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## Mukti Prayer-Bell.

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

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

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“MUKTI,” KEDGAON, INDIA.

February, 1911.

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## Boxes and Parcels received since May 1910.

WE gratefully acknowledge the following:—

- 1 Parcel from Mrs. H. Kershaw, England.
- 1 Basket from Mrs. Cations. [England.]
- 1 Parcel from Mrs. H. Kershaw and Miss Townshend,
- 1 Parcel from Miss B. Williams and Members of the J. C. E.,  
Blenheim, New Zealand.
- 4 Parcels from Miss Lloyd, England. [New Zealand.]
- 1 Parcel from Mrs. Smith, per Mrs. D. O. McClay,
- 1 Parcel from Mrs. R. O. Macauley, Ireland.
- 2 Parcels from Miss A. Lillie, England.
- 2 Parcels from All Nations Missionary Union,  
per Mr. Robert Parsons, England.
- 1 Box from Miss Alice Smith, Australia.
- 2 Packets from Miss Berkin, England.
- 1 Box from Women's Missionary Prayer Union in Germany,  
per Countess Else Bandissin. [Australia.]
- 1 Case from Victorian Friends, per Mrs. E. Mackay,
- 1 Parcel from Miss B. Waterhouse, England.
- 2 Parcels from Mrs. A. Ivatt, England.
- 1 Parcel from Mrs. C. A. Gawler, Australia.
- 1 Parcel from Miss Lily McAdam, England.
- 1 Parcel from Miss M. E. C. Laird and Friends, Scotland.
- 1 Parcel from Miss Dora Barry and  
Sunday School Children, England.
- 1 Parcel from Miss A. Secretan, England.
- 1 Parcel from Miss Beal, England.
- 2 Parcels from Miss S. J. Ramsay, Scotland.
- 1 Parcel from Mrs. M. E. Porter.
- 1 Parcel from Miss A. Kitchins.
- 1 Case from South Australian Friends,  
per Mr. Whitridge Bowen.
- 6 Cases from New Zealand Friends,  
per Mrs. George Mackenzie and Mrs. Blair Mason.
- 1 Case from New Zealand Friends,  
per Miss J. McGregor.
- 1 Parcel from Bombay Friends, per Miss Griffiths.



# Mukti Prayer-Bell.

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Vol. V. No. 1.

MUKTI, KEDGAON, INDIA.

FEB. 1911.

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## Meditation,

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*"My presence shall go with thee." Ex. 33:14.*

*"His presence is salvation." Ps. 42:5. (margin.)*

*"Show forth His salvation from day to day."*

*Ps. 96:2.*

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## Praise and Prayer.

It is a great joy to be able once more to send out a number of the Prayer-Bell. Pressure of work, and other reasons, have for some time prevented the publication of this occasional paper; but we praise God that He has now made it possible for us to publish it again.

We are very grateful to our many kind friends who have so kindly remembered our children, and sent boxes and parcels of presents for distribution at Christmas time.

Our girls and young women ask us to send their love and many thanks to those who have thus helped them, and to all who help us in so many other ways, above all by their prayers.

We pray that the Lord will abundantly reward them, and that He will fulfil His promise regarding each one, that "The liberal soul shall be made fat : and he that watereth shall be watered also himself."

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MAY we ask our friends if they will be kind enough *not* to send gifts of money to individual girls? If any desire to

around us, and to reach people who have never heard about the Lord Jesus.

We praise God for these opportunities of preaching the Gospel to those who have not heard. Will our friends please join us in prayer, that every member of our bands may bring forth much fruit, and that much wisdom may be given to the leaders of the bands ?

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### “Them will God bring with Him.”

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*“But I would not have you to be ignorant brethren,  
concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow  
not, even as others which have no hope.”*

SEVERAL of our well beloved friends have gone to be with the Lord Jesus Christ since the last publication of the Prayer-Bell.

Some of us have known what it was to sorrow when we had no hope. Yes, and there are many around us who sorrow, for they have no hope. The sorrow of those who have no hope of the glorious resurrection at the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ is great indeed. But to those of us to whom the Lord has graciously given this great hope, the parting with our loved ones seems but a separation from them, while they have gone to another country for a little while; and we look forward to their coming again when we shall meet them with great joy.

One evening, we happened to be thinking of our friends, and while conversing with some, we wanted to know the exact date on which our late Emperor Edward VII had departed. A little girl went away, and returned bringing a slip of old worn-out paper from the Bible of one of her little friends. The girl had written on this paper the date of the King Emperor's departure from this world.

This is the substance of what she had written : —

“Our great King died on the 7th May of this year (1910). He was called Peacemaker, for he tried to make peace where ever he went. His was a peaceful reign: He reigned about nine years,”

We turned this piece of paper over to see what was written on the other side; whether something more was said on it about the King Emperor. What we found on the other side of the paper was this:—

“Our beloved little sister H.—slept in Jesus on——. We are sorry now, but Oh! what a joy it will be when the Lord Jesus Christ will come, and He will bring her with Him! How very glad we shall be when we shall meet her again, and she will put her arms around our necks and kiss us!”

We praised the Lord when we read this confession of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and His power to raise the dead to life in which there will be no sorrow.

The little girl realised this hope, and her little testimony was the means of bringing comfort to many a sorrowing heart. The greatest of Emperors and the humblest of his subjects are both under the subjection of death, but both shall be set free from their bondage; and the mighty power of the Lord Jesus Christ, which overcame death, the great enemy of mankind, shall be shortly manifested at the time of His Coming, when the dead shall rise in His likeness to die no more. So we are looking forward to meeting many, many of our loved ones.

Miss Wyatt, our fellow-worker who worked among the little girls, has gone to be with the Lord Jesus. We keenly feel the separation from our sister, and deeply sympathise with her parents. But we praise and thank God for giving us the privilege of knowing and working with this dear little sister. We miss her very much as “*She loved much*,” but we know she is in great joy. She loves Him and loves us much more now that she is with the Lord Jesus.

Miss Noble of Wantage, England, who was lovingly called ‘The Aged Friend,’ has been called into the Presence of the King of Kings. She was full of love and kindness to everybody, especially to the Lord’s little ones. When the editor of this paper was a little child, she was placed for a time, largely under Miss Noble’s care; and this kind friend brought her up very wisely, and lovingly cared for her for several years. Her sacred memory will always be cherished, for she was worthy of all

honour and gratitude. We believe she will hear the King of Kings say:—

“Come ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you.”...“Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.”

Miss Orlebar our revered friend has been called to enter into the everlasting rest. She laboured faithfully in the Lord's Vineyard. She is one of the Lord's hidden saints who shall be manifested in glory at the Lord's Coming.

The Rev. D. G. Malhar, Pastor of the United Free Church at Poona, has been called to his reward. His departure was so sudden that we can hardly realise he is no more among us. He served his Lord faithfully and was greatly loved and respected for his faithfulness. It has been very strongly impressed upon our heart since his departure, that the Lord must be gathering saints quickly to fill up the right number, of the redeemed ones whom He is to bring to be manifested with Him in glory. We sincerely and deeply sympathise with the relatives and friends of these and many other dear ones who have left us within a short time. But while sorrowing with them, we pass on this message of comfort to them from God's holy Word:—

“For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also that are fallen asleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.

“For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we that are alive, that are left unto the coming of the Lord, shall in no wise precede them that are fallen asleep.

“For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven, with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God : and the dead in Christ shall rise first :

“Then we that are alive, that are left, shall together with them be caught up in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air : and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words.” 1Thess. 4:14-18.

RAMABAL

## His Plan for To-day.

### PANDHARPUR.

LET us begin with the "Early Hour" service, for is not that the most important hour of the day? Elim Sadan is learning as a good many other people are, that the "Morning Watch" puts tone into the whole day's service; so 5 o'clock finds those who live here, up preparing to "sit before the Lord" till 6-30 a. m.

After a slight repast, we are soon on our way by bullock-cart, to a village about three miles off, which is reached at an early hour; for the bullocks are fresh and ready to travel. Here we divide into two bands, one European worker taking with her two or three young women to the Mahar, Mang, and Chambhar caste people, while the other European with a small band seeks to get an entrance in some higher caste homes. After 10 a. m., these two bands meet, and what have they to tell each other?

Do they tell of opposition? No. Of stone-throwing? No. How is this? For formerly, the normal condition of things in this village was "Opposition and Stone-throwing." Prayer has touched the Hand of Him Whose power can reach men's hearts, and that Hand has stilled the "storms" which "used to be."

What then have these two bands to tell? Glad news. That most of those whom they have met, have been willing to listen to the Story of Jesus, and that when the time had come for turning our faces homewards, both bands had felt very reluctant.

Some dear old people in this village get so interested in the story of "Abel's Offering for sin as the type of the Great Offering for mankind," that we are glad to leave behind with them, the preacher who is with us, and him they ask to tell the whole Story of Jesus. When the story is told, one old man exclaims, "Then, if Jesus has done all this for us, why have we been worshipping God thro' His creation all these years?" I leave the reader to answer this serious question.

As we journey home, the time is spent in prayer for God's blessing upon the seed sown, and faith which stands "in the power of God," expects a rich harvest.

Twelve o'clock finds us home again for our breakfast, and then after a little rest and waiting on God in the quiet of our own rooms, we meet from 2-30 till 3-30 p. m., for Bible instruction.

At 4 p. m., we set out again, some for the town to teach the children, and some for another village about a mile and a half away. The journey is again spent in prayer for those who will hear the Word on our arrival.

“And how do the people receive the messengers?”—you ask. What a change since the last time the writer was there, about a year or so before. Then we were told to, “Go.” This time how different is the reception! We can only praise God, as with earnest attention the people listen to the Story of the “Finished Work” — the Work which is complete, without the “good works” of the hearers.

One man ventures to say, “I agree to all this and believe it to be true, but I shall be quite defiled in the eyes of my people if I dare take the step.” Pray that he may see what it will mean to him if he does not take the step.

A dear blind lad is cheered at the thought, that when Christ reigns over the Renewed Earth, “there will be no blind, and no lame,” according to Isaiah 35 : 5, 6.

It would be so easy to remain here longer, telling the Story ; but sunset reminds us that we must hurry away to our bullock-cart, and home is reached about 7 p. m., after another Bullock-Cart Praise and Prayer Meeting. At 8 p. m., after our evening meal, the whole day's work is again brought before the Lord Who hears and answers prayer, then 9 p. m. closes a happy day's service for Jesus, and we retire to rest, to waken again at 5 a. m., D. V., to learn His plan for the morrow. May we all be so “enfolded” in His will, that He will be able, readily to “unfold” His plan for us, and through us.

A. P.

## Pictures of Life at Mukti.

FROM A PERSONAL LETTER.

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ONLY a few months have passed since I first entered Mukti, yet I never felt more at home in any place. I know this is because I am in the place chosen by God for me. And no matter what trial, testing, or difficulty with the language may come to me in the future, this fact will be a stepping-stone to lift me above everything.

The climate here is different from our own, and we have to get accustomed to it; but God is just as able for this climate as for that in the homeland. Let us trust Him.

My work is in the Press-room. It is getting more interesting every day. I never realised before, how the Gospel can be preached by this silent messenger. The press literature can reach multitudes who could not for years hear the voice of the missionary. I do rejoice that God has given us the press. By this means we can spread the Gospel message. There are many who will read the tracts, who would not listen to the story from man.

Dear Ramabai! God has given her wonderful insight and understanding, that she may know how to reach her people. Let us especially hold up Ramabai and her daughter in prayer, that they may have strength and wisdom for their daily duties. Ramabai sits in her office day after day telling the Gospel Story to thousands, by means of her pen.

There is so little that a new missionary can do in India before she knows the language; but in this work a little corner is found for everyone, and you feel that you are of some use. I am so glad I am able to be a helper.

Our tracts are sent in every direction, especially to those places where great religious gatherings for idol-worship are held, and where people come from great distances to worship the idols.

When we send a large order of tracts, out from the press-room, I always ask God to protect His own message. Sometimes, the people destroy the tracts, but the majority read them. I heard

one of our workers say that while they were preaching one day a man came up and asked, "What are these people talking about?" One of the listeners, a non Christian, turned round and told the enquirer the story of the Gospel ; so he was preaching the Gospel. Pray that these people may not only learn the Story, but that they may believe it and tell it in faith.

Our tracts are taken to the villages by the bands, and they are also given to the many passers-by who travel up and down our public road. This gives great opportunity of giving the Gospel to the travelling public. On Tuesday of each week, the people of all the surrounding villages, gather near the village of Kedgaon, about half a mile from here, and have what they call a *bazaar* ; it is something like our markets. The villagers bring vegetables, fruit, grain, cloth, and all kinds of provisions to the bazaar for sale. On this day special bands are sent out, and every effort is made to give the Gospel to these people.

Then we have the bullock-tongas that take the bands to the villages which are beyond walking distance. This is how God is using some members of our family to tell the Story.

Many girls are in the Bible School preparing for this work. We have girls in the press-room who go to the Bible School for half the day.

The spirit of this place seems to be, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

Perhaps some friends would like to hear a little about our home life. If they will sit beside me at my window, which overlooks our front garden, I will tell them a little about the companies of girls that are passing.

Our little Kindergarten has just closed for the morning. Dear little tots ! They are just as bright and sweet as our babies at home. Some of these children come from "Bethel," our married people's quarters, some from the Rescue Home, while the other little ones are orphans. I think there are about forty in all.

The girls you see coming down the road are carrying stones to some part of Mukti for building purposes. Each girl has a stone on her head ; that is the way the majority of the people in this country carry heavy loads. Some carry very large

water-pots on their heads. You seldom see an Indian girl round-shouldered. This, I believe, is because of the loads they carry on their heads. They have to walk very erect. Now the girls in this company which you see to our left, are carrying wood into the compound. They seem to be having a merry time. Half a dozen girls are rolling one large log; some are laughing so much that they can hardly work. They remind me of the proverb, "A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance." Some are dragging large poles and others are carrying them straight up in the air. I believe that Ramabai has instilled into her children this one principle. "Whatsoever you do, do all to the glory of God."

Across the road, and opposite my window is a large gate which opens into the Priti Sadan Compound. Coming out of this gate is a long line of girls. These are on their way to the well to bathe. The matrons who have charge of the girls take fifty or a hundred at a time to the well. There are seventy in this company. When these have bathed, another company will go from the same, or from some other compound.

Our girls are graded according to their ages. The elder girls live in one place, the little girls in another, and the middle sized girls in a third compound.

Soon after I arrived in India, we had a little gathering in honour of Pandita Ramabai's birthday. The daughter's and mother's birthdays come just one week apart.

On Manoramabai's birthday, she gave all the little children some home-made sweets. These little children do not know their birthdays, so all their birthdays are kept on Manoramabai's. On Pandita Ramabai's birthday, Manoramabai asked all the workers to gather in the tent. We were served with tea, cake, and some other Indian dainties, and then we had a little time of singing and prayer. Several gave short messages, others repeated the promise-verses that the Lord had given them for Ramabai that day. Then Ramabai told us what the Lord had given her that morning. It was a message to the people of India, and during the day she had written it out ready for the press. This message is now published in tract form, and is being sent out to the people.

The message which God had given to Pandita Ramabai was about the Hope of the Resurrection. She told us how she had been thrilled when she first heard from a missionary of this future hope of God's people. God had since then led her on into the blessed light of the Gospel, and she hoped that many would be led into the light, by reading this message which God had given her.

It seemed as if God had given Ramabai a birthday gift, that she might pass it on to others. Our little meeting closed, and we all went to Ramabai for our good-night kiss.

Then came the children's part of the birthday. A large brass vessel, filled with tempting sweets, was brought out into the compound. Manoramabai took her place behind it. The matrons brought the different companies of girls, and one by one, each girl was served. This giving out of the sweetmeats took about two hours. After each girl had received her share, the boys came for their portion, and the birthday was ended.

I thought how different were the birthdays at home, and the usual custom everywhere. We give gifts to, and make much of the one whose birthday it is; while this day was spent in a continual giving to others. All in the family received gifts, and God gave Ramabai a gift, not for herself, but that she might give it out to others. The day impressed me very much. I thought how God the Father gave to us His Son. This is our Father's example. Christ gave His life for us. This is our Saviour's example. The text of the day seemed to be, — "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

V. BRAZIER.

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"A mother listens for the breathing of her babe in the dark. It will tell her so much. The soft, measured breath, or the labouring, gasping breath. God never hides His ear from our breathing; or from those inarticulate cries, which express, as words could not do, the deep anguish and yearning of the heart. If you cannot speak, cry, sob, or groan, then be still. God can interpret all."—*Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A.*

## “A Beautiful Name.”

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WE think of India's Widows with unutterable sorrow, and our hearts go out in longing for their rescue from a living death; but equally sad is the condition of the little “Temple-Girls,” connected with most of the so-called sacred temples of India. Their lives are so terrible that we shrink from speaking about them, and yet the truth, however repulsive, must be made known. In the hope that praying souls throughout the length and breadth of the land may be stirred up to lay hold of God, and wrestle in prayer for India's Temple Girls, and to pray through to victory, is the following account given. One is so afraid of disclosing the facts, because it seems often as though Satan resented this and redoubled every effort for the enchaining of the souls that are written about; one is almost fearful of drawing his attention to them.—But—“Jesus is stronger than Satan and sin. Satan to Jesus must bow.”

We believe that if a host of prevailing praying ones will surround these souls, victory will be won in spite of all the devices of the enemy; for, “When we work, we work; but when we pray, God works;” and who can withstand Him?

One bright sunny Saturday morning, a little girl of about ten or eleven years came to our door, with a note from another mission station, asking if I would take the bearer to “Mukti,” that place which well deserves its name “Salvation”, for it has been the salvation of many, many precious souls. In anticipation that this was another jewel to be added to the Master's crown, I was only too glad to drop everything and attend to this little lost lamb.

We could not travel on Sunday, so the child had to stay with us until Monday. In the meantime we had opportunities of giving her the Gospel, and of finding out her sad and cruel story. Her name is “Star,” and she looked as though it was a fitting name, for she had such a winning face; such large bright eyes, and such a fascinating way; we could well understand how attractive she would seem to those who had worked her ruin. So very, very young she was, and yet, O, so very old

in sin, and she had even thus early found out, that "The wages of sin is death."

She said, that when she was five years old, she had been dedicated to a certain temple, and like all Hindu children, had been looking forward to the time when all the outward show and ceremony would take place, and she would be given over to the temple priests. Before this happened however, her parents both died of plague, and as she had no other relatives, she was taken into a Brahman family to act as servant, and life became indeed, "bitter with hard bondage." She was kept scouring the many brass vessels used by the household, and doing other drudgery, until any loophole of escape was welcome; we need not wonder that when a Brahman woman came along with several men on their way to visit a temple, told her about the great festival which would be held, and invited her, she child-like, was delighted to go.

What happened? We must in a measure draw a veil over that, and leave the reader to imagine. Only let me say, that the very worst you could imagine would scarcely come near the truth. The priests, attracted no doubt by the child's ways, received her into the temple. How much does that convey to those in the home-lands? Let me give that temple a more realistic name;—DEN OF FIENDS,—fiends in human form; and that little darling child was sold to sin! Oh! it makes one shudder to think of the many in this land to-day, who are in like position. Pray—Yes, Oh! how we need to pray! To pray *till* we pray, to pray until we are conscious that we have won. Oh! take these little ones on your hearts and pray them out of the terrible meshes of the evil one!

Little Star stayed in that temple until she was ruined, and then as they had no further use for her, she was thrust forth, ruined in body, but, praise the Lord, steeped in sin though she was, there was still hope for her soul.

She wandered on and on for weary miles, until she—happened, we should say—to come to a mission house; but it was no happening; the Father was leading. Perchance some one was praying far away, and the answer was being wrought out.

Yes, when we pray, God works. He waits for prayer-channels. Are you one? What higher ambition could we have, than to be an unblocked prayer-channel?

The child's one cry was, "Take me to Ramabai!" In some way she had heard that there was some one who would love and shelter her.

As we were driving the fifteen miles we had to go ere we reached the railway station, she began saying something in a low monotone. I thought perhaps she was muttering what she had learned in the temple; but No,—she was only saying over what she had heard about the true God. "And," said she, "His name is not Narayan. He has 'A BEAUTIFUL NAME,' but I've forgotten it. Tell me again."

On arriving at the station we found we had some time to wait, so she sat down at my feet and said, "Oh! do keep talking to me about Jesus all the time, so that when you leave me I shall not forget." I said, "Oh! you'll hear about Him every day, where you are going. No fear of your forgetting!" A look of contentment came over her face. Then, she began to pray:—"O living God, O Jesus, I've sinned so much; forgive me and take away the desire to sin. Keep me from sinning from to-day. Wash me, and make me ready to live in Heaven." I wondered much if she would settle at Mukti after the life she had led, but I need not have feared.

Six weeks after her arrival I was once again there, and saw "Star." She seemed to have grown an inch or two taller, and her bright face had taken on such a softened, chastened look. She gave me an eager welcome and said, "Oh! I do like living here! I love Jesus and pray to Him every day;" and she put her little arms around me as if in gratitude for bringing her there to a haven of rest. Star is covered with disease, and humanly, there is no hope of her recovery; but we have proved so often, that "God can." Yes He can save and He can heal; He can make of her an effectual witness, a beacon light for the warning of others in danger. Who will really pray through?

M. LISSA HASTIE.

## Praise Notes.

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*“Sing, O daughter of Zion ; Shout, O Israel ; be glad and rejoice with all the heart, O daughter of Jerusalem.... The Lord is in the midst of thee... Fear thou not: ... Let not thine hands be slack The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty ; He will save, He will rejoice over thee with joy ; He will rest in His love, He will joy over thee with singing.” Zeph. 3 : 14-17.*

WHILE some may be mourning defeat and failure, it is a great joy to receive day by day notes of praise from some of the members of our large family, expressing joy in the Lord because He has used some one or other, to help some souls into some blessing of the Gospel of Jesus.

How we wish that our friends could hear these notes of praise as they come, some from the busy rush of the office, some from the compositor's room, some from the printing-press room, from the weaving room, and from the sewing department.

From the sick rooms also, there come sweet notes of praise, that mingle with the others, and unite with them to make melody in the ears of the God that heareth and answereth prayer. “Ye that fear the Lord, praise Him.” “My praise shall be of Thee in the great congregation.”

L.—says. “God has been pleased to answer my prayers. I asked Him to teach me to pray without ceasing, and from morning until evening God gives prayer for my girls in the compositor's room. Before, they used to make a great deal of noise, and some were not as faithful in their work as they should have been; but now there is such a change, such a hush and stillness. I have the joy of seeing God's power manifested in answer to prayer.”

Miss S.—says. “I know the Lord is blessing in the printing office. Where Satan came in as a flood, the Lord came in, and the victory was won. Some who used to care very little for prayer, are now praying earnestly. How we praise Him !”

Speaking of the Industrial school, Miss L.—says, “How I praise God for all that I see of the work of the Holy Spirit in

these precious lives, and for all that I do not see, for I know He is working.”

From Kripa Sadan comes Miss B.—’s voice, “I know God is working, for we see the manifestations of His power. Let us praise Him.”

In the Hospital the past year has been a trying one. Many of our dear girls have broken down in health, and owing to the heavy rains there has been much sickness and death ; but difficulties and defeats, we feel, should have no part in this report, because we feel regarding the larger number of these precious lives, that our loss has been Heaven’s gain.

How sad our hearts were made to feel when little Ranoo was taken from us ! Hers was such a beautiful life, lived in the power of the Holy Spirit ; and such a blessed testimony concerning her came from those who knew her. Many were heard to say, “Ranoo was everybody’s friend ; I would like to die like Ranoo.” How glad we were that we could reply, “If you want to die like Ranoo, you must live as she did.”

Ranoo was a member of our Gospel band, and often went out to preach the Gospel. She spent much time in prayer. The girls in the same ward say, that they often found Ranoo all by herself in some corner praying. It seemed to be her meat and her drink, to please Jesus. Ranoo was so true in her prayer life. She was ready to lay down her life for the sake of the Gospel.

In all the difficulties which had to be faced at Pandharpur Ranoo did not flinch in the least. In spite of her frail body, she would beg each time to be sent with the bands, to preach the Gospel to the pilgrims.

As we looked at her little silent form, we saw the Glory shining forth, and we could only say, “She being dead, yet speaketh” “He Who knoweth all things, doeth all things well.”

Some girls who once led others into wrong doing, are now setting good examples. We do feel the need of much personal work among these precious girls. As the love of Jesus fills our hearts, the love that brought Him from heaven to Calvary constrains us.

While hurriedly going towards my room the other day, I

passed by a girl with whom I have very seldom spoken. As she looked at me and salaamed me, I said to her, "What about your spiritual condition? Are you troubled?" She burst into tears at once, and said, "Yes." I asked her if she would like me to pray with her, and she said, "Yes."

The girl was under real conviction of sin, and was so glad to have some one take a true interest in her and comfort her. I am sure the Lord was just as much, and more pleased.

There are here, more than fifteen hundred souls among whom there is need of much personal work. The work is great, the labourers few.

In a closing word may I say that the future depends much upon us as individuals. One by one, we must unite to pray through our difficulties into full victory; one by one we must show forth the value of the full victory of Calvary, by living to win souls. Never was the need so great for this personal ministry; never were there greater possibilities for each life; never were there more important opportunities of helping Christians out of bondage and of leading the heathen to our Saviour, than are ours to-day.

If these things are true, how great is the responsibility laid upon us! Every Christian should be a soul-winner.

We realise, as never before, that it actually pays in the most wonderful way to fight most of the battle on our knees, trusting in the finished work of Calvary. We praise God for many prayers answered in so many different ways. May God keep us true, and may our faith never fail for those for whom we are interceding. Will not all the readers of the Prayer-Bell unite with us in praise and in prayer, that our faith may not fail; and that the work may be deepened and extended more than ever before, during the coming year.

"Let us live for one another,  
 Help a little, help a little,  
 Help to lift each fallen brother,  
 Help just a little.

Chorus.

Oh the wrongs that we may righten,  
 Oh the hearts that we may lighten,  
 Oh the skies that we may brighten,  
 Helping just a little."

E. HOFFMAN.

## “How shall they Hear?”

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WE often read of idolatry, and hear about it from those who have come into contact with it; but one cannot understand what it really is until one sees idolaters worshipping their idols and sees for oneself the awful suffering, misery, and wickedness connected with it, and lives amongst those who are bound down by its cruel, cruel bands. I first saw idolatry in its cruel, but true form, at the so called holy city of Pandharpur. There I saw thousands of suffering, afflicted, weary people that had come from all parts of India, in the hope of obtaining from an idol of stone, peace for their hungry souls.

From the roof of the great temple in that place, I was permitted to see an eager, frantic crowd of worshippers, fighting, yelling, and struggling, to fall at and kiss the feet of the idol, and present to it money, and other gifts; the people in return for their offerings expect peace and blessings.

These scenes are daily occurrences in India, and are constantly urging us on to present before the misguided ones, the one, and only means of obtaining the long sought for peace, that peace which only comes through our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

One can safely say that there are, amongst the heathen in this land, many thousands of eager seekers after salvation, but they know not that Jesus has said, “I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life, no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me.” Missionaries and the Church of this land, are putting forth efforts in the name of Jesus, to present the Way, the Truth and the Life, to these eager seekers whose understanding is darkened by the powers of evil. These few lines are written that we may be helped by the prayers of God’s people in other lands, to present Christ in all His fulness, love, and beauty, to those who know Him not.

A short time ago, a band of seven set out from Mukti one morning, to walk to a place about ten miles distant, where a heathen festival was to be held. They were all well laden with tracts, hymn-books, and small books, all containing the Story of

the Cross. These books are printed by the Mukti Press, and distributed with the hope that many may thus learn of the love of Jesus, and of the way of Salvation, and that they may be led to Him. By this means the Gospel is carried into, and read, in many dark homes where rays of Gospel light have never shone, nor has the name of Jesus been uttered. Only eternity will reveal what God is now accomplishing by the written pages of His Own precious Word.

All along the road were hundreds of worshippers, full of excitement and enthusiasm. Some were running and shouting the names of their gods. Others were carrying large palanquins, some of which contained vessels of water, with which they washed the idols, while others contained small idols. These things had been carried many miles, and were very heavy. The Christian band joined in with the crowd, and told them of the Only True God, and distributed the tracts; by this means many were reached that otherwise would not have heard. One party carrying an idol was passed by the way, and when the uselessness of worshipping that lifeless image in the form of a man, was pointed out to them, they admitted that it was lifeless, but they said that when it met the great god in the temple to which they were going, the spirit would come into it, and it would see, hear, and speak. This brings to our minds the words of the Psalmist, "Their idols...are the work of men's hands. They have mouths, but they speak not; eyes have they, but they see not; they have ears, but they hear not; noses have they, but they smell not; they have hands, but they handle not; feet have they, but they walk not, neither speak they through their throat. They that make them are like unto them; so is every one that trusteth in them."

- The temple where the festival was held, is situated on the top of a high mountain. The band of Christians rested for a short time, and then united together in prayer for strength, guidance, and protection; each one realized that he was going right into the territory of the evil one, and already the yells of the people at the temple could be plainly heard. After a hard climb, up a steep, winding, rocky path covered with sharp-edged stones, and along dangerous cliffs, the top was reached.

There stood the temple, and all around and inside it were the noisy crowds. Persons of all descriptions were there, beggars, lame, diseased, and blind; worshippers from many different parts. Indian holy men (holy in their own eyes), dressed in garbs of all colours were there also.

A procession was entering the temple with music and dancing; all had a satanic appearance and sound. The Christian band selected a spot on the outskirts of the crowd, where the noise was somewhat less, and commenced to sing a hymn. An eager crowd gathered around and listened attentively, while a Gospel message was given. Many questions were asked about Him, Who was being held up before them as the Saviour of mankind. Very soon the supply of books was exhausted, as the people desired to read for themselves about such a wonderful, loving Saviour. Message after message was given by this small faithful band that knew so well what the chains of idolatry are. Suddenly, near by, a disturbance took place, and the crowd rushed all ways, quite terrified, and the air was filled with stones and the yells of angry men. About one hundred men were engaged in a fierce battle with sticks and stones, and the noise and confusion were terrible. After a few minutes the battle ceased. We heard that two persons were killed, and many seriously injured, but we did not find out the exact facts.

The quarrel took place over the right to go into the temple to bathe the idol. After a time the excitement subsided, and again many people gathered around to listen to the Gospel message, and heard the way of salvation explained, perhaps for the first time. In the evening the people commenced to leave, and with them the Christian band, tired and weary, but with hearts full of joy and gratitude, for the opportunity and privilege of preaching Christ where the darkness is so great.

They left the spot praying that the seed sown by the wayside might bear fruit to the glory of God, and praising for the way in which they had been protected from harm in the midst of danger. At the foot of the mountain a bullock-cart was hired to take the little band to a railway station three miles distant, where the train could be taken for home. At this station, the band was welcomed by two of the elder brothers from Mukti, who

had come there by the early morning train, to preach the Word, and distribute it to the many people that arrived there by rail from other parts. All day long they had laboured there for our Blessed Master, resting on the promise that His Word shall not return unto Him void, but shall accomplish that for which it is sent.

Dear reader, will you not help where the need is so great, and the labourers so few? You can if you desire. God is the Hearer and Answerer of prayer. You go to Him constantly with your own needs, and the needs of your friends and dear ones. Will you not go to Him with the needs of the perishing heathen?

“Pray ye therefore, the LORD of the harvest, that He will send forth labourers into His harvest.”

F. CATIONS.

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## A Testimony.

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It is with praise and thanksgiving to the Lord, that I look back on nearly four years in India. It has been the happiest time of my life, because during it, He has let me realise that I have been in the centre of His will, and, O, it is so sweet to be there!

Before I left my homeland, Sweden, many things rose up to prevent my coming out to India; but the Lord, Who had called me to work among the women of this land, removed every difficulty, and opened the way. I knew that I was not fit to be a missionary, and I know that still; but I dared not say, “No,” for He showed me that He had called the things which are not, that no flesh should glory in His presence.

I was most unprepared, not having had the privilege which most missionaries have, of studying in a Missionary Training Home, before leaving the homeland. But the Lord Who knew better than I, what I needed, gave me a time of preparation during my first year, in Ceylon and in India. During the first five months He did a deep work in my soul, to prepare me for the indwelling of the Comforter, the Blessed Holy Ghost. This

time of preparation was a blessed time ; for during it I learnt to know Jesus as my Sanctifier and as the One Who baptizes with the Holy Ghost and with fire, as John said in S. Matt. 3:11. "Blessed be the name of Jesus ! I'm so glad He took me in."

I know that I was not worthy ; but by His grace He immersed even me in the Holy Ghost, and since that day, the 29th March 1907, He does the work, the speaking and the praying, through this channel, if there is nothing in me that hinders Him. Since then I also realise that I do not need that any man teach me, for the Anointing which I have received, abideth in me, and the same Anointing teaches me all things, and is truth. 1 John. 2: 27. So I know that He has put me into the best training school, with the Holy Spirit as my Teacher.

There is no training school that can be compared with His, for "He shall guide you into *all* truth" said Jesus, and He said too, "He shall glorify me : for He shall receive of Mine, and shall shew it unto you." Oh ! if only these two promises are fulfilled in my life, then it seems to me that I shall have enough, for Christ is all I want, and all I need. Blessed be His name.

In addition to all this, the Lord has given me a place to fill in His service. After a year of work in different places, to which I did not feel the Lord had exactly called me, I came to Mukti, and after some time had passed in waiting upon God, He showed me that this was my place. When I knew this, I soon settled down, and am very happy in the work which He gives me. I have had different kinds of work since I came here. At present, my place is in the Industrial School where we have about 180 girls who learn to weave.

This is a very important branch of the work, for in the weaving school we weave the saris for the girls. There are as you know, a large number of girls here, so even to be able to supply only one such outside garment for each girl yearly, we need to work hard. Each saree is eight yards long and about forty two inches wide. Many of the girls do nice work. Pandita Ramabai pays them according to the quality of their work ; so they generally try to do their work well ; but it is not an easy problem to work with cotton in this dry climate.

There are three girls at work at each loom, and they have to do all the preparation work from the beginning to the end, before putting the work into the looms. Thus they learn the whole trade, and will be able to do this kind of work with confidence, and without help, when they go and live in homes of their own. It is a great pleasure to me to help the girls in this work, but I desire more than anything else, that as I go in and out among them, I may also be able to help them in their spiritual life, for they are only young and need to be watched and taken care of. For this, I feel that I need to be filled with the Spirit and to have much wisdom from above, so that all that I do in word or deed may all be done to the glory of God.

INGEBORG LORENTZEN.

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“THE love of the Father to the Son is not a sentiment—it is a Divine life, an infinite energy, an irresistible power. It carried Christ through life and death and the grave. The Father loved Him and dwelt in Him, and did all for Him. So the love of Christ to us, too, is an infinite living power that will work in us all He delights to give us. The feebleness of our Christian life is that we do not take time to believe that this Divine Love does really delight in us, and will possess and work all in us. We do not take time to look at the Vine bearing the branch so entirely, working all in it so completely. We strive to do for ourselves what Christ alone can, what Christ, Oh! so lovingly, longs to do for us.

“And this is the beginning of a new life, when the soul sees this infinite love willing to do all, and gives itself up to it. ‘Abide in My love.’ To believe that it is possible so to live moment by moment; to believe that everything that makes it difficult or impossible will be overcome by Christ Himself; to believe that Love really means an infinite longing to give itself wholly to us and never leave us; and in this faith to cast ourselves on Christ to work it in us; this is the secret of the true Christian life.”—*Rev. Andrew Murray.*

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## “ With the King.”

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*“There they dwelt with the King for His work.” 1 Chron. 4:32.*

“**THERE** they dwelt,” among plants and hedges, hinderances of all sorts, thorns and briars, so that their work had to be done under difficulties; and it was not their own trade, for they were potters not gardeners, so they worked at a disadvantage; but it was dwelling “with the King.”

“*They dwelt*,”—the dwelling and the working must go together. “Abide in Me and I in you, so shall ye bring forth much fruit,” (Jn. 15:4.); and the working is an outcome of the dwelling. As we dwell or abide, we work, and as we work we bring forth fruit.

“*With the King*,”—so He was sharing the difficulties and knew all about them.

“*With the King*,”—so all His power was at their command.

“*With the King*,”—so they had His companionship, His presence, His counsel, His friendship and His fellowship.

“*For His work*,”—so they only took orders for the day, and all the care and responsibility were His. Responsibility involves “Responding to His Ability,” and, receiving “Ability to Respond.”

Lest any should fear they have not the ability, “The Spirit helpeth”—not our abilities— but our “infirmities.”

“In service which Thy love appoints,  
There are no bonds for me.  
My willing heart has learned the truth  
Which sets Thy people free;  
And a life of self renouncing love,  
Is a life of liberty.”

The foregoing message was given to the writer some years ago, just after having seen two fellow-workers sail away to England. On going back to double duty for at least six months, to more loneliness, and to many difficulties, these thoughts came bringing rest, contentment and joy; and it was with a glad heart that the work was undertaken, because it was to be, every day, “*Dwelling with the King for His work.*”

Here at Mukti also we realise at times, that it is dwelling among "plants and hedges," hinderances of all sorts. The rainy season finds out the weak points in our roofs, and dormitories must be changed, workrooms altered. Some of the girls get on the sick-list. Workers go on furlough, or to the hills, yet still the work goes on, some for a time doing double duty. And though some days it means a "steep ascent," yet the King with Whom we dwell, and Whose work this is, does so meet our needs in His ways, which are truly wonderful, that we are led into deeper fellowship and companionship, and we realise, that the experience means an increase of joy, in the Lord Who is our strength.

M. BERKIN.

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## "With the King for His Work"

By A. B. SIMPSON.

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"They dwelt with the king for his work,"  
 So reads the sweet story of old,  
 For the king was a shepherd and friend,  
 And his people the sheep of his fold.  
 "They dwelt with the king for his work,"  
 And whatever they wanted to know,  
 Whether counsel, or aid, or command,  
 To the king they could instantly go.

We too, have a glorious King,  
 The heavens, He says, are His throne,  
 All worlds are His mighty domain,  
 All kingdoms His sceptre shall own.  
 But He dwells with His people below,  
 And loves in their trials to share,  
 And we dwell "with the King for His work,"  
 And bring Him each burden and care.

I'm dwelling with Jesus my King,  
 I have found where He dwells with His own,  
 I have opened the door of my heart,  
 He has made it His temple and throne.  
 Like Mary I sit at His feet,  
 Like John, I recline on His breast,  
 In His presence is fulness of joy,  
 On His bosom is infinite rest.

And I dwell "with the King for His work,"  
 I've a part in His glorious plan,  
 For the kingdom of God on this earth,  
 And the help and salvation of man.  
 The world has its works and rewards,  
 I count them but folly and loss,  
 My business is only "His work,"  
 My message is only His cross.

I dwell "with the King for His work,"  
 And the work,—it is His and not mine,  
 He plans and prepares it for me,  
 And fills me with power Divine ;  
 And so duty is changed to delight,  
 And prayer into praise, as I sing  
 "I dwell with my King for His work,  
 And work in the strength of my King."

Shall we dwell "with the King for His work,"  
 As we enter the opening year ?  
 Perhaps, ere it passes, the King  
 In His glory Himself shall appear.  
 And then in some closer embrace,  
 And then in some nobler employ,  
 We shall dwell "with the King for His work,"  
 In endless, ineffable joy.



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

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

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

*Mr. W. Seeds, Rongotea, Wellington, New Zealand.*

*Mr. G. R. Walker, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.*

*Mrs. H. Saunders, 38 Starr Street, Chicago, Ill., U. S. America.*

*Rev. A. W. Rider, 319 W. 19th Street, Los. Angeles, Cal.,  
U. S. America.*

*Mrs. A. Goodenow, 142 W. Pico., Los. Angeles, California, America.*

*Mr. W. G. Davis, 1150 Eleventh Street, San Diego, California,  
U. S. America.*

*Mrs. Stillman Drane, 1249 W. 25th Street, Los. Angeles, California,  
U. S. America.*

*Mr. R. M. Bose, Lodge View, Hilton Road, Lucknow.*

*Miss Hull, Z. B. M. M., Shrinagar, Kashmir.*

*Mrs. M. King, c/o Mr. S. Harcourt King, Basim, Berar.*

*Mr. R. L. Lucy, Puri, Orissa Pipli, Bengal.*

*Miss M. Allen, M. D., Umaballa, Punjab.*

*Miss Enright, American Presby. Mission, Sangli, S. M. Ry.*

*Miss Frederick, P. I. V. Mission, Khed-Shivapur, Poona District.*

*Miss Martha Robins, Sawtelle, California, U. S. America.*

*Mr. Manoronjan Naug, 56 Middle Road, Entally, Calcutta.*

*Mrs. Ivory, Gordon Avenue, St. Albans, Christchurch, New Zealand.*

*Miss Annie Abigail, Karachi.*

*Dr. M. W. Gutteridge, Launceston, Tasmania.*

*Miss Inez M. Barker, c/o Mr. & Mrs. Albert Boscow, 5631 Vincent  
Street, Oakland, California, U. S. America.*

*Mrs. C. Modak, c/o E. M. Modak Esqr., Bel Bug, Jabalpur.*

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## Mukti Mission Prayer Union.

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

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

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

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

Mrs. Vagg ..... "Elim," 12 Berry Street,  
Clifton Hill, Melbourne,  
Victoria, Australia.

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

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

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

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

# Mukti Mission.

*The Mukti Mission is a purely undenominational, evangelical, Christian Mission designed to reach and help high-caste Hindu widows, deserted wives and orphans from all parts of India. It aims at training the young women and girls sheltered in Mukti home, mentally, morally and spiritually. Everything is done to enlighten the women and girls who come to this home. After receiving a thorough training for some years, they go out as teachers or Bible women to work in different Missions, and many of them get married and settle happily in their own homes.*

*Friends desiring to help in this work of God are asked to interest as many of their friends in this mission as they can, to pray regularly for it. The Mukti Mission depends wholly upon God. Friends are therefore urged to pray earnestly for it, that the Lord may "make all grace abound" toward it, that it "having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work."*

*God's children who desire to pray for it, need not consider themselves under any obligation to pay money toward its support. The founder of this Mission knows and has proved, that God answers prayer. The prayers of God's people are more precious than silver and gold.*

*Any Christian desiring to help this mission is requested to pray daily for the workers and the founder, that they may live and work in this mission, always doing the good will of God, "giving no offence in anything, that the ministry be not blamed: but in all things approving" themselves "as the ministers of God." Friends are requested also to unite with the members of the Mukti Church, on the first Tuesday of every month, in special prayer:—*

*1. That all orphans, homeless women, widows and girls in India may be rescued and placed under the wise management of godly Christian people*

*2. That all of them may be converted and saved to the uttermost and not one of them go astray.*

*3. That they may be filled with the Holy Spirit, and that the Lord of the harvest may send forth many of them as labourers into His harvest. Matt. 9: 38.*

*4. That those who become their foster parents may realize their responsibility, and faithfully discharge their duty according to God's commandment.*

*5. That the whole Indian Church may become a great evangelizing agency, so that the Gospel may be given to every man, woman and child in India by the Christians, as freely as they have received it.*

*"And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." Matt. 21: 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.*

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*Printed at the "Mukti Mission Press" Kedgaon, by Aaron Jacob Divekar, and published by Pandita Ramabai, at the Mukti Mission, Kedgaon.*