Mukti Prayer-Bell.

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

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

"MUKTI," KEDGAON, INDIA.
JANUARY, 1912.
Boxes and Parcels Received Since February 1911.

We gratefully acknowledge the following:

1 Parcel from Mrs. E. Clarke & Children of The Scripture Gift School, per Miss J. Macdonald, New Zealand.
1 Box from New Zealand Friends, per Mr. Blair Mason, through Miss J. Macdonald.
1 Parcel from Mr. B. Hawkins & Friends, per Mr. Blair Mason, through Miss J. Macdonald, New Zealand.
1 Parcel from Miss Lloyd, Wales.
1 Parcel from Mrs. Mortimer, England. [England.]
1 Parcel from Friends, per Mr. Robert H. Parsons.
1 Parcel from Mrs. Dobbie, England.
1 Box from "Sabbath School Class," per Miss M. F. Smith, Scotland.
1 Box from "Girls' Missionary Class," per Miss V. Bushfield, England.
1 Parcel from Miss Annette Lillie, England. [Germany.]
1 Box from "Two Little Friends," per Mrs. G. Heise.
1 Parcel from "All Nations Missionary Union," per Mr. Robert H. Parsons, England.
4 Parcels from Mrs. A. Ivatt & Friends, England.
1 Parcel from Miss Corfield, England.
1 Parcel from Mrs. E. Whittle, New Zealand.
1 Parcel from Miss Femmer, Germany.
1 Parcel from Miss A. M. Kitching, England.
1 Case from Mrs. Talbot & Friends, Australia.
1 Case from South Australian Friends, per Mr. Whitridge Bowen.
5 Cases from Mrs. Mackenzie, New Zealand.
4 Cases from New Zealand Friends, per Mrs. Blair Mason.
1 Parcel from Miss M. E. S. Laird, Scotland.
1 Parcel from Mrs. E. M. Wright, Tasmania.
1 Parcel from Miss Secretan, England.
1 Parcel from Miss Quincey, England.
Meditation.

"Behold, I make all things new." Rev. 21:5.
"If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." 2 Cor. 5:17.

Praise and Prayer.

As we look back upon the past year, we see many causes for thanksgiving and praise. Day by day, Our Loving Father has supplied all our need, and kept us safe from all harm. Though there has been a good deal of suffering in the district around us, from plague and scarcity, we have been kept secure under His protecting hand.

We desire to express our heartfelt thanks to all the friends far and near, who have helped us by their gifts and prayers to make Christmas Day a bright day for our young people and for many in the homes and villages around us. We pray that the Lord will bless and reward them abundantly for their kindness to us. We know that God will not forget their work and labour of love, and that He will give them the fruit of their labour.

The Lord has sent our beloved pastor the Rev. W. W. Bruere to work in our midst again, after his seven years absence in America. We are indeed grateful to God for His goodness to us, and we pray that Mr. Bruere's ministry at Mukti may be attended with much blessing. We pray also that the Lord's presence may be very real to Mrs. Bruere and her children.
who are still in America, and we hope that if it is God's will, we may welcome them too, some day, to India.

We praise God for His goodness in opening the way for our young people to go out and preach the gospel, to their sisters who have not heard of the love of Jesus. There are at present, five gospel bands from Mukti working in different places. In addition to these, there are bands sent out daily to the villages not far from here, and bands of young people are at work all day long in our gospel tent, preaching the gospel to those who pass by our gates. As many as seven hundred have been known to pass by in two hours. Will our friends kindly remember this branch of the work? Many books are given to these passers-by, and often the way opens for a personal talk about the Lord Jesus and His power to save. We shall be grateful if friends will uphold all the members of each gospel-band in prayer, and ask that God will send His blessing upon the seed sown by the wayside, that it may fall into hearts prepared by the Holy Spirit.

We are very glad to have our fellow-workers Mr. and Mrs. Catons with us again. During the hot weather they were both dangerously ill with enteric fever; but God has been gracious unto us and spared their lives. We thank Him for restoring them to us, and we pray that He will richly bless their labours in this land. We also thank God for bringing Miss J. Macdonald from New Zealand to work at Mukti. We pray that He will bless her and make her a blessing.

Readers of the Prayer-Bell are familiar with the name of Miss M. Lissa Hastie, who when a member of the Poona and India Village Mission sometimes worked with our bands, and helped us in many ways. We are glad to say that Miss Hastie has now joined the Mukti Mission. She came here in June, and has since been helping in the Kindergarten School, and in the Village Work. We are grateful to God for His goodness in sending our sister to us, and we pray that He will continue to bless her and make her a great blessing.
Readers of the Prayer-Bell will perhaps remember, "ATestimony" by Miss Ingeborg Lorentzen, which was published in the last number. In this article Miss Lorentzen told a little about her call to India, and the Lord's leadings during her four years service in this land. We did not think then, that she was so soon to leave us.

During the hot weather, Miss Lorentzen went away to Darjeeling for rest and quiet. While staying at a little place in Bengal, on the way back to Mukti, she was attacked by a very malignant form of fever, and suddenly news came, that she had gone to be with Jesus.

During the few years that Miss Lorentzen worked among us, she endeared herself to many. She truly lived in the presence of Jesus. He was all in all to her, and her whole life spoke of Him; His presence with her as she went about her work in the Industrial School, in the Rescue Home, and in other places, often brightened and cleared the atmosphere, and encouraged weary ones to work on humbly and faithfully for Jesus' sake. Her aim in all that she did, was to attract needy souls to the Lamb of God, and many, through knowing her, have learned to know Him better.

Miss Lorentzen had hoped to go home to Sweden before long, that she might once more meet her aged, widowed mother, who had given up her child for India. This hope was not fulfilled, but God has taken her to the Home Above, to await the arrival of her mother, her sister, and other loved ones, who will so sorely miss her now.

Another name which has sometimes been mentioned in the Prayer-Bell, that of Mrs. John Norton, is now among the names of those who are with the King. Some of our readers will remember that Miss Barbara Johnstone of Sarnia, Ontario, worked with us here for a little while, and was afterwards married to Mr. John Norton of Dhond.

Mrs. John Norton helped us in many ways, chiefly in the
Greek work connected with the Bible Translation. She was a graduate of Toronto University. At the Master's call she left all, and followed Him to India, to live a Christ-like life among simple village men and women, devoting all her time and talents to the work of revealing Christ to them, that they might "Look and Live."

Only a few weeks after the home-going of Mrs. John Norton, the news came that Mrs. Albert Norton had also been called to be with the Lord Jesus. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Norton have given many years of their lives to the Lord's service in India, and during the last twelve years, we at Mukti have been closely linked with them in their work at Dhond; for, many of our orphan girls have brothers in the Boys' Home at Dhond, and some of our young women have been married to young men from Mr. Norton's Home.

About twenty from Mukti went to Dhond for Mrs. Albert Norton's funeral. The happy, peaceful smile upon her face, witnessed to the fact that she had entered into the Joy of her Lord. His joy had been her strength in many a trial here below, and now that she has met, face to face, the One whom she adored, she knows in fuller measure the, "joy unspeakable and full of glory."

Our hearts go out in love and sympathy to the Rev. Albert and Mr. John Norton, and to Mrs. Johnstone and Mrs. Lorentzen, whose hearts are sad at the loss of their dear ones. We too feel bereft, for we were as members of one family; but we know that God is working out His plan, and that all that He does is good. "He healeth the broken in heart and bindeth up their wounds." We know that He will comfort each sorrows heart. He will give the oil of joy for mourning; and for heaviness, the garment of praise.

We look forward with gladness to the coming of the King of Kings, Whose kingdom shall have no end, and during Whose reign "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying," nor "any more pain." Then, by His grace, we also, together with our loved ones, shall look upon His face, and dwell with Him, in Whose presence is fulness of joy.
A Testimony.

“Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory shall come in.” Psal. 24:9.

As I have been sitting quietly in my room this afternoon, the Lord has been saying many things to me, and I feel led to testify to His wonderful love towards me since I came to Mukti to serve Him.

It is now almost ten months since I arrived, and I shall always remember how happy and at rest I felt when I got here,—the witness, I believe, that I had come to the place where the Lord wanted me to be, and I very soon felt at home among the members of this large family.

It was the beginning of the hot season when I came here, but I did not feel led to go away to a cooler part. I knew the Lord had much to teach me, in order to fit me for work. How I do praise Him for all the way He has kept and led me!

I had not been in this land long, before I began to seek the Baptism of the Holy Spirit, as I realised how insufficient I was in my own strength. Let me just tell, as simply as I can, how the Lord met and blessed me.

One Friday afternoon a fellow-worker came to the office and asked me to go for a walk with her; so at six o’clock, when I had finished work, we started out. We walked along and came to a little village just before dusk, and as I had never before seen an Indian village, we walked through it, although it was too late for my fellow-worker to speak to the people. As we walked around the different parts of the village, I noticed in particular one little temple, wherein the idols were set up for worship, and my heart grew sad as I saw the signs of idol worship all around. All the way back to Mukti I thought of what I had seen, and of the great need of the people. I retired to rest at the usual time, but not to sleep, for I could not get the little village and the temple out of my mind; so I got up and began to pray for them.
All night long I prayed, and early on Saturday morning the Lord baptised me with the Holy Spirit. I had often wondered if this Baptism were meant for Christians in these days, or if it only applied to the apostolic days; but now I know that it is for all those who earnestly seek.

What the Lord has done for me has transformed me, and my spiritual life is entirely changed. This precious gift purifies and endues with power from on high, and the Lord’s words which He spoke to His disciples are fulfilled: “At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you.”

How can I express as I would like to, what this “well of water springing up into everlasting life” has done for my spirit, soul and body. “Hereby know we that we dwell in Him and He in us, because He hath given us of His Spirit.”

I know not into what path the Lord may lead me in this land, but I do know, that through all He will enable me to be “more than conqueror.” I do thank and praise the Lord for what He has done for me.

Dear friends, will you not pray more for the people of this land, that the Sun of Righteousness may arise and shine into hearts, dispelling the darkness. So many souls are hungering and thirsting for the Living God. Will you not bear a part in leading some into green pastures, and beside the still waters.

J. MACDONALD.

"Art thou weary, tender heart?
Be glad of pain;
In sorrow sweetest things will grow
As flowers in rain.
God watches; and thou wilt have sun
When clouds their perfect work have done."

—Lucy Larcom.
A Jatra.

How much of weariness, sadness and blighted hope is covered by that Indian word "Jatra." Ah! who can fathom it? The meaning of the word is given as:— "Travelling to a holy river," "A company of pilgrims," "A periodical festival in honour of an idol," and last but most significant, "A fruitless trip or journey." That latter meaning seems to sum up the whole correctly.

Some little time ago, four of us wended our way to a river-bed where a jatra was held. Not a drop of water was to be seen. That had all dried up months before, and everywhere the ground was dry and parched and hard. The huge stones were like live coals to the touch, and the sun blazed down mercilessly, as if trying to make things still hotter, while a fierce hot wind blew, scorching everything as it swept along with its fiery breath.

But all these things faded out of view and out of thought, as we beheld the people gathered there like sheep without a shepherd. They were huddled together in families—grandmothers, aunts, uncles, and married sons and daughters with their children. All who belonged to the different families sat together on the ground. Thus, there were little groups dotted here and there, along the whole length of the river-bed.

Each family had a fowl, which was killed and the blood poured over some stones which were slightly more elevated than the rest, and which had been plentifully besmeared with red lead and oil. Portions of rice were also laid down, and the vultures were circling overhead, waiting for an opportunity to descend and devour the offerings.

What a pathetic picture it was! Old, bent, frail women, and men who had worn themselves out with just such fruitless quests as this. And now the end was not far away they knew, but after that,—what lay beyond, they knew not. They had done all they could, all they had been told to do; but, as many of them owned, they had no joy, no peace! All within was
unrest and dissatisfaction. We went from group to group singing Gospel hymns, and telling of the One Who can set them free, and give them the rest and happiness they long for; One Who long ago said, “It is finished,” so that there is now no need for all the tramping of so many weary miles, in order to gain merit in the next world; for Jesus gives peace here in this world, and joy which goes on into the next.

Some listened in silence. In one group there was a man who seemed to be a sort of leader. He turned to the others and said, “She has come to tell us God’s Story.” Then he said, “How can sin be put away?” Another company had an old, wrinkled lady as spokeswoman. After they had listened for some time, she said somewhat impatiently, “Go away, you are talking rubbish. We’ve heard of our gods all these years, but have only now begun to hear of Jesus. How could we worship Him?”

While we had been talking, the women and children had been busily divesting the fowls of their feathers, etc., and now the birds were simmering away in huge vessels brought for the purpose. Then the leader said, “We are going to eat now. Will you go away?” We knew that every one there had by this time heard of the Way of Salvation; so we complied with the man’s request, and left the poor people to their feast and to talk over what we had told them.

On the homeward journey the old lady’s words kept ringing in our ears, and they brought a tinge of sadness to our hearts; so old she was, but she had “only now begun to hear of Jesus;” and we wondered if it was because some one was sitting at ease at home, who should have been out here telling her and others like her; some one who has stifled the Gentle Voice that whispered “Go ye,” and so, many, many, weary souls remain without knowing that Jesus is the only One “Mighty to Save,” and go on with their fruitless trips.

M. Lissa Hastie.

“Each day’s need finds each day’s store
Enough. Dear Lord, what want we more!” — Selected.
"Wrought with Needlework."
(Ex. 27:16.)

In the preparation for the Tabernacle in the Wilderness, we read, that one important part was the preparation of the Curtains, which were to be "Wrought with Needlework," showing skill, beauty and industry; and we can imagine it was with great willingness that the women of the camp took up the part assigned to them.

Here in Mukti also, the Needlework Department is of importance, for here the girls learn, not only an industry, but lessons in discipline, neatness and obedience. In the Mukti, Needlework Department there are about 225 girls—half of whom come to work in the morning for three hours, and go to school in the afternoon, while the other half come to work in the afternoon for three hours, having been at school in the morning. These girls are arranged in about nine classes, according to age and skill.

The youngest little ones, who have just passed through the Kindergarten School, learn first to make cotton buttons for their own clothes. The girls in the next class to this, begin to learn drawn-thread work on unbleached calico, and then make Handkerchiefs, Tray Cloths, Afternoon Tea and Sideboard Cloths, in linen and muslin, in many designs of drawn-thread work. Another class works Cushion Covers in coloured wools, and another, Velvet Table Cloths and Cushions in silk and silver wire, while a senior class works badges in red wool for the G. I. P. Railway, and yet another class is busy with little garments for the babies and small children in Mukti.

At the ringing of the School Bell, the needlework girls all assemble in their workroom, each girl taking her place in her class. After a short prayer, work is begun. There is an akka (elder sister) in charge of each class, and she gives to each girl her work, teaches the stitch, and helps in other ways. As one moves among them, the question is often asked, "Auntie is my work good?" And a smile or a nod will encourage the little maiden to persevere in learning a new pattern, or in stitching neatly. It is interesting to watch, day by day, the effect of steady
work and discipline on the lives of the girls. Real talent is seen in many who learn quickly and take a pride in doing their work neatly, while some who were at one time inclined to be lazy, are now steady workers. Too much talking is not allowed, as much talk means little work. Attention must also be given to cleanliness of dress and hands, that the work be not soiled. Our girls know that when pay day comes, both good work, and good conduct will count, for Pandita Ramabai believes in encouraging the girls in this way.

A ready sale is found for the needlework among the visitors who come to us, and friends of the Mission in this and other lands often send orders. This department is also a training ground for other departments, and when girls are wanted to be trained as teachers, or to work in the printing press, it is the Needlework Department which supplies many of them. About fifty of its best girls have passed out this year to other departments of work. Besides these, at the beginning of the year about twenty girls from the Needlework Department offered themselves for active Christian work, and are now receiving special training for this, in the Mukti Bible School.

Is it necessary to say that this Needlework Department is a training ground for the worker in charge, as well as for the girls? When Pandita Ramabai asked me two years ago to take charge of the Needlework, not knowing a word of Marathi, and very little about the work itself, it seemed like facing a high mountain; but by the daily exercise of prayer and perseverance, this mountain has been reduced to a plain.

There still remains much call for love and patience. One cannot be among these girls much however, without learning to love them. There is a great deal yet to be done in moulding lives and characters, by example as well as by precept. One needs daily grace and much prayer. Will readers of the Prayer-Bell please pray for these girls, that they may realise that the tiny needle is a weapon which God has put into their hands, that they may therewith serve Him, and that as they seek to do their work so as to please Him, glory and praise to His Name may be “Wrought by Needlework.”

M. Berkin.
A Day in an Indian Village.

An eight mile ride in a bullock cart, and the village is reached. As we pass under the picturesque old archway, there is not a soul in sight, but walking on, we come across two carpenters working busily on the street. We take our stand under a tree, and commence singing at the top of our voices. This has the desired effect of rousing the inhabitants. First, a sleepy dog is aroused and howls; then doors open, people emerge, and at last quite a number gather and listen attentively, while we proclaim to them Jesus Christ. As we leave, Gospels and tracts are offered to them. “I've read those,” says a policeman, “Give me one like that;” and he points to the little pink covered hymnbook from which we have just sung. Gladly acceding to his request, we then go on to the main street of the place; a typical Indian village street, long and narrow, with snuff shops, sweet shops, and grain shops, and at one end, the Post Office and School. The shop fronts are soon occupied by our audience, and again we sing and preach. We can hear an old white-bearded Mussulman sitting in his little shop, mentioning the name of Jesus Christ to a customer, but we are not near enough to hear what he says.

On we go to the outskirts of the village where the outcaste people live. The men are busy chopping wood, but a crowd soon gathers around us, old wrinkled men and women, young women with babies, and numerous children. One old man frequently interrupts the preaching, with allusions to Tukaram, whom they have been taught to revere and honour as a Saviour of his people. After we have finished our Story, an old woman tries very hard to repeat the name of Jesus. Another is quite incredulous when we tell her we no longer love sin, for Jesus has put new desires into our hearts.

Taking leave of these, we go on to the Mangs, a class of people considered still lower down in the social scale; they are beating the bark off the trees with wooden hammers, preparatory to making rope. They angrily send off the inevitable following of school-children, order their own children to sit down,
and then gather around us as if expecting a good time. How they listen, and beg us to go on, and to tell the story to other members of their caste! So we have another meeting under a big tree, till it is 1 o'clock, when we leave the village and return to our cart under the trees, for our mid-day meal. An old lady kindly gives us water. True there is a well close by, but if our bucket descends into it, the water will be polluted.

We eat our dinner under difficulties. A troublesome insect attacks the feet of the oxen, as well as those of the girls. We sit in the welcome shade of the trees, but ants small and large swarm round us there, so we hurriedly finish our meal, and return to the village.

It is Market Day, so we take our stand near where the people are selling their goods, and once more, proclaim the Good News; but the children urged on by a wicked high caste man, are so troublesome, that at last we leave, followed by a shrieking, stone throwing mob of boys, till we hardly know where to go. Just then a door is opened, and the head man of the village invites us in. It is no small relief to have the door shut behind us, and to find ourselves in a Brahman courtyard, with an audience of about 15 women.

The old gentleman is kindly disposed as he has benefited by frequent visits to our dispensary. After answering numerous questions, and telling of the love of Jesus, we admire the last-baby, and settle a query as to the price of feeding bottles. We then proceed outside, to find that our opposers have dispersed; and as we stand considering where to go next, an old man says, "Now where should you go, but to my house?" We follow our guide and find that the invitation is not to preach the Gospel, but to attend to bad eyes!

However, after discussing the latter, we get an opportunity to speak of the Saviour of the World. Again we take our stand at a street corner, when a Brahman widow steps forward, peers into our faces and recognising one of us, says, "Come to my house." There we find another group of women, who listen attentively to the Gospel. We offer them books, but alas, none can read.
It is now time we turned homewards, so we make our way out of the village. On the road we overtake a musician clad in his yellow garb, and wearing a string of beads round his neck. He says, “I take the name of Jesus every day, but He has given nothing to me. No! I want to see a miracle and then I will believe. Religion is all right, but the difficulty is, no one can live without sinning.”

Thus he talks on as he keeps pace with the bullock-cart, and we tell him of the One who gave His life for him, to perform such a miracle as to keep him from sinning. Then he turns off to his village, and we pass on, wearied perhaps with the day’s work, but reminded, that “Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters, that send forth thither the feet of the ox and the ass.” Isa. 32:20.

L. Boes.

JESU.

“Jesus is in my heart. His sacred Name,
Is deeply carved there: but th’ other week
A great affliction broke the little frame,
Ev’n all to pieces, which I went to seek;
And first I found the corner where was J;

After where E S, and near where U was found,
When I had got these parcels instantly
I sat me down to spell them, and perceived
That to my broken heart He was I ease vou,
And to my whole is Jesu.”—George Herbert.
The Christian's High Calling.

"Great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh."

"The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us."

All who drink deeply of the River of Life, find the mystery of God's grace in sending His Son into this sin cursed world to take upon Himself the form of man, ever more and more wonderful. Let us dwell upon the fact for a moment, that our hearts may be warmed, and praise awakened.

Our Lord Jesus Christ, very God of very God, one with God in the beginning, the One by Whom "all things were made," and without Whom "was not any thing made that was made," the One Who upholds "all things by the word of His power," came from the glory, took upon Himself the nature of man, submitting (of His own free will) to the limitations, humiliation, suffering and death of this fallen creation, not only to free man from sin, but to make it possible for him to come into living fellowship with God. This could not have been wrought in any other way, for man had fallen, and human nature was no longer a fit habitation for God's Holy Spirit.

Christ came and "was made in the likeness of men." While He was very Man, He never yielded to the desires of the human nature, but always did the will of God. At Calvary, earth and hell united in trying to overthrow this God-Man, heaping upon Him false accusations, blasphemy and ignominious death; but death could not hold Him prey. He arose, triumphant over all. "Death is swallowed up in victory." Christ ascended into heaven, a glorified Man, yet God. He is there to-day, pleading, interceding, for our fallen race. A Man, but God. Wondrous truth! "We have not an High Priest Which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."

A "New and Living Way" has been made for us to God's heart. A Mediator has been found. Praise His Name! "Having therefore...boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of
Jesus, by a new and living way which He hath consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say, His flesh; let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith."

No less wonderful is the truth set forth in God's word, that He calls all who believe on His Son, and who yield themselves to Him "as those that are alive from the dead," to be "kings and priests" unto Him. "Ye...as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house, an holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ." Before Our Lord ascended to the Father, He said to His disciples "Ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain, that whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My Name, He may give it you." The consummating purpose in the Christian's life is clearly shown, in this and other portions of scripture, to be that of prevailing prayer.

Fruitfulness is expected, and will always be found in a fully yielded life; but beyond this, we find that our Lord's culminating thought was that of having His disciples one with Him in His life of intercession before the Father's throne. He knew this was the most effectual service. He knew that if they prevailed with God, they were sure to prevail with men.

In Rev. 1:6, and 5:10, we find that kingship precedes priesthood. Paul says, "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me!" Here we see the full surrender of all that was human. All natural desires had been yielded up, and Paul had crowned Jesus Christ Sovereign—Absolute Sovereign—in his life. Christ possessed Paul's spirit, his soul, and his body.

Yet Paul's personality was not lost, for he said, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." His fully surrendered life became a capacity for the Divine nature, and there was a union of the two which gave unmerited glory to the human. As Paul placed the government of his life upon Christ's shoulder, he was made a partaker in Christ's Kingship. What union of the Divine and human!
Do not the many promises of the New Testament in relation to prayer “in His Name,” mean, in His nature, in oneness of purpose with Him? “Whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in My Name, He may give it you.” Who has yet fathomed the fulness of this promise? Christ “ever liveth to make intercession,” and He not only invites the members of His body to unite with Him in this ministry, but He has put every encouragement and help before them, to enable them to do this.

Dr. Andrew Bonar at one time made this entry in his diary: “The Lord filled me with desire, and made me feel that I must be as much with Him alone, as with souls in public. I shall count the days, not by what I have of new instances of usefulness, but by the times I have been able to pray in faith, and to take hold upon God.” And then he quotes Flavel, as follows:— “The devil is aware that one hour of close fellowship, hearty converse with God in prayer, is able to pull down what he has been contriving and building many a year.”

The Christian’s warfare is not with “flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places;” and his “weapons...are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds.” Human methods and weapons will not avail in this conflict. Christ alone knows how to meet the foe, and the members of His body need to be in living touch with Him, to be made conquerors. As they abide in Him and He abides in them, they are made “more than conquerors.” Yes, they become instruments in His hands for the liberation of souls who are bound by Satan, and for bearing life and blessing to others, as were the priests of old. The Christian’s resources and power are all centered in God. Prayer is the only medium of communion with God. So, can we not see that this is of paramount importance?

Rev. E. Wigle in his treatise on “Prevailing Prayer,” says, “Strange as it may seem, nevertheless, the eternal salvation of the lost...depends, almost infinitely more, upon the efforts of the Church at the throne of grace, than upon all other efforts combined; for it is in answer to prevailing prayer,
that power is given to endue the Church and move the lost Christ-ward." Then he cites many examples, from which the following are culled:

"Esau was conquered while Jacob was on his knees. The lions' mouths were closed while Daniel was on his knees. The death warrant of "bloody Mary" was signed in heaven, while John Knox was on his knees, crying: "Give me Scotland or I die!" When that...ruler said, "I fear the prayers of John Knox more than I fear all the armies of Europe," she paid the finest tribute to the power of prayer, to be found on the pages of ecclesiastical or profane history. The emperor of Germany resolved to proclaim religious toleration throughout his realm, while Luther and some of his helpers were on their knees; when Luther exclaimed, "Deliverance has come! Deliverance has come!"

Not only the salvation of the lost, but the condition of the church, Christ's Body, depends upon prayer—believing prayer. Paul said in writing to the Galatian Christians, "of whom I travail in birth again, until Christ be formed in you." So the full surrender of lives, their baptism in the Holy Spirit and their going on until "filled with all the fulness of God," depends upon intercession for them at the throne. Whatever the failure may be, where can the cause of it be laid, except at the door of our own hearts?

"Lord, teach us to pray!"

Grace S. Dempster.

"Just where you stand in the conflict,
There is your place!
Just where you think you are useless,
Hide not your face!
God placed you there for a purpose,
Whate'er it be;
Think He has chosen you for it—
Work loyally." —Selected.
A Month's Tour in the Hot Weather.

Come with us and see how varied is our experience as we pass from one village to another on a month's tour. We shall camp at a different village every night. The two carts, placed at right angles to one another, make a house for us, and here is a large curtain to stretch from cart to cart when we desire it. We generally reach the camping place as darkness sets in; sometimes later; and we leave as daylight dawns. The star be-spangled sky is above us, and God is our "Habitation."

It will save time on this tour not to erect tents, as we shall thus reach more villages. During the midday heat, which is great, some thick tree and the tonga will give shade while we rest.

On Mar. 22nd., we leave Mukti with three young Christian women in a tonga (bullock cart with springs). In the boxes, under the seats, we are able to stow away a good supply of books and other small luggage. We are accompanied by a springless cart containing a large box for stores and cooking vessels, another large box well filled with tracts, booklets, gospels and New Testaments, two trunks containing our clothing, our bedding strapped in rolls, and a box with a tin of Kerosene oil in it. All these make a good load for the cart.

Sat. 25th.—Crossing the wide river, we come to—, a poor broken down village. A large crowd is seen assembled, and the reason is soon evident. A company of wandering wrestlers and performers are playing games etc., Our arrival quickly draws the crowd away from them, and we have a good hearing, though there is much interest manifested by the women, in my apparel which is new to them.

One old woman has attention for the message of life alone, and draws nearer and nearer to ask questions and to hear all. Many of the men also shew interest, asking intelligent questions. We recross the river at another village where there is a large audience, and the Kulkernie (Government
Clerk of the village, always a Brahman gentleman,) takes books, others following his example.

Tues. 28th.—We rise at 4 a.m. as usual, cook and partake of the morning meal, strap up our bedding, and get all luggage packed on to the cart. By daylight we are ready to begin our journey to——. Here we find people gathered at the Chowdi. The Vaccination Doctor is there, and he becomes one of the listeners as we tell of Jesus. He is one of the first to take books. A son of a rich landowner also comes to listen, telling us proudly of his identity. As we leave the village, the same young man comes riding on a beautiful horse alongside of the tonga, and asks what gift I am going to give him. I tell him, none; whereupon he savagely tears up the Gospel he holds in his hand, and scornfully casts it on the tonga with bitter words because we will not give him “baksheesh.”

“At——, the heat is great when we arrive, and the simple farmer people say, “Come to our Temple;” so in the welcome shade, and in the presence of a large, red painted, hideous idol of the monkey god, they reverently drink in the message of the Good Shepherd Who seeks the lost. All listen to prayer, and want to know if they are to give us anything for coming. In the larger part of the same village we find the people afraid to draw near, until a woman from a village near Mukti, who is visiting here, comes in friendly manner and speaks to us. This draws the people around.

On the way to the next village we are called to a sugar-cane plantation, where they are preparing to cut the cane, and press out the juice. They ask us to tell them what we have come for, and then give us sticks of sugarcane as we leave. We rest and have our lunch in the shade of the trees, and then preach to a large gathering at the next village. Sober sensible people are in the majority, and books are asked for. We travel on, to the vicinity of the next village, to camp in a field for the night. Small fireplaces are soon made with a few stones, and firewood is procured from the village carpenter.

Wed. 29th.—At——, there is carelessness and indiff-
erence amongst the people, so that we feel that the message is not entering hearts. At the next village a merchant comes angrily forward to drive the assembled women away; but while one of the young women preaches, I talk a little with him, and at last he himself listens and asks for books.

Passing on to the next village, we find that all the inhabitants assemble and sit down to listen. Then an old man says, "Now let us all give a pice (a farthing) each, and collect it to give to them;" with which he draws out two pice as his portion. We explain that as freely we have received, so, freely we are required to give, and with thanks and firmness, of which there is need, we refuse their pice. One Brahman woman in the gathering says, "Why do you come to a small village like this? If you go to a city like Poona, many people will give you money."

To-night we camp near a sugar plantation, where there is a bountiful supply of good water for bathing and cooking. Often this is not easily obtained.

Sun. April 22nd.—At one small hamlet we find some 200 people camped outside. They are a caste of nomadic musicians, and many men and women seat themselves on the ground and listen, while those in the outer part of the circle stand. The heat is great, as the standing people keep the wind from reaching us; but, how they listen! Each Sunday and on the monthly prayer day at Mukti, we notice that we never meet one word of opposition, but find a strange, hungry, eager listening to the Word. We believe it must be, because so much prayer ascends from Mukti for us, on these days.

At the next hamlet the women stand back afraid, and finally call one of the Mukti young women aside, and ask:——

"Is that a man or a woman?"
"A woman."
"But tell us truly."
"I am telling you truly."
"Take an oath that you tell us truly."
"We do not take oaths, but she is a woman; do not be afraid."
At last the women begin to come near and get confidence, and they too hear the old, old story of Jesu's love, for the first time. At the next village, a large assembly is awaiting our arrival, as we have passed through it on the way to the smaller hamlets.

A spellbound audience listens to message after message, till the darkness tells us it is time to stop.

Thus day by day, many miles are traversed, and altogether some 84 villages are reached. Books are asked for in many villages. In others, people who can read, are afraid to take the books, as they think that would be a responsibility for them. Much ignorance, and much fear are met with; also much curiosity, as so many village women have never seen a white woman before. In almost every village, we meet some who have heard the Gospel at some Bazaar (Market Place), or at some place of pilgrimage. Many urge us to stay the night at their villages, others ask us to come back again, and some bring little gifts, such as eggs, milk, sugarcane, mangoes etc., to show their friendship.

At one village, we meet a young Brahman man, to whom I gave a new Testament (English) seven years ago. He has it still, and now asks for a New Testament for each of his own pupils; for he who received the New Testament as a student, is now a teacher.

There is much to praise God for, and to cheer us in the tour. He Who told us to go forth, has led us by His Spirit, and kept us from the heat of the sun, and from all other troubles. It is true that there have been many difficulties, but neither Christian women nor Hindu servants have complained of any of these hardships. We ask for prayer for all who have heard the Gospel, and received books during this trip.

JOAN MACGREGOR.

"Each saint is dear to the Lord. None is passed over by Him. Let none be overlooked by us."—Rev. Andrew A. Bonar, D.D.
What does it Mean?

Yes! what does it mean when plague sweeps over a town? Come in imagination with me to Pandharpur, and you will get a faint idea of what it means. Let us go to this house. Here the wife has died and very soon after a little daughter is attacked; but lest the authorities should desire them to take her to the hospital, which they so dread, the relations steal her away in a cart towards evening, to an outside village. To their dismay, they are not permitted to enter, as up till now this place is free from plague.

Night draws on, and what about the poor little sufferer and the other three or four little children? The father has to make a place of shelter with branches of trees, and without cooking conveniences or in fact any other conveniences, this sorrow-stricken father, the old grandfather, and the little motherless bairns spend the night. It is true there is a co-wife living, but how much is her heart touched with the sufferings of the departed wife's children? Has she not her own little one to keep free from the dread disease she takes elsewhere?

The poor father comes from time to time to the bungalow, and as far as possible help is rendered; but under such disadvantages, what can be done to relieve the little sufferer? Before long she passes away, but that is not all. All the other children become victims, and the poor father is left to share his sorrow with the aged grandfather, and both are almost too stunned to realise their great, great loss!

Let us pass on to another house. Why are these people sitting here looking so utterly sad? Listen! What are the sounds we hear coming from within the padlocked door? A dear woman has become so delirious while suffering from plague, that her relatives are terrified, and so have left her alone; for has not an evil spirit taken possession of her, and who knows what she may do to them? What matter if she injures herself by smashing anything in the room, or by banging her head by the door, or if she craves for water to cool the fevered brow?—She is only a widow.
In the course of time, her brother, who is advised of her condition, arrives. The door is opened. He sees her awful state. Fear lays hold of him, and he flees, saying, "Don't go near her, don't go near her!" However, God makes good His promise and becomes the "God of the Widow." The fever leaves her and she is calm once again. Those near by take courage; they open the door, believing the evil spirit has left her, and seek to minister to her. They talk with her, but there is no answer; and why? The dread disease has left her quite dumb, the vocal organs are quite paralyzed, and she has to make signs for all she wants! Sad to say, a brother-in-law who does what he can for her after she calms down, takes plague and dies.

Take another case, that of our grocer, who to escape plague closes his shop and goes to a village two miles off, saying, "I will come in to open my shop every Monday." Before Monday comes, however, he is in eternity. He escapes plague, but takes cholera which is raging in that village. What does it mean for his widow, you ask? Only she, can give you an idea of the days of sorrow ahead, knowing as she does that there are still those who "devour widows' houses." I am glad to say that this dear woman is an attentive listener to the Gospel at our Dispensary.

Come along this street now? What means the great crowd near that house? Ah! there is a sad story to tell. A dear woman has just taken her own life; and why? The sorrows that have come upon her because of plague in her family, have been more than she can bear, and thus she has put herself out of the way of them.

Readers, what does it mean for those who trust in idols, to become the subjects of this dread disease? The above word-pictures will give you an idea. Will you spend more time then, in waiting on God for these people, that they may be willing for the persecution, which is theirs, as they accept the Lord Jesus? Also for us, that we may so speak in the power of the Holy Spirit, that they will not be able to resist the power "by which He spake."
At Mukti Once More.

After nearly seven years of enforced absence because of ill-health, the writer finds himself once more in India, and at "Mukti." Why am I here? Are there no openings at home? Yes, many, and the work there is great, but here the need seems to be greater than there; first, because of the greatness of the population 315,000,000 souls, and second, because of the paucity of workers. The present number are doing little more than to touch the fringe of this great multitude. The East calls because of its immensity and because of its need; and having once seen the vision, it becomes hard for a man to settle down within the circle of the horizon of his early days, whence he started when the vision came. Pandita Ramabai said of one who wished to go into evangelistic work, "If she will stay here and teach these girls, she will speak with a thousand tongues." The writer impressed with that thought, has come to spend a little time (for the time is short) helping to instruct these needy ones, and later, through them to speak to the Maharashtra (Marathi nation) with a thousand tongues. Is it labour lost? No, it will not appear so in that day.

Great are the opportunities here for usefulness; but who can measure up to them? Who can fully appreciate them? Surrounded by more than fourteen hundred souls, with nothing to do but receive from the Great Source of all good, and give out to these hundreds, who are here for no other purpose than to be prepared for their life work. Then there is the beyond. Villages to the north, south, east and west; virgin soil; in this one collectorate, over eleven hundred towns and villages in which there is not a single Christian. Hinduism everywhere, hoary with age; invulnerable, except as the Spirit of the Lord of Battles breaks down the barriers, binds the strong man and takes his goods.

But does not the Hindu stand with outstretched arms waiting for the coming of the missionary? Yes, if you take it figuratively. His condition appeals strongly to Christendom, and
his great need cries all the day-long to the Church to come over and help him. The outcastes are accessible, and thousands are turning to Christ in some parts of the empire. India is being Christianised. But the great majority of the caste people, while willing to accept much of Christian truth, are opposed to Christianity as such, and are intrenching themselves against it. Gladly would many give Christ a high place in the Hindu pantheon, but they are not yet prepared to make over the pantheon with its 330,000,000 gods, to be emptied and cleansed by Him, before whom all idols must be swept away to the moles and to the bats. But light and truth are going forth from Mukti as well as from hundreds of other centres in India, and the people are being led to Christ.

"A few years ago," said Pandita Ramabai last night, "the Marathas and the Mahars here wouldn't drink water in the same field." Yesterday, more than 1250 men, women and children, high caste, low caste, outcaste and no caste, came from the surrounding villages, heard the Gospel, and received each a little Christmas present; a good investment.

The sound has gone forth into the regions beyond. Bands of consecrated workers go, and shall continue to go in larger numbers, into the nearby villages, and into towns and villages far away; and the seed sown shall produce an abundant harvest. Join us in prayer, reader, and help forward the battle; and we shall together be partakers of the benefit.

W. W. BRUERE.

"Talk Happiness. The world is sad enough
Without your woes. No path is wholly rough;
Look for the places that are smooth and clear,
And speak of those, to rest the weary ear
Of earth, so hurt by one continuous strain
Of human discontent, and grief, and pain."—Selected.
A Glad Note of Thanks.

It was with no small degree of pleasure that I found myself able to accept an invitation to Mukti again.

It is some six or seven years since I was here, and the great change that has come over the entire face of the place, as well as in the condition of health, sanitation, and in the moral and religious tone, is indeed a glad surprise to me.

On my last visit here, there were in the hospital, some three hundred girls, very recently out of the famine districts. A staff of thirty or more poorly trained girls, themselves not fully over the effects of famine, were trying to nurse this vast army of sick and dying ones.

I remember the English nurse in charge saying to me on one occasion, "Doctor, would you like to see what these nurses have in their pockets?" I was not so very interested in what they carried in their jacket-pockets, but replied, "Well, what is it?" The girls were shy, and hesitated a little at first, but finally began to turn out bits of soft brick, lumps of lime, dry sticks, and clay. By this time I was interested, and I exclaimed, "Whatever have they all this rubbish in their pockets for?" I was told these things were hidden away to eat on the sly between meals!

Although they had three good, square meals a day, the lining coats of the stomachs were so depraved and diseased by their long famine experience, that there was a continual longing and craving for food that was never satisfied; hence the rubbish to eat between times. Now I find only about twenty beds in the entire hospital, and these not all full; a responsible matron at the head of each ward, and everything clean and tidy.

It has been my duty this time to examine these girls with a view to ascertain how many of them have a tubercular taint; and here again I have been agreeably surprised and pleased at the small number affected. This healthy state
of affairs is due, doubtless, to the good food, the open air living, improved sanitation, healthy occupations, and to the strong, healthy, hopeful, spiritual surroundings of the girls. Life seems to them a pleasure and a joy, and as I see and hear them going about their numerous duties, chatting gaily to each other, singing snatches of hymns, or petting the younger children, I am not surprised that the general health is so good, and my heart sends up a glad note of thanks, that so many young lives have been snatched from the very heart of heathenism, and are now being trained, and made ready and fit to preach the blessed news of a full, free salvation to their poor ignorant sisters.

S. W. STEPHENS, M.D.

Mukti, 17th Nov. 1911.

The Disciple.

You speak of pleasures that I do not covet,
In me love pulses only for my Lord;
You know the sweet of life, but far above it,
I love my Highest Lord.

More than your banded workers, aye and faster
Am I bound to labour for my Lord;
Would I were worthy of so kind a Master!
I serve my kindest Lord.

My journey lies through lands where darkness hideth
The hollow ways of death; yet with my Lord
I dare the dangers, for His wisdom guideth.
I trust my wisest Lord.

And should He strip me of all gains or prizes,
My gain is in the glances of my Lord;
Others are richer, but my Master rises
Greatest of all—My Lord!

(Translated from the German.)
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 anyone would send us the correct address of any of these friends:—

Mr. D. E. Osborn, M. E. Mission, Baroda, Gujarat.
Mr. E. L. Harvey, M. E. Mission, Raipur, C. P.
Miss L. Swift, Denver, Colorado, U. S. America.
Mr. Karl Anderson, Baldwin High School, Bangalore.
Mr. A. David, Ellichpur, Berar.
Rev. D. R. Logan, Union Church, Ootacamund.
Mrs. Frank Clark, Club Rd., Byculla, Bombay.
Miss E. Streeter, 173, 8th St., Oakland, Cal., U. S. America.
Mr. Wm. F. Driscoll, 143, St., S. Nicholas Ave., N. Y. City, U. S. A.
Mrs. S. A. Miller, 39 Scarborough Terrace, Wellington, New Zealand.
Miss L. A. Lambert, 35 Rue du Lac, Clarens, Switzerland.
Rev. V. G. McMurry, Bassim, Yeotmal, Berar.
Miss Southam, Cadagan St., Sydenham, Christchurch, New Zealand.
Miss Hooker, 17 Montreal St., Sydenham, Christchurch, New Zealand.
Miss Elinor F. Povitt, 58 Gloucester St., Linwood, Christchurch, New Zealand.
Miss T. McCaughan, 32 Durham St., Sydenham, Christchurch, New Zealand.
Mr. T. Bretten, Angurne, South Australia.
Miss Maude Heron, Ajmere, Rajputana.
Mukti Mission Prayer Union.

Any friend interested in the Mukti Mission, will greatly help by getting at least ten other friends to pray for the work. Such Prayer Circles can be easily organized without any rules, simply by asking each member to pray for Mukti Mission daily, and for one of the girls by name, that she may be saved to the uttermost, and baptized with the Holy Spirit; that she may devote her whole life to God's service, and be faithful unto death.

The following friends will be pleased to supply members, or friends interested, with literature and information:—

Mrs. H. S. Dyer ................................................ Aldington,
Near Hythe, Kent,
England.

Mrs. Rachel Nalder ................................. Windsor,
Nova Scotia,
Canada.

Mrs. Mackay ........................................ 8 Mitchell Street,
St. Kilda, Melbourne,
Victoria, Australia.

Mrs. George Mackenzie ................................... Lake View,
Queenstown,
New Zealand.

Mrs. Ada Gould ................................ 31 Adelaide Street,
Launceston, Tasmania.

Miss L. Ella Miller ............................ 1031 Everett Street,
Los. Angeles, California,
U.S. America.

Names of girls for prayer, may be had on application to
Manoramabai, Mukti Mission, Kedgaon, Poona District, India.
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.