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 watchman 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.
March, 1913.
Boxes and Parcels Received Since January 1912.

We gratefully acknowledge the following:

9 Cases from Mr. G. H. Bailey, England.
2 Cases from South Australian Friends, per Mr. Whitridge Bowen, Australia.
2 Parcels from Miss V. Busfield, England.
1 Box from Mrs. Bell, Lewistown, America.
1 Box from Miss Betteridge, Nasik, India.
1 Parcel from Miss A. Clements, England.
1 Parcel from Miss J. E. Carfrae, Scotland.
1 Parcel from Miss C. M. Clarke, New Zealand.
1 Parcel from Miss Blanch Collen, England.
1 Parcel from Mrs. Chowdhury, Howrah, India.
1 Parcel from Mrs. Church, America.
2 Parcels from Friends, per Miss Dobson, India.
2 Parcels from Germany.
3 Parcels from Mrs. Ivatt, England.
1 Parcel from Miss Kitching, England.
1 Parcel from Miss A. Lillie, England.
6 Boxes from Mrs. G. Mackenzie, New Zealand.
5 Boxes from Mrs. Blair Mason, New Zealand.
1 Box from Mrs. Mackay, Australia.
1 Parcel from Miss H. E. Prayero, Hyderabad, India.
1 Parcels per Mr. Robert H. Parsons, England.
2 Parcels from Miss P. L. Palmer, America.
1 Box from Miss S. J. Ramsey, Scotland.
1 Parcel from Mrs. Rowe, New Zealand.
1 Parcel from Miss Readford, New Zealand.
1 Parcel from Mrs. Root, U. S. America.
1 Parcel from Mrs. E. M. Wright, Tasmania.

1 Parcel from Miss Williams, New Zealand.
1 Parcel from Mrs. Smart, England.
Meditation.

"I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty." Rev. 1:8.

"Thou remainest:...Thou art the same,...Thy years shall not fail." Heb. 1:11, 12.

"Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day and forever." Heb. 13:8.

Praise and Prayer.

One by one, the Lord is gathering His own home to Himself. On another page our Pastor has written about the home-call of our fellow-workers Miss Minnie F. Abrams and Mr. D. G. B. Girle. We feel this loss keenly, yet we rejoice in their joy. We love to think of them and many of our dear girls who have gone on before, resting and praising and rejoicing in the Presence of the King. We know we shall meet them again, when Jesus comes.

Another faithful friend, the Rev. Father Page has gone in to see the King Whom he so loved and truly served for many years. Twenty-nine years ago when Pandita Ramabai embraced the Christian religion, Father Page stood as one of the Sponsors at her baptism. Since then he never failed to pray for her and to take a very real interest in her work. He often visited Mukti, and his visits stand out as days when we seemed to be lifted into a higher and more heavenly atmosphere, so truly did he walk with God.
To Father Page the Lord Jesus did not seem far away, for he lived and conversed and communed with Him all the time and seemed to be among those of whom it could be said, "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." We cannot speak of him as dead, for his home-going was so triumphant, that it seemed to foretell his entrance into a more abundant life.

In a letter printed in the Cowley Evangelist, Mother Emily Clare quotes the following passage regarding Father Page:— "He was great in his vocation, great in his work for the Church, great in his office as Superior, but certainly never greater than in his patient uncomplaining facing of death."

May God raise up others who shall be "willing to pour out their lives for the conversion of India, and fill up that which is behind of the sufferings of Christ."

May we take this opportunity of expressing our deep gratitude to all the kind friends who have done so much towards making Christmas 1912 a very happy one at Mukti?

The presents seemed to be multiplied, and there proved to be a sufficient number not only for each of the thirteen hundred at Mukti to receive a present, but for each of nearly two thousand villagers besides.

Christmas is the event of the year here at Kedgaon. The village children begin on the 26th of December, to inquire eagerly when the next Christmas is coming; and so when the invitation is sent out to the various villages, hundreds gladly come to share in the Christmas rejoicing. Men and women, boys and girls, babies in arms, the blind, the halt, and the maimed were to be seen in the motley crowd which assembled at our doors on Christmas Day. And God had so wonderfully provided, that none went away empty! We believe too, that seed was sown in many hearts that day, which will bring forth a glad harvest in eternity.
During the past year there has been much suffering in the villages round about us and in other districts near here, resulting from scarcity of water. It has been pitiful to see the farmers gradually selling their cattle at very low prices, and leaving their barren fields to go and seek other employment in the cities. Many poor people have been coming to our door with small bundles of old roots and little pieces of wood of hardly any value, to sell. Some bring just a few vegetables which they have managed to grow; one woman brought a little bundle of onion tails to sell to us. They say “Do buy our goods. We are hungry and have no food to eat.” We hear of some who are so short of food that they are glad to gather and eat the prickly pear fruit, which is covered with fine needle-like prickles and causes great suffering.

We are so thankful that in some small measure we have been able to relieve the distress of these poor people. We could not have done so, but for the timely help sent to us by God’s people in many lands. We pray that all who have thus helped us may find the Lord Himself their Exceeding Great Reward.

Many of our correspondents from time to time enquire how much it costs to support a girl for one year. For the benefit of all such we add the following items:

For a Kindergarten child the cost is £3 per annum.
For a Primary School girl ..................£5 per annum.
For a High School girl .......................£7 per annum.
For a Bible Woman ...............from £9 to £12 per annum.

In the case of the last, the sum mentioned, not only covers the expense of keep and education, but also pays for bullocks and carts necessary for Gospel work in the villages.

To keep Mukti going for one week in food alone £100 are needed. How our hearts would sink had we only an arm of flesh to depend on! But we look for the daily supplies for our large family, to Him to Whom the silver and gold belong and the cattle upon a thousand hills; and “He faileth not.”
In Memoriam.

During the last few months two valued workers who were for many years associated with “Mukti” have been called home. The first to leave us was Mr. Gadre, who had been failing in health for several years. He died in the Free Church Mission Hospital, Poona, of pneumonia, a few days after undergoing a serious operation. Mr. Gadre was for some years secretary to Pandita Ramabai; and he was also a member of the Board of Trustees and Advisory Committee of the Mukti Mission. The following resolution was adopted by the Board at their meeting on Oct. 5th, 1912:

"Since our last meeting in July, one of our number Mr. D. G. B. Gadre has been called to his reward. Brother Gadre was born in an orthodox Hindu family and was designed for the priesthood, but becoming dissatisfied with Hinduism, he entered the ranks of the Reformers, became a member of the Prarthana Samaj, and remained with them for many years. He was true to his convictions, and gave evidence of this by courageously marrying a Hindu widow. In the year 1889, he became secretary to Pandita Ramabai and assisted her in starting the Sharada Sadan. At the first he was opposed to Christianity and would gladly have kept the work of the Sadan within the more popular realm of social reform, but the quiet influence of the Truth conquered his prejudices, and in 1897 he was baptized in Poona, in company with a large number of others who had recently been converted.

"Brother Gadre was devoted to the work, and has for a number of years rendered valuable assistance to the institution in many ways. He was keenly alive to the value of missionary effort, very appreciative of it, and always much interested in those who were seekers after the Truth, receiving with open arms all such whether of high or low estate. He was respected by the Hindu community, and loved by his friends; his dignified bearing and gentle manners, making an impression upon all who met him. He leaves two sons and a daughter
The latter is a student in the Thoburn College at Lucknow. To these we extend our sincere sympathy."

The next to be taken was Miss Abrams who was for a number of years more intimately associated with Pandita Ramabai and the work at "Mukti," than any other European. She passed away in Uska Bizar, U. P., after an illness lasting several months. Miss Abrams came to India in 1887 and laboured for eleven years in Bombay in connection with the Women’s Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. She joined the Mukti Mission in 1898 and laboured indefatigably until called to her reward. At the time of her death Dec. 1912, she was engaged in pioneer work in an unoccupied field in North India where she had been successful in founding a mission station.

As a Christian, Miss Abrams was true to her Master, ever trying to walk worthy of her high calling and seeking to know the deep things of God. As a worker she endured hardship as a good soldier of Jesus Christ; she fared simply, spent much time in Bible study and prayer, she wrote, planned, travelled, preached, taught and dealt with individuals. She was an attractive and instructive speaker. The demands made upon her were many but she had time for all. Although often suffering physically, she was in labours abundant, and often went beyond her strength. She urged repentance towards God followed by a close walk with Him. It has been remarked that there probably was not a soul in Mukti, who had not been helped by her. Desiring to reach the regions beyond Miss Abrams gave much attention to evangelistic work of which she was very fond. The Bible School at Mukti is a monument to her zeal.

As a friend and fellow-worker, Miss Abrams was self-denying, thoughtful, attentive and kind. She will long be missed by many. The Indian Church has lost in her a true friend.
"Why should our tears in sorrow flow
When God recalls His own,
And bids them leave a world of woe,
For an immortal crown?

Is not o'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.

Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest,
They fought the fight, the victory won,
And entered into rest.

Then let our sorrows cease to flow;
God has recalled His own;
But let our hearts, in every woe,
Still say, 'Thy will be done'."

W. W. BRUBB.

"God is not in a hurry. There is plenty of time. A lady was struck with admiration for a beautiful butterfly, and got a chrysalis of one to watch it. At last the butterfly began to come out, but seemed greatly distressed by a little cord which fastened it in, and prevented its complete egress. It fluttered and strained and wearied itself, and tried again, but the cord stayed. At last the lady took pity on it and cut the cord, and let it, as she thought, happily loose. But the butterfly never got its proper colours, and soon sickened and died. It had been delivered too soon, and should have been allowed its proper time for struggling. God's way is best, and we must trust it."

—Edward Clifford—
Thou Hast a Mighty Arm.

While travelling upon the high seas, one is frequently reminded of the majesty and greatness of God. Once, while in the Indian Ocean, the monsoon broke. The waves came on in mighty force. It seemed that the ship could not live in such waters. When a wave struck it a shudder went through the whole ship, until no one could stand on his feet without holding on to something. It was then that a visit to the engine room quieted one's fears.

What a mighty arm it had! Back and forth, back and forth, through rough as well as smooth waters, not only holding the ship steady, but forcing it on through all the mighty resistances, it never stopped its vigilant efforts, until it had brought us safely to our desired haven.

Very few visited the engine room; they were occupied with the waves and the creaking and groaning of the ship, with their own consequent distress. They lost the confidence and rest which the mighty arm of the engine could have instilled.

O, Jehovah, "Thou hast a mighty arm!" Give us a vision of Thy power. While we are battling with the storms and opposing forces, Thou canst not only hold us steady, but wilt cause us to go steadily forward; and if we put our trust in Thee, Thou wilt keep us in perfect peace.

May 1903. 

Minnie F. Abrams.

Interest in Missions.

"I cannot get interested in missions," exclaimed a petulant young lady. "No, dear," said her aunt, "you can hardly expect to. It is just like getting interest in a bank; you have to put in a little something first. And the more you put in—time or money, or prayer—the more the interest grows. But something you must put in, or you will never have any interest. Try it, and see."—The Bible in the World.
Inasmuch.

The bell has rung, and all over Mukti there are sounds of girls coming and going in and out of the different compounds, some to school, some to their weaving, others to the different sewing rooms.

The Rescue Home sewing room is the department to which I belong. These girls meet in their Kripa Sadan (Home of Mercy) compound, and with the matron in charge march to the workroom, talking and laughing as they go. Arriving at the room they spread out their mats and at once take their places, while the work and needles are given out by the girls in charge of the various classes, and the two European ladies attend to the general work. Soon we are quite settled and ready for any visitor who cares to see the work that is going on.

Close to the workers in charge are seated those who are troublesome as well as those who are just learning to sew. To the latter are given patches to work on, and it takes time and patience in some cases to teach the first rudiments of sewing; the needle is held wrongly, the point turned out instead of in, the thread so long that the arm cannot stretch the length, etc. etc. One has to cheer them on by saying, “It will come by and by” which is the Marathi way of saying, “You will learn soon.”

When these beginners advance a little, they sew the patches together for counterpanes for which there is always a good demand. Our lace workers come next, and though they are not many, they do very good work. Six girls are kept busy at sewing machines. They sit on the floor and the machines are placed on a low bench. Various kinds of work are done by this class; clothes for the children in the Home, underclothing, and other useful articles for sale. A few girls do embroidery, but the greater number do drawn-thread work for which we find a ready sale, some of the work finding its way to England, America, Australia, New Zealand and other parts of the world. During the past year there has been a marked improvement in the work done by our girls showing that “practice makes perfect.”
We feel the need of much prayer and patience. Sometimes an outburst of bad temper on the part of one girl upsets the whole room for a short time; these cases must be dealt with wisely, and much grace is needed by those in charge.

All the girls receive payment for the work done. Every article finished is entered in a book with the price to be paid marked against it. At the end of the term the amount is added up, and as the girls are paid, a word of commendation often encourages them to do better.

It is interesting to note how quickly some pass from the first stage—patchwork—to better work.

Star, with whom readers of the Prayer Bell are acquainted is a bright girl and is learning quickly. She has now passed on to drawn-thread work which she is anxious to learn. One of her great faults is that she wants change, change, change, and is never content to remain long at one thing.

Another little girl is very trying at times, but what can one expect? Many of our Rescue girls have always led wandering lives, and have not the least idea of restraint or discipline; therefore to be confined in a workroom is hard.

T-- does not like work, except occasionally; then when her industrious fit is on, she brings her piece of work for inspection every few minutes. If it is done fairly well and we tell her so, she goes off with a knowing side-shake of her head and a smile of satisfaction as though hers was the finest piece of work done in the room that day.

C-- another hard girl to deal with, thinks that she is so important that attention should be given to her work at once, and an ominous frown greets one, if she is told to wait while some more important work is being attended to. One way we can please C-- is to give her a long seam to sew. Then satisfaction is given both to the child and the worker.

No. 4 is learning drawn-thread work, but she is not a very good worker. Her weakness is, roaming about. One looks up to see where she is and finds that she has wandered to the other end of the room under the pretext of getting cotton for her work. On her way there and back, she stops several times to pass remarks to other girls.
Such are the crude instruments the Lord gives us to work with, and we praise Him for every little sign of improvement or of desire to do better. Some of these girls have sad histories; many having been more sinned against than sinning. We thank the Lord for a change lately in the lives of three of those mentioned.

Many of our girls have become true Christians, and even in the Rescue Home, among so many that are almost heathen they are enabled to witness for the Master by a consistent Christian life. No doubt many can thank God that even by their fall they have been led to know the Christ.

So many when they first enter these ever open doors know nothing of the true God or of the saving and cleansing power of the blood of Christ our precious Saviour; but gradually the softening influence of the Gospel tells in the changed lives.

Rescue work is trying; one needs patience and tact to deal in justice and in a Christlike way with the different cases. Miss Bacon who has been helping in this department of the work for some eight years loves her girls, and though they try her, they love her. Patience and Christlike love can win even the hardest cases. Many who never before knew what love was, and hardly knew the meaning of the word, have come to know that in this Home of Mercy there are those who love and care for them.

Will readers of the Prayer-Bell please remember Kripa Sadan before the Throne of Grace, so that they with us may rejoice at the Harvest Home?

E. P. Browne.

“The lives that make the world so sweet
Are shy, and hide like the humble flowers.
We pass them by with our careless feet,
Nor dream 'tis their fragrance fills the bower,
And cheers and comforts us, hour by hour.”—Selected.
Mukti’s Opportunity.

Mukti is situated in the heart of the great Maharashtra, in the midst of 19 or 20 millions of Marathi speaking people—a people who stubbornly and persistently resisted the great Mohammedan power of a couple of centuries ago, and later, the English conquerors from the West; and now with even greater stubbornness these same people are resisting the onward march of the army of the King of Kings.

God called forth the Pandita Ramabai from among the 23,000,000 widows of India and commissioned her to do and dare, preach and pray, gather and organise, spend and be spent, travelling night and day for the thousands of her sisters, who have been brought within her reach; and through her He has planted this colony here at Kedgaon and labelled it “Mukti.” Here it stands a work of God. What is its opportunity? Is there a vision? Does it speak? What does it say?

“I have set thee to be a light to the Gentiles and a lamp to My people Israel, an object lesson to the Indian Church and to the Hindus and Mohammedans of India of what God can do;” and the work has just begun.

What now is the burden of our prayer? and what do we expect to see? The salvation of the Maharashtra and the kingdom of God established throughout its borders.

There are ingatherings in the north and thousands there await baptism—elsewhere too we hear of many turning to the Lord; but the Marathi country has never been visited in that way. The gospel has been preached for a century and the judgments of the Lord have been seen and felt in the land; but the gift of repentance has not been received, except by the few, and the generation is passing away.

Indications for the most part are encouraging. Some are being converted and through tribulation entering into the kingdom of God. Word comes from other places telling how the visits of Christian workers seem to be appreciated, and of the desire of the people to hear the Word of God. On
the other hand the trains that pass our doors are full of pilgrims on their way to the great shrine of Western India; yet even there they meet with a large band of Christian workers. Let us pray, let all pray, pray and not faint.

Pray that our bands that have gone forth to preach may realise that the hand of the Lord is with them, and that the power of the Lord is present to heal. Pray that they may so speak that many may believe. Pray for the hundreds who are here at Mukti receiving their education; for our Bible School, and for the many other departments of work. Pray for our Superintendent and those associated with her. Pray that “Mukti” may measure up to her privileges, and that all may be filled with the Holy Ghost.

W. W. Bruere, Pastor.

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Impressions at Mukti.

Nearly two years ago I had my first sight of Mukti. I had long wished to see Pandita Ramabai's work for she was in years gone by at my old College, Cheltenham, and our great head mistress, Miss Beale, never failed to impress upon us the value of the women's work which was being carried on by one, whom we at Cheltenham were proud to consider an “old girl.”

At Kedgaon station, we were met in the early morning by a delightful bullock tonga, and in this we slowly trotted over a bumpy road to Mukti which we reached in about five minutes. Here we were welcomed by Manoramabai, and Miss Couch who is so good in looking after visitors.

The buildings at Mukti stand on either side of the public road from which they stretch back a considerable distance. They are in the main, well and substantially built.

In the centre of the large compound is the church, a great building, well planned and excellently floored but not yet entirely finished. This church is the centre of all at Mukti,
It contains room for about 2,000 and is not only used for services, but for a school.

Here it was at the Sunday service that I first saw Pandita Ramabai. About 1,500 Indian girls were assembled to hear an address by an English lady. This was fluently translated into Marathi by one of the teachers in the Bible School. Pandita Ramabai came in shortly before service began. After greeting us visitors, she sat down at the foot of the dais amongst the little children. On the step of the platform, she laid her spectacles, fountain pen, pencils, etc. in a small reticule. Whilst she offered prayer in Marathi, little prying fingers played with these: only her Bible and spectacles they were not permitted to touch. One wee bairn was then gently hushed to sleep on the Pandita’s motherly lap, whilst the lecture proceeded.

These may seem small details, but it is in little things we read character and in little things that we find the secret of success. That morning it seemed that a great love for children, a woman’s natural protective instinct and wide comprehensive sympathy were the qualities that shone through these actions trifling in themselves.

That afternoon I had the opportunity of a long talk with Pandita. Her room is in very truth a workshop. It contains the bare necessities of life, and, as everywhere at Mukti, I felt on entering it that first time that I was in an atmosphere of plain living and high thinking.

Pandita or “Bai,” as those at Mukti delight to call her, sat Indian fashion on a low wooden seat leaning against the white-washed wall. I sat beside her in a like posture, and how my unaccustomed bones did ache! Such trifles however were soon forgotten as we discussed problems of Indian work, and social problems both in Europe and India. Pandita’s wide horizon, her grand breadth of experience and knowledge of books, things, and people were an inspiration. Above all it seemed to me her grip of the power of prayer and strength of faith were the source of her unique success.

The next day I went all over the industrial work, and was struck by the masterly organisation of the whole. Since then
I have been more than once to Mukti, and have always noticed that those who accompanied me, whether missionaries or other friends, were struck by the same thing, the efficiency of the departmental organisation.

I point this out because I think it is in such things that we have all so much to learn from one to whom God has given a master mind. Pandita knows how to choose the right woman and then to leave as far as possible sufficient scope for individual development. This, which is surely the essence of good government, seemed to me the secret of much good work and good success in Mukti.

What is going to happen to all these girls? It must be a huge problem to answer. One thing is however certain, and that is that they will be turned out in the main good citizens, good housewives, and godly women.

Mukti supplies a good education to those who can benefit by such. Girls who go into the printing department are trained as compositors, and some even help in Hebrew and Greek translation. Those who are not so gifted get an industrial training of a useful sort in weaving, and other like crafts. All are qualified as housewives and not only grind but prepare and cook their own Chupatties. This last might well be copied by all Indian orphanages, for woman's lot in India is after all in the main to be a good wife and mother.

The atmosphere of Mukti always seems to me, cheery, practical, hardworking. The girls have happy faces; they seem in the right relation to those who are over them. There is strong government and yet good fellowship. More than all there is that recognition of responsibility towards God, in the individual, which can alone make for true esprit de corps in the whole.

EVELYN C. GEDGE.

"Through many a stormy path He leads my tired feet; Through many a path of tears I go; but it is sweet To know that He is close to me, my God, my Guide, He leadeth me, and so I walk quite satisfied."—Selected.
"The Gospel....the Power of God."

In 1908 when famine was making havoc in some parts of North India, Pandita Ramabai was definitely led to send help to the sufferers as God enabled her. For some little time she had workers stationed in one of the needy parts, by which means many of the distressed were relieved and told of the Saviour’s love.

Hearing later, of still greater distress farther north, Ramabai decided to send her workers on there. One of the Lord’s children had gone before, travelling through the famine area, and was glad to find that the Lord was sending some through whom He could minister life to the needy.

Bahraich a centre not far south of the Native State of Nepal, was chosen as a temporary camping place, and two European workers with some Indian Christian Bible women were stationed there. The latter being themselves trophies from the famine of 1896-7. Many came for relief, and among them two little ones, a boy and a girl whose lives have since shown that the Gospel of Christ is still “the power of God unto salvation.” The writer does not remember much concerning the arrival of the little boy, but very vividly do the details of the finding of the little girl come back.

It was Saturday evening—the matron with others had gone to market to buy food, and the little laddie, attracted, doubtless by the prospect of seeing the food bought, was glad to accompany her. When the party returned in the evening we found that our family had been increased by one; for our little friend had seen a child begging and he had not been able to resist the temptation of telling her that he knew of a place where she would get plenty of food, and where she would be loved and cared for. What a picture! The little girl was evidently recovering from small-pox. Her skin was peeling off, and her unkempt hair, her filthy rags and long claw-like nails told their own tale. She was soon given something to eat, and then taken to the well where the top-layer of
dirt was washed off the little thin body, and clean garments took the place of the filthy rags. As time wore on, the workers found that this little one had not wandered about so long without learning much which bore the stamp of Satan, so they thought it well to keep her near them and try to teach her something that would keep her hands occupied, for as yet the brain was far from able to grasp much more than a very little about the plan of salvation. The European ladies set themselves to teach her to wash the cups and saucers, though they did shrink from the thought of such hands handling them. This work she was delighted to learn as there was always hope of a few crumbs or a few drops of tea during the process.

The boy, ever anxious to have his share would rush down upon the scene like a hungry hound. Well does the writer remember one day seeing the little girl empty the tea leaves into her lap and eat them up as a sweet morsel, while the laddie found what he could of stray crumbs!

These children were well fed and cared for, yet it was a very long time before the craving for food—a craving which only the poor famine stricken know—could be satisfied.

But the Gospel is still the power of God unto salvation. The Lord graciously worked by His Spirit and these two little ones were "born again." They became new creatures in Christ Jesus and to-day they are both engaged in telling others the "Good News" which has meant so much to them!

"I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth."

A. Parsons.

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Faith and Works.

"Two little girls were late in getting off to school. They had been taught to say their prayers. Seeing they were to be late, as they were going out, one said to the other, "Let us kneel down here and pray that we may get there in time." "No," said the other, "let us run, and pray while we are running." Sometimes we must run with our prayers. That is being practical."—South America.
Echoes from the Press.

It is some time since our readers have heard anything about the Printing Department of the Mukti Mission. We have not been idle in the press room. Though we have had little to say, we have been very busy preparing parcels of literature to send out in every direction.

Nine years ago, Pandita Ramabai had only one small treadle press in her Mission. Only one man was needed to work it. He did the type-setting, and printing, and sent out the literature. Our first Prayer-Bell was printed on this press, also many tracts and leaflets.

From this small beginning God has been working out a great plan. Little by little the money for this department has come in and it has grown and grown until now we have in addition to our little foot press, four large presses, a twelve horse power engine, and a stereotyping plant by means of which Pandita Ramabai hopes soon to more than double the amount of literature which we are now sending out.

Some years ago, all work in our printing press was done by men and boys. Pandita Ramabai felt that it would be a great advantage if the girls would learn this work and set the young men free for heavier outdoor work; so she asked some of her helpers to first learn and then teach this industry. A few girls at a time were taken to learn the work, and now we have sixty-seven young women at work in our press room, and the only difference I can see between their work and that of the young men is that it takes two young women to do some of the heavy lifting which could be done by one young man. Wonderful progress has been made within the last two years. Nearly all have learned the work very thoroughly so that they understand each kind of work from the operating of the little foot press to the managing of the twelve horse power engine which runs the five presses. They are able to take the engine to pieces and clean it and put it together again, and to care for all the machinery in the press room. Much of this work is difficult and tedious, but our girls do it gladly, feeling that this is the
part which God has given them in the work of spreading the Gospel in India.

There are many different stages in our work. First we have one girl at each press to see that the forms are imposed properly, and that the preparation for printing is being done carefully. After this comes the tedious work of feeding the press. This sometimes takes days and weeks if the order is a large one. Then the printed sheets are passed on to another company of girls who attend to the folding, sewing and book-binding, and then get the literature ready for distribution.

Friends in the homelands often write and ask for information about our Gospel Bands. Many bands go out from Mukti, and work day by day in the various villages. There are about thirty villages near here. Some are within walking distance and others are reached by bullock tongas. Our young people go forth to preach the Word and to distribute the literature printed in our press; so in giving our readers a glimpse into our press room, we feel that we are giving them a glimpse of one of the Gospel Bands at Mukti. Ours is a band which works behind the scenes, yet its work is most important, for we believe that the printed message will often find an entrance into places where the spoken message is forbidden. We are trusting in the promise that God's word shall not return unto Him void. There are many young women in Mukti whose hearts are burdened for souls and who long to give out the message of light and salvation to their sisters and brothers who are in darkness. God has not given to all the ability to engage in the active work of preaching or teaching, but we believe that in our corner and in many other working corners of Mukti He has made a place for such, where though hidden they may work for Him; and we feel that He takes note of us.

Will those who desire to help in this great work pray definitely that God may direct, guide and control us in all things so that every detail of our work may be in accordance with His will? Pray also that all who are helping in the press room may be endued with the power of the Holy Spirit and that the blessing of God may rest upon their labour.

V. Brazier.
Come and See.

Much has been said in the past, and much is still being said of the methods of missions and missionaries in the foreign field. We hear of widely circulated reports in the homelands, which quite misrepresent the work of missions, and which do much harm to the cause of Christ in dark, needy lands.

Sometimes we meet with people, who tell us that they are travelling around the world studying missions. Some of these good people do not however take time even to visit mission centres, much less to study anything of their work. People arrive in Bombay, and perhaps stay at an hotel for a day or two; then they take the train for the north of India where they spend a few days. Next they visit an orphanage and perhaps one or two mission stations in South India, and then travel on to Colombo, to take the boat for China or Japan to "study missions" there. Possibly, more money is spent by these friends in their flying visit than they would give to missions in ten years. Much of the information they gather about mission work is obtained from "the man in the hotel" or "the man in the train." These men may perhaps be strongly opposed to mission work and other works of righteousness. Thus, many conflicting reports are spread abroad of God's work in heathen lands.

If people desire to study missions for God's glory and for the advancement of His Kingdom, they should come and stay long enough to get a thorough knowledge of how missions are conducted. To the critical or doubtful reader who wonders where and how we live, and how we spend our time, we would give the same invitation that our Blessed Master gave to His disciples, "Come and see."

Come to a missionary conference where you will meet a body of men and women that have had many years of experience of Christian work in a heathen land. Men and women that have been chosen to stand in the gap and have proved faithful. Some who have been tested and tried by experiences and trials,
such as many of God's children have never even heard of. Let us listen to their loving prayers and words of sympathy and wisdom as they discuss and deal with the many problems that are continually coming before them. Let us learn of the self-denial which they practice in order to help others. Let us watch them with their Indian brothers and sisters, with whom they have true fellowship—nothing between, all one in Christ Jesus.

Come with us and see the missionaries in their homes, perhaps far away from what you would term civilization, away from the railways and towns, out in the jungle surrounded by heathen villages. Let us listen as they discuss the day's work with their fellow workers. How much there is to be attended to! There are invalids to be visited, needy ones to be helped, various meetings to be held, and school and industrial work to be attended to.

Then there is the medical work. How little we know of what a medical missionary has to contend with! Let us accompany one on his way to attend a patient in the village. We wound our way through dirty narrow alley ways reeking with stench from putrid water and refuse, followed by a crowd of naked children and barking dogs, until we come to a house with animals tied up on the verandah or perhaps inside the house. As we enter the low narrow door, we can at first see nothing but darkness, but after a minute or two when our eyes become accustomed to the darkness we discern a figure in some damp corner of the room suffering much from fever or some other disease. We turn around to ask a question and find that the little dark room is now full of men, women and children, who have followed us in. Everything is dirty, the air foul and stifling, and perhaps the case needs hours of attention and all must be done in that little dark unhealthy room. Oh, how easy it is to sit at home and criticise the missionary's work!

Now come with us and see an orphanage. Everywhere we turn we meet many healthy, happy Christians. Some are in school, learning; some are engaged in useful industries; others are preparing to go out as preachers of the Gospel.
You ask where these young people came from. Many of them became orphans during the famine and were left to die on the roadside, but God sent His servants to rescue and train them for Him.

Come with us and see the Indian preacher away off in the isolated villages. Let us stay with him and see him day by day showing forth the spirit and love of Christ by word and deed. Very often he is hated and persecuted as an undesirable person. Still he continues in his labour of love winning others for his Master. Then there are the bands of Bible-women who work in the zenanas of the cities and villages. One might profitably go with them on their rounds and see what they are willing to do and endure for Christ's sake and the Gospel's.

Lastly, will you come with us and visit the blind schools, the leper asylums, and the homes for other unfortunate sufferers which are carried on by the missionaries and the native church in obedience to that last command of our Lord “Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, ...... and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world !”

Dear friends, we ask you to pray more for us, and if you can, come over and help us. There is great need in many parts of this land. The coming of the Lord draweth nigh, and what have we accomplished. What shall we say, if we stand before the Great Judge empty-handed ?

"Must I go and empty handed,
Thus my dear Redeemer meet,
Not one day of service give Him
Lay no trophy at His feet ?"

We are the watchmen sent to warn others, and if we fail to be faithful, think what it means. Think of these solemn words — “His blood will I require at thine hand.” Shall we be like the man we read of in the book of Kings? “And as the king passed by, he cried unto the king; and he said, Thy servant went out into the midst of the battle; and, behold, a man turned aside, and brought a man unto me, and said, Keep this man; if by
any means he be missing, then shall thy life be for his life....And as thy servant was busy here and there, he was gone. And the king...said unto him, So shall thy judgment be; thyself hast decided it.”

How many of us are busy here and there with trifling things, selfish pleasures and desires, waiting a little longer before going into active service, disobeying His call, and busy criticizing and condemning the work of others, while ourselves neglecting the daily opportunities for service put before us; and all the time souls are slipping into Eternity without Christ and without hope. God says, “Their blood will I require at thine hand!”

F. CATIONS.

Reflections.

In the dear Auster land again, I find it difficult to realise that my long dreamed of visit to “Mukti” has had its fulfilment. It was a high privilege, granted by our Father to an unworthy child. Dear “Mukti,” whose walls are Salvation and whose gates are Praise! Well-named art thou!

I quote from my diary:—Oct. 29th, Sunday.—“It was an affecting sight indeed to see for the first time the great church at “Mukti.” About 1,200 dusky-faced women seated on the floor. Feelings too deep for words flooded the soul. One had a keen sense of the Presence of God. In humble mood one contrasts the Christian Indian’s reverent attention with the oftentimes—indifference of some homeland congregations. It was interesting to notice the quickness with which Bible passages were found.”

Friends wrote from Australia, “Tell me all about Mukti; and all you can about dear Pandita Ramabai!” To answer the former demand, I was furnished with many copies of “Prayer-Bell” May 1910, and these were posted to my friends, as containing much information. The latter request was more difficult to meet. One dear worker remarked, as we took our usual walk along the canal bank one evening, “Ramabai is as a
Moses to her people”—and as the days passed into weeks and lengthened into months, and I went in and out among the people, I found this to be true. Her intensity of aim to uplift and save, the deep soul-hunger, and complete self-abnegation savoured of the things of God—too high for common wordy praise.

Within the walls of Mukti, are about sixty happy Kindergarten children making the morning air resonant with bright little hymns and songs, amongst which, “Jesus loves me,” is apparently first favourite. One almost passionately thinks of the outside myriads robbed by heathendom of their birthright of pure and innocent childjoys! Senior girls and elder women mostly bright-looking and carefree, daily make their way to school, industrial work-rooms, office or field, to do their day’s work; then in the evening to be gathered in groups for spiritual teaching. Blind or partially blind girls are lovingly cared for; some of these have sad and pensive faces, others have cheerful looks, the less afflicted lending their companions tender assistance! I can see them still, in imagination, and my heart goes up in gratitude to God for the Walls of Salvation which mean to them the light and love of God. Wayward ones named “Philippas,” are under special care. The quaint name indicates a great hope and a great tenderness, for Philip the Evangelist had “four daughters which did prophesy.” How these girls, merry as the birds, enjoy an evening walk! Twice I was privileged to accompany them. On the last occasion, there on the hillside beyond the canal bank, among the boulders we gathered, and they sang feelingly, “There were ninety and nine.”

Then followed a goodbye talk, interpreted by an English girl. The concluding prayers were offered with quiet, intense reverence. An instant after, the girls were gleefully gathering the yellow blossoms which grow so profusely in the driest places, and these they placed laughingly in our topies (sunhats); then the setting sun warned us to be homeward bound, and in an orderly manner two by two the group moved on—gracefully as only Indian girls can move.
Daily at the dispensary, assemble the maimed, halt, blind, and diseased, from adjacent villages, and here the missionaries with a noble band of Indian nurses attend to the bodies of the sufferers, at the same time pointing them to Jesus the Great Physician of the soul.

Other villagers are reached from the wayside Gospel tent, where every day from early morning till eventide, passers-by hear the clarion call of Gospel messages, and in the tent you may see the growing heaps of little pebbles used to mark the number of people who have passed by. One naturally thinks of Isa. 55: 1, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." Itinerating work in the villages is a many sided work, calling for self-surrender, energy, tact and general ability. Its value in mission operations cannot be overrated. Sowing the seed beside all waters! What will the harvest be? Truly only the Great Husbandman knoweth!

Village mission schools were established by Pandita Ramabai towards the end of last year; and it was a great joy to me to spend about eleven days in a certain red-lined tent at Supa—a village about ten miles from Mukti—and to be agreeably surprised to see what had been accomplished in these schools in a short space of time.

My pen must cease, leaving so much still to be told. What has been written seems all inadequate and not worthy of the great theme, yet it has been penned for love's sake, for a bit of my heart is there in that village of God called "Mukti." Ay! it is a God-supplied Mission, and so from His co-workers in other places, tender, devoted souls, there come from time to time love-laden gifts to meet the many needs. Oh! the coming joy of harvest time to those who are the succourers of many!

Mount Barker, South Australia.

Sister Clair.
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.
Mukti Mission.

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.