"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.

May, 1910.
PRAYER-BELLS AND LETTERS RETURNED FROM THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE.

Prayer-Bells and letters addressed as below have been 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. M. Aaron, 19 Deden Boxe's Lane, Wellesley Square, Calcutta.
Miss Carrie K. Buckingham, Philibet, U. S. America.
Mrs. Laurence Holmes, Belmont Hall, 11511 Silver St., Los Angeles Cal., U. S. America.
Herr Missionar C. Fritz, Schorndorf, Wurtemburg, Germany.
H. Biddulph Esq, Royal Engineers, Kirkee.
Mr. Frank Holsworth, Naini Tal, U. P.
Miss Annie Taylor, Hope Cottage, Chumlu Dibet, Via Darjeeling.
Mr. J. M. Cookson, Kotagiri, S. India.
Mrs. Rooke, Emu Bay, Burnie, Tasmania.
Miss Myrtle Busby, Box 26 Shanandoah, Iowa, U. S. America.
Miss Butler, Shanandoah, Iowa, U. S. America.
Miss Emma Scott, M. E. Mission, Brindaban.
Mrs. T. A. Darie, c/o Et Pass Mildway, Institute, Fort Neille, Texas, U. S. America.
Miss Murphy, Robert Street, Marrickville, New South Wales, Australia.
Miss Gardiner, Roseland, Southampton, England.
Mrs. Forbes, Aushmuty, Markinoh, Fifé, Scotland.
Mrs. D. Davidson, 29 Marshall St. Edinburgh, Scotland.
Mrs. G. W. Matheson, Americas, Georgia, U. S. America.
Mrs. Beur, 3717 S. Paulina Street, Chicago, Ills., U. S. America.
Mrs. Thos. Bruce, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia.
Mr. Ernest Hudson Taylor, Hung Tung, Via. Hankow & Hananfu Shan-–Si, China.
Miss T. Smith, Victoria House, Dunolly, Victoria, Australia.
**Meditation.**

"Jesus said......I have compassion on the multitude. I will not send them away fasting lest they faint in the way." Matt. 15:32.

"I am the Bread of Life: he that cometh to Me shall never hunger: and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst." John 6:35.

"Give ye them to eat." Mark 6:37.

**Praise and Prayer.**

We praise God for His many mercies. Truly "His compassions fail not. They are new every morning: great is Thy faithfulness." Besides daily supplying the needs of His large family at Mukti, our Heavenly Father sent us, just in time for Christmas, ten boxes of Christmas presents, and a number of parcels; thus each one here received some gift as a token of God's thoughtfulness. We desire to express our deep gratitude to all God's children who had a part in sending these presents to Mukti.

In many other ways also, our Father added to the Christmas rejoicing, and we thank Him for His kindness. Above all, we thank Him for Himself and His great love manifested in the gift of His Son Jesus Christ. We are so glad to know that our girls and boys are learning to realise, that the true joy of Christmas is found in Him alone.
We are glad to welcome as members of the Mukti family, Miss James, Miss Berkin, Miss Boes, Miss Glover and Miss Whitley from England, Miss Scott from New Zealand, and Miss Brazier and the Rev. G. W. Coffman from America. We are very grateful to our Heavenly Father for His kindness to us in sending us these helpers, and we pray that each one may experience the fulfilment of God's promise, "I will be to them as a Little Sanctuary in the countries where they shall come."

Mr. Coffman is helping Pandita Ramabai, by acting as pastor to the fifty Christian families in Bethel, and by taking charge of the farm connected with the Mukti Mission. He has worked for some years as a Missionary in connection with the Christian Mission in Central India; and now on his return from furlough, Mr. Coffman has been led of God to come to work at Mukti for a time. We request our friends to pray, that all these new workers may be endued with power from on high, that they may do their work and preach the Gospel in the power of the Holy Spirit.

Since the last number of the Prayer-Bell was issued, we have had the joy of sending out more than a dozen young women for Christian work in various parts of India. Our friends who have stood with us in prayer for many years will rejoice with us, and praise God for His goodness in bringing these young women to a knowledge of Himself, and in preparing them for work which He has prepared for them. They will also, we feel sure, join us in prayer, that these young workers may be true representatives of the Lord Jesus, among the heathen.

"Who hath wrought and done it, calling the generations from the beginning? I the LORD, the first and with the last; I am He."

To several of our girls and young women, there has recently come a time of testing, when they have had to
choose for themselves, whether they would serve the Lord Jesus, or go back into heathen homes where they would not be allowed to confess their faith in Christ. It has been a great joy to us to stand by one and another, as they have testified boldly to their people, of the love of Jesus, and chosen "rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season."

Our friends will join us in praise to God for keeping these little ones true to Himself; and as a similar test may come to many others before long, may we ask them to join us in prayer, that we may all boldly confess our faith in the Lord Jesus, and be true to Him to the end.

There are ten wells at Mukti from which water is drawn to supply the need of our large family. Their names are as follows:—Priti (Love), Anand (Joy), Shanti (Peace), Dhir (Longsuffering), Upakar (Goodness), Vishvas (Faith), Kripa (Mercy), Upalati (Springing up), Sanjeevani (Reviving), Asha (Hope).

On the morning of April 7th., Pandita Ramabai, a number of her workers, and visitors who were here, met for praise and prayer with the workmen at a spot which had been chosen for a new well.

The 55th., chapter of Isaiah was read, a chapter which the Christian workmen who were about to dig the well had learned by heart. It was remarked by a worker, that the men would often think of that chapter as they worked in the sun. Will our friends pray for these young men, that as they dig this well, they may learn to draw water out of the wells of Salvation? The name of the new well is Jehovah-Shammah.

The spot is already marked for another well which is to be called Jacob's Well. It is to be on the roadside, where any passers-by may come and have a drink of water, and hear the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Please pray that the wayfarers may hear, believe and be saved.
There is always a feeling of joy at Christmas, and surely it comes to us from the, "Unspeakable Gift" of the Father, even His Own Son our Saviour. With thoughts of Him we began our preparation for Christmas, and knew it would be a happy time whatever happened.

The church was to be decorated and texts prepared. In one room we found a number of girls cutting out letters in white paper, to be pasted on saris which were stretched on frames, making a nice background to throw up the white letters. We had the word Emmanuel in gold letters on one frame.

The boys were at work carrying pots of flowers and palms, and other plants into the church. These they arranged on the window-ledges, and round the platform. Then they went to the woods and cut down branches of trees, and brought them into the church. They were soon busy tying them up to the pillars which support the roof, and very happy they were about it; they then went off for more boughs, some covered with clusters of beautiful yellow berries; and so they worked on until they made the church look as green as the woods from which they had brought the boughs.

When the texts were ready, the carpenters came and put them up: and the boys brought a plentiful supply of paper chains which they had spent much time in making. We left the church ready for the happy Christmas service next morning, and then turned our attention to unpacking the boxes of presents which only arrived on the afternoon of Christmas Eve. The boxes were placed in a large room, and mats were spread on the floor; these were soon strewn with garments, bags, quilts, dolls, material for cholies, and other presents, to be sorted and arranged for the different classes. Willing hands set to work, and the presents were counted, and bags filled with little presents such as handkerchiefs, needlebooks, pincushions, cotton, and other useful little things.
Thus ended a busy but happy day, and as we walked through the brilliant moonlight to our rooms, our hearts were full of gratitude to God for the gifts, and for the love which had prompted the giving.

Early on Christmas morning we were awakened by the girls coming round, and singing their Christmas hymns. They came to the workers’ rooms and wished them a happy Christmas. About ten o’clock we gathered in the church for service. We sang the familiar Christmas hymns, and though the words were not understood by some of us who do not yet know Marathi, we could praise God in spirit and know that we were all one in Him. We had an American gentleman spending Christmas with us, and he spoke to us for about half an hour; Pandita Ramabai and several of the workers said a few words; but though the service was a long one, there was not time for all of us to speak. As several of the addresses had to be translated into Marathi, they took much longer than they otherwise would have done.

There was a spirit of thankfulness running through all that was said, and as we reviewed God’s goodness to us in the past year we could say, “Not one good thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord our God spake concerning us.”

To the new-comers especially, it had been a year of wonderful answer to prayer; we felt that the guiding hand of God had been upon us, in bringing us to this land, and right gladly did we unite in praising Him with his dear ones in India. We had a blessed and happy time, and felt that God’s presence was with us.

Leaving the church we went to breakfast, and in the afternoon the presents were given.

The girls went, class by class, into Ramabai’s room, and as each girl passed in, she received some parched rice and peas, of which the girls are very fond; then Ramabai gave her a present, and as she passed out, she received a ball of sweetmeat, composed of pop-corn and sugar, which the girl
had been busy making during the week before. Thirteen hundred presents are no small number to give. Ramabai kept on till she was tired, and then Manoramabai took her place. Everything was very orderly. We found we had not prepared quite enough presents, and so some of us went to the room where we had been unpacking, and filled more bags.

In the evening we helped clear up, and closed our happy and busy day with prayer, thanking God for all His goodness to us, in providing not only the necessities, but also the “loving extras,” which speak so much of His tender thoughtfulness for us.

A. Glover.

“Lily-Work.”

“And upon the top of the pillars was Lily-Work.”

1 Kings 7:22.

When king Solomon was building his Temple, which was to be “exceeding magnifical,” he sent for Hiram from Tyre, who was “filled with wisdom and understanding to work all works in brass.” He made two pillars of brass for the front of the Temple, each 18 cubits high, on the top of which he put a chapter of five cubits, so making each pillar 23 cubits (over 15 yards) high. These two pillars he reared at the front of the Temple. The name of the one he called “Jachin” (He shall establish); and the name of the other he called “Boaz” (In it is strength); and upon the top of the pillars he put “lily-work,” (ver.22) quite out of sight of the ordinary observer, only seen by those who looked up to find the beautiful, but always seen by the eye of God to whose glory the Temple was built.

Is there not in this a lesson for us? Is there any lily-work in our lives—that which is done only to be known and seen of God; little acts of kindness and love done for Christ’s sake, the note of sympathy written, the word of helpfulness and encouragement given, when
others see only failure, the patient endurance which will not give up though tried to the uttermost? The same watchful eyes which saw the lily-work in the poor widow who cast her all into the Treasury, sees and recognises also when we yield to Him our all, whether it be of life, of love, of talents, or of possessions.

The Lily suggests purity, fragrance, beauty, and tenderness. Our human life pure in word and thought, and true in all things, through the cleansing of the precious blood. Not that which we appear to be, but what we really are in the sight of God; and “he that loveth pureness of heart, the King shall be his friend.” (Prov. 22:11.)

Fragrance—“All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia.” Do our garments, the outer life as seen by the world yield the fragrance of a surrendered life and will; “the myrrh and aloes and cassia,” even as “Christ gave Himself for us, an offering and a sacrifice to God for an odour of a sweet smell?” (Eph. 5:2. r. v.)

Beauty—“Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us,” “the beauty of holiness.” “So shall the King greatly desire thy beauty.” and “He will beautify the meek with Salvation.”

Tenderness—that which binds up the broken in heart, which deals patiently with the sinful and erring, “Be ye tenderhearted one to a nother”; “dealing gently” for Christ’s sake with the weak and tempted ones, “despairing of no man.” (Luke 6:35. r.v. margin.)

We notice that the lily-work did not grow on the top of the pillars, it meant both talent and toil on Hiram’s part; ability and willingness. So if we would have lily-work in our lives, let us take every opportunity which comes, to make these Temples of the Holy Ghost, beautiful, so that “in His Temple everything shall say glory.” (Psa. 29:9. r. v.) And just as Hiram was filled with wisdom to make the lily-work, so the Holy Spirit will be in us, “The Spirit of Wisdom” to work out in our lives the beauty of holiness.

M. BERKIN.
Dear Friends,

It is with praise and thankfulness to God for all His goodness and love in bringing me in safety to Mukti, that I take my pen in hand, and endeavour through the medium of the "Prayer-Bell," to tell you a little of the work that is being carried on by Pandita Ramabai, as it appears in the eyes of one who has just entered the Mission.

I arrived at Kedgaon station at about seven o'clock in the evening, and was met by some of the faithful workers from Mukti, who at once set to work to make me feel as though I had arrived at home, instead of in the midst of a heathen land. The Mission tonga was waiting, and very soon we were on our way to Mukti; ten minutes later I was landed into what appeared to me the centre of some large village, and that village is Mukti.

I was shown to my room where I partook of my first Indian meal, as the strains of one of our well-known hymns, which was being sung by the dear girls who were gathered in the church for evening prayers, fell upon my ears. As it was dark I had to wait till the following morning to see anything of Mukti. The bell rang about 6 a.m., and it was not long before a few hundreds of the girls gathered in the church to praise God for His goodness during the hours of darkness, and to ask guidance and help for the day; those who were not in the church, gathered in their own compounds.

There are more than thirteen hundred girls in Mukti, many of whom have been rescued from lives of sin and want; many were rescued during famine, and some were not wanted in their homes, and so were cast out to die; but there is one who has learnt to know of a Saviour of little children; one into whose heart God has implanted a very, very deep love for all her needy sisters, and whose big mother-heart opens to them all, and longs to lead them
to the Saviour, Who died for them because He loved them, and so they have been gathered into the great Mukti home, for a home and haven it has been, and is, to many who have now grown up to womanhood, and to all who are sheltered herein.

I think I hear some of you ask, "How do so many live day after day, and how are they employed?" Just follow me into the different compounds, and I will show you how the time is spent. I have already told you how the needs are supplied. Pandita Ramabai has learnt to trust her Heavenly Father, and as the dear girls meet in the mornings, they too put their needs before the One Who hears and answers prayer.

The girls are divided into sections, each section being under the supervision of a European worker, or of a first-class Indian matron, of whom there are not a few, and they do great credit to the teaching and training they have received at Mukti.

There is the cooking to be attended to, and this is no small part of the work where there are so many mouths to be filled. Besides the cooks in the different kitchens, there are the boys who are in the fields preparing the ground, and sowing and watering the grain and vegetables. There are the women who bring the vegetables from the fields, and those who carry the water. Some are also employed in grinding the grain, and preparing the vegetables.

The general household duties are many and varied. A hundred or more are kept busy with duster, brush and broom, sweeping up compounds and dusting rooms and attending in general to the cleanliness of the home.

All in Mukti who show any aptitude at all for learning, have the chance of receiving a good education, and can go to school for half a day. Manoramabai is in charge of the school. Her duties in this centre are now lighter than they once were, for some of the senior girls who have passed their matriculation are now good teachers, and there are always others coming on. It is interesting to see the many classes as they are divided in the large and commodious building
which serves as School and Church, and stands as a monument of God's faithfulness. This building has been the birthplace of many precious souls won from gross darkness; they are now walking in the glorious light and liberty of the children of God.

The Bible School Classes are attended every day, by many whose knowledge of the Scriptures is daily increasing. While school is in session, the Industrial work is in full swing. Many girls are employed behind the looms, and besides making good use of their time, they are learning something which will be of use to them through life. There are two large sewing classes. One among the rescue girls under Miss Bacon's supervision where the girls are taught plain and fancy needlework, and the class among the junior girls which is much the larger one, and where fancy work is done, and orders for railway badges taken and fulfilled.

The girls who are in school in the morning go to the industrial work in the afternoon, and those who work in the morning go to school in the afternoon.

We now come to a very important branch of the work, where Pandita Ramabai herself takes full charge, viz., the Printing Press and Offices. In these rooms many girls are employed setting up type, and correcting proof, while the married men work in the press-room; from this press the Gospel reaches many thousands of poor sin-sick souls and they get the Gospel without money and without price; for the Pandita says "Freely ye have received, freely give." So the glorious news of Salvation is sown broadcast among the heathen. Ramabai is at present also doing a great translation work which cannot fail to be a boon and a blessing to all who will have the privilege of using it when completed, for she has been given the commission from the Lord Himself.

Now will you come with me into the nursery where there are at present sixteen dear little children whom the Pandita cares for as her own little flock. They all look to her as mother, and it is quite a usual thing to see
two or three of the wee mites clinging around her wherever she is, or climbing upon her knees and looking for a mother's love, in which expectation they are never disappointed.

There is a kindergarten for the tiny tots where they spend a few bright, helpful hours each day.

The Secretary's Office is a busy one. Here, two European workers and a number of girls are employed. The correspondence is heavy, and this is an important branch of the work.

Some of the girls from Mukti have married Christian men and have gone to different parts of India to live; they are testifying to the heathen around them of the Saviour's love. There is also a settlement attached to Mukti where many of the married people live, and in many cases both husband and wife are employed in Mukti. This little settlement is called Bethel.

In closing this brief and hurried description, for I have not by any means gone into details, I must tell you a little of the spiritual work at Mukti. Many of the girls go out to the villages carrying the glorious Gospel message to their heathen sisters; some are ready to go when leaders are forthcoming, and others are preparing. It is an inspiration to hear these dear girls pray and intercede on behalf of their heathen country men and women. Some are willing to spend their lives in intercession for others. There is a band of young women in Pandharpur with Miss Parsons and Miss Steel. The Gospel is preached to many who pass along the Government Road which crosses Mukti, and Gospels and tracts are given to them. Many sick come for healing day by day, and Dr. Roberts never loses the opportunity of speaking the Word of Life.

To me, Mukti is as a hive of busy bees. There are no idlers allowed here. While so many are Christians, there are still those here who are out of Christ. Will you join us in prayer that they may not let their opportunities slip, but that they may yield to Christ? And please remember too, the millions outside of Mukti.
Please pray very especially for Pandita Ramabai and her dear daughter Manoramabai, that the Lord will continue to pour His blessings and power upon them, and thus bless them in their great work for Him. Their responsibilities are great and many, but they do cast all burdens on the Great Burden-Bearer; surely we can continually bear them up before the Lord in prayer and faith, and so take a small part in the great work to which God has called them.

Please pray for each branch of the work that has been mentioned as it is all done for God's glory, and because of the dear Saviour Who shed His blood for the dear people of India, as well as for you and me.

Yours in Christian love and fellowship,

ANNIE E. SCOTT.

Village Work.

It is a fine Sunday afternoon, rather warm but pleasant. The bands of girls are being mustered for village work. As a European worker must accompany each band of girls, and as there are five of us available, each taking from five to nine girls, we have a good number ready to preach the Gospel. The tonga is taken by the workers who are going to distant villages. The village we intend to visit is about a mile from Mukti, so we walk to it. In less than half an hour, we arrive in Bori.

An Indian village, at first sight, strikes one as very peculiar. The houses or huts, in the distance look like giant ant-hills with their clay walls and low roofs of the same colour and material, or of thatch. As we approach the village, our hearts are saddened by the sight of heaps of stones here and there, daubed with paint of various colours, and we know these to be objects of worship. There are also many wayside shrines, enclosing small figures about the size of a doll which are made of wood or stone. Truly the heathen in this land have "Gods many,
"and Lords many." There is a flag of a reddish brown colour, waving in the breeze; this indicates which particular god these people worship.

Just before we enter the village we kneel for prayer and commend ourselves and the work to God, in Whose Name we are going forth.

We have heard something about the "romance of missions," but if anyone has any romantic ideas in their mind concerning mission work, we think that an afternoon in an Indian village will help to dispel it. The people for the most part are poor and ignorant, and the children dirty and unkempt.

After passing through one or two narrow winding streets, our band draws up before one of the houses and we begin by singing a hymn. Then a message is given by one who knows just how to speak to these people and we get a good hearing. One rather intelligent looking man sitting on a door-step, after listening attentively for some time, begins asking questions, and appears to be really interested. The questions seem to be answered to his satisfaction, and we praise God for this opportunity of making known His truth to even one soul who seems glad to hear. As we move away, some girls come running after us and ask if we will go and see a man who is sick. This we are very glad to do. As we come to the house indicated, we find the sick man lying on the verandah. A mat is spread for us and we are invited to sit down. So we sit and talk with the sick man, sharing the verandah with two buffaloes and several fowls. Our enquiring friend has followed us, and we are glad to see that he is taking in what is being said, with evident satisfaction. The sick man seems glad to listen also, and as the way of salvation is explained in song and speech, we feel that "Jesus Himself draws near." After a little time spent with the sick man, and a promise made to come and take him to the Mukti hospital that he may be attended to next day, we move on, and this time come to where a potter with his wife are busily engaged making dark
looking earthen vessels of a very primitive kind. As we sing, and message after message is given, others gather round; but like the man with the muck-rake, in Pilgrim's Progress, the potter has no time even to look at us, and we might as well be a hundred miles away, for all the notice he apparently takes of us. Still he cannot help hearing the message of salvation, although he evidently has no time or inclination to attend to it. The others who have gathered listen attentively, and except for a few children who help to make things lively at times, we have a good hearing.

Our next audience is a company of basketmakers. These people seem to be living practically in the open-air. No house of any kind, and except for some brush-wood that forms a fence, and a bit of matting put up on four bamboo poles, which looks as if a puff of wind might easily carry it away, they have no covering from the burning heat of the sun in the day-time, or from the keen night wind. These people are nearly black in colour. Exposure to the elements in all weather, and the nomadic life they lead are no doubt accountable for this. They sit and work away as our girls talk to them, now and then looking up and ceasing operations for a minute or two to listen. But life is hard for these poor folks. They are so badly paid for their work. A few annas a day are all they can hope to earn, and even that amount is uncertain, for they have to move round to the villages in turn, as their wares are required. We give the message of salvation and leave the word to Him to apply, Who is the Author and Who knows how to reach even these darkened hearts.

We speak to others as we pass along. Most of them listen quietly, some with interest, and some with apparent indifference.

Presently we come to a small clean looking cottage and are asked to come inside and sit down. A fine intelligent looking woman, with her mother, equally fine-
looking, lives here. She is preparing the evening meal, and goes on with her cooking while the girls talk and sing. She with her mother and two other women who have come in, listen attentively, and now and then ask questions. As we look into the face of this woman and her mother, we do so long that they may know Jesus. There seems to be a responsiveness about these women, and a capability to grasp and understand better things. Still we are powerless here, as elsewhere, and this also we must leave with the Blessed Holy Spirit, Who alone is able to take of the things of Christ and reveal them unto these women. We feel however, that an atmosphere has been created, to receive the things of God.

The last place we visit is in the main thoroughfare. The houses here are larger and better looking than some of the others. A Mohammedan lives in the one on the corner of the street. Here we take our stand, and soon have a large audience. Some seem to be listening well but others do not take us very seriously. There is some laughing and joking going on, in which the Mohammedan leads. But when one considers how antagonistic Mohammedans are to the Gospel of Jesus, one knows that they need not expect any sympathy from them, and are only too thankful when there is no direct opposition. Through the open door we see two or three good looking Mohammedan women. They seem to be interested, and are listening well. Perhaps they are glad to hear the message or it may be, that they welcome anything to break the monotony of life indoors, for a great many of the Mohammedans keep their women in seclusion. We hold quite a long meeting at this place, and when it is over we find that night is closing in, and it is time to leave for home. As we pass along the street on our way out of the village some come from the different houses, and ask us to come to their place to sing; but as we have orders to be home before dark, we tell them that we will come another day.
So we leave the village of Bori, one of many thousands of the same kind in India. Some of them are utterly neglected, never having heard the glorious Gospel of the grace of God.

As we retrace our steps towards Mukti, we are glad that another opportunity has been given us to witness for Jesus, and that there has been another opportunity for the people to hear.

Will you pray for the village work, as the Holy Spirit may lead?

Alice L. Clemenger.

The Story of Two Lives.

Manki. A Prayer Warrior.

My first acquaintance with dear Manki who has now gone into the presence of the King, was just after the Revival at Mukti in 1905. Her state by nature before this time, had been such, that unless one's faith had stood "in the power of God," one could never have hoped that it would be possible for her to become the "Prayer Warrior" she did, and thereby be so mightily used of God in leading other Christians on, as well as in awakening through her intense earnestness, a spirit of conviction in the heart of the unbeliever.

The fact of her being a very ignorant young woman and scarcely able to read, led her to throw herself wholly on God, Who endowed her with such a spirit of prayer that, "That for which she was laid hold of by Christ Jesus" soon became apparent to all. Towards the end of 1906 when the first Mukti Bands went out with the Poona and Indian Village Missionaries, Manki made one of the number. We encamped at Khandala (about, nine miles from Shirwal,) in which place as well as in all its surrounding villages we worked till March or April of 1907.

What hours were spent in prayer by this "Prayer Warrior"
during that happy tent life, and what victories were won thereby, only eternity can reveal.

About June of 1907 Manki came with others to Pandharpur where truly her life was poured forth in the service of prayer. It mattered not to this dear faithful warrior whether she was tired or otherwise, whether the weather was unbearably hot or cool, whether she felt well or not, whether she was engaged in household duties or in more direct spiritual work; she gave herself unto prayer. Without the Holy Spirit Who so completely changed her whole being, she would have been a good sample of the dense ignorance, stupidity, superstition and dulness, of thousands of the dear women of her country, who are where they are, as a result of idolatry. Not only was Manki a Prayer Warrior, but she had a passion for souls, and when she had a message to give to her heathen sisters, they could not but realise that it was given in another power than her own.

Manki was an exceptionally joyful Christian. Her face was always shining for Jesus, except when in prayer pleading for souls; and then it was very evident that she knew what it was to enter somewhat into the sufferings of Christ for those for whom He died. Her prayer-life under all circumstances, did not in any way make her careless in her household duties. I cannot recall one instance when any want of thoroughness in any appointed work called for reproof or rebuke. While grinding the grain for the bread, while sweeping the floor or while cooking, Manki's lips would be moving in prayer. In a prayer meeting she was generally the last one to leave the room; she would remain holding on to God for some soul or some place; and oftentimes she would be awakened at night for the service of prayer by which she would be so strengthened, that the next day's service did not suffer in any way through her sleeping hours having been shortened.

At the end of 1908 I left Pandharpur for furlough in Australia, and not long after, I heard that dear Manki had
been called to "Higher Service," in with the King whose face she had so longed to see. On my return I heard, that during intense suffering she would say, "Lord Jesus, Thou canst help me to bear it," and that death to her was swallowed up in victory. About a week before God took her, she gave a beautiful message in the church, about the Resurrection.

We miss dear Manki's prayer life in "Elim Sadan" very much, but thoughts of her inspire us to yield ourselves also to the power of God's Holy Spirit, that He may work out through each of us, that glorious purpose for which we are laid hold of by Christ Jesus.

Resham.

This dear young woman joined the heavenly throng, some months before Manki. Her life was a blackboard, on which were written lessons setting forth the gentleness of Christ, the patience of Christ in the midst of bodily suffering, and the sympathetic love of Christ for her needy country-women. Her's was another life so wonderfully put in tune by God's Spirit during the revival of 1905 in Mukti, and she also was one chosen and sent forth with the first band to Khandala.

She suffered rather off and on for the first few weeks while we were in tent, but during this time she showed what Christ can be to us, and what patience He can give to those who are willing to take it in adverse circumstances. This time was not without its fruit-bearing, for Resham had much opportunity for hearing the Lord's voice, and others in the tent were also enriched through this channel.

After the Lord had said to Elijah "Go hide thyself," He said "Go shew thyself;" and so it was with Resham. After her recovery from sickness she rejoiced to obey the command "Go shew thyself," and day after day she went with us to tell about what a Saviour she had found. One could not listen to her sympathetic voice as she pleaded in tones of love with her hearers, without realising, it was out of a heart touched very largely by the Divine Love that she spoke; one realised that she knew experimentally all she was telling. Heart seemed to touch heart when she gave
the Gospel to Hindu widows; the sympathy, the tenderness and the gentleness of Christ were so manifest in her tone and action, that the widows could not but be impressed by the Spirit of Christ Who controlled her.

In June 1907 Resham too came to Pandharpur where she did a steady, faithful work for Him Whom she loved so much. Again the characteristics which marked her in the work at Khandala began to show themselves, and her loving pleading entreaties that the women pilgrims would take the rest offered them through Christ, showed them that the speaker herself knew experimentally what she was seeking to put before them.

Some months before I left for Australia, Resham returned to Mukti, but the Lord did not permit her to be His witness there for very long. He called her to join the ranks of those who are enriching heaven. I heard that the rest of Jesus which so characterized her in life, characterized her in death. As she passed into the presence of the King, her face bore His reflection, and those who stood by, deemed that it had been "worth while" giving up one's time and strength to save such as Resham.

A. Parsons.

Kripa Sadan.
THE HOME OF MERCY.

"It is required in stewards that a man be found faithful." 1 Cor. 4:2. Only God can give the faithfulness. There is no place on earth where that faithfulness has more scope for development than in a "Rescue Home." So many different characters, but all with two distinct faults, one of which, is want of discipline. If God did not assert His authority in this place we could not live together. One marked feature so peculiar to such homes is hopelessness, but that is not a feature here; some of course, who do not know anything of God's peace are discontented and therefore hopeless, but the mass of the girls are happy, and enjoy a joke very much.
The character of the work changes as time goes by; no longer do famine girls come in, for although famine is still to be found, Government will not allow any children to be removed from their locality. Therefore our numbers are chiefly recruited from Mission Schools, or from those who are sent by missionaries, because they cannot be admitted to their schools, but who sadly need protection from others, and from themselves. The latter can only be done by God, but He does shew us the evil of our own natures.

Girls come from all over the land. Ramabai seldom refuses to receive anyone; but having so many different nationalities together, makes the work very difficult. People who do not live in India may say, "But they are all one nation." No, it is not so; the people of each province have their own distinctive customs, food, dress, tastes, language and dialect. The food question is a real trouble, especially with some who are not willing to eat food to which they are unaccustomed, even when they know that every one else leaves the food which they have been used to eating, and for Christ's sake eats the food given to them.

Since God poured out His Spirit on us three years ago, there has been very marked progress in all departments. Those who then could not pray, now not only pray, but they can lead a small meeting very acceptably. As their souls prosper, and their spiritual life, i.e., the life of Christ in them develops, so their work improves, and those who formerly gave the most trouble, being ringleaders, now give the greatest help. God only knows all He has done. At first it was hoped that only ten were left unsaved, but as time passed on, it proved that many had "no root in themselves," and therefore withered away. Still, in them there is a spot open to God, which before was closed, and even among the new girls, an appeal to them individually from God's side meets with a response.

The numbers increase, the good ones leave, and their places are filled by new ones. A girl sometimes seems to hang on; those who sent her promise to take her back, but they
are slow in doing so; in the meanwhile she is converted, and you see why she has been left so long. But all are not so blessed; some are not content with being wicked themselves, but they drag others down with them, and they have to be sent somewhere else. Sometimes the change proves beneficial, but not always. The matrons have often to be reminded of the time, when if they prove faithful stewards down here, Christ will say “Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

The Kripa Sadan Industrial Department has much improved; we can now undertake to make under-clothes, babies’ frocks, and fine drawn-thread work. We embroider purdahs (curtains), and are learning to make cushions. Some of the girls learn to weave in the Mukti Industrial School. We are a busy folk, the only drones being the mothers, of whom there are twenty.

Last year we had very little rain, but the mortality was considerable. We had cholera for ten days, and one after another died, till we feared who might be the next. The good girl of the school was the first one. She was stricken at 11 a.m., help was summoned, and by 4 p.m. she was gone. She was not the most spiritual girl, but every one loved her. The poor girls were heart-broken. She had to be carried straight from the hospital, and they might not see her again. No funeral service could be held round the body.

The dreadful part was, that the unsaved were taken, those of whom there was no hope. The last one, who was attacked, a spiritual girl, recovered. She did not have the same fatal kind of cholera. One feature marked them all, a sort of mental stupor, but it was fought, and this girl now lives to praise God. The Industrial work though apparently not spiritual, is a great means of blessing. The girls learn from it, that if the motive is strong enough, they can control themselves, and they develop possibilities that they did not know they possessed.

All the discipline does not fall on the girls. Those who teach and oversee have their share. The good and trusty
young women leave, and they are succeeded by some who greatly resent being sent to a Home, and who can do very little needlework, but who must be kept under close supervision, and therefore must do some sort of needlework.

We have constantly to pray for work, and then for materials for though there may be the money in hand, you cannot always get what you need, for India moves slowly; but the work is fascinating, and the girls do not like to stop work because the Bombay shop-keeper will not dye the cloth; so we now dye our own cloth for the purdahs, and a girl has learned to iron the fine drawn-thread work when finished. All this is a great advance on what they did before.

Our experience has increased, and those who do not personally pray, believe in prayer. You may hear it remarked, "How quickly God sent the answer to your prayer!" God can make diamonds out of very rough stones, and He can clear very impure surroundings. The precious blood of Jesus Christ prevents the impurity of the wicked from defiling His children, when they really take shelter under it. To God be all the praise.

E. B.

"Prayer is the voice of our life. As a man lives so he prays. Not the words or thoughts with which he is occupied at set times of prayer, but the bent of his heart as seen in his desires and actions, is regarded by God as his real prayer. The life speaks louder and truer than the lips. To pray well I must live well. He who seeks to live with God, will learn so to know His mind and to please Him, that he will be able to pray according to His will. It is only out of a life of true fellowship with God, that the prayer of faith can be born. Let the link between the life and the prayer be clear and close. As we give ourselves to walk with God, we shall learn to pray."—Andrew Murray.
God's Workshop.

A place where the Almighty Potter lays hold of the marred clay, and makes of it again another vessel as seemeth good to the Potter: such in brief is a description of "Mukti," the "Ever Open Door" of Western India.

"Mukti" in the Marathi language, means Salvation, Liberty, A Setting Free; and it is all this in very truth to the many hundreds of souls gathered within its walls, and it has meant it to many, many more, who are numbered now with the "blood-bought throng" around the throne. Here the flotsam and jetsam of India is gathered in, lives that have been blasted, blighted, withered and seared by all the cruelty, vilenes and hideousness that unbridled sin is capable of. But—Praise God! He laid hold of them, He led their feet hither where the story of His wondrous love told day by day, at length melted their hearts; they took courage, yielded to His tender wooing, threw themselves for cleansing at His dear feet, and then there was a sound of great rejoicing on earth and in heaven, as the Saviour welcomed back His Own; and out of the ruins, He has made "vessels meet for His use;" "vessels to hold His glory;" and their deepest joy is to go forth among their country-women and tell of One Mighty to save. Such is the work going on day by day.

As you first see the place, the hugeness of the work seems rather overwhelming, and you wonder how it can ever be managed thoroughly; more than 1500 souls all told. Anyone who knows anything about community life, knows that it is not always easy to keep things going smoothly; but at "Mukti" there is such love and unity. It is no drones' hive either, for all the work of the place is done by the girls themselves. At 4 a.m., business begins, cooking, cleaning, bread-making, churning, and a little later washing, weaving, needlework, schoolwork; added to all this is a constant stream of visitors, who must be attended to.
“God's Workshop,” did I say it was? Ay! and God's Haven of Rest too, to many a tired worker. Missionaries and workers from all over the country halt here, and the Lord meets with them, battles are fought, lives fully yielded, blessing received, and those who were weary with the buffetings of Satan and a sense of failure and lack of power in their lives, go forth refreshed and renewed, to labour as never before.

Pandita Ramabai whom the Lord has placed at the head of this work, is one whom you seldom see or hear. She goes in and out so quietly, and yet nothing escapes her notice. She is helped by her daughter Manoramabai, and a few Indian and European Workers; but shall I whisper the grand secret of success? Success not perhaps as the world counts it, but success from God's point of view. It is this. The whole of the work is begun and carried on in prayer, yea, the place seems impregnated with prayer; night and day it goes on in a ceaseless stream. God seems to be in the atmosphere, and you feel that His glory is the grand aim.

Reader, will you share in this soul-saving work? Partners faithful and true are greatly needed. The very fact that the work stands for all that is spiritual, and is such a tremendous foe to Satan's forces, perhaps causes him to deal his deadliest blows here, to reserve his most fiery darts for its attack, to bring to bear upon it his wiliest strategies, and as it were to strain every nerve in the planning of subtle schemes to bring failure if possible. Shall we surround the walls of "Mukti" by redoubled prayer forces? Then prayer inside and out, must spell an ignominious defeat for the enemy, and a glorious victory for the King of Kings; and we shall join in the victorious shout, if we have been faithful labourers in prayer, and have done what the Lord of the Harvest expects us to do.

A Visitor.
**A Three Week's Tour.**

**BY MRS. JOHN NORTON, OF DHOND.**

DEAR FRIENDS,

I thought I would write you a little of how the Lord gave us our tonga, and of our trip with it. One Sunday evening four or five months ago, some of the girls, (Mukti girls who have been married to Mr. Norton’s young men) and I, went out on the road to preach to the people as they went home from the bazaar. But many of them did not want to stop to listen. “We have a long way to go;” they said, “Come to our village and we will listen to you.” But how could we go without some means of conveyance? I had been praying for a bullock-tonga but when I went home that night, I asked the Lord, if He wanted me to go to these villages, to please send me a lot of money all at once. The very next day I received Rs. 50. The mail at the end of the week brought Rs. 46 more, and a promise of Rs. 15. The next week brought Rs. 30 more, and I had more than enough. The tonga was soon bought, a good strong one with plenty of room in it, and we went to the villages round about several times.

On Jan. 29th., two boys, a married couple, my husband and I, started out for a tour through the villages to the south-east. We planned to take the Poona-Sholapur road to Indapoor, to go from there to Baramuti, and then to come home by way of Soupa and Patas, a total distance of over a hundred miles. We were gone about three weeks, made ten stops at the government bungalows, preached altogether 32 times in 21 different villages, and gave out quite a number of tracts etc. We preached in some villages where the Gospel had never been preached before. In many places they had never seen a white woman. They were very curious about me.

I cannot describe everything in detail, but will try to mention the most interesting things. At Koorkoomb we saw an old Temple built by Shivaji, a famous warrior-king of this part of the country. Our first stop was at R__, about 10 miles from home. When we preached among the low-caste people
there, we found no one who could read. They said they wished they had a Christian teacher, as the Brahmans would not let them go to their school. From R—, we walked to a village towards the south. The people received us kindly at first, and invited us over to their dharmshala (traveller's inn). But when we had preached a little and they had found out who we were, one of the headmen of the village told us not to preach there; so we went under a tree and preached. We went home a shorter way, but I think we walked about nine miles.

On the next day Feb. 1st., we left R—, for D—, about ten miles further on. On our way, we stopped at a village just near the road, and preached to the low-caste people. We gave them some tracts, and gospels, and one boy called out "I got one like that at Pandharpur." They did not seem to know anything of the gospel except what they had heard at Pandharpur.

The Bungalow at D—, is a funny tower-like room upstairs, with a winding staircase leading up to it.

On Feb. 3rd., we went on four miles further, and on Feb. 5th., 8 or 9 miles further to S—. We had a little trouble there about getting water. The boys went to get water from the chumbhars' (shoemakers') well, and came back with the information, that some men had taken away the tin and rope that they had to draw the water with, because they said they had defiled their well by drawing water from it. The boys said that they had known of the caste prejudice, and that they had not drawn the water themselves, but had got a village boy to draw it for them. He however, told a lie, and said that he had not drawn it. The villagers threatened to make the boys empty all the water out of the well; but in the evening we went to preach in the village, and after a little talk got the rope back. It was rather a help than a hindrance to our preaching, for the people were rather afraid they had gone too far, and gave us a very quiet and attentive hearing.
On Sunday morning we went to a village, called N—, about three miles away. The people had never heard before, and listened very well. One man of the Maratha caste was especially interested in the story of Genesis as told by one of the boys. He eagerly took all the tracts we could give him, and asked for a copy of Genesis. We had no Scripture with us, so he sent a little low-caste boy (they are compelled to act as servants to the higher castes) with us to the bungalow. We were very glad to be able to give him a copy of Genesis, also of Proverbs, and of the Gospels according to S. Luke and S. John.

On Sunday evening my husband took one boy, and went to one village, while the rest of us went to the little village of B—. It was so small and so hidden among the trees, that we had hard work to find it, but we were very glad we did, for we found a few who were very much interested in our message which they heard for the first time. One man listened with great delight, and then told over what we had been saying, to the others. They seemed to believe. They could not read themselves, but they took the tracts, and said they would get some one to read to them. After we left, they came after us, and offered us money for what we had told them. We thanked them and told them we did not want their money, as our Master had said "Freely ye have received, freely give."

On Monday morning Feb. 7th., we moved on to I—, ten miles further. The bungalow there was large and well furnished, and we enjoyed the unusual luxury of having a bed to sleep in, and a wash-basin to wash in. We had heard that the people of I—, were rather hostile, but we found the low-caste people quite approachable, and extremely anxious for a school. They remembered that a band of Ramabai's girls had been there a few years ago.

We wanted to reach Baramati before Sunday, so we left I—, on Saturday morning. It was 11 or 12 miles to Baramati, and we were hot and dusty and tired when we got there. We were interested in visiting the Industrial Mission.
there conducted by Mr. Strutton. Baramati is quite a large city, and Mr. Strutton and his helpers are doing a good deal of evangelistic work in the town and in the surrounding country.

On Monday Feb. 14th., we went on to S—. It was 17 or 18 miles away, and the journey took us nearly all day, as our bullocks did not go much faster than 2 miles an hour. We were too tired to preach that evening. The next morning we preached to the low-caste people. As we were leaving the village, some one called to us from one of the high-caste peoples' houses. My Bible-women and I went in. This was the first time I had ever been inside a Hindu home. There was an old woman, a fine looking young girl probably her daughter-in-law, a baby, and some boys big and little. We talked to them a little. The women wanted to know if I were not Pandita Ramabai, but we told them I was only a "Mem Sahib" (European lady). They did not seem to care to hear our story; they only wanted to look at us. The little boys were intelligent, and we gave them some tracts which they appeared to appreciate.

On Tuesday evening we had a really exciting time, the only real opposition we had during the trip. We went to preach in the centre of the village. My husband spoke first, and they listened quite quietly. One of our boys had just begun to speak, when a very tall man with a yellow robe and a green sash over his shoulder walked up, and said with an important air, "Who are these people?" Recognizing by his tone that he had come to make trouble, my husband stood up and said, "We have come to speak of the things of God. If you want to hear, sit down and listen." But he was not to be silenced so easily, he began to tell us we must not preach there. He turned to my husband and said several times "Do you say our religion is false?" Finally my husband said, "Yes." Then the beggar turned to the people and said, "He says our religion is false. Do not listen to him." Then he drew himself up very haughtily and told us to go. But my husband said "The village is not in your hands. If the patel (village
officer) tells us to go, we will go." Then the man turned to the people and told them all to go, and not to listen to us. They seemed to fear him considerably and to be ready to go.

There was no chance to preach, so we sang hymns. The man got more and more angry, and acted like a crazy man. He told us again to go, and when we would not, he sent for the patel to put us out. In the meantime he tried to make us be quiet. He threw sand and dirt at us. My husband said to the people "We are not at all afraid of this man. Even if he should kill us, we know our spirits would go to God, so he cannot harm us." The man still made a good deal of noise, so we went a short distance away and some of the people followed; new ones came also, and we preached to them. When we went home, the patel, and a sepoy (policeman) escorted us out of the village. The Lord enabled us to keep calm through it all. On Feb 16th, we went on to P— and reached home the next day.

Next year we hope to have a tent, so that we can stay as long as we choose in one place, and reach the villages further away from the government roads. We believe there is a section of country to the east and south-east of here where no work is being done. If the Lord permits us, we hope to make a tour through there next year.

Yours in His Service.

BARBARA NORTON.

"O Saviour, precious Saviour, come in all Thy power and grace,
And take away the veil that hides the glory of Thy face!
Oh, manifest the marvels of Thy tenderness and love,
And let Thy Name be blessed and praised all other names above.

Oh, vindicate Thyself, and show how perfect are Thy ways,
Untraceable, because too bright for weak and mortal gaze;
Shine forth, O Sun, and bid the scales of darkening evil fall,
Thou Altogether Lovely One. Thou glorious All-in-all!"

Frances Ridley Havergal.
A Testimony.

When I was asking the Lord this morning about writing a little for the "Prayer-Bell," He gave me these words from Acts 5:32; "And we are His witnesses of these things; and so is also the Holy Ghost Whom God hath given to them that obey Him."

It is five years now since I left England for India. When I first had the invitation, I shut my ears to it, I did not want to go. But the dear Lord knew better than I did, and He in His great love brought me here. I went to Liverpool from Heswall for rest and change, and went to church on the Sunday morning; the text was "Follow Me." I felt the message was for me, altho' I felt rather alarmed at first; before I left the church I decided to go to India. When I told the friends with whom I was staying, that I had made up my mind to go, they said I was mad to think of such a thing, knowing how very delicate I had been for many years; they told me I should die on the way, and suggested a number of dreadful things. When my brother heard I was going, he did not believe it, so when he returned from America and found that I was preparing for the journey he was much surprised.

I told my friends that I should die wherever I was, and that I would go for twelve months and see how I got on. Now it is five years since I came out to India, and I have not yet any light about returning to England. I did not understand much at that time about how soon the Lord might come, and that then I should be caught up by Him to live for ever with Him. I am thankful I obeyed His voice.

The Lord has done much for me spiritually as well as physically; for over four years I have not taken any medicine of any kind, and I am perfectly well and happy. The deep things the Lord has taught me are too sacred to speak or write about; I am telling this experience, because three nights ago, the Lord said to me, "I have done so much for you, and you never testify."
Now I should like to say a little about the work. This is a very busy, happy work; every one has to work, even little ones do some kind of work; they sweep a little, or do anything they are capable of doing. There are many kinds of industries here; weaving, sewing, joinering, masonry, building; then, some look after babies, some sweep, some cook; in an institution with about 1500 people in it, there is plenty of work, and change; no monotony.

When one arrives in India, everything seems different; the way of living, the life altogether is quite a change, but to see the sun shining always is very pleasant. There have been many struggles; only those who come out know how many battles there are to fight, but the battle is the Lord's and when we trust Him it is easy; we look back and wonder why we have not yielded quicker. We need to become little children not knowing anything; then the Lord can work. He has in His loving way to make us pliable in His hands, and it pays to yield to Him.

The garden looks very pretty just now with all its coloured leaves and flowers. Between 60 and 70 boys gathered on the verandah one Sunday, to meet Pandita Ramabai. It was a pretty sight. On the table there were very many different kinds of flowers. The boys were deeply interested, and I believe it did them good physically as well as spiritually when Ramabai showed them how beautiful the flowers looked through a microscope, and what a pity it was to pull them to pieces when they plucked them; she told them they might adorn themselves outwardly with flowers, but if their hearts were not pure, the outward adorning would not profit them. After the message some of the boys went to the villages to preach the Gospel. A few minutes after they had gone, about ten Hindu men came. Ramabai gave them a message, speaking to them from the same portion of Scripture as that from which she had spoken to the boys, viz., Matt. 6:25-30. They listened very attentively and enjoyed looking at the flowers; they had never heard or seen anything like it before. The girls sang a hymn to them.
Now I should like to say something about the girls. Manoramabai had an invitation to take part in the Biblewomen's yearly meetings in Bombay; she asked me to go with her. We took about 18 of the higher standard girls with us, as they were very anxious to see Bombay, and we had a good time. The Lord undertook so wonderfully in all the details connected with the journey. We went to the museum, and then to the docks to see some of the large steamers. A lady belonging to the Y. W. C. A. took us all over their nice building, and showed the girls a lift and a telephone. These things were quite new to our girls who have nearly always lived in villages. We also went to see the mint. The girls have learnt much from the Bible, about the Refining Fire, and many of them as they saw the different processes through which the metal goes talked to one another about it and seemed to understand. What impressed me very much was, that when the coin is not perfect, it is not thrown away, but it goes into the crucible and is melted down, and goes through all the processes again; then to finish it off and to make the crinkly edge, the coin has to have a tremendous blow; this helps to impress the King's image firmly upon it; so we, as Christians very often have to have something very hard to bring us to the point; but this is one of the last processes, before the coin is ready to be put into circulation.

A great many of these girls help Pandita Ramabai in the translation work; some set type, some cut up Bibles and arrange the different verses in the order in which Pandita Ramabai needs them for reference. Ramabai herself has trained them for this work.

Manoramabai has a meeting of the workmen and boys in the evenings after their work is over. Will you join us in prayer for this class?

These are a few pictures of our life at Mukti. My special work is to care for the visitors. It is very interesting work, and it is wonderful how the Lord undertakes in all the little things. "He is faithful that promised."

C. Couch.
PRAYER-BELLS AND LETTERS RETURNED FROM THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE.

Prayer-Bells and letters addressed as below have been returned from the Dead Letter Office. We should be grateful if any one would send us the correct address of any of these friends:

Mrs. Helen MacGregor, Tanwata, Waiwerd South, New Zealand.
Mr. E. C. Sanderson, 1100 O'Fawel Street, San Francisco, Cal., U.S. America.
Mr. G. T. Bridges, Gooty.
Miss E. Forbes, c/o P. O. Palmerston North, New Zealand.
Mr. I. Norman Macrae, Nr. Amalapuram, Godaveri.
Miss Lucia C. G. Grieve, Satara, India.
Mr. M. Wxbi, Ludhiana, Punjab.
Mrs. I. H. Scott, Mission House, Surat.
Mr. M. Sudarsanam, Perushattepur.
Mr. Allen D. Becker, Amer. Evang. Lutheran Mission, India.
Miss G. Richardson, C. M. S. Normal School, Sigra, Benares.
Mr. Weissmann, Aldorf, Munz, Germany.
Miss Dudley, c/o Miss McNiele, C. M. S. Normal School, Benares, U. P.
Miss M. Chapman, F. F. Mission, Lahore, Punjab.
Miss M. Mojin, Schutzengraben, Basle, Switzerland.
Mr. M. Shaha, Cornwallis St. Calcutta.
Mrs. A. C. Rust, 122 Regent Road, Leicester, England.
Miss E. E. Thompson,* 14 Gloucester Road, (Devon) Teignmouth, England.
Mrs. A. M. Holmes, 9 Audley Street, Elphington Road, Hobart, Tasmania.
Mrs. M. B. Frederick, Masterton, Wairarapa, New Zealand.
Mr. W. Clark, 102 Telegraph Ave. Oakland, Cal., U. S. America.
Miss Cliff, Park House, Cubbon Road, Bangalore.
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 all 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 ministry 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. 9:38.
4. That those who become their foster parents may realize their responsibility, and faithfully discharge their duty according to God's commandment.
5. That the whole Indian Church may become a great evangelizing agency, so that the Gospel may be given to every man, woman and child in India by the Christians, as freely as they have received it.


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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