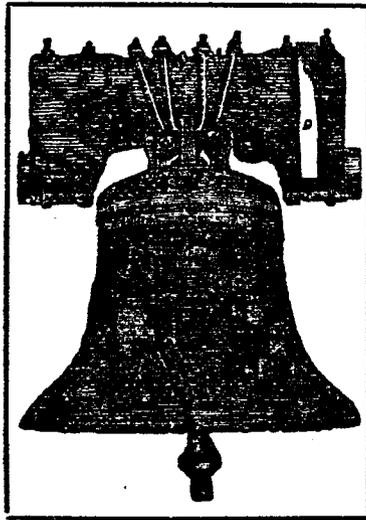


Mukti Prayer-Bell.

He hath sent Me to bind up the broken hearted,

'The Lord hath anointed Me to preach good tidings
unto the meek ;



To proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening
of the prison to them that are bound.

"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 xii, 6-7.

"MUKTI" KEDGAON, INDIA.

March, 1904.

Parcels and Boxes Received Christmas, 1903.

- 3 Boxes from Manchester, England.
- 2 Boxes „ Adelaide, South Australia.
- 1 Box „ Melbourne, Australia.
- 1 Box „ Dunedin, New Zealand.
- 1 Box „ Mrs. McKenzie, New Zealand.
- 1 Box (perhaps from Wellington, New Zealand,) but no letter about it.
- 2 Boxes from Bombay.
- 1 Box „ New Zealand, per Miss Morton.

PARCELS.

- 1 Parcel from Dresden, Germany.
 - 1 Parcel „ Hope, New Zealand.
 - 2 Parcels „ Bath, England.
 - 1 Parcel „ Leicester, England.
 - 1 Parcel „ Dover, „
 - 1 Parcel „ Dunstable, „
 - 1 Parcel „ Sunderland, „
 - 1 Parcel „ Auckland, New Zealand.
 - 1 Packet „ Manchester, England.
(Calendars and Cards.)
 - 1 Parcel „ Freshwater, Isle of Wight.
 - 1 Parcel „ Ramsgate, England.
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Mukti Prayer-Bell.

Vol. I. No. 3. MURTI. KEDGAON, INDIA. March, 1904.

Meditation.

“Be still and know that I am God, I will be exalted among the heathen I will be exalted in the earth.

The Lord of Hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our Refuge.” Psalm 46 : 10, 11.

Praise and Prayer.

WE thank and praise God for His everlasting mercies. Our hearts are full of joy. The knowledge that He who made heaven and earth is our Father and undertakes for us, gives us great joy and we thank Him for raising up so many kind friends for us ; we thank our dear friends who pray for us and help us, with all our hearts and pray that God's richest blessings may rest upon them.

In the August number of the Prayer Bell, special prayer was asked for Gunga Bhato who was then very weak. We are glad to say that she has quite recovered, and we ask our readers to unite with us in praising God for answered prayer on her behalf.

THERE are five girls in our hospital now who have been ill for a very long time and seem to be lingering on. We should be grateful if friends would kindly pray for these. There are at present many trials and difficulties which it is not wise to mention as it will do nobody any good to know them. Nor is it necessary to burden the minds of our friends with our troubles when they have enough of their own ; but we earnestly beg of our Christian friends all over the world to continue to pray for us as they have done so many years. It is evident to us that the devil is very angry with us "because he knoweth that his time is short." He is trying to destroy this work but we know that it is God's work and not ours. He will take care of what is His own, and this thought gives us great joy.

"My sheep hear my voice and I know them and they follow Me ; and I give unto them eternal life ; and they shall never perish neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand." S. John 10 : 27.

OUR BIBLE SCHOOL which has been going on steadily since August 4th, 1903, sent out its first missionary on February 9th. This young woman, although educated in the Marathi language, learned to read her own language well, and has gone back to her own part of India to preach the gospel to her heathen sisters. It was with mingled tears of joy and regret that we assembled at the parting time to give her our God-speed and blessing. Pandita Ramabai gave her 1. Tim. 4 : 11, 12, and Miss Abrams 2. Tim. 4 : 1-5, as parting messages, and the out-going home missionary arose and expressed her gratitude to Pandita Ramabai for having given her the light, borne with her faults, and for the education and training she had received during her seven years at Mukti. Then Manoramabai and some of the members of the Bible School saw her off on the train. We expect to send out others soon.

A Visit to Mukti.

BY REV. JAMES LYALL.

DEAR FRIENDS OF MUKTI,

I had often heard and read about Mukti but like a good many people's salvation it was not real to me. I had never met any of its workers and had never seen anybody who had been there. It was away in strange mysterious distant India. Ramabai was a high caste Brahman lady, the inmates of this house of salvation were high caste Brahman child-widows: I understood all this in a misty, hazy kind of a way, just as some of my readers in a misty kind of a way understand the meaning of the term child-widow. However a year ago last December I was closing a Mission in Dunedin New Zealand, the thought of which crowds the memory with many tender and blessed recollections, when Manoramabai and Miss Abrams arrived in that city to tell the story of Mukti; a story that thrilled New Zealand from end to end and raised up a multitude of new friends.

After Dunedin came the long to be remembered Queenstown Convention at which the representatives of Mukti took part when we learned more of this great work. The convention closed, and then came the quiet days of rest at Lake View the home of Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie, close under the shadow of Ben Lomond, in view of the fathomless Lake Wakatipu and the scarred and furrowed Remarkables draped with snow:—when Mukti became no longer a hazy unreality, but something known and understood. Little did I think at that time that another Christmas-tide would see me in the midst of this blessed work, and preaching to Ramabai's vast family.

On the 13th December 1903, I closed a three month's mission in Ceylon, a campaign that had been days of the right hand of God.

On the afternoon of December 18th, I sailed from Colombo

for Bombay and after spending two days in that city went on to spend

CHRISTMAS AT KEDGAON.

At Poona station I met Ramabai herself for the first time. She was returning from Bangalore where she had enlarged her borders by opening a new receiving-home for the child-widows of the south, and where she had been fighting some of her fiercest battles against Brahman superstition and ignorance.

We journeyed together to Mukti, and I think I shall never forget the unqualified welcome she got as the matrons, and "elder sisters" and girls and children took possession of her and well-nigh smothered her with caresses and kisses. They tell us that in some of the many languages of India there is no native idiom to confirm what we understand by our English word love, but one could see that day that the Indian maiden once rescued from her dark heathen cruel lot, can love as intensely and really as any of her English sisters. It was touching in the extreme to see how the girls clung to the woman to whom they owe everything; there was no question about her being a mother beloved, and can we wonder when we know the appalling lives and circumstances from which these girls have been rescued—bitter, weary, hopeless, heathen lives? Lives that are nothing but a living death. Mukti means Salvation, but salvation in the *final sense*; it means for these girls, the end of rebirths and reincarnations, the end of heathenism, the end of darkness, the end of cruelty; it means for them regeneration, the beginning of light and love and life.

On Christmas Eve a service, or rather a bright happy kind of seasonable entertainment was held. One can never forget the first impression produced as the 1,600 girls and young women and visitors marched into the beautifully decorated Chapel. It had the effect of a magnificent piece of music, but music played in the minor key. It was music, superb glorious music, the march past of those hundreds of rescued lives, but there was through it all, the sad, heart-clutching minor strain that irresistibly compelled the tears and

flooded the soul with emotion. It was a sight to be seen nowhere else on God's earth. I had visited the home of George Muller at Ashley Downs, but even that did not impress me as did this procession of the dark-skinned daughters of India.

On Christmas morning I commenced a mission that lasted until January 3rd. At almost every meeting I had the joy of pointing groups of the girls and young women to Christ, and numbers of the Christians among them sought definitely the filling of the Holy Spirit.

During almost the whole of the period between meetings, Ramabai was distributing saris and other gifts to the girls, and if the many friends who had helped to make such distribution possible, had seen the joy that beamed in the faces of the girls as they received their gifts they would have felt sufficiently rewarded.

Now as I close this hastily written letter I want to sound
THE CALL OF THE PRAYER BELL.

First.—It is a call to *you* dear Ramabai to “cast your burden on the Lord.” Psalm 55 : 2.

The word burden in this text may be translated ‘gift.’ Cast then *your gift* on the Lord. God has *given* you this great family of needy ones, cast them back upon Him. I once asked the children of a Scottish Sunday School what it meant to cast one's burden on the Lord, and one wee Scotch laddie called out, “It means to fling them awa' sir.” And this is exactly what it means. Fling your burdens away. Roll them altogether upon Him, and rest.

In the second place it is the call to *real* prayer, for the mere saying of prayer will avail nothing in work like this.

It is the call to *definite* prayer. There are so many definite needs to be met.

It is the call to *believing* prayer—for absence of faith here, means absence of bread. There must be no wavering, no doubt.

It is the call to *importunate* prayer. The *need is appalling*. Great as this work is, the mother of Mukti has only touched the fringe of the terrible evil. Millions are awaiting the

deliverance that has been wrought for those in Mukti. There must be the shameless asking of "the friend at mid-night."

Luke 11 : 8.

It is also the call to *sympathetic* prayer.

Oh how much we need to learn the act of unselfish sympathy. "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." How many of God's servants are crushed beneath overwhelming burdens. What would not sympathetic prayer mean to such ?

This work is too great for Ramabai, she *must* have help and sympathy. She must be borne up on the wings of generous intercession.

A dear friend of mine in England, sent me the following lines the other day on prayer. I close this message with them.

"The weary ones had rest, the sad had joy
 That day, and wondered 'how?'
 A ploughman singing at his work had prayed
 'Lord help them now.'
 Away in foreign lands, they wondered 'how'
 • Their simple word had power?
 At home, the gleaners, two or three, had met
 To pray an hour!
 Yes, we are always wondering 'how?',
 Because we do not see
 Some one, unknown perhaps, and far away,
 On bended knee!"

Sincerely Yours in Him,

JAMES JYALL.

Christmas Boxes.

"How can we ever thank them all?" This is the question which has presented itself to us again and again during the past few months as box after box, and parcel after parcel has arrived bringing so many lovely gifts for the orphans and widows at Mukti. Dear friends, no words can ever express the gratitude we feel for all your love and kindness to us.

Perhaps some day when we see each other face to face and have learnt the heavenly language we shall be able to tell you all that we now long to say. In the meanwhile let me tell you a little about our Christmas which your presents made so bright.

The church was decorated very nicely, and there were Christmas texts hanging all around reminding us as we gathered on Christmas morning of God's great Gift of love. Hundreds of upturned faces were lighted up with Christmas joy as the old old story was related once again and we realized better than ever before how much that wonderful story means to the women of India. We realized too that there were some in that congregation, who had never heard the story before and we prayed that God's Holy Spirit would take the message home to them. Some of our readers who know the Rev. James Lyall will be interested to know that he was able to be with us at this season and his earnest addresses proved to be a means of blessing to many souls.

It would be impossible to describe the many interesting scenes which met our eyes during the following week as the contents of the different boxes were distributed. We were so glad to be able to give each of the four hundred youngest girls a doll of her very own, and they were all so delighted. For the next few weeks the dolls were brought to meals regularly, they accompanied their little mothers when they went about sweeping and dusting, they were taken to school and to play; in fact, the children would not be separated from their newly found treasures for a moment if they could help it. The older girls and women often ask their little sisters to lend them their dolls for a little while, for a doll is a great novelty to a Hindu woman especially to one who has been brought up in the villages. A day or two after Christmas an old woman came here to sell vegetables and seeing a doll she asked if she might have it to play with for a few minutes. It was a wonderful doll which could open and shut its eyes and the old woman was delighted. She hugged it and petted it, playing with it just

as a little child and on handing it back told us that she had never seen such a doll before.

Our friends would be somewhat amused if they were to walk into the school room some cool morning to find many of the girls enveloped in patch work quilts which kind friends have sent them for Christmas. You see they wish to make use of them on every possible occasion.

The little musical box which has become the property of one of our pupil teachers seems to be an unending source of wonder to girls, boys, workmen, carpenters, masons and many others. The girls ask me to give their very best love and many many thanks to the kind friends who have sent them such nice frocks, jackets, picture-books, toys, stationery, games and other things; and I have been entrusted with a special message of love to deliver to those who have sent gifts to any particular girl or boy. It is so cheering to know that there is some one taking an individual interest in one. Your gifts, dear friends, have helped our girls to realize that you are really praying and working for them and this knowledge has led many disheartened ones to enter upon the New Year with new hope, and courage to face the daily battles of life. They have reminded us too of the blessedness of giving. Many of our girls and workers bring their tithes and offerings regularly for the Lord's work, but we all have much to learn, and ask you to pray that we, whose lives through God's grace have become so very different from most of the Hindu women of India, may learn to give as freely as we have received.

Pandita Ramabai and her workers desire to thank their friends in every land who have especially remembered them at Christmas time. We thank you for your help and for your prayers and for the great love which has prompted all your efforts on behalf of the widows and orphans of India; and we ask you to unite with us in praying this year as never before that the millions of our sisters who have not yet heard of God's wonderful plan of salvation may know the truth which *afotte* can make them free.

MANORAMABAI,

A Visit from a Buffalo-god.

WE had a visit from a buffalo-god, some time ago. There is a shrine of the goddess Lakshmi at Kedgaon, and the villagers set a young buffalo apart and consecrated it to her service. This buffalo is looked upon as a god. He may walk about as he pleases, go into anybody's field, and eat or destroy the standing crops. Whenever he passes by anybody's field, the farmer falls on his face, worships him and humbly begs of him not to destroy the crops in this particular field. If the animal happens not to be very hungry he walks by lazily without taking any notice of his humble worshipper, but if he is hungry, he walks into the field tramples the crops down, eats as much as he wants and does much damage to the farm. Yet the farmer dare not strike or drive him away for fear of displeasing this god, and the goddess Lakshmi whose favourite he is. No one may drive him away or tie him up, on any account.

On the last great day of the Divali festival the devotees of Lakshmi worship her, gamble and steal, and indulge in other deeds of this description which are specially pleasing to her. A man who is called *Potra*, i.e. son of the goddess, clothes himself in rags, carries on his shoulders a tremendous wick which is about as thick as a big rope, and dances before the goddess. He pours oil on the wick, then lights it and performs the devil dance. In the meanwhile the buffalo-god is caught by some of his devotees, tied with a sacred rope, decorated with red flowers, sandal-wood paste, and vermilion and taken to visit the shrines of all the gods and goddesses who are worshipped by the villagers. There is a great procession in his honour. He is worshipped everywhere by bowing villagers and at last brought to the *Potra* dancer. Then the head man of the village pierces his neck, just to shed his blood before the goddess but this does not kill him.

A Mahommedan man is employed to kill the animal afterwards. The process of killing the buffalo is a cruel one. A big knife not very sharp is taken up by the slaughterer, and the animal's throat is slowly cut ; this pleases the goddess and his flesh is then eaten by low caste people. This sacrifice is offered every three or four years. In some villages the animal consecrated to the goddess is killed more cruelly. After the procession is over the people pursue him with spears and knives and swords in their hands. Some stab him others cut his tail, others his legs and some pierce him in any part of the body which may be reached by them. The poor animal has to pay very dearly for all the comfort and worship and the honour he has enjoyed in his short life. This is how the gods are honoured by their worshippers.

Well the buffalo of Kedgaon paid a tremendous visit to us. He came to our fields several times, destroyed fruit trees and injured our oxen. The villagers who work for us would not hinder him in his course. They are afraid lest they should displease this god and his superior goddess thus bringing trouble upon themselves. They tried worship and bowed down to him, but he did not take any notice. The village clerk and the head man of our particular village refused to protect us from this god. Its last visit was a very bad one, and the lives of our boys and girls and some of the workers were endangered. As I did not know what to do to prevent another such visit from the buffalo, I thought of a plan which would bring the villagers to their senses. I dismissed them all from their work, and requested the gentlemen teachers to help me with the heavy work such as drawing water from the well etc. They did so, and our big boys joined them in the work very heartily, while the villagers were told to go and take care of their god. There were more than fifty men in the company, who would be starved with their families if they found no work to do. Many of them belong to a tribe of thieves, over whom the Government keep strict supervision. They have to be present in the village morning and evening when the roll is called by the village clerk, and if any one of them

is absent without some good reason, he is suspected of some crime. These poor people own no land or property. They know no kind of trade by which they can make an honest living. They are forced to commit theft from sheer want of food. The village people who are as poor as they, are supposed to support them by giving them a part of the product of their fields. But this does not supply all the needs of these people. They are called *Ramoshis*. I am employing more than thirty of them as watchmen and as day-labourers. These with the other employees felt it their duty to protect themselves from this buffalo-god. So they took their complaint through the village clerk to the third class Magistrate, who is in charge of this division of the District. He promised to protect our fields from the buffalo and ordered the animal to be tied down and kept in his village. We have not had another visit from it since then, and shall probably have no further trouble.

RAMABAL.

A Heap of Stones.

ONCE on a time, nobody knows when, a wedding party consisting of many people and animals, sheep, horses, and oxen passed along the road which ran immediately in front of the shrine of some time-honoured idols of Dapudi a village not far from Kedgaon. The villagers tell us that as no offering was made at the temple on this occasion the gods got very angry and destroyed the whole party, including the bride and bridegroom while the horse on which the newly wedded pair rode disappeared instantly. This event struck such terror into the hearts of the people of the village that they would never venture after this (so 'tis said) to pass in front of these dreaded deities. The direction of the public road was at once altered so that people might pass behind the gods at some distance from the shrine and not be seen by them. For many years, if anything happens to spoil the crops or if any epidemic breaks out in the village the people have been accustomed to

bring offerings of vegetables, fruit, and sheep to these idols in order to appease their anger.

This is the story which was related last month to Pandita Ramabai by her servants who had just received an order from her to remove a heap of stones from a piece of land which had recently been purchased for Mukti. These idols, they told her, had been worshipped for many generations. The above was only one of the many stories which are told in defence of the statement that these stones are living gods, and our men felt that they dare not incur the displeasure of their village idols.

Thus it came about that one bright morning another party drove up to this idol shrine. A party consisting of Pandita Ramabai, the Rev. Mr. Hatch, Mrs. Handley Bird, and some of the Mukti workers, among them our Christian farmer Kashibai.

Alighting from our carts we saw in a little *babul* grove, sheltered beneath some large earthen jars a heap of nearly a hundred shapeless stones large and small all daubed with red paint. These then were the dreaded idols ; *the stones which were looked upon as living gods !*

It was with fear and trembling that our servants heard the order given to the Christian field-women to pick up these stones and throw them into a pit which had been dug for the purpose. It was with horror and dismay that they watched the sacred shrine being broken ; but it was with hearts full of joy and praise that we watched the happy faces of our women, as they eagerly obeyed the order and dethroned the very idols which only two or three years ago they would have been afraid to touch. It was one of the wonders of God's grace which our Heavenly Father allowed us to witness that morning !

The dead deities were brought in a cart to our compound and buried out of sight ; and now our daily prayer is that the Living God may quickly cleanse our land of all idols and from all the filthy customs which idolatry and superstition have brought into existence.

Echoes from the Day of Prayer.

“And Gad came to David and said, “Go up, rear an altar unto the Lord in the threshingfloor of Araunah.”

“And David went up as the Lord commanded.”

2 Sam. 24 : 18, 19.

“And David built there an altar unto the Lord. So the Lord was intreated for the land and the plague was stayed.”

2 Sam. 24 : 25.

THIS message which was given to us one day last year at the time when there was so much illness in our midst, proved to be a great blessing to those who attended the prayer meeting, and we gladly take this opportunity of passing it on.

The sickness among our girls did seem like a plague, and besides this, there were many spiritual diseases from which we longed to be delivered. The speaker showed us that we too like David must build “an altar unto the Lord.”

We were reminded that the Lord Himself by the mouth of the prophet had given directions with regard to the situation of the altar. It was to be reared “in the threshing floor of Araunah the Jebusite.” To us too are given directions as to the place where the King of Heaven loves to dwell, for “Thus saith the High and Lofty One, that inhabiteth eternity.....*I dwell in the high and holy place with him that is of a contrite and humble spirit* to revive the spirit of the humble and to revive the heart of the contrite ones.”

Isaiah 57 : 15.

“Shall we humble ourselves before Him to-night, and thus build here an altar unto the Lord ?”

The question met with an eager response, for God had spoken, and there in the stillness of that evening hour we bowed and waited, that the Blessed Holy Spirit might search the hearts of those before Him and by His Own Mighty Power make them humble temples where God would dwell.

M. M. M.

My Education as a Hindu.

BY PANDITA RAMABAI.

IT may be interesting to some of our friends to know how an orthodox Hindu child in India is educated. There were no schools for girls before the English Christian missionaries began to establish them. The Hindus had schools for boys only. Those schools are still in existence in some remote parts of the country where the English educational system has not found its way. The boys are taken to some learned Brahman who alone is supposed to be able to teach people of his own and all other castes. The Brahman boys study the books called Vedas which are supposed to have existed from all eternity. Girls never found favour in the eyes of the Hindu sages; but there were born now and then some sensible men who said girls must know how to read and write; their education however was to be limited, and they were not to be allowed to read or recite any part of the Vedas.

On a fine day at the beginning of the ninth year of my age, at an auspicious time when the stars were favourable, my parents worshipped their special gods and Saraswati the goddess of Wisdom, and told me to prostrate myself before the deities and worship them. After asking their blessing on me, my mother gave me the first lesson in the Hindu sacred lore. From that day my education began in right earnest. My father was getting old and infirm, besides he had spent all his strength in teaching several students, my mother and the other children.

The old way of teaching lessons is quite unlike the Western way. The teacher had to say a whole verse or sentence, and the pupils all repeated the same twice after him; in this way the teacher would repeat a single line at least five times, and the pupils would follow him by repeating the same ten times. A lesson, as it was taught us, would consist of at least one thousand lines, some times two thousand lines. The teacher repeated the whole thousand lines twice, and the pupils repeated

the same five times. The lessons had to be oral for want of books. The book from which the lessons were taught was not printed, but transcribed. There could be had but one copy of it, and the teacher had to keep that with great care. The sacred books which we learned were not printed, so we had hundreds of manuscripts, some of them were transcribed by our parents, and others were procured at a great cost. Printing was unknown in olden days, and though in large cities like Calcutta and Bombay some sacred books were printed, the orthodox Hindu had a great prejudice against them. They thought that the paper which was made from rags, and defiled by the touch of the low caste people, was not fit to be taken into the holy of holies of their homes, where they worshipped their gods, and also not fit for the books which they studied. Besides, the ink with which books were printed contained fat of animals, like cows and pigs. The very touch of that ink was defiling. So they dared not take printed books into their homes. In later days when this prejudice had somewhat lost its hold upon the minds of the orthodox, printed books began to be admitted in the homes, but they are not to this day used in reading the sacred literature at the time of worship, by the very orthodox Hindu. Many half-hearted devotees of the Hindu religion were not quite so strict in those days, but they were looked upon as heretics.

To be obliged to repeat the lesson loudly for about three hours without intermission was very exhausting both to the teachers and pupils. The pupils had to commit all their lessons to memory. The vocabulary, grammar, even the dictionary, and several comments and other references had to be committed to memory. In this way a great deal of time was lost, the teachers and students were exhausted and the memory of the pupils burdened with many useless things, and the mind rendered more or less unfit for useful thinking. So the knowledge thus acquired was confined to the books learned by heart, and very seldom put in use. The mind was fit to do little more than to remember what had been crowded into it. It was rendered incapable of progressive

thought. For countless generations this has been the case with the Hindu mind.

My father was one of the greatest Sanserit scholars, and he had well educated my mother, brother and sister ; he was well acquainted with Sanserit literature but knew nothing of the elements of geography, history and other common subjects as they are taught in modern schools. My mother, trained by him, did not know anything better, but she taught me all that she knew. My lessons began with the committing of the Bhagavata Purana and the Bhagavata Gita to memory. Besides the elementary Sanskrit grammar, and the vocabulary, and dictionary, which is all in verse, were also taught. But the Bhagavata Purana was supposed to contain all that was necessary for a child to learn.

(To be continued.)

The Children's Corner.

OUR dear Editor Manoramabai has asked me to try and have a talk this afternoon, not with the grown up people who will be reading the Mukti Prayer Bell, but with the little folks whom she thinks should certainly have a corner of their very own.

So children dear, I'm wondering as I sit here in my room in far away India writing to you, how many bright little eyes will by and by be reading what I have written.

Outside I hear the merry voices of our girls little and big just coming out of school, and how I wish you could have a peep at them as they come running down the broad stone steps of the Mukti Mission Church, which all the week through makes them such a nice airy school-house. And then in about an hour's time, come with me and see them at dinner. No tables ! No chairs ! No spoons ! No forks ! But don't pity them please for they are quite happy without them, and " fingers

were made before forks" you know. Yes and our girls sit down in rows on the ground, like the women and children did whom the Lord Jesus fed on the mountain side.

Before each child there is a little round brass tray (like the milk pans they use in Cornwall only of course much smaller) lined with bright white metal and on it a small brass cup for the curry.

After grace has been said and sung the matron and "elder sisters" come down between the rows of children with great big dishes of boiled rice and copper tureens full of nice vegetable curry (it looks just like soup and smells so good) and ladle with such funny shaped ladles plenty out to every child.

Oh! we have such dear little children here! Some two, some three, some five years old, about a hundred of them; and when they see me they come running, calling out "Gana gow" "Jesus loves me this I know." And then quickly after sometimes they say "Here we go round" and I know they want a song and game of "Here we go round the mulberry bush on a cold and frosty morning." It sounds so funny to hear them singing in the heat of India about a "cold and frosty morning."

This morning with Miss Funk a Missionary from China on her way to America, I went into the Kindergarten just as they were finishing their exercises; Head! Shoulders! Down! *Eck, Don, Teen, Char*, I heard them all saying in chorus which means in English one, two, three, four. Then they formed into two big circles to sing a little Marathi song; afterwards I asked Miss Duggan their kind teacher please might they sing "Mulberry Bush" and I joined the ring where the tiny tots were and then "we washed our hands" and "brushed our clothes" and "went to school" all in English!

Now I want to ask you all a question. I wonder do any of you dear little people in America, or Australia, in England, or Ireland, New Zealand, or Scotland mean to come out to India when you are quite grown up?

Let me tell you about one little boy who did. Just before Christmas, Pandita Ramabai had a letter from a lady in New Zealand and in it was a Post Office Order for five shillings and sixpence from her "little Robbie's" money box. This little lad of six years old used to pray every day for the children here at Mukti, and save up his pennies for them; but he told his mother he did not want to *send* them but to wait till his money box was quite full, and then *take* them to India *himself* and stay in India and be a Missionary.

"But" wrote the dear mother, "My little boy is now at home with Jesus so I send what was in his, 'Indian box' (he called it so.) Jesus took notice of the Mite cast into the Treasury so I thought I might tell you of *this* Mite."

Now dear children it just seems to me, there's Johnnie and Susie, and Jimmy and Jane and many more somewhere with just the same longing in their hearts that "little Robbie" had!

Write and tell me, or send a message next time mother is writing to Mukti.

Goodbye darlings. Who will write to

LITTLE MOTHER.

"Bible Sunday" at Mukti.

March 6th, and 7th, were very happy days for us all. We had a thanksgiving service on Sunday, Bible-Sunday as the British and Foreign Bible Society called it. All the members of our Church joined in the service and rendered thanks to God for the blessings He had mercifully given to all the world through the Bible Society and its auxiliaries.

Miss Abrams preached in the morning and told us the history of the Bible Society and its work. Several people spoke at the afternoon service and earnest prayer was offered for God's blessing on the work of the Bible Society.

Monday March 7th, was made a grand holiday. All the people in the Schools and Homes had it impressed upon them that they should bring some offering to show their thankfulness to God and to the Bible Society. Miss Abrams announced at the close of the Sunday service that any kind of offering would be acceptable. Accordingly all the girls and boys, workers, teachers, workmen and servants, brought whatever they could give. The children and women assembled in the church building at about 8 in the morning. Every one who could do so gave up one meal and the grains, vegetables etc. that were saved thus were brought and piled on the platform. There were offerings of rice, bajree, jewari, ground flour, onions, garlic plants, carrots, pumpkins, cucumbers, oil, butter, eggs, spices, curry powder, chillies, salt, cabbage, sugarcane, buttermilk, firewood, fowls, goats, oil-seed, oats, wheat and other such things. Some women brought a few pieces of coloured calico, and our printer brought his turban.

Most touching of all was the offering from the blind girls who sent the food which had been cooked for them. A wee little baby gave a bit of dry cocoanut, and another a small jugful of milk, while little Abbie danced with joy to think that she was to forego her portion of the milk and bring it as an offering to the loving Father who sends everything for her. The small children who could not earn money by doing heavy work picked up a few blades of grass and others made up a sheaf of a few stalks of bajree that was growing in the yard.

Even the heathen workmen and women who had benefitted by Christian kindness brought their offerings in money and kinds. They were most liberal and gave willingly. So we all joined in the thanksgiving service on Monday and the girls sang hymns heartily. We praised God for His unspeakable gift.

Everybody's heart was made glad at the thought that they were helping a little, in lending a hand to the Bible Society in giving the Word of Life to all mankind. It was an object lesson to the young and old to see the platform covered with all kinds of things. Those who could not afford to give money

could give whatever they had at their disposal. The poorest and smallest were made to feel that nobody was too small or too poor to give or to do something. All were made happy by giving a little by denying themselves and they knew that their offerings were acceptable to God, while every one present at the thanksgiving service was conscious of having received blessing from the Giver of all blessings. Several people testified to the great blessings they had received by the study of the Bible and praised God for making Himself known to us all through His Word.

The things brought in were sold and the price was put in the collection and forwarded to the Secretary of the Bombay Branch of the British and Foreign Bible Society. All our girls are thankful that they have Bibles of their own and they are very desirous that others should share the blessings which have come to them by reading the Bible.

RAMABAI.

Special Requests for Prayer.

1. A night school for our heathen workmen has just been opened. Most of these men have listened to the gospel daily for several years. Please pray that they may be converted and boldly confess Christ.

2. Some of our girls and young men who have become accustomed to a wandering life during famine years find it difficult to settle down to steady work. Please pray that a contented spirit may reign among these and that they may be kept from evil.

3. Please pray for a deepening of the spiritual life among our older Christian girls that they may truly "adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things."

4. New homes in connection with the Mukti Mission are being opened in different parts of India, with the object of better reaching the high caste widows of this land. Please pray that Pandita Ramabai may be guided in each step that is to be taken, and that our own trained workers who are to take charge of the homes may be specially anointed for this new undertaking.

The Mukti Mission Prayer Union for Australasia.



OFFICERS.

Australian Secretary :

MRS. VAGG..... 98 Hambleton St.
Middle Park, Melbourne,
Victoria, Australia.

Tasmanian Secretary :

MRS. ADA GOULD 18 St. George's Square,
Launceston, Tasmania.

New Zealand Secretary :

MRS. GEORGE MACKENZIE... Queenstown, New Zealand.

General Secretary :

MANORAMABAI..... Mukti, Kedgaon, India.

Honorary Secretary :

PANDITA³ RAMABAI..... Superintendent,
of the Mukti Mission,
Kedgaon, India.

The above named officers will be glad to supply local secretaries scattered members, or friends interested in the work with cards, leaflets, and information.

Any friends interested 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 whose names will be given by the secretary, that the girl named may be saved to the uttermost and be baptised with the Holy Spirit, that she may devote her whole life to God's service and, kept by His power, be faithful unto death.

N. B.—Will members be kind enough to notify their local secretary of any change of name or address, and will the secretaries kindly report such changes as soon as possible ?

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. ix 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.

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

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