



Mukti Prayer-Bell.

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

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

“MUKTI,” KEDGAON, INDIA.

April, 1914.

Boxes and Parcels Received in 1913-14.

We gratefully acknowledge the following:—

- 1 Parcel from Mrs. Smart, England.
- 1 Parcel from Miss Victoria Busfield, England.
- 2 Parcels from Miss Dawson, England.
- 2 Parcels from Sister Geraldine, England.
- 1 Parcel from The Misses Carfrae, Scotland.
- 1 Parcel from Miss Pallot, New Zealand.
- 1 Parcel from The All Nations' Missionary Union, England.
- 4 Parcels from Mrs. Ivatt, England.
- 2 Parcels from Miss Lloyd, England.
- 7 Cases from New Zealand Friends, per Mrs. Blair Mason.
- 1 Case, per S. S. Medina.
- 2 Parcels from Miss Purse, Scotland.
- 1 Parcel from Miss Kitching, England.
- 1 Parcel from Miss Secretan, England.
- 1 Parcel from Miss Boys, England.
- 2 Parcels from Deutsche Mission Band, Germany.
- 5 Cases from Mrs. Mackenzie, New Zealand.
- 1 Case from Australian Friends, per Mrs. Coles.
- 1 Parcel from Mrs. Chowdhury, Calcutta.
- 1 Case from Mrs. Chatfield, U. S. America.
- 1 Parcel from Miss Dorothy Sheppard, England.
- 1 Parcel from Friends, per Miss Gedge, Bombay.
- 1 Parcel from Miss A. Lillie, England.
- 1 Parcel from Miss Mary Boddy, England.
- 1 Case from The Young Women's Christian Society,
Philadelphia, U. S. A.
- 1 Parcel from Mrs. H. Small, Scotland.
- 5 Parcels from Bethesda, Sunderland, England
- 1 Parcel from Mrs. Brownridge, England.

Mukti Prayer-Bell.

Vol. V. No. 4.

MUKTI, KEDGAON, INDIA.

April, 1914.

Meditation.

“Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise : be thankful unto Him and bless His name.” Ps. 100:4.

“I will praise the name of God with a song and will magnify Him with thanksgiving. This also shall please the Lord better than an ox or bullock that hath horns and hoofs.” Ps. 69:30-31.

“By Him therefore let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually.” Heb. 13:15.

Praise and Prayer.

OUR kind friend Lord Radstock has passed “within the Veil.” From the earliest days of the Mukti Mission he has been one of our most faithful friends and helpers. Many people all over the world mourn his loss for his interests were world-wide. The great desire of his heart seemed to be that the gospel should be preached to all nations, and so he did all he could to hasten the coming of the Kingdom. We pray that the loving Father Who has called His servant into His Rest will comfort and sustain all the sorrowing ones. Though Lord Radstock has gone from our midst, the fragrance of a life live

with Jesus remains, and we look forward to a day perhaps nearer than we think, when we shall meet him again in the presence of the King.

Mr. George Mackenzie was for many years one of our most devoted friends and helpers. His name is loved and revered by all in Mukti, but he too has finished his earthly race and knows now the full meaning of the Joy that was set before him. Our loss is great indeed, but for him what an eternal gain—even the “Well done” of Him he so loved and served while here on earth. Mr. and Mrs. George Mackenzie have for many years laboured incessantly in the interests of various Missions in India. Ever since the famine days of 1896 and 1900 they have supported many orphan children and helped in other ways. We thank God for His goodness in raising up such kind friends for us, and we pray that dear Mrs. Mackenzie may be comforted in her great sorrow and strengthened as she bravely continues to labour for the Master.

Supa is one of our out-stations about 10 miles from Mukti. God has given many open doors there for the Gospel and a school has been established and is in charge of an Indian master. On a recent Sunday morning 60 children were present representing almost as many homes and our hearts rejoice as we realise that a knowledge of our Lord Jesus is being spread in all these homes. Famine has been making itself felt among the poorer people and as we went to see just what their circumstances were, it was very touching to hear one frail, bent, old man say “Never mind about us, but do feed the children; do something for them.” We praise the Lord for enabling us to give grain to about 26 of the most needy families there.

It seems rather late to speak about Christmas 1913, but as no number of the Prayer Bell has been published since then we desire to take this opportunity of thanking our kind friends all over the world for all they have done to send the

Christmas message of "Glad tidings of great joy" to the members of our Mukti family, and to the many villagers who gathered at our doors in the afternoon of Christmas Day. A list of boxes and parcels sent by many people is being published on the cover as usual, and personal letters of thanks have so far as we know been sent to all. But we know that many scores of helpers young and old have contributed in various ways to the making up of these parcels. We are not able to write to all, but we thank *every one* very much, and we pray that every gift to the Lord's work at Mukti may bring a reflex blessing to the sender.

Please pray for the work of our Gospel bands. Those who were out in camp have been obliged to come in because of the great heat, but small bands from Mukti visit the neighbouring villages. Little Sunday Schools and two or three Day Schools have been opened by our young women who are seeking to lead the children to Christ. Please pray that many souls may be saved.

First Impressions of Mukti.

No one can be mistaken as to its being a Girls' Home. Women, girls and babies are everywhere. In India you are used to crowds of people, but Mukti is something quite different. Constantly at all times groups of girls can be seen passing backwards and forwards with a definite purpose, all showing a ruling power behind. Nothing is done by chance. There is one head in Mukti, and you recognise as you see the various departments of work, that her wisdom is from above; truly this is a place where God is honoured. One faces it at every turn.

Mukti speaks of industry, printing, drawn-thread work, embroidery, weaving, basket-making and other industries are seen on every side and give employment during the day to many hundreds of girls; nor is education forgotten, for all who show any aptitude for learning have at least half the day in school. Everywhere people are at work; there is no time here for the idle sitting about, gossiping or sleeping you so often see

in the villages of India, yet this is an Indian Home, controlled by an Indian woman, truly raised up by God to do a work for her country women, which no other woman has been called upon to do. Mukti is Indian not in any way European.

To see the ingenuity and skill of the Indian girl when she is taught, you need to pay a visit to the Printing room. Come with me now ; this is the type-setting room ; rows and rows of girls are before you picking, sorting and placing the tiny type letters which are in many languages—Marathi, Hindi, Greek, Hebrew and English, each one knows her place and the work goes on silently and rapidly. A European worker and an Indian matron are in charge of this department under Pandita Ramabai. Even here one can feel the throb and hear the thump of the engine, and printing machines, rapidly turning out sheet after sheet of printed matter. You cannot help rejoicing while looking on at the thought that every sheet bears tidings of Good News, soon to be spread far and wide among the people of India. The Indian matron who is in charge of this department was partly educated in America and is one of Mukti's most capable workers ; she manages the engine and knows all about the working of it and printing presses, and directs the girls under her.

Then, to see the patience and perseverance of the Indian character, visit the workrooms ; where needlework of all kinds is being done ; work that it pays to spend time in examining. But if you really want to see Mukti, you must go to Church on Sunday morning. The hundreds of girls gathered together for worship is a sight which must impress all who see it more than anything. Hundreds and hundreds of women and girls in heathen India gathered out of heathendom into a Christian community, and very many of them Christians, though all have not yet yielded to Jesus. At the back of the Church a dozen or twenty men, some Christian and some Hindu may be seen. Not only do they sit quietly and orderly and listen to the preacher, but a great number of them truly join in worship and praise to God.

I was much impressed with the faces and bearing of many of the elder girls, showing developed character. Mukti is like an Oasis in the Desert ; the surrounding district is barren and bare in the extreme ; but Mukti shows life, life everywhere. In-

side and outside the compounds shady trees and plants and flowers have been planted, and the little children may be seen, watering cans in hand, carrying water to the thirsty plants, typical of the Living Water which is carried to the villages around.

ROSA M. SMITH.

Christmas at Mukti,

NATURALLY our thoughts wend their way homeward at Christmas time and we think of loved ones; we picture their joy, and then stretching still further afield, we think of the universal rejoicing in all the home lands because of the Christ Child Whose birth we celebrate with such thankful, adoring hearts on Christmas Day. How different is the scene in this heathen land! No Christ Child, no Living One to help in time of need, no Saviour to take the burden of sin, no real joy, no hope, just a dull helpless despair, and beyond, all is dark—Oh so dark! But praise God, not all are heathen. In some places the Light has shone in and the darkness and despair have been chased away. Here at Mukti at least is one bright spot amid all the Heathen gloom, and many, many girls are gathered within its sheltering walls and while not all belong to Jesus, yet several hundreds are true Christians and certainly all know the Way of Salvation.

Thus it was that in the early morning of Christmas Day, while the stars were still in the sky, we were roused out of our sleep, by voices singing “O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.”

The little children headed by one or two of the middle sized girls and Manoramabai, were singing at Pandita Ramabai’s door, and the strains came floating on the still air until they fell so sweetly on our ears, and we wondered, “Could this be heathen India?” Oh! what it meant to us to hear in this land, rung out so clearly out of full happy hearts “O come let us adore Him.” But we stop our musings and dress quickly or

how shall we get everything crowded into the day that has to be done. First of all we gather in the spacious Church, which looks like a refreshing bower in its dress of green. True it is not holly, and there are no bright red berries, but everywhere green branches are fixed and pillars are wreathed in as ornamental a fashion as ever was done at home.

Then rows and rows of shining faces gathered to worship and praise Him Who had redeemed them indeed. After Church all the little children had their presents given to them and never were children happier or merrier. What showing off there was, of the newly acquired babies and what remarks about hair and eyes and feet, "Mine has hair," said one, "Yes, and mine has a hat and shoes and all," and dolly was hugged tighter in the little arms and not a little was added to the pleasure by the fact that these new babies had come in a big boat from away across the sea. The bigger girls had been taught to think of "Others" first, so without any grumbling they gave themselves to getting ready for what was perhaps the event of the day.

By 3 o'clock hundreds of people had gathered from the surrounding villages and crowded in front of "Mukti." What a sight they were—all sorts and conditions, men, women, and children, old and young, blind, lame, diseased, even lepers. "And Jesus looking upon the multitude had compassion on them," came to our remembrance. It must have been a similar scene in those olden days, and now as then they were made to sit down in companies and to each company the Bread of Life was broken and as simply as possible the Way of Salvation was put before them.

Then every child had a toy, every women a piece of material for a jacket, and finally the men all filed along one by one to Pandita Ramabai and she gave them each a cup of sugar and a Christmas card. What trepidation there was lest the things would not last out, occasionally the one in front got a push forward because the one behind was anxious to have his turn, the perspiration was rolling down many faces as we tried to deal out the things as fast as the stream of people came. Would they never stop. Everything we had was brought into requisition even to a box of old buttons, but finally the human

stream ceased, the last child was served and all had gone on their way rejoicing. Perhaps you will wonder why sugar was given to the men, but it is the custom here on occasions of great joy to give sugar. How our hearts went after the crowd, and we prayed that in days to come, as they remembered the gifts received, they might have brought back to their minds through the material gifts, Him Whom God gave to be the Saviour of just such as these, Him the "Unspeakable Gift," and when the Morning dawns, we trust to see some from this multitude at Jesus' feet. Pray that the seed scattered may bring forth an abundant harvest for His glory.

M. LISSA HASTIE,

Medical Echoes.

LOOKING back upon the past year, there does not seem anything very striking to relate, but we can indeed say, "Surely goodness and mercy have followed us all the days."

We thank God very especially for His goodness to our delicate girls and we ask prayer for them, that God may continue to bless them not only physically but spiritually too.

Our consumptive patients have a nice little Hospital right away from our other buildings in an open field. It was built mainly by our girls, and the bricks which are sun dried were also made by them. The name of the Hospital is Aeneas, from Acts. 9:34, and the words "Jesus Christ maketh thee whole" are up in a conspicuous place where all can see them and we believe God has spoken through them. And God *has* done great things for us. The girls who were in last January 1913, are now decidedly better and stronger than they were.

We rejoice much over one. It was a very real trial to her to be sent to this Hospital. She had been one of the busiest workers in the office, when it was discovered that consumption had really been making rapid progress. She went just before Christmas 1912, and how well I remember her mournful appearance on Christmas day, but thank God such a change has taken place and hers now is such a happy bonny looking face.

We have prayed and God has done in his Own wonderful way according to His promise "If ye pray I will do;" and we do praise Him and I believe the physical strength is due very largely to spiritual blessing. She yielded at the beginning and has been a very real help in that little Hospital. Now she is well enough to go out from time to time into the villages with the other girls who preach the Gospel. Some of our other patients are now able to take up some of their work again and two have commenced teaching in a little school in the village of Kedgaon, and seeking to win the children for Jesus. Then we have much to thank God for in regard to other things, for instance we see Him working in those who were so difficult to manage. How true it is that when one is just at one's "wits' end" *He* comes in and says, "Peace be still."

I have not much to say about our general medical work, but we are thankful to say that we have had very little to make us really anxious this last year, though frequently our Hospital is filled with those who need rest and extra care. It is difficult to give any idea of Mukti it is so unique. Surely there is only one "Mukti!" And I am sure it has just been held together by *Love*. One soon realizes, as one comes into daily contact with the girls, that it is much wiser to *lead* than to *drive*. When they realize that you are one of their own Maushies (Aunties) it makes all the difference, and they are ready to listen and follow. Dear girls! They may be very naughty at times, but to know most of them is I think to love them.

Pray for us! In an institution like this with its hundreds of girls, one realizes very strongly the powers of evil as well as the power of God, there are continually very real conflicts going on, but we know God *does* and *will* conquer.

Pray that God's will may be carried out in each one of these lives and in us too who are called in some little way to be "Shepherds," that He may see, here in Mukti, "of the travail of His soul and be satisfied."

MABEL TALBOT.

Hidden Service.

LITTLE mention has been made in the pages of the Mukti Prayer Bell of our Book-keeping Class. The class is so small and its work so different from that of the Gospel bands that few realise what an important part it plays in the affairs of the Mukti Mission. Yet the silver and the gold are His and those who handle it may glorify God in their work just as truly as those who preach the word on the streets or visit in the homes of the people; and as in the days of old God chose men full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom and gave them a special commission to serve tables, so we believe that those whom God has chosen among us to do what may seem trivial duties need much wisdom and power from above, and we crave the prayers of God's people for this special department.

We include in our class in book-keeping those girls who work directly under the direction of my mother and myself, and who help us in many little duties which must be controlled by us, and yet to which we are not free to devote all our time since more important duties call.

Let us follow some of these girls through their day's work and as we watch them we shall learn how we may pray for them.

First then, let us take a peep into a little passage way which is at present "Ramabai's Office." My mother moves her office to any place in Mukti where she feels she is needed most. At one time she may be in the printing office for five or six months, at another time her office is in the weaving room. Perhaps she wishes to watch the masons and carpenters at work and then her office will be for a time out of doors where she is sheltered from the sun by a little shed; or we may find her sitting on a verandah outside the kitchen watching the food being served to the many companies of Mukti girls seeing that each girl gets her right portion, and that the food is cooked properly, etc. etc. In this way the Mother of our family moves about from one department to another and wherever her office is, there people from every department of Mukti come to consult her about their work.

Early in the morning my mother meets the head carpenter, and the head mason, the head matron, the head of the weaving department, the chief typesetter and the leaders of many other departments and gives them their directions for the day. It is the work of the girl who helps my mother, to put her paper and pencils ready for her on the table, and to place ready to hand the various note-books and registers, dictionaries, concordances, books, rubbers, scissors and anything else that she is likely to need. As one by one the helpers come and talk over their business, this girl stands ready at any moment to open any cupboard and take down from any shelf anything that may be called for; to run any errand, to look up any record and to help in any way that she can.

When this part of the day's business is done perhaps the next thing on the programme is proof reading. Every Marathi tract or portion of Scripture that is printed in our printing press goes through Pandita Ramabai's hands. Sometimes my mother gets Hindu pandits or other gentlemen to do a little work under her direction in the way of proof reading or preparing manuscripts for the press. These helpers are usually paid for the number of pages which they have done, and so it is the duty of the girls who help my mother, to keep a faithful record of the amount of work done by each person, to put away and keep in order all manuscripts of this kind, and to reckon and record the amount of money due to each person.

Later in the day Pandita Ramabai may turn her attention to the weavers. Perhaps five or six girls come with pieces of cloth or saris that they have woven. Their work is received by one of our book-keepers. She examines each piece carefully and weighs it. Then she submits it to Pandita Ramabai for inspection, and turning up various note-books gives a correct estimate of the amount of material, yarn, dye, etc., that has been put into the piece and states the exact time that the girl has taken to weave it. Pandita Ramabai takes these details into consideration and fixes the price accordingly. This price is marked by our young accountant on the goods and entered into a note-book with the sum which is to be paid to the girl for her work.

But here comes a merchant. He has brought various samples of grain—wheat, rice, jwari, etc.; He names his price—

but he does not mean what he says, for this is the country where the shopkeeper marks his goods at a much higher price than he expects to get, and waits for his customer to beat him down to what happens to be the market price. When my mother has done this part of the business and stated how many sacks of grain she has decided to buy, one of our book-keepers comes forward and undertakes to measure the grain. She spreads a large piece of sacking on the ground, and after emptying his grain upon it the merchant proceeds to fill his measure and to count aloud measure after measure as he empties it into some sack brought for the purpose. An Indian merchant never begins by counting "One," for that would bring ill luck and he might get only one rupee ; so instead of saying " One" he says "Profit" and then he goes on to count "two, three, four," etc. The girl watches him closely as he is likely to cheat if he can, and then she puts down in what we call the Grain Book the exact number of measures, and reckons how much money is due to him. I might go on to tell in detail what we put down in the various note-books but as space will not allow this I will only mention that a similar record is kept by those girls to whom it may be appointed, of the number of quarts of milk that are bought, the number of pounds of meat, the amount of wood and fuel, the kerosine oil, the sugar, and the materials which are bought for printing, needlework, basket-making and every other industry in Mukti.

In the needlework classes the European helpers keep a record of each girl's work and send their reports to us. The girls in the book-keeping class copy these reports and keep a record of the amount due to each girl. Every now and then we have a pay day, and then our book-keepers are very busy ; for while my mother or I do the actual paying of the money, our girls help us to get money changed and counted and to keep the books straight. This is no easy matter when there are several hundreds to pay and much of the paying is in small change.

Once a month my mother asks one of the village merchants to bring his shop to Mukti. He brings grain, curry powder, spices, sugar, and other groceries and spreads them out for sale. It is not easy in a large family like this to arrange

for the girls to have much choice of food, and to consider all the various likes and dislikes ; so my mother has given some of her elder girls the privilege of buying their own stores and cooking for themselves. But our girls have very little experience of the world and if they went to the bazaar to buy their provisions the Hindu merchants would cheat them, so the arrangement is that once a month when the merchant's shop comes one of our matrons helps the young women in their choice of provisions and a record is kept by one or two of the book-keepers of what each one buys. Then the merchant is paid a lump sum for all that has been bought. Nearly all those who cook separately are engaged in some work of responsibility, and they are paid a fixed sum every month. Out of this sum we deduct the amount that has already been paid to the merchant for them, and the amount that they wish to pay for milk or any little extras that they may want, and give them the rest of the money so that they may buy their vegetables and clothing with it. This system involves a good deal of book-keeping, but we have found it very satisfactory.

Once a week we have a market day. On this day the villagers from many villages gather at the market-place near Kedgaon station to sell their goods. This weekly bazaar is a great boon to the poor people because it fixes the market price of goods. As we can only get vegetables once a week we need a large quantity, and the village people are glad to bring their goods to our doors ; so though the bazaar is a little distance away from Mukti, we have a regular Mukti Bazaar in front of our house. The grain merchants bring large quantities of grain at a time, but the poor people who sell vegetables and fruit bring just what they have been able to grow in their own gardens and so on bazaar days we spend several hours buying twopennyworth, or sixpennyworth, or a halfpennyworth of vegetables from fifty or sixty or even eighty or more poor people. This involves many little entries in the account books, and many payments in copper coins, and while our book-keepers are busy with the books and the money, one or two girls from our Bible School may be seen going in and out among the people and talking to them about Jesus. Here also we have a small shop of our own where other members of our

book-keeping class do their best to sell goods made in the Mukti Industrial School.

Once a fortnight there is another pay day when the watchmen and field labourers are paid, and then our girls produce registers of attendance which have been kept, and reckon just how much each man should be paid for work or fined for absence at a certain rate per day. Sometimes an ignorant man who knows nothing at all of the science of arithmetic thinks he has been paid too little, and then we have to try in many different ways such as counting on our fingers and naming each day separately, to convince him that he has been paid justly.

There are many things which we need in the line of industrial and school materials which we cannot buy here ; so once or twice a week a man is sent to Poona to buy certain things, and then the goods he brings back have to be examined and his account taken.

Every day all these petty accounts are gathered together and entered by our girls in one large cash book.

There are several other important kinds of work that these young helpers are learning to do. With our assistance they keep a record of all the money which comes by money order or by postal order, and of all the small amounts paid in, in various ways. They see that the receipts are properly made out, and that no mistake has been made in reducing dollars, and cents, pounds, shillings and pence, marks, or francs into Indian money. They keep records which help to remind us of the needs of the various Gospel bands who are out in camp and must have money to buy their provisions. They see that certain bills are paid by money order and others perhaps by cheque or in cash, and keep a faithful record of all proceedings.

Of course every bit of their work is examined and corrected, for our girls are not professional book-keepers who know just how to do things in the proper way. They are just learning and they make many mistakes ; but they are receiving a good business training, and what is more they are learning lessons in faithfulness, accuracy and patience which will, we hope some day make them really useful women.

Besides this our girls are learning lessons in prayer and faith. God does not send us money for a whole year in advance. He does not send for a whole month in advance, or even for a week. If He did we might forget the One Who in His great goodness gives us all these benefits. The manna came day by day, and as Our God gives His children their spiritual food morning by morning, so He also supplies our temporal needs. Our book-keepers have learnt to calculate just how much is needed day by day. They are trusted not to talk about the accounts to any who are not in their class, but we sometimes hear them talking among themselves and making such remarks as this, "What shall we do for to-morrow?" "The poor villagers will be so disappointed if we do not buy their vegetables for they are really in want of food." "To-morrow is the day for the money to be sent to the band in S— or B—(or some other place). They will be needing it." "And look, the money bags are empty!" "Oh! we must pray. Our Father God will send the money." And so we all go to our knees and tell the Heavenly Father. In the morning, perhaps just in time, the supply comes—"all our need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus—" and as we thank Him for His goodness, we wonder how we could ever have doubted Him.

MANORAMABAI.

Love Gifts.

MARY loved the Lord Jesus so much and she longed; oh, how she ached with an intense longing to show her love in some way, for loving ever means giving:—"God so loved that He gave" but what could Mary give? She was poor and had no money, moreover she had been for years a helpless cripple and scarce knew what it was to be free from pain.

Day after day the same thought consumed her "What can I do for Jesus?" And the intensity was turned into a prayer. "Lord Jesus show me, oh show me quickly what I can do for

Thee." And the Master understood that dear heart and answered its cry. How precious was the love to Him Who had given all for love's sake. So into that humble home He sent some booklets which told how God had laid hold of an Indian woman—poor, and despised, because she was a widow—and used her to gather into a home hundreds of India's child widows and deserted wives, used her to take them out of the terrible sadness and woe to which they were doomed and bring them into the sunshine of His love, and how daily this handmaid of the Lord spread the needs of this huge family before Him and trusted Him for their supply. The story fired Mary's heart and she prayed "Lord I have no money but do let me help."

One day a friend called. Her daughter had lately gone in to dwell with the King of Kings, and had left at her death \$1·30 a very small sum. Ah! but the Lord multiplies in a wonderful way things given into His hands.

This sum was given as a love gift to Mary. Yes! it would buy lots of things she wanted, but she would have none of them. Like a flash it came to her, "this shall be my love gift to Jesus, my capital for Him." So she called all the neighbouring children to her and told them of India's sorrowful little ones until they too were fired to help; then she gave them each 2 cents (a penny) to buy an egg with from which they were to raise a missionary chicken. Surely God blessed those chickens for soon Mary had \$15·00 = £3 in hand. Then came a meeting in the Church and when people heard of the Love Gifts they wanted to share in them too and so \$6·00 more were added to the \$15·00 and as the money speeded on its way to India what glad hearts it left behind! The children were blessed, the grown-ups were blessed, and the minister was blessed, more than that I think the one looking down from glory rejoiced over the dollar she had left behind, for she saw not only the gladness on earth but she saw too the joy of the Master's heart, as He saw His little ones loving Him so much that they gave until it cost them something, gave to help what is so on His dear heart—the salvation of those who are still sitting in darkness and the shadow of death. Who else will give Him such joy?

M. LISSA HASTIE.

A Picnic.

Is it really time to get up? It seems such a little while since we went to bed; yet one hears in the distance the sound of many voices,—excited voices, laughing voices, merry voices. It is quite dark! But that is nothing to reckon by, as we always rise by lamp light here. Lazily turning over to strike a match you discover that it is 2-30 A.M.! Then why this talk, why this commotion at this early hour. You lie in that dreamy half conscious state, hearing all yet not wishing to be disturbed till at 4 A.M. the bell for rising rings; then the hum of voices increases, and by the time you are dressed and outside, the very air seems to be electrified, so great is the excitement. Everyone you meet is intent on her particular business which must be rapidly got through this morning. There is no time to spare; those you meet simply greet you with a “salaam” and pass on.

What is the meaning of it all? Shall I tell you? Mukti is going to have a picnic! “All Mukti?” you ask. Yes, all Mukti; with its hundreds of girls is going into the jungle, a mile and a half away. Now do you want me to tell you the reason of the early rising? There were sweets to make, and bread to bake and such a lot of things to get ready. At five o’clock the different divisions began to assemble on the road in front of the home for at 5-30 A. M. they are to start. How shall I describe the scene to you? A long straight white dusty road with bright green trees on either side stretches before you, and as far as the eye can see along the middle of this road, in fours, are hundreds of girls, their bright red, green, blue and other coloured saris making the whole a picture that it is good to look back upon and remember.

As they move forward the sun dances on the brightly polished brass drinking vessels which each one carries on her head. Any one who has a ribbon, a string of beads, a bangle or a medal has it on or else has lent it to a friend to wear, and these all add to the effect of this oriental picture. Lastly in this long procession come those from the Rescue

Home and the Hospital. Many girls with babies astride on their hips and their drinking vessels daintily poised on their heads pass on intent on thoroughly enjoying the day. All those who are able to be about in hospital are not going to miss such a treat. One poor old woman who is almost bent double gets along with the aid of a pole. The blind girls are led along by those who have their sight. Very touching is this little part of the picture, for if they cannot see they can hear the enjoyment of the others.

All are on pleasure bent. Woe betide the unfortunate snake that dares to show even the tip of its tail, or the peaky little squirrel that does not keep to the topmost branches of the trees. It is our day and their haunts will be disturbed. Now come five bullock tongas. These are for the children who are too big to be carried and too small to walk so far. What cart-loads of bright bonnie faces with dark eyes dancing in anticipation of what is before them, singing as they go. You would recognise the old familiar tunes of "Jesus loves me" and "When He cometh" but not the words; they would be quite foreign to you.

I turned from the bright scene and went back into "Mukti" for I had to wait for a "Marathi" lesson before I could join the merry makers. But the chill as I went in! It was not like Mukti, it was more like a graveyard, for in Mukti one always sees and hears girls; but here was silence, yes, absolute silence; even the birds were quiet and the old crow's "caw, caw" seemed more dismal, as if even he missed the girls. The school was empty and the grinding stone silent. I was glad when my lesson was over to leave the unnatural quietness of the place to follow the girls to the jungle.

The old ruins of a heathen temple stand on the highest part where the picnic is being held, and all the rocks and stones on the way leading to it are smeared with red and white paint, while sitting on a pinnacle there is an old heathen priest, watching the scene, no doubt, with great interest, and at the same time standing guard lest the touch of a Christian child should unwittingly defile the abode of the lifeless god.

Under the green trees and in the shelter of the great boulders, little groups are seen everywhere. Many are seeking for fruit on the prickly pear bushes, for who minds thorns at a picnic. Others stand round waiting their turn of the great swings that have been put up by the girls, and keen is the delight of the children when they get some of the workers on to them. Oh, how they push.

How good the curries etc. taste when dinner is served by the elder girls.

Every one is ready to do ample justice to the good things which have been prepared. At 12 o'clock the children are gathered and put in the tongas to return, happy and tired, ready for their mid-day rest. Their merry voices singing all the way home. Trying to save her banana one wee child falls out but that is something to laugh about on Picnic Day, whatever else it may be on ordinary days.

By one o'clock the picnic ground is deserted. Only the down-trodden grass and the shrubs and bushes that have been robbed of berries and fruit can tell the story of the coming and going of a "merry troop," and one would have liked to have read the thoughts of the silent watchful temple priest. But one glimpse into the fathomless depths of those dark mystical eyes, and you know your task is impossible.

Satisfied with this half day of pleasure, once again Mukti seems like Mukti. All settle down to a little rest feeling very thankful that the hand of a dear Heavenly Father has been over us and all are once again safe and sound in the shelter of home.

JESSIE FERGUSON.

The Philipus Class.

"Not all our girls are good angels as yet," said Pandita Ramabai one day. A fact which we realise often, though we can, and do praise God, for all that the Gospel of His grace has done for many of them, transplanting them from the King-

dom of darkness, into the Kingdom of light, and making them new creatures in Christ Jesus. Yet in a large community like Mukti, where there are girls from all castes and creeds, our readers will readily understand, that among them are some with ungoverned tempers, pugilistic tendencies, uncontrolled passions, some coming from the thief caste, others who object to restraint of any kind, and whose chief desire is to run away. To let these be among the others, would upset the discipline of the whole place; discipline which is necessary, if the daily wheels of work are to run smoothly. Hence it has been found necessary to keep these girls apart in a separate room.

These girls form the "Philipus Class." Some may ask "Why this name?" It implies a great faith and a great hope, for "Philip the Evangelist, had four daughters which did prophesy." Acts 21:9. Philipus is the Marathi name for Philip. Pandita Ramabai's hope for these girls is, that one day they may all become preachers of the Gospel.

Their daily work is to sweep Mukti and keep it clean, water some of the trees, and empty the waste water tanks. In the afternoon, they go to school, having a separate class room and teacher; afterwards they grind their grain and bake their bread, as all the others do; then in the evening they are all gathered together for prayers. This, to some at least, is the bright spot in the day, and with much pleasure do they join in the singing of hymns and reverently and quietly listen to the Gospel Message given.

At other times a walk is taken in the evening, when full vent is given to their vocal powers—they run and skip about like kittens, and are as merry as girls can be; then choosing a shady spot we sit down and have a time of singing and prayer in the open air and in the twilight return home, hands and hair full of the wild flowers which they have gathered. Many of them are quick, clever girls, and some who were once in this class, are now doing good work in other parts of Mukti. Pandita Ramabai reports that some of her best type setters in the Printing Department, have come from the Philipus Class; their quick use of the fingers makes them expert in this work.

The writer specially remembers how in one evening meeting one little girl drew near, and affectionately placed her arm round the speaker's waist, when a moment after, the light fingers were felt extracting the safety pin, which kept the lady's belt in place. When any show signs of true repentance for their sin, and their conduct is reported as good, they are forgiven and allowed to leave this class, and go into other divisions, and more than one girl has been known to have testified that the discipline had done her good, though no girl in Mukti would choose to go into the "Philipus" herself. One girl remarked on being let free again, "Now I know what forgiveness of sin means; I heard of it in the Philipus Class, but now I know what it is."

On the other hand discouragement often comes, and hopes that were raised are dashed down again. Some months ago, the tempter suggested to some of them to run away. Seven yielded, and eluding the vigilance of their two matrons, got outside early one morning before daylight, and set off. They went over fields and trackless places, choosing them rather than the roads, to avoid being seen. They were soon missed however, and responsible persons sent after them, for what the fate of seven girls, unprotected and wandering about in India might be, would be hard to describe! Before night they were brought back and safely housed within the Mukti walls again. Afterwards as they claimed sympathy for their sore and blistered feet, because of the rough places they had been wandering in, one could but remind them that, "the way of transgressors is hard."

The problem still remains, how best to deal with this class. To neglect the discipline, or shirk the responsibility by sending them away, would be running the risk of losing the "crown" which is promised to those who overcome. Shall the "Hope" for them be realised? Is anything too hard for the Lord? He who could change the persecuting Saul into a preacher of the Gospel, is the same today, and our trust is in Him. May we ask the readers of this "Prayer Bell" to join with us

in this conflict that the prey may be snatched from the mighty? Helpers together by prayer all can be, and each girl has a redeemed soul, needing to know the "double cure," salvation from sin, and its power; but only with the weapon "All prayer and supplication in the spirit" can victory be gained. Will our readers join with us in this service, that we fail not but hope on, and toil on, remembering our Lord's words to His disciples "Always to pray and not to faint" and "In due time ye shall reap if ye faint not."

M. BERKIN.



A Prayer.

O that mine eyes might closed be
 To what concerns me not to see;
 That deafness might possess mine ear
 To what concerns me not to hear;
 That truth my tongue might always tie
 From ever speaking foolishly;
 That no vain thought might ever rest
 Or be conceived within my breast;
 That by each deed and word and thought
 Glory may to my God be brought.
 But what are wishes! Lord, mine eye
 On Thee is fixed; to Thee I cry!
 Wash, Lord, and purify my heart,
 And make it clean in every part;
 And when 'tis clean, Lord, keep it, too,
 For that is more than I can do.

— Thomas Elwood, A. D. 1639.

The Tree God Plants.

The wind that blows can never kill
 The tree God plants ;
 It bloweth east, it bloweth west,
 The tender leaves have little rest,
 But any wind that blows is best ;
 The tree God plants
 Strikes deeper root, grows higher still,
 Spreads wider boughs, for God's good will
 Meets all its wants.

There is no frost hath power to blight
 The tree God shields ;
 The roots are warm beneath soft snows,
 And when Spring comes it surely knows,
 And every bud to blossom grows,
 The tree God shields
 Grows on apace by day and night,
 Till sweet to taste and fair to sight
 Its fruit it yields.

There is no storm hath power to blast
 The tree God knows ;
 No thunderbolt, nor beating rain,
 Nor lightning flash, nor hurricane—
 When they are spent it doth remain.
 The tree God knows
 Through every tempest standeth fast,
 And from its first day to its last
 Still fairer grows.

If in the soul's still garden-place
 A seed God sows—
 A little seed—it soon will grow,
 And far and near all men will know
 For heavenly lands he bids it blow.
 A seed God sows,
 And up it springs by day and night ;
 Through life, through death, it groweth right ;
 Forever grows.

—Lillian E. Barr.

**Combined Financial Statement of the Mukti
Mission for the period from the 15th August
1909 to 29th February 1912.**

Name of Account.	Amount Received.			Amount Expended.		
	Rs.	a.	p.	Rs.	a.	p.
To Balance	387	11	9½
„ Mukti Mission Fund ...	205,002	7	6
By Food a/c	75,851	11	8½
„ School a/c	571	15	6
„ Salary a/c	36,261	2	7
„ Clothing a/c	5,894	0	9
„ Farm a/c	5,143	12	6
„ House Utensils a/c	2,022	9	10
„ Travelling Expenses a/c	2,050	0	11
„ House Expenses a/c	9,834	0	4
„ Printing a/c	10,430	10	5
„ Church a/c	27,612	4	7
„ Post & Telegraph a/c...	1,871	14	4
„ Medical Expenses a/c...	2,035	2	0
„ Building a/c	5,317	2	0
„ Book a/c	141	8	9
„ Stationary a/c	495	13	0
„ Loan a/c	17	0	0
„ Industrial School a/c...	14,338	10	6
„ Miscellaneous a/c	4,412	11	11
„ Balance	1,087	15	8
RUPEES...	205,390	3	3½	205,390	3	3½

Examined & Found Correct.

BOMBAY,
3rd April 1913.

F. L. MACAFEE,
Auditor.

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

- Rev. S. Elvin Azziz, M. E. Mission, Fort, Belgaum, S. M. R.*
Rev. John Lampard, M. E. Mission, Byculla, Bombay.
Dr. S. Pulney, Andy, Middleton House, 45 Pursavakam High Rd.,
Vepery, Madras.
Mr. A. D. Ohol, R. A. B. D., Zal Villa 1982 Cament St., Poona.
Mrs. L. Summerhayes, O. M. S. Quetta, Beloochistan.
Dr. F. Hugelberg, Patakota. Tanjore District, S. India:
Dr. Sodhi, Nicolson Road, Lahore.
Dr. Platt, St. Margaret's Hospital, Poona.
Mrs. E. W. Dresser, River View, Maidenhead, Berkshire, England.
Mr. C. P. Fritchley, 89 Thompson St. Rangoon, Burma.
Mrs. Thorp, W. M. S. Hardwick's Cottage, Mysore City.
Mrs. Louisa Abel, c/o Dr. R. Abel, Laki Lindh.
Pastor J. Dannemann, Eisenach, Wurtburg, Germany, Europe.
Heer P. T. Dammann, Light and Leben, Evangelifeches, Wochenblett,
Eifenach. Den, Um, Futze, der Wantburg, Germany, Europe.
Miss Astrid Wulff, Soldenfeldts, Stiftelse, Sosseringen 85, Zobenham,
Denmark, Europe.
Rev. J. R. Bruske, Szibben, Hey de Krug, Ostprenjsen, Germany,
Europe.
Mr. W. A. Leverton, 13 Ashmead Rd. St. John's, London, S. E.,
England.
Miss C. Storr, 18 West Cliff Terrace, Ramsgate, Kent, England.
Miss Laura V. Long, 205 W. 4 th. St. Long Beach, California, U. S.
America.
Mrs. G. C. Ball-Action, The Elms, Stapleton, Bristol, England.
Mrs. S. Halpin, 345 Terrace, Wellington, New Zealand.
Miss L. J. Stevenson, Compton, Valley Rd., Mt Eden, Auckland,
New Zealand.
Mr. Russell Baker, Carrington, Rd., New Plymouth, New Zealand.
Mr. J. Campbell, 16 Lawson St., Sydenham, Christchurch, New
Zealand.
Miss Rhoda Edwards, 11 Laureston Place, Dover, England.
Rev. W. H. Durham, 2836 North West Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S.
America.
Miss Jessie A. Damon, 700 Garfield Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S
America.
Miss Grace Miller, Mohammerah, Persian Gulf.

Mukti Mission Prayer Union.

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

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

MRS. H. S. DYERAldington,
Near Hythe, Kent,
England.

MRS. RACHEL NALDERWindsor,
Nova Scotia,
Canada.

MRS. MACKAY 8, Mitchell Street,
St. Kilda, Melbourne,
Victoria, Australia.

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

MRS. ADA GOULD 31, Adelaide Street,
Launceston, Tasmania.

MISS L. ELLA MILLER 1031, Everett Street,
Los. Angeles, California,
U. S. America

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

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 someone would send us the correct address of any of these friends:—

- Mrs. G. A. Taplin, 170, Madison, Pasadena, California, U. S. America.*
Miss Marian Miller, Nowgong, Bundel Khand District, Central India.
Rev. D. Bush, Basel Mission, Hubli, Dharwar, S. M. R.
Rev. M. Metzler, Basel Mission, Hubli, Dharwar, S. M. R.
Rev. A. E. Ayers, M. E. Mission, Grant Road, Bombay.
Rev. W. D. Beal, M. E. Mission, Belgaum, India.
Miss Lina Whal, Murrhardt, Nr. Diakonission, Germany, Europe.
Mr. John Mc'Cready, Jr., 5, Vindmount Drive, Maryhill, Glasgow, Scotland.
Miss Forde, Elm Tree Lodge, E. Finchley, London, N., England.
Miss Jessie Brown, 209, Kilmarnock Road, Shawlands, Glasgow, Scotland.
Rev. William C. Owen, Atmakur, Nellore District.
Miss L. Metcalfe, 3 End Street, Nr. Boulevard, Hull, Yorkshire, England.
Mrs. J. H. Woodruff, Lock Box 135, Arlington, Texas, U. S. America.
Mr. Ernest A. Rimmer, Belgaum, S. M. C.
Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, Washington, U. S. America.
Rev. A. H. Dugdale, Pomona, California, U. S. America.
Miss M. C. Groman, The Chicago Hebrew Christian Mission, 576 Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Ill., U. S. America.
Miss E. Putman, 1500, Kilbourn Street, Seattle, Washington. U. S. America.
Mr. Harry Taylor, Vincent Street, Auckland, New Zealand.
Mrs. O. Jensen, Mingo, Barber, Kansas, U. S. America.
Mr. J. Folinsbee, 651, Queen Street, Toronto, Canada.
-

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.

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