

A short time ago, when Pandita Ramabai was away from
home, Miss Abrams heard that some of the night watchmen
were not being faithful in their duty. She asked a gentleman
worker to go out at about midnight, and see if the watchmen
were awake and at their posts. The worker found that the
heathen watchmen were asleep, but that the Christian watch-
men, our own young men from Bethel, were awake and at
their posts. We praise God for this testimony.

The young women make very good thoughtful wives.
None of them are idle. They do their own cooking and wash-
ing, take care of their babies, and in addition to these house-
hold duties, they all have some work to do in Mukti, which
keeps them very busy during five or six hours of the day,
while their husbands are at work. Some of the young women
are teachers; some work at weaving, or office work, a few
act as matrons, or help with the work of the home.

These young people need our prayers. They are often
tested, but they will become stronger Christians for it all.
What will it mean to India when Christian families are scat-
tered over the land, preaching the Gospel by life and word?
We are praying that the Lord will call many of these young
people to go forth and preach Christ among the heathen, and
that He will send them forth fitted and anointed for this work,
endued with power from on high. “Ye shall receive power, after
that the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be witnes-
ses unto Me.” May this be true of every one of these whom
God has called out of heathenism, into the glorious liberty of
the sons of God.

L. Couch.
"Go ye. Lo! I am with you."

And great was the company of women who published the glad tidings.” The last record of God’s dealings with me was written from Khandala, when out with a small band of young women from Mukti. Since then, the “company has increased,” the “field of labour” changed. Now there are nearly one hundred in the company of women, who publish the glad tidings in one of the most idolatrous cities in Western India.

When one's mind travels back over the past year, one is led to exclaim, “What hath God wrought!” Referring to personal experience, the testimony is, that “Jesus still leads on.” While at Khandala, the Lord opened His storehouse, and gave rich spiritual provision therefrom; and since our coming to the needy city of X——., He has continued to open His “Treasure House,” and to show us that His supply is sufficient, for the great spiritual need of workers, and people.

An evening or two before leaving for X——., with another Mukti Band, the Lord dealt very definitely with me. I was at a prayer meeting in Mukti, and I did not feel a bit like praying; but realizing this could not be of God, I began to praise Him for Himself, and continued doing so till the Holy Spirit came in power upon me, and wrought a new, yet strange work within. It resulted in new sounds coming out of my mouth and I was able for a little while to praise Him in another tongue. After a while, I had great travail for souls and found myself in an agony, during which, the Lord brough before my spiritual vision a picture of the idolatrous city of X——. I had never visited this city, so had no idea of its size etc., but during the time that the Lord brought it and its needs before me in prayer, I could see it as plainly as though I had lived in it for years.

I saw, as it were, four roads leading into the city just thronged with pilgrims who were coming from different parts of India on a pilgrimage. (I might say we were preparing
for Gospel work, for one of the largest pilgrimages to this city, throughout the year.) I saw as it were, these pilgrims flock to the temple of their god, fall at his feet, then leave, turning to the loft, till they came to an immense precipice of which they were not aware, until they had fallen down "lost for ever." This I saw as hell. Needless to say that the picture was so intensely real, that I pleaded with God the Father, that He would soon send me with a band from Mukti, to show the pilgrims the True Way of life. I found myself weeping in an agony for those who were just tumbling over the precipice into "perdition," and besought the young women of Mukti to let God make them ready, for service in this city so given up to idolatry.

I had decided the day before, to go into Poona the next morning as I had to make some purchases, but the Lord showed me He had other plans. On the following day, He led me to gather those who were going to X—with me, and to wait upon Him for a special enduement of power, for service in the coming pilgrimage. In passing, I would like to say for God’s glory, that all the articles which I had been going to Poona to purchase, I had, made a present to me, just before leaving Mukti, and from this I learned a lesson; namely, "Obey the voice of God, and leave your needs with Him; He will see to your interests."

At X—, I soon understood the "why" of God’s dealings with me. I saw the city laid out just as it had been presented to my spiritual vision; the four good government roads leading into the city, thronged with pilgrims. I saw them fall to the ground, in sight of the temple which had been pourtrayed so clearly. I saw—yes—I almost hesitate to write it,—I saw the corpses of scores and scores of these pilgrims carried off by cholera; cartloads of corpses piled up one upon another. I saw fathers carrying the corpses of loved sons, brothers carrying the corpses of brothers and other relatives, children or rather young men carrying the corpses of parents, till the heart was sick, and one realized that of a truth God had prepared one for these awful sights, by the picture
brought before the spiritual vision only a few days before. Yes, hundreds heard the Truth during that pilgrimage, but hundreds and hundreds passed into eternity also, during that time, and they have gone, Where? Are we doing all we can in order that their spirits may return to God Who gave them?

Weeks passed, during which time the city of X——was being saturated with the Truths of the Gospel. Our band of workers increased, and “Heralds of the Cross went north, south, east and west of X——, proclaiming “Jesus” as the “Way.”

Another big pilgrimage formed a large field for service, and to my surprise the Lord again dealt with me as He did in “Mukti,” though on a smaller scale. He showed me the crowds just flocking into Eternity without a Saviour. How real these spiritual pictures are to one! How they rise up before one’s vision while proclaiming to the moving crowds of pilgrims that there is “No other way,” but “Jesus.” Time has passed on, and pilgrims again flock to the city of X——, and again we are privileged to proclaim the blessed Gospel Salvation by faith in the Lord Jesus, and through His blood alone.

Praise God with us that He has let us touch different parts of India, by sending us to work in this centre which is so crowded with pilgrims every few months. Pray for the work which is carried on in X——from day to day. The Lord meets us in wonderful ways. He gives us at times the privilege of seeing those who listen to the Gospel, so convicted that they seem just bound to the spot where they are standing. Join your prayers with ours that a spirit of Repentance will likewise fall upon the people, that “Jesus may see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied.”

A. Parsons.

“The harvest is plenteous, but the labourers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He send forth labourers into his harvest.” Luke 10: 2.

“Brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may run and be glorified, even as also it is with you.” 2 Thess. 3: 1
A Few Days at Mukti.

Dear Friends,

Come and spend a few days here with us at Mukti. You have been helping us and praying for us so long, and you have sometimes wished that someone would write to you and tell you how the Lord is working here in answer to your prayers.

We do not succeed in writing many letters to the kind friends to whom our thoughts travel many times in the year, but if you can spare the time to come with us now in thought, to look over the different departments in Mukti, we shall consider it a privilege to entertain you as our guests. Let us suppose that it is

Thursday.

A bright pleasant afternoon, not too hot, for it is still the cold season. You have arrived by the 2-20 train and will be glad to have a little rest and some tea before we begin our rounds.

In the evening at about five o'clock, you hear the sound of many voices, and look out of your room, to see several hundreds of girls going past on their way to the evening meal. Let us follow them as they go across the road to their dining-rooms, which are situated in that part of the compound known as

Priti Sadan.

The girls do not all come here for their meals, as there are several dining-rooms in other parts of Mukti. These form part of a square of buildings with an open quadrangle in the middle, where there are three tanks with water in them for the girls to wash their plates, cups and cooking utensils. Each girl takes care of her own plate and cup; she brings them with her now as she takes her place in one of the three long lines that are quickly being formed in each of the three long dining-rooms, and places them in front of her on the floor; we do not use tables in our Indian dining-rooms, She herself remains standing for a few minutes
while the matrons have the large trays full of bread, and the vessels of curry, placed at regular intervals between the rows of plates. The bell is now sounded by the head matron for silence, and someone starts a verse of a hymn, after which the matron calls upon the one whose turn it is to offer thanks to the Father in heaven for the tokens of His loving care. All stand with eyes shut and hands folded, while the blessing is being asked and thanks offered, and then they sit down; the assistant matrons, one of whom is chosen from each class of about twenty girls, ladle out the curry as fast as they can, while the elder matrons serve the bread; and soon the many fingers have plenty of work to do, for here in India, we eat with our fingers, and not with spoons and forks.

Let us take a peep into

The Kitchens.

The cooks who are some of our own elder girls and young women, are hard at work, putting the food out into the huge dishes, for the matrons to carry into the dining-room. Have you ever seen a stove that was so constructed, that the cooks had to walk about on the top of it? The difficulty about the cooking for our large family used to be, that the cooking vessels which are used, have to be so large, that the cooks had great difficulty in lifting them off the fire. On this account, and owing to other difficulties, a special kind of stove had to be constructed, with steps leading up to the iron place where the cooking vessels are arranged.

A second kitchen which is not quite as large as the first, but which is arranged in the same way, leads us into a third room, where the top of each of the two stoves is one great sheet of iron, on which the flat cakes of bajri or jwari bread are baked. The two kitchens and the baking room adjoin each other, and there is one large chimney, common to the three rooms.

As we take a parting look at the dining-rooms, where, some of the girls are standing about in groups, talking, others are bending near the tanks washing their plates; a number are going quickly out of the large gate by which we entered,
on their way to sweep the compounds and garden, to water the plants, to trim and light the lamps, or to do some other portion of the evening work which falls to their share; a few are standing broom in hand, waiting to sweep the dining-rooms when the girls have left them, let me tell you how Priti Sadan got its name.

This compound was first used as a home for our little girls. Some of the tiniest children in Mukti lived in it, and these little ones asked that their home might be called Priti Sadan, Home of Love. Several years have passed since it was first named; the children have gone to live in another compound; but the name which they gave the home still remains. As you have seen, Priti Sadan is used as a kitchen and dining-room; it is also used as a sitting-room and playroom by several hundreds of girls, in their leisure hours. It is indeed a place, where there is much room for love to be exercised. Will you join us in prayer that it may truly be a Home of Love?

We pass on now, through another compound, to the hospital, and then to the "Bethel Settlement," where the married people live. It is interesting to visit the homes of these young people, and we earnestly desire your prayers for them, that these new homes, for none of them are more than two years old, may be true lights in this dark land. There is much work all round, which may be done for Jesus by these young husbands and wives, if God calls them to it.

Shall we take a little walk along the road, across the railway line, to the fields? You will be interested to see one of our Wells.

We have nine of them; they are named according to the different kinds of fruit of the Spirit, love, joy, peace, etc. The particular well which we are about to visit is called "long-suffering." It is 60 ft. deep, and 25 ft. in diameter. We have a larger well than this, but none that has been used as constantly and as long as this one. Around it are fields where vegetables are planted, and if we come at the right season
of the year, we may see one of these fields green with sugar cane, which is put into a press that squeezes out the juice for making brown sugar. Near the well is a little house where the workmen keep their tools, a shed for the oxen which draw water and pull the plough, an enclosed place for bathing, and a boiler. Beyond one of the fields is the cemetery where a number of Mukti children have been laid. We praise God that many of them have fallen asleep in Jesus, and we have the assurance that "them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him," when He descends from heaven. We look forward with joy to that meeting.

The sun has set, and although the sky is still red, we must hurry home for it will be dark soon, and there is the sound of the Mukti Church Bell, which means that we shall just have time for dinner, before we go into the meeting where you will meet

THE PRAYING BAND.

Some of its members have been out into the villages while we have been visiting different places. If you have a little time to talk privately with them, they will probably have some varied experiences to tell you, of some who have gladly listened to the Gospel message, and of others who did not wish to hear, or who did not seem to understand; they will enlist your prayers for individuals in whom God has given them a deep interest, and for whose salvation they are praying. But these experiences are not often told in the meeting, as it is not a long one, and we need the time for a short message from the Word of God, and then for special prayer for the heathen people in India, and in other parts of the world. We are asking God to teach us so to pray, that souls may be saved and brought into the kingdom. Please pray for us.

After a night's rest, you are awakened by the Mukti Bell, which rings today at half-past five. Soon you will
hear the sound of different companies, coming from all quarters of Mukti towards

OUR LARGE CHURCH.

By half-past six all are gathered, and are sitting in orderly rows upon the floor. There are over 1400 present. As you sit on the platform step, and face the audience, you see the middle-sized girls, not quite 400, sitting in front of you. To your left are the blind girls, and in the wing beyond, the women from Kripa Sadan, and patients from the hospital. Behind the middle-sized girls are the older women, who live not far from Priti Sadan. On the right hand side of the platform, are the pupils from the Sharada Sadan who are chiefly members of the Normal School, or of the High School. Behind them, sitting on either side of the aisle are more than three hundred little ones between the ages of five and twelve. Beyond are the married people, and the schoolboys, who live and work in quite a different part of the Mukti grounds from that in which the girls live. Here and there with different companies, you see the various workers and matrons sitting, some on chairs or benches, some on the floor, and a few on the platform steps.

The leader calls on one to pray and the meeting begins. There are one or two prayers followed by the Lord's prayer; a hymn is sung, and one or more Psalms are read. About twenty minutes of silence are then spent in waiting upon God. The majority of those gathered know how to read, and have their daily Scripture portion, which they quietly read at this time, and ask God to give them strength, to live for Him during the day. Notes of praise and special requests for prayer are read, then after a short time of prayer, the Bible Lesson is given. The whole service lasts an hour and a half.

By nine o'clock all are at work in their several departments, and one of the workers comes to take you to see the schools. We go first into
THE BIG SCHOOL-ROOM.

Every available space is used to accommodate a class. On the verandahs, and in every wing may be seen bright faces, of girls and women who are working hard, and trying to make the best use of the time given them for study. There are a few who are not fond of learning and who find the school work a trouble, but a very large majority are fond of study, and in many cases, the greatest sacrifice a girl can be asked to make is to give up her studies for a time. Some of our teachers are young women who have been taught from the very beginning in one of our schools. They did not know their letters when they came; now they are quite able to teach High School students. A number of our girls and young women who have sufficiently advanced in their studies, are accepted as pupil teachers, and allowed to join the Normal Training Class.

About five years ago some of the oldest young women from Central India were teaching in the Mukti School. They were fine intelligent Christian women, none of them very young. They had received their education and training here and were able to help greatly in the teaching. One day the Lord gave a message through one of His children about the need of workers to carry the Gospel message to the heathen people, and an invitation was given to those who were called of God to do this work, to join

THE BIBLE SCHOOL,
where they would receive regular Bible Teaching, and be sent out in turns with experienced workers to carry the news of salvation to the villages around. Nearly all our best teachers were definitely called of God to devote their lives to His service. They joined the Bible School; the Lord accepted their offering of themselves, and set His seal upon their action by giving many of them a baptism of the Holy Spirit and making them a great blessing to those among whom He led them to work.

A new class of pupil teachers was formed when these young women joined the Bible School. They were young and
needed much careful training but in the course of a few years, became very good teachers. It is about five years since we began to train them. They have continued their education all the time and spent three hours a day learning how to teach. Our pupil-teachers are all, real Christians. We do praise God for what He has done for these girls whom He has brought out of heathenism. He is calling some of them to work with Him among the heathen, and we feel it is time for some of them to be set free for Gospel work, or to learn some kind of work, other than teaching, which will be of use to them in the future.

A third class of pupil-teachers has therefore been formed. They are bright little teachers, and eager to learn their work well. But the work is new, and it is somewhat embarrassing to them at first, especially as some of their pupils are older than they.

Let us stand still for a moment and watch them, as at the sound of the bell they take their places before their classes. Before a book is opened, teachers and pupils stand with hands folded and eyes closed, while each teacher asks the Lord to manifest His presence in her class; and prays that the daily lessons may be learnt and taught to His glory. Will you join them sometimes in this prayer as your thoughts travel to the Mukti School, and ask God's blessing upon all the work that is done in it?

We must hurry on. We may just peep into the Kindergarten room as we pass it, and hear the children's hearty salaam, which they make as they look up from their blocks or beads, and see us looking in upon them. Then comes

The Weaving School, where about 300 girls and young women may be seen at the looms making saries of many colours. In a long room near the weaving school, are the needlework classes, where, plain needlework, drawn-thread work, embroidery, hand button-making, crocheting, and various other kinds of work are done.

We go from the workroom through what is called our big-room room, where the fly-shuttle looms are used, into
The Printing Department.

The first room is a composing room, about 50 by 30 feet, with good light, to enable the young women, for this is the young women's part of the composing department, to see clearly to set up Hebrew, Greek, English or Marathi type. My mother who is very busy just now with some Bible Translation work, spends a good deal of time in this room. Not far off from her writing table are a number of girls copying extracts or words from Concordances, Dictionaries, Grammars, and other Bible-helps, while others are standing or sitting, on high stools, working with the various kinds of type.

At the end of this room is a partition which separates the girls' composing department from that of the boys. We pass out into a compound whence we can see different kinds of work being done. There is a carpenter's shed, a small blacksmith's shop, the bookbinding department where paper-cutting, folding, ruling, and binding are done, and exercise books are made. In another room is a sizing machine and another machine connected with the weaving, and a grinding mill. We next make our way through the engine-room into the printing-room where two printing presses are working, and six looms which are worked by steam.

The Boys' Schoolroom,

where the younger boys study, is a very quiet place, compared with the noisy engine room which we have just left. Here are five or six classes of boys who are sitting on the floor, working with their slates and books. In a little room between this schoolroom and the printing-room is a class in tailoring where some of the boys learn how to make their own coats. Outside the schoolroom is a swing which is a great attraction in the evening after work is done.

After the midday meal, we leave you for a little rest, while some of us go, first to a Greek or Hebrew class, and thence to our work in various Departments, where we stay till the bell rings at about half-past four to call all the Sunday School teachers, about 100 in all, to their teachers' preparation class which is held every Friday afternoon,
Saturday is the day for washing, and house-cleaning; and then comes,

**SUNDAY.**

How kind it is of the Lord, to give His children a day when they may set aside all thought of week-day work, and quietly learn more of Him, and His plans for them. The church bell rings at a quarter to eight. The service usually lasts for an hour and a half. After that, the large company which had gathered in the church, separates into the different Sunday Schools which meet in seven different parts of Mukti.

After a few quiet hours we meet again in the church, for the afternoon service, which takes the place of an evening one.

While the afternoon service is being held, three or four companies of young people, each party consisting of about five members, make their way to

**THE VILLAGES,**

to tell the story of Jesus. It seems a strange contrast when we go from our home where all speaks of the quiet Sunday rest, to find in the villages carpenters and field labourers, goldsmiths, woodchoppers, tanners, etc, all busily engaged with their various tasks. Every day is alike here.

Near the entrance to the village one may always find the temple of the chief idol that is worshipped by the villagers. We pass it by, praying in our hearts that our people may be delivered from idolatry, and we go from street to street speaking to group after group of men and children, as we pass them to go to visit the women, in their homes or on their verandahs. Tracts and portions of Scripture are distributed to those who can read. Please pray that the people may lead them, and that their hearts may be opened to understand and accept the Word of Life.

On the way home we meet the field labourers going home from their work, and the Lord gives many opportunities of speaking about Him. It is time for dinner when we reach home. We ask the Lord to bless the Word that has been
spoken, and then after dinner, a few gather in the church to thank God for His blessing during the day.

* * * * * *

Now we must leave you. You say you are leaving by the 5 A.M. train, so we shall probably not see much of you tomorrow. Let me just tell you before we separate, that we are grateful to you for paying us this visit. God's people are very welcome at Mukti. We hope that in days to come, as your thoughts travel back to this little out-of-the-way place, you will please pray for us, that here among the heathen, we may, “Let our light so shine before men, that they may see our good works and glorify our Father which is in heaven.”

MANORAMABAI

Concerning the Lord's Work in the Hospital.

A YEAR ago on the sixth of January, I arrived in Bombay, and a few days later at Ramabai's home, where I had previously worked for nearly six years. I at once took up work in the Hospital where I had spent most of my time formerly.

The year 1907 has been a year of great victory in this part of the work, for which we give God all the Glory. “Beloved I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth.” 3 John 1: 2. These words have become real in both aspects, to many of our dear girls; as we see them prosper in soul, we see God's power manifested in their bodies. During the last year there has been less sickness, and the death average has been lower than before.

Some months ago, one of the Mukti matrons came to my room early on a Sabbath morning: “Auntie, I was greatly blessed last night, and some one spoke to me, saying, ‘You go to the Hospital and pray for N—who is ill.’” She was not sure if the Lord had spoken or not; that was why she said, some one had spoken.
I could not doubt that it was the Lord speaking to her, but told her not to go until she knew it was His voice, and whatever the Lord told her she was to obey: a few hours later I heard volumes of praise ascending in the Hospital. I went as quickly as I could, and found N——, who had been ill for more than a year with heart disease, asthma and contraction of certain tendons, so that she had had no use of her limbs for months.

What had happened? N——was walking back and forth in the ward, praising God with all the rest of them. In the afternoon, she walked across the road to the Church, and partook of the Lord’s Supper. That day seemed saturated with God’s power. From that time until now she has been able to walk. The matron obeyed the voice of the Lord, went to N——’s bedside, laid her hand on her, and she was healed. Living faith produces obedience; obedience is the strongest evidence of our faith. Can we afford to disobey the voice of the Lord? It may mean the loss of some life, or the loss of a soul.

Some time before, an old woman had come from a village about three miles distant, crawling on hands and knees, and had been found one early morning sitting at our dispensary door. When asked what she had come for, she said, “I have come to stay.” This we could not believe. When asked again she replied, “I have come to stay.” “But,” we said, “We are all one caste, all Christians; all eat the same food and drink the same water.” “But I cannot work, I am an invalid, and my friends have turned me out; can you do anything for me?”

We did not think from a natural point of view, much could be done for a person of her age, who had curvature of the spine. But from the very beginning she seemed to be one with us; never a word about caste, and in a very short time she was able to walk; she seems to have very simple faith. I can only say of her, she was like the woman that was diseased for twelve years. She touched the hem of His garment, and He said, “Thy faith hath made thee whole, and the woman was made whole from that hour.”

J——, another Bai, brought to us from a near village, has been the most miraculous case, that our eyes have ever witnes-
sed. To see all her friends with her, and several carrying her into the dispensary, looked to us like a funeral procession. Listening to the story of the friends, our hearts shrank from even examining the case, but we proceeded, taking off one filthy bandage after another, which had been bound one over the other, for fifteen days without any change.

We found a complete fracture of the tibia and fibula, gangrene of foot and foreleg which was caused by a fall from a tree; the only hope of life was an amputation of the limb. When we consulted the friends and husband, they decidedly said "No, we would not consent to the amputation."

We told them then, we could do nothing to save her life, but God was able. So they said to us, "Take her and keep her with you." We admitted her into the hospital; their battle and fear seemed over, but ours, just began. What if we failed with this case? We knew that the Word said, "All things are possible with God", (to them that believe). Previous to this, God had been dealing with some of us, about taking God at His word and believing Him. "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Heb. 11:1.

In many things and in some cases, we see that human skill and care has helped, but there is not much faith required here. It is the impossible things with man, that faith is needed for; where we cannot see, faith, "the evidence of things not seen." Standing on God’s promises, taking God at His word.

Death had found its victim. But God who never fails answered prayer, and in seventeen hours the gangrene disappeared, and the flesh that remained was healthy. She remained with us for a few weeks, after which she returned to her village.

There are many other cases that God healed in answer to prayer. But dear friends, this is enough to convince us that the days of miracles are not passed, and God does want to work through His children, as He did in the days of the apostles. May we be faithful to our calling, and not void of the power of the Holy Ghost.

Mukti Mission.

Elmina Hoffman.
For the Children.

(Our Babies.)

My Dear Little Friends,

I want to tell you something about the babies of the big family at Mukti.

Let us take a peep into the nursery and see what some of them are doing. There is one large room where some of the tiny ones live. In this room there are five little girls. I will first tell you their names. The first is Priti which means "love," then Hannah, Asha, (hope), Abie and Ruth; there is also another little one named Hosannah, but she is very delicate and has gone to live in the hospital for a time.

Then we have two little boys living in another room, named Jayvant and Satyanadan (preacher of the truth.) Priti is the eldest, about five years old, she has been with us nearly two years; she was brought to Pandita Ramabai by a man; we don't know who her mother is. When she first came she was very frightened, and used to scream if anyone spoke to her; but she soon got used to us all; she comes to school and is learning to read and write and do needlework. Priti sometimes likes to have her own way, but generally she is good. Little Asha is much younger, not yet two years old, but she also comes to school. She is known as "Ramabai's baby," for Ramabai has looked after her herself from the time she came. Little Asha might be Priti's sister she is so much like her. Asha has just the same little ways that Priti had when she was the same age. She is just beginning to talk and walk, and is very interesting. When she first came to school, directly she was left, she used to cry very much, and it was difficult to comfort her, but now she is very happy with the other little ones, and is very fond of building bricks. Hannah and Hosannah both came to us at the same time, about eighteen months ago. They are both temple children. In this country the heathen people often sell their little girls, when quite babies, to the priests who live
at the temples and they are brought up to live very bad lives. Hannah is about two and a half years, and Hosannah about three years old, though Hannah is much stronger and bigger than Hosannah. She is a round-faced, bright-eyed little girl who is always in mischief. It is very difficult in school to keep her still. She is a great favourite. Sometimes when the children are building bricks, she will suddenly come and take their bricks away, then putting her hands behind her back will run off with them, laughing all over. Little Abie cannot talk yet, but has just begun to stand alone. Baby Ruth who came to us when she was about two weeks old, at first was very delicate, but now is a fine little baby of about five months old. All these babies come to church and are learning to sit quiet. Our two little boys are dear little fellows. One day some time ago, little Satyanadan who is about three years old, came into school and saw little Hannah who had not been to school for some days. At that time he was a very shy little fellow, and would hardly speak a word, but when he saw Hannah, he was so delighted, and calling her name, put his arms round her neck, kissed her, then taking her by the hand, led her to a place by his, and gave her bricks to play with; he was so delighted at having her; that he would not let anyone else go near her.

My dear little friends, pray for these little ones, that they may early learn to know and love Jesus as their own Saviour, and that all their lives they may follow Him truly. We always commence school with prayer, and it is so nice to see these wee babies, standing with their little hands covering their eyes while a teacher is praying. I spent an evening in the nursery a little while ago. I found little Abie on the step crying. Up till that time she would not come to me, but she was in trouble and needed comforting, so quickly came into my arms. When I got into the room I found baby Ruth lying on her bed, crying badly; she had had ear-ache, and it had made her very fretful, so I took her on my other arm, and they were soon both quiet. The babies haven’t been afraid of me since that night. You would like to see them sometimes playing together; they are so happy. We are so glad they have been
rescued from lives of wickedness and idolatry, and we must pray that their relations may not want to take them away.

Now you know something about our babies, I am sure you will not forget to pray for them.

Your loving friend,

NELLIE WYATT.

DEEPER.

"A tree.....that spreadeth out her roots by the river."—

(JER. xvii, 8.)

Rooted......in Him.”—(COL. ii, 7.)

Deeper, deeper into Jesus,
When the streams are dry,
Patient hearts in Him abiding,
He will satisfy.
'Neath the burning heat of noon-day,
In the barren spot,
Fadeless leaf, and fruit unfailing
Show He faileth not.
Deeper, deeper into Jesus,
When the storm-clouds roll,
When the winds of doubt and conflict
Sweep across the soul.
Though the branch may sway and tremble,
Firm the root abides—
Oh, how blest the troubled spirit,
That in Jesus hides!
Deeper, deeper into Jesus,
Richer fruit shall be,
Drinking ever of that River
Flowing full and free.
Drawing ever on His fulness
'Neath earth's strain and strife,
Where the heart has touched the fountains
Of eternal life.

C. C.
Prayer Bells and Letters returned from the Dead Letter Office.

We should be grateful if any one would send us the correct address of any of these friends:

Rev. Isaac Allen, 30 West Park, Cotham, Bristol, England.
Mrs. Bazett, 7 Gladstone Terrace, Devon, Devonshire, England.
Mrs. G. H. Brazendale, 329 Eccles New Road, Manchester, England.
Lady Ashmead Bartlett, Grange House, Grange Road, Eastbourne, England.
Miss M. M. Crawford, Bethany, Jerusalem, Via Port Said.
Miss A. Cheers, 64 Hartington Road, Liverpool, England.
Miss Lizzie Cooper, 91 Shield's Road, Glasgow, Scotland.
Miss Emily Dale, Weymouth Street, Apsley, Herts, England.
Mr. W. Davidson, 13 Nightingale Road, Southsea, England.
Miss E. E. Dodson, 1 Grove Terrace, Thorpe Hamlet, Norwich, England.
Mr. Fisk, 1422 Hyde Street, San Francisco, California, U. S. America.
Mrs. E. Green, Clare Villa, Aldwick Road, Bognor, England.
Miss N. B. Greene, Midgham, Woolhampton, Berks, England.
Miss M. Guise, Marshall Cottage, Naini Tal, North India.
Miss E. Hall, 14 Gilpin Terrace, Long Road, Armley, Leeds, York, England.
Miss M. Jenkins, 21 St. Mary's Building, St. Martin's Lane, London W. C. England.
Miss Lucy James, 16 Sotheby Road, Highbury, London N. England.
Mrs. A. Kemp, 18 Prestonville Road, Brighton, Sussex, England.
Mr. and Mrs. Kind, Alliance Mission, Kent, England.
A. D. Khan, 39/4 Sukea's Street, Calcutta.
Mr. Frank H. Mayberg, 12, Chantry Road, Clifton, Bristol, England.
Miss M. Olson, Beresford, Toledo Road, South-end-on-Sea, England.
Miss C. Payne, 117 Drakefield Road, Upper Tooting, London S. W. England.
Mr. J. Wesley Smith, The Wigwam, Weston Super Mare, England.
Miss C. S. Wainwright, Fylde Cottage, The Avenue, West Bournemouth, England.
Mrs. Rachel Hupp, 212 N. Grand Ave, Los Angeles, California, U. S. America.
Mrs. Margrey, 3433 S. Pauline Street, Chicago, Ill. U. S. America.

Did you ever get tired of your own prayers, and desire to hear another pray? We may hear another if we let the Holy Spirit pray through us. If we expect Him to do the praying.
It is an easy thing to become formal in our petitions, and realize no conscious receiving the things we ask. God’s word says, “Ask and receive, that your joy may be full.” If the joy does not follow, may we not conclude that we have not asked in faith?

Sometimes we are so circumstanced that our words are few. “Lord, help!” has been my prayer more than once, twice, or thrice, and the answer was a quick one. I was in need, and I was in earnest.

Let us ask God to give us more earnestness, more determination. It means much to keep the earnestness in our closets, at the family altar, and in the prayer and class meetings.

“And this is the confidence that we have in Him, that, if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us: and if we know that He hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him.”—1 John 5:14, 15.

By Mrs. E. L. Roberts. (Earnest Christian)
Prayer Bells and Letters returned from the Dead Letter Office.

We should be grateful if any one would send us the correct address of any of these friends:—

Miss Esther Bennett, Blackets Road, Rangiora, Canterbury, New Zealand.
Miss J. L. Blaborn, Portland, Maine, U. S. America.
Miss L. James, Hebron, Barnsbury Square, London N., England.
Mrs. E. Mowthrope, Oshezedal, Ta., U. S. America.
Mrs. Ness, 53, North Street, Leven, Fifeshire, Scotland.
Mr. W. Perry, 21, Normandy Street, Newton, Wellington, New Zealand.
Mrs. Caroline Snape, 315, South 5th Street, Springfield, Ill., U. S. America.
Miss R. M. Harvey, Gardiner, Ohio, U. S. America.
Mrs. Morris, 166, Liverpool Road, London N., England.
Miss S. R. Dalton, 4, Viale, P. Amedeo, Primo Piano, Florence, Italy.
Miss Ethel Green, Munroe Street, Napier, New Zealand.
Miss Freeman, Missionary Training Home, Duke Street, Dunedin, New Zealand.
Pfarrir Reed, Manager, Dillenbing, Germany.
Miss Lottie Haynes, 2, Dock Street, Wellington, New Zealand.
Mrs. Parr, Milton Road, Mount Raskill, Auckland, New Zealand.
Miss Maud Robertson, c/o Miss Good, Linwood, Christchurch, New Zealand.
Miss Violet Bridges, Avenue Road, Camberwell, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia.
Miss Clemens, Nelson Street, South Dunedin, New Zealand.
Mrs. R. S. Aquilla, Lady Dufferin's Hospital, Amraoti, Berar.
Mrs. Jones, 126, Burwood Road Hawthorn, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia.
The Mukti Mission is a purely undenominational, evangelical, Christian Mission designed to reach and help high caste Hindu widows, deserted wives and orphans from all parts of India. It aims at training the young women and girls sheltered in Mukti home, mentally, morally and spiritually. Everything is done to enlighten the women and girls who come to this home. After receiving a thorough training for some years, they go out as teachers or Bible women to work in different Missions, and many of them get married and settle happily in their own homes.

Friends desiring to help in this work of God are asked to interest as many of their friends in this mission as they can, to pray regularly for it. The Mukti Mission depends wholly upon God. Friends are therefore urged to pray earnestly for it, that the Lord may "make all grace abound" toward it, that it "having sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work."

God's children who desire to pray for it, need not consider themselves under any obligation to pay money toward its support. The founder of this Mission knows, and has proved, that God answers prayer. The prayers of God's people are more precious than silver and gold.

Any Christian desiring to help this mission is requested to pray daily for the workers and the founder, that they may live and work in this mission, always doing the good will of God, "giving no offence in anything, that the minister be not blamed: but in all things approving" themselves "as the ministers of God."

Friends are requested also to unite with the members of the Mukti Church, on the first Tuesday of every month, in special prayer:—

1. That all orphans, homeless women, widows and girls in India may be rescued and placed under the wise management of godly Christian people.
2. That all of them may be converted and saved to the uttermost, and not one of them go astray.
3. That they may be filled with the Holy Spirit, and that the Lord of the harvest may send forth many of them as labourers into His harvest. Matt. ix. 38.
4. That those who become the foster parents may realize their responsibility, and faithfully discharge the duty according to God's commandment.
5. That the whole Indian Church may become a great evangelizing agent so that the Gospel may be given to every man, woman and child in India the Christians, as freely as they have received it.

"And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." Matt. xxi, 22.

Any other information in regard to Mukti Mission may be obtained by addressing a letter or Post Card to Pandita Ramabai, Superintendent of the Mission.

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