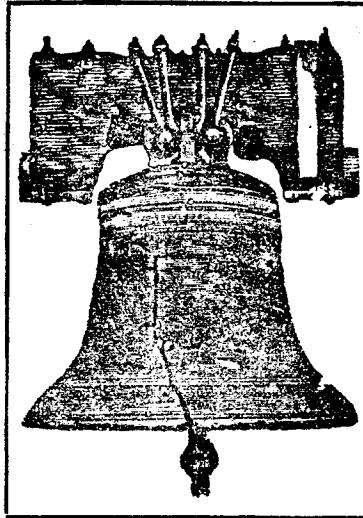




Mukti Prayer-Bell.

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 lxii, 6-7.

— “MUKTI” KEDGAON, INDIA.

October, 1905.

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Prayer Bells and Letters Returned from the Dead Letter Office.

Prayer Bells and letters addressed as below have been returned from the Dead Letter Office.

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

Miss Eva V. Agnew,
301, West 46th Street,
New York, U. S. America.

Mrs. Atkey,
Hadley Wood, Near Barnet,
Herts., England.

Miss J. L. Blaborn,
Portland,
Maine, U. S. America.

Major Fryer,
The Fort,
Madras.

Rev. I. F. King,
C. M. A. Mission,
Lonaud, Guzerat.

Rev. Donald McLean,
Newton Centre,
Mass., U. S. America.

Miss Greene,
4, Grosvenor Hill, Wimbledon,
London, England.

Mrs. Elmira Hall,
1145, Ave 28 E. Street,
Los Angeles, California,
U. S. America.

Mr. B. Hilger,
1, Wood Lane, Highgate,
London N., England.

Miss L. James,
Hebron, Barnsbury Square,
London N., England.

Miss Petersen,
385½, Walnut Street,
St. Paul Minn.,
U. S. America.

Mr. C. W. Robbe,
Goodlettsville,
Penn., U. S. America.

Miss Ellen Macindoe,
Quia Victoria Street,
Lewisham, Sydney, Australia.

Mrs. E. Mowthrope,
Oshezedal Ta,
U. S. America.

Mrs. Ness,
53, North Street, Leven,
Fifehire, Scotland.

Mr. W. Perry,
21, Normandy Street, Newton,
Wellington, New Zealand.

Mrs. Atkino,
12, South Road,
Bangalore.

Mrs. Caroline Snape,
315, South 5th Street,
Springfield, Ill.,
U. S. America.

Miss G. D. Colley,
Hopdene, Higher Broughton,
Manchester, England.

Miss Th. Schultz,
Als Moabit 71,
Berlin, Germany.

Miss L. Stevenson,
5, Rose Hill,
Dorking, England.

Miss J. A. Tear,
c/o Miss Phillips,
Mount Abu, Rajputana.

Professor R. B. Warden,
Harvard University,
Washington D.C.,
U. S. America.

Mukti Prayer-Bell.

Vol. II, No. 4. MUKTI, KEDGAON, INDIA. OCTOBER, 1905.

Meditation.

“Christ in you the Hope of Glory.”

“Thanks unto the Father, Which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light. Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son. In whom we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins. Who is the image of the invisible God, the firstborn of every creature.” Colossians, 1 : 12-15.

“And He is before all things, and by Him all things consist. And He is the head of the body, the church. Who is the Beginning, the Firstborn from the dead. That in all things HE might have the **PREEMINENCE.**” Colossians, 1 : 17, 18.

Praise and Prayer.

We do indeed praise Our loving Heavenly Father for His marvellous grace and goodness. He has surely laid bare His mighty arm and begun to reveal what He can do. The article entitled “More Surprises” tells something of the Lord’s work at Mukti during the past three months.

Our Christian friends will understand after reading it, why it was not possible for us to send out a July number of the Prayer Bell. The workers had no time to write, for they were busy with the wond-r-

ful work in which the Lord permitted them to have a part. The good news that their prayers are being answered, will make up to our praying friends for the delay, and we are sure that they will unite with us in praising God for His goodness.

WILL our friends join us in praising God, for graciously quickening some of our Sunday School teachers, and ask Him to "perfect and thoroughly furnish" them for their work of teaching. (2 Tim. 3 : 17.)

Please pray that a definite work of grace may be done in *each* teacher and *each* class of every school.

THERE is in Mukti, a phase of the work that is not generally known and therefore is not remembered before God.

Refractory and fallen girls from different schools, are sent here, and if one such girl is felt to pollute a whole school, what must it be when numbers of such girls are congregated together! Much believing prayer is needed for them.

They are very hardened, as they know the truth and have rejected it. It is certainly true in these days, that "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and the violent take it by force." Ordinary prayer does not meet such cases, but they must be met.

Who will unite with us in earnest believing prayer for these girls?



The Late Mrs. Chuckerbutty.

MANY of our friends who have known any thing of faith Missionaries in India will feel profound regret at the news of Mrs. Chuckerbutty's departure from this world. We do not find words expressive enough to express our deep sorrow, and sympathy for her dear daughter. We cannot at present understand why it pleases the Lord to take to Himself some of the best workers from His vineyard, but we shall know it by and bye. We praise and thank Him for permitting us to know and love Mrs. Chuckerbutty. We have been greatly helped by her lovely Christian life and her prayers of faith. We ask our praying friends to pray for her daughter, that the Lord would grant her "according to the riches of His glory, to be strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man." She is almost crushed down under the weight of her great sorrow, but the Lord sustains her.

Miss Chuckerbutty knows well that the Lord makes no mistakes. She thus writes about her mother's homegoing:—"He has taken away my mother, out of all worry, and hard work, and trouble. He gave me the verses.....'The righteous perisheth and no man layeth it to heart, and merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous are taken away from the evil to come. He shall enter into peace, they shall rest in their beds each one walking in His uprightness.' And my dear mother's life and home going were such. She was just caught up, for she walked with God. I do not say it alone, because I love her, but all those about her have said so. They say they do not like to use the word death in her case. Her life was so very beautiful especially at last. Many are praying that theirs' might be the same by the Power of the Lord."

Miss Chuckerbutty feels that her special call is to do evangelistic work in villages. We quite agree with her. We think also that the children whom the Lord entrusted to her care so long, will be used of Him for His glory in helping her in the glorious work of evangelising and bringing to the light thousands of India's daughters who are sitting in darkness. Our friends will join us in prayer that all her children may be filled with the Holy Spirit, and help her to preach the Gospel to the poor ignorant women in North India. The children whom she has saved from famine and brought up for the Lord are young and inexperienced.

The question may be raised, "How in the world are these children to be used in the evangelisation of India?"

The writer has long thought and prayed about it, and the Lord has revealed to her that He is going to do great work through the ignorant women and children, who have been entrusted to the care of those who looked to Him for help both temporal and spiritual. Miss Chuckerbutty is one of the few chosen ones of the Lord who dared to step out in faith on His word, and undertook to care for the starving children whom He sent to be in her home. Her sainted mother cared for those children and poured out her heart before God on their behalf. Her prayers will certainly be answered, and if we have faith, we shall see the glorious fruit of her labour. We do not yet know the way in which God is going to accomplish all this. But we feel sure that this is His plan. The Lord seems to whisper in our ears "Said I not unto thee that, if thou wouldest believe thou shouldst see the Glory of God?"

THE following short account of Mrs. Chuckerbutty's life, taken from the "Bombay Guardian," of Sept. 30th, 1905 will be read by our friends with much interest :—

"The only daughter of Brahman parents of respectability and a certain amount of wealth, she was married at an early age, but was left a widow when her only child, a daughter, was a year old. Her father settled down at Benares, and being a man of liberal tendencies, himself undertook her education, and allowed Missionary ladies to visit her. Thus it was Mrs. Chuckerbutty and her daughter about seven or eight years old and her friend Mrs. Chatterjee, also a Brahman widow, with her daughter (now Mrs. Nundy of Goruckpore) were brought under the influence of Miss Thom, and having expressed a desire to become Christians were sent to the Normal School of Calcutta. There they were all baptised by the Rev. Piyari Rudra in the year 1877.

Mrs. Chuckerbutty remained with her parents in Calcutta for some time, but later on came to Lucknow and joined the Lal Bagh College, passing the Entrance and First Arts Examinations from there; her daughter also passed the same examinations from there, and afterwards took her B. A. and M. A. degree in Calcutta and Allahabad respectively.

But it is within the last eight or nine years Mrs. Chuckerbutty and her daughter brought themselves prominently before the public. Their tender sympathies were touched by the fate of the helpless children whose parents had died during the famine of 1896-97. At their own expense they opened an orphanage in Allahabad, and took in over 120 orphans to whom they devoted their time and money; Miss Chuckerbutty giving up a lucrative post to help her mother. Their good work was so far appreciated that sympathetic friends helped her from England and America, as also from different parts of India. The later years of her life were spent in much physical suffering from various diseases, yet she never flagged in her duty and was always cheerful and continued to the last to be actively devoted to her work. Her simple faith and piety were an example to all with whom she came into contact.

She died on the 11th September, after a very short illness, in Allahabad.



More Surprises.

IN the month of July 1898, I happened to be in London, where my dear friend Miss Thom invited me to be her guest. She told me about the forthcoming Keswick Convention and arranged for me to be present at that wonderful gathering. Through her generous kindness I was able to stay at Keswick and attend the meeting in the great tent. While there, I received much blessing and was greatly refreshed in my spirit. My heart was filled with joy to see nearly 4000 Christian people gathered together, seeking and finding the deep things of God. At that time the Lord led me to ask those present to pray for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit on all Indian Christians. Five minutes were given me to speak, and I made the very best use of them. I requested God's people to pray, that 100,000 men and 100,000 women from among the Indian Christians may be led to preach the Gospel to their country people. I believe many of them remember my request and are praying for us to this day. I have continued to pray to God for this blessing. Since that time God wanted me to pray and expect great things of Him.

Mr. Begg of Glasgow, who is greatly interested in us, very kindly sent an account of the great revival in Wales. It reached me in March. I was totally ignorant of it till then. But after reading the books and papers sent by Mr. Begg, I rejoiced to know, that God was beginning to do a wonderful work among His people. My heart bounded with joy at the thought, that God would have mercy on poor India one of these days, and we should see the Salvation of the Lord.

I had often questioned myself, after reading the accounts of revivals, why it was that we never saw or heard of such a revival—of such a deep work of God in India? And I was wondering if the Lord would ever let me have the joy of seeing His work among us. Then I read the accounts of the revival in Khassia and Jayantia Hills, and praised God for sending the revival wave so near us.

Our praying friends may remember my request, made in

the last number of the Prayer Bell, on behalf of our Prayer Circle organized at the beginning of this year. They will rejoice to know, that God is working wonders in the midst of us in these days.

There were about 70 members in our Prayer Circle at first. About four months ago the number began to increase. The little room, in which we used to meet each morning, became too small for us. Girls from almost all the classes, requested to come to the early prayer meeting, before attending their usual Bible classes and morning prayers. It became necessary to make use of the Church building, for the number of the praying band increased from 70 to nearly 700. There were indications of God's Spirit doing His work silently, but surely.

On Wednesday night, the 28th of June, J——, one of the matrons, dreamt a dream. She never told it to but one, till July 12th. She saw the Church building surrounded with great heaps of live coals, and fire was burning all round. She saw in the dream, that many of the girls came running and told her to help them quench the fire. But she refused, saying, they must first of all enquire what this meant. So they all came together, and enquired of one of God's hand-maids, what that meant. She told them, they must not quench the fire, that it was not a common fire, but was the Holy Spirit, Whom they must receive, as God was wanting to give Him to them. Next day, Thursday June 29th was a memorable day. What happened is best related in the words of one of my fellow workers.

“We have been waiting upon God for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Yesterday when I asked the girls to tell me where they stood, several gave an experience, that in my mind answers to the new birth, and thought they had received a baptism of the Holy Spirit. I explained to them that the Baptism of the Holy Spirit is something far beyond what they have. What they had was indeed blessed, but they must not stop there. This morning K. B—— and B. —— called me at 3-45 A.M. J—— B—— had received the Holy Spirit and had sent for me. All the girls were assembled. I went over, and

J—— sat there exhorting the girls to repent, and telling them she had received the Spirit. There was real power in her testimony. The girls were praying and confessing their sins. J—— was weeping. She said, O, Lord, I am full of joy, but forgive and cleanse my sisters as you have me, give me strength to bear this sorrow for their sins. Then she would exhort them, and then break out in such new and beautiful praise. She called for John 1. She said, "The light has shone in my heart, it is here, I have new life." Over and over again she prayed for strength to bear the sorrow for her sisters' sins. She said, "O, Lord, we must have a revival, we must have it, begin to-day."

"We appointed a day of fasting and prayer for to-day, as some nine of the old girls are in quarrels. I think many of them have already set things right. The Bible School will be a prayer meeting to-day. Pray for us."

In the evening prayer meeting on 30th of June the Spirit of God came on those praying people with such power, that it was impossible for them to keep silent. They burst out in tears; loud cries, were heard in all parts of the Church building, and we were awe-struck. We wondered what was going to happen next. Little children, middle sized girls and young women wept bitterly and confessed their sins. Some few saw visions and experienced the Power of God, and things that are too deep to describe. Two little girls had the Spirit of prayer poured on them in such great torrents, that they continued to pray for hours. They were transformed with heavenly light shining on their faces.

After this our prayers began to be largely attended by the girls. Many were greatly blessed. We prayed very earnestly, that we might all receive great blessing. The first Tuesday of the month of July—the day of prayer, was indeed a day of great blessing. Many present received much blessing and all were wonderfully impressed.

Since that time, the work of the Holy Spirit is deepening among us. One of the old girls, who had sinned against light and was greatly hardened, came under the mighty hand of God, and was wonderfully saved. She attended the Bible School, in the afternoon on the 5th of July. This girl, who

had so lately come into the light, was suddenly taken away from among us. There was not the slightest indication of illness about her. She did her usual work, and attended the school. She was being instructed in the Bible School, when she was suddenly taken ill and died within an hour. The doctor and nurses did their very best to save her life, but her spirit fled to be with God. She was quite conscious till the last moment and told one of the nurses, that the Lord stood by her and was calling her to go to Him. We had a very solemn time in our prayer meeting that night.

Rev. R. J. Ward requested me to let him publish a brief account of the revival at the end of July. But my fellow-worker and I were not willing to do it, thinking that the work of the Spirit would be hindered among us, by making public the deep things of God.

I then sent him a message to this effect, but my mind was not at rest. Very soon my fellow worker and I began to find, that there had come upon us a time of depression. One night a few of us met for special prayer after 10 P.M. We told each other what had happened. Then the Spirit of God revealed to me, that the depression had come, because we had refused to give glory to God, by not allowing Mr. Ward to publish the account. I made up my mind to praise God, and give Him glory in public, the first time He would make it possible for me to testify before people outside of our home. The depression left me immediately after this, and my fellow-worker was willing that the story of the revival among us should be made public. The story is best told in her words and in those of another sister in the following extracts taken from the "Bombay Guardian" of August 26th and September 2nd.

Our friends, who have continually prayed for many of us by name for several years, will rejoice to know God has answered their prayer.

I thank and praise God with all my heart for His wonderful mercies to us poor sinners and give Him glory. I gratefully thank you, dear friends, each and all, for praying for God's children at Mukti, and ask you to join me in thanking and

praising Him. Please continue to pray for us as before and ask the Lord not to cease till He finishes the work which He has begun in our midst.

RAMABAI.

EXTRACTS FROM THE "BOMBAY GUARDIAN."

"For more than six weeks a special and marvellous work of the Holy Spirit has been going on at Mukti. A large number of the girls and women had been deeply convicted of sin, and filled with joy of pardon, and many had received the cleansing and fulness of the Spirit for life and service. The accounts which follow are from letters written by some of the workers in the Home.

"One writes:—'This marvellous Pentecost began June 30th. On the 29th, one girl received a baptism of the Holy Spirit. She gave her testimony on Friday morning, June 30th, in the Church. On Friday evening, while Pandita Ramabai was speaking from John viii, to the praying band formed in January, (to pray for every individual in the community by name every day), one and another began to pray, until soon she had to stop, for the girls were crying and praying aloud, and the noise became like the roar of a waterfall, and our Hindu neighbours came running in to know what had happened to the girls. This loud praying still continues, unless we absolutely forbid it, which we never do unless we feel that the Lord leads us to do so, as they seem to have more freedom in prayer while praying thus.....

'One night prayer went on all night in the various compounds. The Bible School was full of "the slain of the Lord," who cried out for mercy. I have never seen such repentance, such heart-searching, such agony over sin, and tears, as they cried for pardon and cleansing and a baptism of the Holy Ghost. Then a baptism, like a fire within them, came upon them. It was a time of intense suffering, and they seemed to have their eyes opened to see "the body of sin" within them. And then came a strong realisation of Christ's work on the Cross; then peace, followed by intense joy. It often took a soul hours to pass through all these experiences. They cared

neither for food nor sleep. One soul after another came into light and joy, and soon half of the room was full of girls jumping, praising, clapping, but so unconscious of self and so conscious of the presence of Christ! It seemed a sight too holy to look upon. Yet they were so easily entreated. I let them rejoice for half an hour, and then said, 'See girls, your sisters are still in sorrow; pray for them.' Oh, how they prayed! But after half an hour of prayer, one and another would break forth in praise, until, all unconscious to themselves, they were all up again, jumping and shouting, or kneeling and clapping hands, and singing praises, with eyes closed and the whole being in an attitude of beautiful worship.

"These scenes were repeated again and again. The joy was as overjoying to behold as the repentance and soul-wrestling was distressing. The Lord used the Word that night greatly, and the work went on thus rapidly for three days. Satan was also busy, and sought to counterfeit all he saw. Some who saw the joy of the others thought they could get it by imitating what they had seen the others do. All manner of erroneous ideas, coming from Heathenism, have had to be corrected. We have had no experience in work of this kind, and undoubtedly we have often marred the Lord's work. Yet the work goes on. Yesterday and to-day (Aug. 16) I should say that 25 or 30 have received a baptism of the Holy Spirit. *A spirit of prayer and supplication for a revival in India has been poured out like a flood.* Monday night, at the beginning of the meeting, I knelt to pray; I had said only two sentences when the whole company burst forth simultaneously in audible prayer which constantly increased in volume. It went on for three hours without a break." [Another witness testifies that in the midst of all this praying of many at one and the same time, there was yet no sense of confusion or disorder, reminding one of similar scenes in the Welsh Revival.] "Many little children joined in this long season of prayer, sustained in it by the power of the Holy Spirit. The work is of God, and man cannot stop it, so long as He can find receptive souls to work in. We praise God for His great grace in bestowing upon us the gift of the Holy Ghost. We were not worthy, but it is just like

Him to choose the foolish, the weak, the base, the despised, and bestow upon them His might, that His may be the glory. 1 Cor. i, 26-29. Praise His Holy Name."

"Another writes: 'There is indeed a very true work of God going on in our midst. Some of the worst girls and women have been changed in heart and life. I was not here when the great outpouring of the Spirit was given. Since I came back, it is the marvellous spirit of prayer that has been most evident. I wonder if it is a partial fulfilment of Zech. xii, 10-14. Waves of prayer go over the meetings, or like the rolling thunder, hundreds pray audibly together in every imaginable tone and pitch of voice. Sometimes after ten or twenty minutes it dies away and only a few voices are heard; then it will rise again and increase in intensity; on other occasions it goes on for hours. During these seasons there are usually some confessing their sins, often with bitter weeping that is painful to hear and bear, but when God begins to work, how can we, even if we dared, do anything? The same Spirit who has shown them their sins will also point them to Christ.

"Many of these who have such a vision of their sins and repent so deeply, have been Christians for years. The burning work has to go on to cleanse and empty them for the filling of the Holy Spirit. Some scream tremendously, others are shaken, some even writhe upon the ground. When the Spirit deals with them, the conflict seems so great that they are almost beside themselves. These poor, emotional, ignorant ones, so lately come out of heathenism, have never been taught self-control, and so in this time of special working many extraordinary things take place. It reminds one of the stories in the Gospels of our Lord's casting out evil spirits, and, truly, the *evil spirits are being cast out*. There is much that one cannot understand at first, but one grows, by His grace, into the work, and learns to distinguish, by the outward signs, as well as by the Spirit's inward teaching, the false from the true. Satan counterfeits all that the Lord does, and is working hard in every way to hinder and spoil the work of God, but he is a conquered foe.

"To-day Pandita Ramabai is having three meetings in Poona, at different centres, for the Indian Churches. The

Lord has bidden her exhort them to pray for the whole of the Marathi country. She has taken a band of Spirit-filled ones with her.'

"The foregoing account will move all who read it to devout and fervent praise to God for this signal and manifest token that He has visited His people and thus made bare His arm. It will also inspire earnest prayer that the work may be established, and spread; and that as Pandita Ramabai may be led to go forth to other places the hand of the Lord may be upon her and greatly use her to the awakening of many.

"The following letter was written at the time when the Revival at Mukti first began, more than two months ago. Pandita Ramabai and her fellow-workers did not feel free at that time to make the story of the awakening publicly known, but now they feel that the time has come for their many friends and helpers together in prayer to have the opportunity of joining them in praise for God's wonderful mercy. 'We have come to the conclusion,' writes Pandita Ramabai, 'that the Holy Spirit is really working among us, and that the Revival is a reality. We give glory to God and humble ourselves before Him. He has sent some of us to pray for an outpouring of His Spirit on Poona. Please join us in prayer that God may do deep work among our people at Mukti and may move the Christian people here (Poona) to join us in prayer, for a great Revival in Poona and in the Bombay Presidency.'

"The letter which follows was written by one of the Mukti workers to a friend.

"The Lord hath made me to laugh."

'MY DEAR MRS. M—.

Showers of blessing! Even young girls are stricken down with the spirit of repentance. They cannot eat, sleep or work until they go to the bottom of things. They seek the peace of pardon, and immediately begin to seek sanctification and the baptism of the Holy Spirit. They search, and weep before God until He shows them the state of the heart. They repent, restore, confess, and finally come forth into such joy that it

knows no bounds. They call it a *baptism of fire*. They say that when the Holy Spirit comes upon them it is almost unbearable—the burning within. After the burning they are transformed, their faces light up with joy, their mouths are filled with praise. One little girl of 12 is constantly laughing—her face plain, even ugly, is beautiful and radiant. She does not know it, but is occupied with Jesus. This transformation is marked. You think you have looked on an angel face. She has been seeking for days. Many are full of joy—transformed. The Bible School is full of Spirit-baptised girls. Only a very few are left. They are seeking. I think at least 400 have received the Holy Spirit. Many are seeking. The inquiry room is seldom vacant, often the work goes on half of a night, or begins at 2 or 3 in the morning, and twice it has gone on all night. I spent all of Thursday night in the inquiry room. All night long the matrons kept sending in stricken girls. They came into great joy, sang, jumped, praised—the holiest sight I ever saw. The work goes on apace. Some claim to have seen the Lord—one a blind girl. All speak of His coming soon. One sang hymns,—composing them as she sang—lovely hymns—to native airs. Yesterday afternoon the children could not many of them go to school, they were so full of joy, so occupied with praise or so burdened for souls. Those who went, clapped hands, praised, jumped; others were praying for conversions with streaming eyes. The masters fled outside in consternation and sent for aid. I went and started a meeting and Manoramabai came about two minutes later and helped me. The teachers fled, but Manoramabai invited them to come back. Some few came. I felt as though the Lord opened my mouth; as He opened Peter's on the day of Pentecost.' ”

STRAY THOUGHTS ON REVIVAL.

Since this revival began among us, the Lord has shown us more clearly than ever, that it is His will for us to pray for others as for ourselves. He has shown us, that the works we are doing will all be burned. “Each man's work shall be made manifest: for the day shall declare it, because it is revealed in fire, and the fire itself shall prove each man's work.”

of what sort it is." We have worked, and worked, and worked ! Worked ourselves almost to death, and there has been no fruit unto the Lord. We must confess we are unprofitable servants. Our works have mostly been works of the flesh, and very little of the Spirit, "and they that are in the flesh cannot please God." Our work will bear a lasting fruit if we work less and pray more. So for the present the Lord would have us spend more time in prayer. The school work and industrial work have suffered much by letting the girls go to the enquiry room or stay up all night and most of the day praying for others and for themselves. The Lord wants us to give time to our children to enquire into the state of their own hearts. In doing this, we have excited much criticism, but we are contented to be criticised.

The Lord's will seems to be for some of us to go to other places too and pray for others, telling them what He has done for us.

Our praying bands have already gone to two different places and will go to more places so long as the Lord wants them to do so. The object is, to pray for *Christian* people living in the places where they go. We shall pray that our fellow Christians, who like ourselves, have become cold and lukewarm may be aroused from their deadly sleep and begin to pray, that the Lord may send a lasting revival among them. To do this the School work will have to be sacrificed largely, the chief workers will have to be sent away and there will be seeming disorder in every department. But we must be willing to spend and be spent for others, if thereby we may be used to awaken some souls and encourage them to do work for the Lord.

Our friends are requested to pray for our praying bands. The Lord has given us some fruit at Poona. We need to keep very close to Him, and cleave unto dust, that He may be glorified in us. The devil is very busy hindering the Lord's work among us and among other people. But he can be overcome "because of the blood of the Lamb and because of the word of their testimony." Dear children of God, pray for

us more and more and help to arouse India's so-called Christian people from their deadly sleep.

Some have criticised and laughed at us, for we have become fools. The Spirit filled girls cannot suppress their sorrow for sin or their joy of Salvation. They burst into loud crying, and laughing, they shake, they tremble, some of them dance with joy, and almost all pray simultaneously in loud voices. This is too much for some people to bear, their life long training has taught them to be always very proper, but they forget that. There is :—"A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance. I have seen the travail, which God hath given to the sons of men to be exercised in it."

So "We are made a spectacle unto the world, and to angels, and to men." But the Lord wants us to listen to Him and Him only. "Hearken unto Me, my people; and give ear unto Me, O my nation: for a law shall proceed from Me, and I will make my judgment to rest for a light of the people. My righteousness is near; my salvation is gone forth, and mine Arms shall judge the people.....Hearken unto Me, ye that know righteousness, the people in whose heart is my law; fear ye not the reproach of men, neither be ye afraid of their revilings."

Since the Spirit of prayer was given us, I was led to write a circular letter and send it all over India to more than 3,500 Missionaries and Christian workers, requesting them to send names of Christian people whom they know, that we may pray for them by name. Many have gladly responded and sent names of people to be prayed for.

Some friends have doubted, as to how we are going to manage to pray for so many thousands of people by name. The girls belonging to the Praying Band can pray for many hundreds of people by name. When we were Hindus, we used to repeat one or two thousand names of the gods daily, and repeat several hundred verses from the so called sacred

books, in order to gain merit. This did not hinder our work or study. Why should we not, as Christians, be able to pray for many hundreds of people by name? There is nothing to hinder this. Our work and studies will not be hindered and we shall feel all the better for interceding for others. We have spent countless hours of time in talking vain talk and in thinking worthless thoughts. Now that the Lord has poured the Spirit of prayer on us, we may and can very profitably spend some hours in praying for others.

A Missionary writing to Rev. R. J. Ward says :—

“Strange to say the Lord has for some weeks past been laying the self same burden of prayer for individual Churches workers and Christians throughout my whole district here which He laid on Ramabai, and like her I had been asking the question how can it be done. The command staggered me at first, but of late it has been taking deeper root in my mind and just before Ramabar’s account arrived, I had definitely made up my mind that done it must be. I am now trusting the Lord to open up the way for its accomplishment. I am determined that it shall be done, this great work of prayer, even if it falls mainly on myself and means my spending nearly all my day in prayer. I have lost faith in every other form of work save only prayer and love.”

I wish every Missionary and all Christian workers felt the same. Heads of Christian Institutions and Missions would do well to follow the example of this man of God.

Most of us have been wanting to have a revival and praying for it. Are we willing that the revival should come in God’s way and not our’s? I am nothing but a babe in Christ, just out of dark heathenism. I am not in a position to teach old Christians and Missionaries, who have had years and years of Christian teaching to help them in life. But I am certain of one thing, that those, who like me, are newly born in Christ, need a word of warning. I beseech you dear brethren and sisters, not to lay down rules for God as regards the way in which He shall send the much desired revival among us. The

revival will certainly come all over India. It will pass by us, if we do not allow it to get in us. The Spirit of God will work in the Indian Christian Church if only He is allowed to have full liberty.

I tried to lay down some rules for God's work at the beginning of the revival at Mukti. I soon found out, that I stopped the work of the Holy Spirit by interfering with it. I wanted to be very proper and conduct meetings in our old civilized ways. But God would have none of my ways. He laid His hand on me, and put me low down in the dust and told me that I had better take my proper place, that of a worm,—Is. 41 : 14 ;—“Stand still and see the Salvation of God.” He said, “My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways.”

I humbled myself under His mighty hand after receiving this severe rebuke, and took my hand off the work. The Holy Spirit has full liberty to work in us, and He takes charge of the revival meetings at Mukti.

We are living in a strange time. There is famine, not of food and water, but of the Word of God. India is no exception to the rule. God's Word has been robbed of its supreme authority. Some of the Missionaries, who came to preach the truth as it is in Jesus, to a lost people in this country, are now preaching higher criticism. Our Indian Christian Churches have become cold and lukewarm. The Power of the living God which brings a radical change in a converted man, is not in them. The Christian religion is certainly preached, as also are other religions. It is not with us as St. Paul said :—

“I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.....And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of Power : That your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the Power of God.”

Many of our preachers have now-a-days determined to know everything save Jesus Christ. They think our faith

must stand in the wisdom of man. The foundation of our faith is not to be the Word of God, but science ! They have determined to know what the higher critics have to say about our God and His Word. Everything that the world has to teach us they think we must know. Now the question is, why must they do this and preach Christ as well? Can they not be out and out for the world and deny Christ, if they wish our faith should stand in science and not in demonstration of the Spirit and of power? If we as Christians are to witness for Christ, why must we do everything as the world would have us do? Is there no power in our God which can deliver us from the bondage of the world?

The Indian Church of to-day is like the Church of Sardis or Laodicea. The preachers, Catechists, Bible Women, Pastors and Preachers must do so much work. The children in school, must do so much work. That is the rule we have made. We must relax our rule a little bit, and give time to look after their souls and ours too. Unless the heads of Christian Institutions are willing that the Spirit of God should work in their people, and unless the work of saving souls is entrusted to Him, He is not going to do it.

One of Sunderbai Powar's converted girls, while testifying in the meetings at Poona said,—she and her sisters would never have got the blessing unless the head of their school had been willing to let them stop work, and come to prayer meeting.

The heads of Christian Institutions may learn much from her. They will keep their people out of the Kingdom of heaven if they will not allow them time for fasting and prayer. Nor is this enough. The heads themselves must search their own hearts and see if their works are found perfect before God.

They must also learn not to interfere with God's work by laying their hands on it. Let the revival come to Indians so as to suit their nature and feelings. God has made them, He knows their nature and He will work out His purpose in them in a way which may not conform with the ways of

Western people and their lifelong training. Let the English and other Western Missionaries begin to study the Indian nature, I mean the religious inclinations, the emotimal side of the Indian mind. Let them not try to conduct revival meetings and devotional exercises altogether in Western ways and conform with Western etiquette. If our Western teachers and foreignized Indian leaders want the work of God to be carried on among us in their own way, they are sure to stop or spoil it.

RAMABAI.

Hindu Worship.

(BY PANDITA RAMABAI.)

Continued from the last number of the Prayer-Bell.

I KNEW nothing of praying to God. The only form of prayer I had known was this of making vows. Each morning and evening my mother used to worship the Tulsi plant. It is supposed to be a most sacred plant, and the abode of all gods. When bowing her head in reverence to the plant, and prostrating herself before it, mother used to ask the goddess Tulsi to give long life to her husband, give her wealth, and keep her children from bodily harm. She also used to repeat a hymn in Sanskrit which is a sort of praise of god Vishnu and his wife Lakshmi. Prayer is addressed to these deities in that hymn, asking them to grant long life to the husband, to increase wealth, property and children in the house. No spiritual benefit is sought for. Moksha, that is, absorption in the Brahma, is referred to here and there, but not particularly asked for. Mother used to repeat that hymn several times daily, and used to worship the little book in which it is written. It is believed, that the repetition of certain hymns and portions of Puranas, even ancient and modern poems, which have no pretention for being inspired writings of the Rishis, also the repetition of certain common sayings, are productive of great merit.

It is believed that, repeating twelve names of the monkey

god Hanuman every morning and evening keeps one from all harm, and carries people to heaven after death.

Now, I will describe what our daily religious life used to be. My father was an uncommonly religious man. He believed, that his wife and children needed religion as did he; and therefore, he enforced all the sacred rules in his family. In the morning we rose early, were taught to rub the palms of our hands together and look at them. This was done to take away the evil effect of looking on the face of a widow or some unholy and inauspicious thing, for if you see the face of a widow, or of a deserted wife or some such other object which is believed to be the herald of death—you are sure to be harmed, and unhappy, all the day long. You must look on the best object, the first thing in the morning. The palms of hands are supposed to be inhabited by Vishnu, so when you look on them, it is as though you looked at Vishnu. This act will keep you from all harm during the day. When I grew up to be a girl, I wore a Shaligram stone—the stone perpetually inhabited by Vishnu—in my necklace. I used to look at this stone every morning.

Washing and bathing was the next thing. The Dharma Shastras, or religious laws of the Hindus, give full directions as to the way one has to wash one's hands, and clean the teeth and tongue, and perform the duties in a prescribed manner. It would take me too long to describe the way the morning wash was taken. We had to face the East or the North,—for the sun rises in the East, and the abode of the gods is in the North,—take water for bathing, dip the fingers of the right hand in it repeating names of the Ganges and other sacred rivers, invoking their presence in the water to purify one's body. It is believed that the repetition of the names of the river Ganges takes away all sin.

After the bath, we wore washed clothes, not touched by lower caste people, nor defiled by unholy touch of any other kind. We were taught not to eat and drink with people other than of the Brahman caste—we were not to touch them, for their touch defiles the sacred person of a Brahman. To worship the gods while defiled by their touch, or to do

any other religious duty, is considered irreligious. A Brahman always either bathes or changes his garments after coming in contact with the people of lower caste. He does not dare to go near and defile his person by letting even the shadow of a Pariah fall upon him. He cannot help coming in contact with the low caste people when taking a journey in railway carriages or tram cars. But he can purify himself by bathing and changing clothes !

After putting on clean garments we performed certain religious ceremonies, painted our foreheads and other parts of the body with the earth sacred to Vishnu, stamping ourselves with the emblems peculiarly dear to that god, while we repeated his name and the merits of these emblems in some Sanskrit verses. Then we worshipped the stone Shaligram thinking that we worshipped Vishnu and his wife.

After this we had to repeat the special name of a particular god. We had heard and learned it from our Guru. Among Hindus it is necessary for men and women to have a Guru, that is, a spiritual superior. The men have their Gurus, and the women have Gurus too, but in the Shastras woman is forbidden to have a Guru apart from her husband, so the husband's Guru becomes her Guru. In our case it was somewhat different. Our father being a priest by birth and learning, we had no necessity of seeking a Guru elsewhere. He became our Guru, and on an auspicious day, making us go through certain purificatory rites, he initiated us in the discipleship of Madhva according to whose teaching he used to worship Vishnu. He worshipped the fire, offered certain offerings to the gods, then heated the copper stamps of Vishnu's discus and conch shell and branded us on both the arms. Henceforth we were to be considered as peculiarly belonging to Vishnu, sealed with his emblems, we were to serve him and follow his commands. Then our Guru slowly and almost inaudibly repeated the Mantra of Vishnu three times in our ears.

This mystic Mantra is said to be very sacred. This Mantra, is as follows :—" Adoration to Vishnu."

Every morning after our bath and preliminary ritualistic performances, we had to repeat the above mystic sentence at

least 108 times, and keep account by using the rosary made of beads of Tulsi wood. This rosary was believed to add to the merit of repeating the above sentence, and this act, we believed, freed us from all sins. Then we had to repeat one thousand names of Vishnu which are put together in a sort of poem. The repetition of the names and Mantras is called Japa. At the end of this Japa we repeated either a few chapters of the Bhagavata Purana, or the whole of the Bhagavadgita, without stopping to take in the meaning of the verses we repeated. We knew them all by heart, and repeated them like parrots. The mere repetition of these so called sacred verses was believed to add to the stock of our merit, and we repeated the words to keep us well and give us prosperity in addition to the merit we earned by worshipping gods and repeating the names of Vishnu.

We did not thank the gods for giving us blessings, for we believed we had earned them all. We thought we deserved all the good things we had. Moreover we thought that, we were of the Superior Caste, and gods of gods, though we felt in our heart of hearts that we were sinners. We needed the help of the Supreme God, and felt that it was His mercy that made us happy, yet we never thanked Him for His goodness to us. Outsiders used to praise us for our learning and other good qualities, and used to say that it was our merit, the result of some very great austerities performed by us in our former existences, that had brought this fortune to us. We were great, we were fortunate because of our merits ! Ah yes, God had no part in it. He was only the giver of the results, a sort of treasurer who held in stock, as it were, all things earned by us, and gave them to us as we needed them. So we performed religious duties to earn merit as a business man works to earn money.

Our hearts were full of pride, but we shewed false humility, that is considered good. Humility is good, and, the Hindus say it is a great virtue, but it never exists in their hearts. How can a man be truly humble when he considers himself greatly superior to his brother man, and makes himself a god of the low caste people, and thinks that he is god of gods ?

After the daily worship, food was prepared by our mother. Servants belonging to other castes are not allowed to prepare or touch the cooked food, neither do they fetch water for drinking purposes. The housewife or a servant of the same caste must prepare the food. This was offered to the gods before we partook of it, repeating the names of Vishnu at the time of taking each morsel. No low caste person was allowed to defile our food by casting his unholy look upon it. Our religion taught us to despise our fellow-men, and to think ourselves better and holier than the people belonging to other castes. Even the members of our own caste, who did not belong to the same religious sect to which we belonged, were to be looked upon as hateful and impure objects.

The Story of a Child-widow.

Continued from the last number of the Prayer-Bell.

PART III.

JIVU began her life as a housewife when nine years of age. Jivu's husband had persuaded a widow sister of his to come and live in his home. His old father, over eighty years of age, came also to live with him in his new home. His sister managed the whole household herself, and was the mistress of the house.

But when little Jivu came, the gray haired husband wanted to woo and win his wee little wife. He gave her money and told her that she was the lady of the house and mistress of his heart. The poor little child could not understand or realise what he said. She would not go near him nor take the presents from his hands. His sister became very jealous, she could not stand this kind treatment of the little wife by the old husband. She refused to do work in the house.

Jivu was put to hard work, she had to cook and do everything. She could not cook well, but the husband said he would be quite contented to eat what the little wife cooked,

though it was not very palatable. He tried to please her in many ways, still the child wife was too afraid to go near him. She would bring him his food, and placing it at a respectable distance, run away to the kitchen. She did her work nicely, took care of her old father-in-law and cooked and fed her husband, washed his clothes and bedding, and did all that a housewife was expected to do. His sister did not like it at all. She saw that Jivu was getting to manage the household work and her husband rejoiced over it. His sister became angry at it all and left Jivu alone to care for the two men.

The husband's sickness increased daily. His body wasted away. Poor little Jivu became his nurse and did what she could for him. His father at last suggested that they all go to Udupi where his eldest son lived. He thought that the astrologers of Udupi would perhaps help the invalid. The doctors at Karwar could do nothing. He left the town and went to Udupi and consulted the astrologers and the priests.

Jivu's father-in-law took a part of his eldest son's house to lodge in. The son was not at all kind to his old father and sick brother. He said he would do nothing for them. They would have to manage their own affairs. The astrologers told the old man that it was Jivu's fate that troubled her husband. The stars were not favourable to her, she was destined to become a widow. But the calamity could be averted if Jivu would worship the gods in the manner they would prescribe.

So Jivu had to do what her father-in-law commanded. She did all the housework and cooked for them all. Her husband was too weak to move from his sick bed, she had to wash his bedding three or four times a day and attend to him constantly day and night, except when she was away at the temple worshipping the gods.

The manner of worship was as follows :—

She had to rise at four in the morning, go alone to the temple yard and bathe in the tank, and with the wet garments on her body, she had to circumambulate the temple one hundred times and prostrate herself before the gods in the temple.

Then she had to go to the graveyard of the priests, where the bones of the temple priests are buried. On each grave

there is erected a monument and over the top of each is planted a Tulsi tree. She had to circumambulate more than a hundred monuments of this kind, and gather a little of wet earth from under each one of the Tulsi plants planted there and take it with her. She had to prostrate herself before each one of the graves.

Then she had to make her pilgrimage to an old *peepal* tree and worship it. After this she had to go home, and in the presence of the sick man take a copper vessel full of water, and wash all four hoofs of a cow and her calf and prostrate herself before the animals. The husband joined in the worship feebly lifting his hands and putting them together in worship.

Then Jivu had to mix the wet earth she had gathered from under the hundred Tulsi trees, mix it in the water in which the hoofs of the cow were washed. She herself had to drink some of this mixture and give it to the sick husband to drink, and apply it to his wasted body. Jivu did all this faithfully for a number of days. It took her more than five hours to perform this ceremony every day. The sick man had no one else to attend to him, so he was left without food for five hours in the morning daily, and became more feeble.

One day he told the little wife to come home early from the temple. She was returning home before the usual time when she met a sacred bull. He tossed her out of his way and ate all the fruit she carried in her hand and scattered the materials used in the worship. The poor child went home crying. She was met by her brother-in-law. He did not comfort her, but used harsh and abusive language. He said it was wicked of her to allow the material used in the worship to be scattered away by the bull. He said it was she who was killing his brother. She came home crying and saw her husband lying on his bed, nearly at the point of death.

He called her to come near him, the old father was by his side, his brother did not come near him. The dying man told father to give Jivu all the money he had earned, and died.

Then the members of the family gathered round the dead body. Jivu did not realize what it all meant. They told her to hide her face in a dark corner and said she had eaten up

her husband. They put the dead man's body on the bier and began to tie it with a chord. When she saw this, the little child wife thought that they were cruelly treating her husband and begged them not to hurt him. But they said he had died, and his body was to be burned on the funeral pile. With little ceremony they carried him away while the old man and Jivu's sister, who happened to come there just at that time, began to cry loudly and beat their heads and chests. Jivu's brother-in-law tried to cry, but he had an eye to business. He made haste to get the money which his dead brother had saved and placed it away carefully. He made sure that nothing of much value would find its way into the hands of Jivu and her relatives. He then went away to see the dead man's body burned.

Some hours after this, the people who carried the dead, returned and commanded Jivu to wash his bedding and clean the floor and bathe herself and make ready to worship the soul of the departed husband.

PART IV.

The Brahmans of India are not of one tribe or class. There are more than a thousand tribes of the Brahman's alone. Brahmans of one tribe do not intermarry with other tribes and many of them will not partake of food or drink touched by the others. Each tribe or class has its own peculiar customs and different manners of performing religious ceremonies.

Jivu belonged to a tribe of Brahmans who do not strip the dead man's wife of her jewelry and coloured saris immediately after the husband's death. They let her have all these for ten days and then take them away. The priests ordered Jivu to hang a curtain all round the place where her husband died. The room was dark enough without a curtain. It was made darker when curtains were hung on four sides. They told Jivu to sit on the spot where her husband died and keep vigil.

She was told to sow a few grains of rice in a pot and water them regularly, and keep the pot on the spot where the dead man's head had lain at the time of his death. She was told to take some fine white thread. One end of it had to be

suspended to the roof above, a little piece of stone tied to the other end and hung over the pot where it touched the tips of the blades of grain when it sprouted and came up in about four days. Near the pot was placed a cupful of milk and a ball of cooked rice. Another piece of thread was tied to the plumbline-like device, and the other end of it was brought near the cups of rice and milk. A little piece of stone was tied to it in order to keep the thread fixed.

This thread-way was to be a sort of suspension bridge between the world of the dead and the living. The soul of the dead man is supposed to hover over the spot in search of food and water, and see if there is some friend who would care to minister to its wants. All this arrangement was made for Jivu's departed husband, and her relatives made her sit in the dark room. She sat behind the screen with a very small lamp burning there day and night.

Now Jivu had an enquiring turn of mind. She asked her husband's old father why it was that the thread-way and the other arrangements were made. When told that the soul of her departed husband would come down the thread-way, she asked how big it would look. The old man told her, the soul would be about the size of her thumb. She determined to watch and see if the soul really came. She was afraid of ghosts as all Indian children are. But she determined to keep awake all night and day, and see if her husband's soul came and ate the rice-ball and drank milk. But no such thing happened. So she began to lose her faith in the fable of the souls of the dead coming to eat food. She was told that the soul was burning in hell fire, but was for a time allowed to go back to its old place and throw itself on the bed of the growing rice plants, and cool itself. Then it would eat rice, drink milk and water and be satisfied. All of this Jivu did not see. The rice and milk remained as when placed there. She used to throw away the stale rice and put fresh milk and cooked rice in the place every day. This went on for ten days.

On the eleventh day she was made to walk to the river. There they made three rice-balls, and asked Jivu to worship them. The biggest one of the three balls represented her husband.

The priests ordered her to take off vermilion which she wore on her forehead while her husband lived, all her jewels and bangles, and all that was dear to her. Then they told her to present it all to her husband i.e. to the biggest of the three balls of cooked rice, and say three times "Take thou this that belongs to thee." Then they made her get into the river till the water touched her chest and dip her head in the water one hundred times. The poor child gasped for breath and almost fainted, but that excited no pity in them. They said she must do it or her husband would go to hell.

A few days later the child was taken home by her parents, who, though they loved her much, did not like her being a widow. Ten members of their family died within six months of her arrival after her husband's death. Every one attributed this misfortune to Jivu's sin in former life. "She not only ate her husband," they said, "but ate ten more people of her family." Every one began to curse and hate her.

One of her brothers was to be married. All the members of the household went to the wedding, shutting her up in the house. But she managed to get out somehow and ran to the place where her father was, and sat down by him. The priests and all the people assembled to witness the marriage were horrified at the sight of the child widow. They cursed and scolded her for having come there. They stopped the wedding that day. Everyone went away with a sad heart. They had looked upon the face of the ill-fated child widow and were afraid, that misfortune would befall them. The marriage was arranged for, on another day. Jivu's parents were careful to put her under lock and key, before they went to the wedding.

Her sister hated her and cursed her. She lost her husband and children soon after Jivu arrived home. All the relatives and neighbours disliked and cursed her. Jivu's little life was made very unhappy. She saw that there was no hope for her in this life.

(To be continued.)

Prayer Bells and Letters returned from the Dead Letter Office.

Prayer Bells and letters addressed as below have been returned from the Dead Letter Office.

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

Pastor Hurback,
Neuburg,
Hessen, Germany.

Mrs. Ormesby Seacock,
Y. W. C. A. Home,
Kanalla Road, Bombay.

Miss R. M. Harvey,
Gardiner, Ohio,
U. S. America.

Mrs. Morris,
166. Liverpool Road,
London N., England.

Mr. Charles Stalker,
Columbus, Ohio,
U. S. America.

Made M. An'onin,
Croix de Fer,
Ardèch,
France.

Mr. J. Boid,
Coonoor, Nilgiris.

Mrs. C. H. Skinner,
The Haven, Merton Hall Road,
Wimbledon, London, S.W
England,

Miss Elsie L. Watts, M.D.,
Weslyan Mission,
Medak Nizam's Dom.

Miss S. R. Dalton,
4, Viale, P. Amedeo,
Primo Piano, Florence, Italy.

Mr. George Bartlett,
2335, Randolph Street,
St. Louis, Mo,
U. S. America.

Miss M. C. Groman,
Hurley, Wisconsin,
U. S. America.

Receipts.

We gratefully acknowledge the following official receipts which have not been sent to these friends because we do not know their address.

1904	Miss Mary McLean.....	Rs.	120	0	0
"	Miss Catherine M. Ward	"	15	0	0
"	Miss Florence E. Smith	"	30	0	0
"	I. Astalfe Bakersfield.....	"	45	12	0
"	Mrs. H. W. Clift	"	100	0	0
1905	Mr. Arthur B. Leipzig.....	"	24	12	0
"	Part of God's Tenth.....	"	12	0	0
"	M. King.....	"	20	10	0
"	Donald McFarlane.....	"	7	8	0
1904	Society of Christ Virgins Per Pastor Gross	"	4	1	0
"	Luding Ohly	"	14	1	0
"	Tulie Keller.....	"	14	10	0
"	Rev. R. Dworkown	"	32	0	3
"	Mr. S. P. Wilson	"	61	3	0
"	Mrs. E. F. Pennell	"	10	0	0

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 maybe converted and saved to the uttermost, and not of one 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.

Printed and Published by Pandita Ramabai, Manager and Proprietor, at the Mukti Mission Press, Kedgaon, Poona District.