"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, POONA DISTRICT, INDIA.
February, 1916.
List of Boxes and Parcels received since October 1914.

5 Parcels and 7 Cases from Mrs. Mackenzie, New Zealand.
9 Cases from New Zealand Friends.
2 Cases from Melbourne, Australia.
1 Basket from South Australia.
2 Parcels from Miss Wharton Thompson, England.
1 Parcel from R. D. Colpetto, U. S. America.
2 Parcels from Miss Annette Lillie, England.
1 Parcel from Mrs. Mathie, Hyderabad.
1 Parcel from J. E. Carpenter, U. S. America.
1 Parcel from Mrs. Scroggie, England.
1 Parcel from Miss Walker, England,
   (including dolls from Talbot Tabernacle.)
1 Parcel from Mr. D. G. Ford, New Zealand.
1 Parcel from Roach Brothers, New Zealand.
1 Parcel from All Nations Missionary Union, England.
1 Parcel from Miss Impey, University Settlement, Bombay.
2 Parcels from James Bellamy, Grimsby, England.
4 Parcels from Miss Purse, Scotland.
2 Parcels from Miss Chowdhury, Howrah.
1 Parcel from M. C. Hunt, New Zealand.
1 Parcel from Mrs. E. R. Snow, New Zealand.
2 Parcels from Mrs. Root, U. S. America.
1 Parcel from Miss Laird, Scotland.
2 Parcels from Miss M. T. Scott, England.
1 Case and 5 Parcels from Bethesda, Sunderland, England.
1 Parcel from Bethesda Primary Class, Sunderland England.
1 Parcel from Miss Ramsey, Scotland.
1 Parcel from Blenheim, New Zealand.
2 Parcels from Miss Busfeild, England.
1 Parcel from Miss Boddy, England.
1 Parcel from Miss Murray, England.
1 Parcel from Miss Lloyd, England.
Meditation.

"For the love of Christ constraineth us: because we thus judge, that if One died for all, then were all dead: And that He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them, and rose again."

2 Cor. 5:14, 15.

"For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

Phil. 1:21.

"Christ is all and in all." Col. 3:11.

Praise and Prayer.

God has been very gracious to us during the past year. When the war broke out we were inclined to be afraid lest amid the many increasing demands and interests, and because of the great need, we might have difficulty in providing for our large family. But we have proved that our fears were groundless. Our Father’s resources are abundantly equal to every emergency and His care and His love and His faithfulness are wonderful. Hallelujah!

Please pray for Pandita Ramabai’s Bible translation work. Many of our friends know that besides superintending the work
of the Mukti Mission, Pandita Ramabai has for some years been spending all the time she can give to literary work in making a Marathi translation of the Bible. She is trying to make a translation which will be correct and yet simple enough for the simple village people to understand. Parts of this new translation are being circulated among the Marathi speaking people. Please pray that God's word may sink into the hearts of those who read it.

We praise God that His Holy Spirit is working a quiet but very real work in the hearts of some of the non-Christian people around us. The sweet story of God's great love has power to win the hearts of men, and one by one weary souls are seeking and finding rest and peace through the precious blood of Christ.

We are glad to welcome Miss Craddock from England and Mrs. Meline from Sweden as members of the Mukti Mission. Miss Craddock is especially interested in work among the Blind, and our blind girls and women are delighted to feel that in answer to their prayers God has sent someone to be their special "Maushi" (Auntie). Mrs. Meline hopes to work in the villages with Miss Stroberg who has just returned from furlough. Miss Whitley too has returned, and our hearts are filled with praise to God for His goodness to us in sending reinforcements, and for the safe voyage granted to our sisters. Please pray that God's whole purpose may be fulfilled in and through each one during her time in India.

Many will be rejoiced to see the name of Mrs. Rachel Nalder at the end of an article in this number of the Prayer Bell. Dear Mrs. Nalder is one who has been specially called of God to represent Mukti Mission in the homelands, and God has blessed her labour of love in a marked way. Mrs. Nalder arrived in India shortly before Christmas, and we are very glad to have her among us. She is very tired after her specially heavy work during the last three or four years. We hope
that she will soon be rested and refreshed. We thank God for raising up Mrs. Nalder and many other good friends for us. May His rich blessing rest upon them.

We are very very grateful to all who have sent us boxes and parcels for Christmas. These Christmas gifts have come as a sweet reminder of Our Father’s mindfulness and love. We were all prepared to have no Christmas presents, because we knew that our friends were giving all that they could for the relief of the wounded soldiers and others who are suffering as a result of the war. Yet in many ways this last Christmas has been the best we have had for several years.

The girls and young women of Mukti are keenly interested in the progress of the Allies during this war. They have been deeply touched by the sufferings of the Belgians, Armenians and many others. Some of our girls have brothers and cousins who have gone to the front among the Indian troops. Last Christmas Pandita Ramabai sent fifteen hundred bags of sweets to the Indian soldiers at the front. One widow woman gives one fifteenth part of her wages regularly to the war fund. Many other contributions have been made, and many who could not give money have given much time to do needlework for the soldiers who are so bravely facing the foe. All are praying that victory may soon come. In the meanwhile our hearts are eagerly looking upward for the coming of the Prince of Peace.

"And if thou canst not go, yet bring,
An offering of a willing heart,
Then though thou tarriest at home,
Thy God shall give thee too thy part;
The messengers of peace, up-bear
In ceaseless and prevailing prayer."

E. M. Grimes.
Mukti, as I found it.

About twenty years ago, I learned of Pandita Ramabai from various missionary magazines. From the first I became fascinated. Every time I saw the name “Ramabai,” a strange subtle attraction drew me to read everything I could lay my hands on about her. Knowledge brought intense interest, and produced prayer. Soon I sought to spread the knowledge among all the people I could meet in my home in Windsor, Nova Scotia. Funds were sent in as far back as 1892, my first dated receipt.

I travelled a great deal to speak of this work for India’s women, first throughout my own province of Nova Scotia, then through New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Ontario, Quebec, New York, Chicago, Indiana, California, Michigan, England, Ireland, New Zealand, Tasmania and Australia.

All through these years there has been a deep desire to see the work for myself; especially after I saw Ramabai in my home in 1898, and Manoramabai in New York in 1900 during the Ecumenical Council; but the Lord kept me busy fulfilling the ministry He had evidently placed in my hands of telling the story of Mukti, which resulted in a multitude of friends and much financial help for the work. I praise God for this privilege granted by Himself, and all the joy and blessing it has brought into my own life, in meeting so many thousands of His choicest saints in every part of the Christian world. If fellowship in this world be so sweet, what will it be when we all reach our eternal home of rest.

After a strenuous time of touring in New Zealand and Australia, one year and eight months, the Lord laid it upon the hearts of some friends to provide the money to send me to India, thus fulfilling the desire of years. Thank God!

On November 2nd, Miss F. B. Lysnar, Miss Ayers and I left Melbourne, reached Mukti on December 4th, and received a loving welcome from Pandita Ramabai and he-
daughter, and from the various workers. It was a joy to see them all looking so well and happy.

Miss Couch took us all around to see the various departments. The school work specially interested me as I examined the work done in the different grades. It was most interesting to watch the bright faces of the girls and boys, and to learn the names of some of them. Martin Luther particularly, is always in evidence, hovering about "Mother," as all the large family call Pandita Ramabai. He caused quite a general laugh last Sunday as he placed her chair on his head after church, and marched out.

I watched Martin during service. He was so closely reading the hymns and Scripture, then he patiently sat on the floor during the sermon, and also through a long communion service. Oh the scores of just such precious "little ones" here, each to be gathered into the Tender Shepherd's arms.

A sweeter sight I have never seen than this enormous family of old and young and middle-aged, each loving and looking up to the only true Mother many have ever known. Whenever you happen to get a sight of either Ramabai or Manoramabai, you are sure to see groups of little children, all eager for a word or a pat, and at times a little "sweet" besides from Bai and Tai (Mother and Sister.) I saw three very tiny babies a few weeks old and thanked God they were safe from the cruel fate of thousands of children in this land of darkness. What a deep joy to know that such will be saved the horrors of Hinduism.

The children of the married couples are here in numbers. One of the matrons showed me her adopted daughter whom she took when three weeks old, now a girl of seven years old. What a sweet channel for motherhood love to these who have felt the pang of orphanhood in childhood days. I am often deeply stirred as I watch the outflowing of this womanly instinct. As the cripples come crawling along like crabs, many of them having no use of their limbs there will soon be someone to lift them and carry them to a wheel-chair or wherever they wish to go. The blind too are guided, the deaf and dumb
are cared for, the tender compassion of the Lord Jesus is everywhere manifested.

Last Saturday was "Durbar Day." Every year since the King visited India, December 12th has been kept as a holiday to commemorate that event. Pandita Ramabai is an originator, so in Mukti she has a "tea party" for the cattle. Every animal belonging to Mukti Mission is invited. The road is filled with buffaloes, bullocks, etc. One, a fine, large, kindly looking animal appeared to feel the importance of being present. The girls had tubs of grain oilcake for the goats, sheep, dogs, cats, and squirrels. Ramabai said as she laughed, "They must have a 'tea party.' We could never get on in Mukti without the bullocks to draw our water, bring us building materials, carry away the refuse, take the workers to the villages, etc." She is most kind to all animals.

The smallest children were gathered in a place inside the fence, and each one was marched past Ramabai who gave to each in turn a bowl of parched rice—most delicious,—and two sweetmeat cakes. Then the ones able to leave the hospital came; so many weak ones! The mornings have been cold the past month, so the poor things have suffered. As I have watched the crowd coming over to the prayer-meeting at seven in the morning, muffled up in anything they could wrap around them, I have thought how acceptable warm shawls would be to them if sent in Christmas boxes.

It was a rare privilege to be present at the communion service on December 6th. The large church looked almost full. Rev. M. B. Fuller preached in Marathi. Everything in Mukti is in Marathi. Alas, for those who only know English! I feel we miss so much in every service. I long to know what these girls are praying for when I see them in such intensity of prayer. I wish too that a similar spirit might manifest itself in the Churches in Christian lands. The reverent spirit of the whole service struck me as most touching. Everyone carried Bible and hymn-book, and closed their eyes and knelt or prostrated themselves during prayer. Pandita Ramabai knelt in prayer during the greater part of the service,
and I realised that this is the secret of all this marvellous
work for the gathering in of those jewels for the crown of
Jesus. Truly here is an object lesson of the truth “Prayer
changes things.” Yes, lives most of all.

There are so many sides to this institution and all of equal
importance. I just praise God for the various workers who
seem to fit in so nicely. The doctor and her helpers are busy
in caring for the sick and feeble. The number in the hospital
varies, but it is a large piece of work to minister to so many
sufferers and to seek to lead them to the Great Physician. The
rescue home tended by another faithful helper needs “white
heated love” to Christ that will endure many hard testings.
The printing room seems to me a most important factor in giv-
ing the Gospel to the Marathi people here. A Beni-Israelite
gentleman and two Christian lady-helpers have charge of this
department. Thousands of books and tracts are pouring forth
from the press on their God-given mission, and much prayer
goes with the parcels sent out. It is a great sight to see large
numbers of girls setting up type in English, Marathi, Greek
and Hebrew. Oh! the patience necessary to have taught them
to do it so carefully. The same is true of the weaving, and the
needlework and everything else.

The excellency of the work done in the large needlework
classes filled me with surprise, and I feel that the dear sisters
who have taught these girls to do such beautiful work will
receive a rich reward for the loving patience required to pro-
duce such fine results.

The work done in the higher standards in the school
arrested my attention. The head-mistress has received all
her education here.

The Village preaching is also most important. Bands go
out with the message of life and salvation. If there were
more European ladies here who knew Marathi well, much
more could be accomplished. Two lady missionaries have it
as their special work to care for the spiritual welfare of this
large community and to direct the work of the Gospel bands.
Then there is the office with its various demands upon time and strength. One lady helps Manor amabai with this work.

To see Pandita Ramabai always busy here and there with her guiding hand upon every detail, and to realise that she is giving every spare minute to the translation of the Scriptures, makes one admire the love of God in her which leads her to seek first the salvation of her people by any and every means. Her daughter too is a most capable coadjutor in every department seeking to carry out the ideals of her mother, at the same time going to Poona every day to attend lectures in College.

Of all these beloved sisters it may truly be said “She openeth her mouth with wisdom and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children rise up and call her blessed.”

Rachel Nalder.

Christmas at Mukti with Pandita Ramabai.

Christmas morning I was awakened at dawn by the sweet voices of a band of Christian girls singing the old familiar hymn:

“Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new born King,
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!”

Nearer and nearer came the voices:

“Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth,
Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new born King.”
This glorious proclamation from the lips of India's daughters, ringing out in the stillness of the early morning like the music of golden bells.

"Born that man no more may die!" As the singers passed away tears came to my eyes and my heart was filled with strange emotion.

I thought of the shepherds on that first Christmas morning when the angels brought the good tidings of great joy saying, "Unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord." "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will towards men."—Then as the angels went away the shepherds filled with wonder sought the New-born King.—Now here at "Mukti" these little women of India called out from the surrounding darkness of heathenism, born again, transformed and uplifted by the Divine power of the New-born King of Kings, were singing the same glad Christmas song:

"Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies.
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem."

Tears of joy and tears of wonder fell down from my eyes. Were these the girls Christian people had been praying for? Truly this was God's doing and marvellous in our sight.

A gentle knock at my door reminded me of the reality of it all. The door opened and there entered two sweet-faced girls carrying beautiful polished brass trays, filled with gifts of Indian fruits and sweets. On the top was a card from Pandita Ramabai with Christmas greetings! Truly this loving sister in Christ is a bountiful giver. Hundreds received gifts from her hands that day: From the smallest child in the Kindergarten at Mukti to every girl and woman in the compound, each received a Christmas present and a handful of sweetmeats.

In the afternoon she stood for hours, and with the grace and dignity of a queen, herself, gave to nearly two thousand
village people,—men, women, and children. Many were mothers with babies in their arms, some of the men and women were very old, some lame, blind and halt,—even lepers came to visit her, and were each given a piece of cloth, a small parcel of grain, and a large ball of sweetmeat. While the respectful salutation, of "Salaam, Bai," sounded gratefully from their lips. Indian sweetmeats are a food as well as a luxury; they are made of flour, milk, butter and sugar.

"Poor things, they have no pleasures!" said Ramabai. "Freely I have received, freely I give." This is her delight. One poor old woman bowed with infirmities was asked why she came. She said, "To see the 'Great Bai.'" Truly Ramabai is great and greatly beloved. Many of these people walked miles to see her on Christmas day, and her chief object in inviting them was to tell them the "Good tidings of great joy". Her great heart went out to them and moved with compassion like the heart of Our Divine Master. She made them sit down on the ground and listen while she told them the sweet story of old. Hundreds of weary human beings clad in rags and objects of profound pity were stretching out their hands for the gifts of life.

From a small beginning the Mukti School has grown into a large institution where hundreds of Indian women and girls are being trained to lead a useful Christian life. They are the children of many prayers: much love and labour has been bestowed upon them, and it has not been in vain. The home is surrounded by 217 acres of land on which vegetables and fruit are grown, to help provide food for this large family. Many beautiful wells have been dug out of the rocky places of land, and the stones quarried out have been used to erect in the centre of the compound a large Church which will hold quite 2,000 people. Here on Christmas morning slowly and silently these sweet-faced little Indian women gathered into the church and seated themselves on the floor of the large stone building. At the close of an impressive service conducted by Rev. W. W. Bruere, Pandita Ramabai dressed in a simple white saree stood up, and in a very quiet and gentle manner gave them a
loving Christmas greeting. Throwing kisses to them all she said, “Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift.” They all immediately responded by repeating her message.

These very girls who are now so gentle and loving, were very different before their conversion to Christ. One would hardly have believed that they could ever be so changed and become what they are now. But the Scriptures say, “Nothing is impossible with God.” His love has won their hearts and He has made them new creatures in Christ Jesus. Could the Christian women of our lands behold the contrast between these little women in Mukti and the heathen women who came from the idol villages round about, and see the difference in their lives, they would rise in a body and say, “God helping me, I will not rest until I have done all I can.”

Thousands upon thousands of young widows and innocent children are suffering untold misery, and dying helpless, every year throughout this land.

F. B. LySNAR.

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The Gospel in the Villages near Pandharpur.

If any proof were needed of the reality of the Revival which took place at Mukti in 1907 it might be abundantly found in the enduring character of the work done in the hearts of the girls of the Mukti bands who have been helping us at Pandharpur in the spread of the Gospel during the last seven or eight years.

Many of them have lived a sustained spiritual life since then, and are with us now, going on praying and telling the story of God’s love as earnestly as when they first yielded themselves to the Holy Spirit.

Some of the earthen vessels are frail, but there is no doubt about the Treasure being within.
One's heart overflows with praise as one remembers one and another of these selfless, earnest little women, claiming no earthly rights of their own, yet "possessing all things", as "poor yet making many rich", with a joy which no man can take away from them. One is conscious, when in their company, of being drawn nearer to the Lord, and of conviction of things which are not of the Lord in oneself.

With bands of three or four of these young evangelists and one or two of our Mission preachers we have visited more than 150 villages in the district round us, pitching our tents at twelve different centres and evangelising the country round about.

With two hired carts for our baggage, and two more for ourselves we start off at the beginning of the cool season, 2 missionaries, 6 or 8 young woman-evangelists, one or two preachers and a servant to carry water. Last November we camped at Mohud which is 17 miles from our home. This year the tents have been pitched at Sangola, and at Sonand which is 30 miles away. We only take the carts to the first camping place, and then they are paid for and dismissed. After that we depend on being able to hire from the village where we are camping, and also buy our provisions as we need them.

The grinding mill is a necessary part of the furniture, as the bajri or jwari flour becomes bitter if kept more than a few days. The homely sound of the mill accompanied by the singing of hymns often attracts a passing woman to the door of the tent, and leads on to a Gospel talk.

The cooking has to be done in the shelter of a tree or in a hole dug for the purpose and much patience is required to battle against the strong winds, but our brave little helpers do not murmur.

They joyfully go through many trying experiences and God is glorified in them.

A few jottings from my diary might give some idea of the experiences we have:
Started at 4:30 a.m., arrived at B before 7 a.m. Had early breakfast on a raised stone platform under a tree, then went to tell the Patil that we had come to preach. Went first to the chowdi (village rest house) where only a few men gathered. Next, to the Peth where we had a good audience of men, women and children; we met several old friends and preached in three different places where we had small but attentive audiences. We called on the Inamdar’s wife in the big wada. She invited us to come and pitch our tents in their compound. We then went for lunch to Nana’s garden. A dear old woman gave us some green vegetables and a man gave us some onions and carrots which we were glad to take back to the camp. After lunch we went into the market and from 1:30 to 4:15 we had an open-air meeting. We reached home about 7 p.m.

Another day we went to G—. "The owner of the village was most kind. He gave us a welcome and came along to the chowdi to hear the story. He says all his attention has been on Jesus for the last four months (since he heard the Gospel in the Dispensary.) He gave us peanuts and nine eggs and asked if the girls would have a meal cooked. From there we went to another village and stopped near a canal. A number of the village people came out to us to ask for medicine, and we gave the Gospel message. Then we visited a few homes in the villages one of them the Patil’s (headman of the village) whose wife was very friendly.

In another village, "We arrived at 6:45 a.m. Had early breakfast, and at 7 a.m. went to the chowdi. Women and children ran away at the sight of us. A dozen or more men the leading men of the village, were sitting round a hole in which a fire had been made, by which they were warming themselves. This is the custom every morning in the cold weather. We told the Gospel to them and others who gathered, and then went on to another central place where several women gathered.

"From there we went on to another new village. The schoolmaster invited us into the school and after hearing a boy recite a poem we were asked to sing. We sang "Jesus is the
true Saviour", and our preacher spoke on the necessity of accepting the Saviour. Then we were called to see a sick man, after which we returned to the chowdi and had an audience of about 30 who listened attentively for an hour or more."

At each place we have distributed books and tracts to those who can read, and we are continually hearing of people having read them and of work being done in their hearts.

It seems as if we are now laying the fuse ready for the day when the match shall be struck and a great fire begin to burn.

We are praying. You too, pray that the day may soon come when the Holy Spirit will convict these people in mighty power, and the Harvest, which will surely come in due season, shall be ready to be gathered in.

K. Steel.

Home Again.

Words cannot fully express the joy I felt when I again put my feet on Mukti ground. My stay in the homeland was much longer than I had intended it to be, and my heart longed to get back to the work to which God had called me. You will not blame me for saying that I longed to get back when I tell you that I was away on furlough for two years and eight months.

Just after I left India, I got the sad news of my beloved mother's Homegoing. She had been ill for a few days. If I had known that I would have no home any more in dear old Sweden, I would certainly not have left India. But the Lord has a purpose in everything, and He has in His Own loving tender way worked it all out for good. He has opened both hearts and homes for me.

God opened many doors for me to speak about His work in this country, and all seemed to enjoy hearing the story of
God’s goodness manifested in the life of dear Ramabai, the Widows’ Friend whom we all love and whose work we so highly appreciate.

I travelled about in a good many places, and people became quite interested in helping us to get a permanent outstation for Mukti. The Lord also gave me a young Swedish sister, a widow, to be my fellow-worker at this outstation that is to be built. This lady went to London to study English in a Missionary Training Home, and we were both to start for India in the middle of September. The war broke out in August and we had to change our plans and our tickets, for we had got berths on an Austrian Lloyd steamer and had been expecting to sail from Trieste for Bombay. Difficulties and hindrances came one after another all the year long, and not till October 1915 did we get the chance to leave Sweden for India.

We secured two nice cabins on a Dutch steamer and we were expecting to sail in a very few days when a cable came saying that our vessel had got on to a mine, and we must wait for the next boat which was to sail two weeks later. We had been advised not to go through the English Channel, so we had arranged to meet the boat at Genoa. We left Sweden with passports for Switzerland. We had no trouble in Germany as the war was not going on in those parts through which we were to pass. Only as we came into the German Empire, and as we left it they looked through our luggage, and we too were searched pretty thoroughly.

In Switzerland we got new passports through the Swedish and Italian consuls; we also had to visit the Swedish and English Legations in Berne, and to pay for cables to be sent to England and Italy. Then we proceeded to Italy, where we passed through similar experiences. The ship’s company were very particular about examining all our papers before they would sell us our tickets, but at last we got safely on board with hearts full of praise to God for His goodness, and trusting that He Who had helped us thus far would also carry us through to the end.
We had a very calm sea during almost the whole of the voyage. We saw nothing to remind us of the war, until we got to Port Said. There, no one was allowed to land, but the people from the town came on board to sell their curiosities, sweets, fruit, postcards, etc. In the harbour we saw some great English warships, and many little boats were going around us all the time keeping strict watch. At Suez too we saw English and French warships, and we also saw a French hydroplane. Some Armenians who had taken refuge from the Turks were on the banks of the Canal. The Red sea was very hot, but we soon got into the Indian Ocean, and shortly afterwards we landed at Colombo. From Colombo we travelled to Kedgaon by the overland route, visiting some Swedish Missionaries on the way. We arrived at Mukti earlier than they expected us. Dear Ramabai and Manoramabai gave us a hearty welcome, and so did the other dear missionaries and girls and women in the big Mukti family. The children too were very glad to see us. It took me a long time to realise that I was actually in the longed for place. How lovely it was to look upon the dear familiar faces again, and to hear once more the sound of the beautiful Marathi language.

I have been spending several days in visiting here and there in the different compounds. Many improvements have been made and special care has been taken to make things more comfortable and pleasant for the weak and sick ones. The new large airy Hospital was what most gladdened my heart. Then too, the beautiful trees and flowers which the girls have planted in the various compounds make everything look bright and cheerful. The weaving and sewing rooms are being repaired and other improvements are being made. Dear Ramabai is looking exactly the same and working as hard as ever, and Manoramabai is busy with schoolwork, officework and numberless other things.

Pandita Ramabai is getting on nicely with her Bible work; she also writes tracts and is keenly interested in the printing department. She is anxious to do all she can to forward the spread of the Gospel, and tracts are distributed in the
villages and in the Bazaar, and personal messages are given by
the missionaries and Bible women.

We are now trusting God to open up permanent stations
in villages more than ten miles away from here. My compa­
nion Mrs. Meline and I, feel called to take up work at one such
station as soon as possible, and we are trusting God to supply
our needs.

I feel so glad to see that God is doing a deep work in
Mukti now, and pouring out His Spirit here and there on indi­
viduals, and laying upon their hearts a burden of prayer for
those precious jewels that have been hidden in sin and dark­
ness for centuries. My heart rejoices when I hear the
sound of prayer rising to the Almighty Loving Father, the
God of orphans and widows. May His glorious name be
known and loved all over India, and to the ends of the earth.

A. W. Stroberg.

The Kindergarten.

"The Teachers of the Kindergarten, invite you to be pre­
sent at the school, at 1-30 p. m. to-day."

Such was the invitation received on the morning of Dec.
23rd, and thither we wended our way, at the time appointed
wondering what treat was in store for us.

We found the schoolroom had been very tastefully decorated
with evergreens and flowers, and while the visitors including
Pandita Ramabai and Manoramabai were seated at one end, the
scholars occupied the other part, to show us something of what
they had been learning during the year. Mukti would not
be a real family if there were not little children in it, so we
have a "Kindergarten" of about 50 scholars. About half of
these come from the families of our married people, and the
other half are the Mukti little ones, usually called "Ramabai's
Babies." Their ages ranging from 3 to 7 years. They
are under the tuition of a European Kindergarten mistress,
who has spared no pains to help and train them during the year, and as we watched the exact and graceful performance of their drill and action songs, great credit was reflected on the care and patience shown in the training of these future "empire builders." Two questions which would force themselves upon us as we watched their pretty actions were, "What would these little ones have been but for Mukti?" and "What will they become?"

Many of them were brought to us as "opium babies," so drugged with the opiate, either to keep them from crying, or because their relatives did not want the trouble of looking after them, that they were mere skeletons, and many of them being girls, and not wanted, were brought to Mukti, and given over into the motherly arms of Ramabai, to do what she liked with; of course her one desire is to train them to become Christian men and women, who shall leave India better than they found it.

And "What will they become?" Among the boys is a "Martin Luther." Will he be a Reformer? We also have "Peter" and "Paul." Will they become missionaries to Jew and Gentile? Will "Carey Saheb," become a second apostle to India? Among the girls such names as Miriam, Hannah, Rhoda, Mary, speak of future women, whose lives may become fragrant with the perfume of the love of Jesus, through the co-operation in prayer of all who read this. And as they sang their concluding exercise in English, "Jesus loves me, this I know," surely the heart of the Master was made glad, by seeing these little ones being taught to lisp His praise in this land which is so full of idol worship. May we ask your prayers that these Mukti Babies may grow up, and go forth as preachers of Him Who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

M. BERKIN.

"God loves to work in wax,—not marble. Let Him find,
When He would thouine heart, material to His mind."

Trench.
Jottings by an Invalid.

When I was asked to write an article for the "Prayer Bell," as I am not engaged in active work I asked, "How can I?" The reply was, "But you see a great deal that is going on." This is quite correct; quietly sitting where I do day by day taking in the fresh air and gaining strength. Before I proceed I must explain to those who do not know, and return thanks to the many who will read this and have prayed for my recovery. I met with a motor car accident whilst in Bombay. I was taken to the Hospital there, where I remained five months. I have proved our God to be a very present help in time of trouble. I sit daily in one of the Mukti fields opening into the main road, and as people pass by, many come in and receive a Gospel or tract. One morning 17 women and children were on their way to a seven days' pilgrimage. They listened very attentively while I told them of the love of God. Many of the farmers who pass to and fro are unable to read, but they ask for a book for each of their sons who attend school. Sad to say, the daughters of these people are not taught, as they think it is not necessary for girls to learn. The boys are generally made to read aloud so that all in the house are able to hear the good news. A man often visits me and says, "I have learned off by heart the tract you gave me, please give me another." One day a friend of his was passing. He said "What do you want with those books?" However he still took them. Nearly all the books that are given away are printed here.

In the same field a well is being built; the mason girls are doing much of the work; I often hear them singing choruses and hymns; one chorus especially which they have lately learnt, "Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen." How sweet this sounds. So different from what the poor Hindoos sing.

A large compound opens into the same field; here some of the girls attend to the oxen in this compound, and the grain too is stored there. It is a very pretty sight to see the girls carrying the grain from all the fields around. The golden grain in their
arms over their different bright coloured saris, reminds me, that one day they themselves will be as golden grain for our Master.

L. Couch.

Free Distribution of Mukti literature.

As so many of the children in India are now learning to read, and as literature is so scarce among many, especially the poor, an avenue is open for the spread of the Gospel by the free distribution of Gospel literature, the value of which cannot be estimated.

There is no doubt that if an account could be given of the way in which thousands and thousands of tracts and gospels have been distributed from Mukti, the result of which eternity alone will fully reveal, a most interesting book might be written. That prayer may be aroused on behalf of this important work, I give a few incidents.

Since the beginning of the war a quantity of literature has been sent for the Marathi speaking soldiers going to the front, and one can picture groups of these soldiers on the boat and in other places hearing the Gospel read by those among them who are as they put it "learned:" that is, able to read. It is quite a usual thing for those who are able to read, to read aloud for the benefit of all who may be within sound. At one of the big jatras, a guru, grotesquely decorated, was reading a tract just given to him called, "God is love," to a group of people who stood around him; he stopped reading for a moment to say, "This is good news," and then went on reading again. In one of the villages a Brahmin boy about seventeen years of age, asked for a hymnbook. Pandita Ramabai has had thousands of copies of a little hymnbook printed for the people, containing simple Gospel hymns, which the people like very much; this boy wanted one of these. After receiving it, he went and sat on a big log of wood, and read it aloud to quite a number of other boys. Very frequently in a home where no
One can read, a copy of the Gospel will be taken to be kept until a friend who can read pays a visit to the house, and then the book is read aloud to the household. In one village the schoolmaster took sufficient literature to distribute among his scholars.

One day when I was sitting on the verandah, three young men selling fruit came along. As I did not want any fruit, I asked if they could read; two of them could, so I gave them copies of the Gospel, hymnbooks, and tracts. A few days after, one of them whom I call Andrew, because he brings so many of his brethren to get Gospel literature, arrived with two others who wanted books; one a young man, the other a boy of about twelve years of age; both could read. A few days more passed; then Andrew arrived with another, a very bright boy about fifteen years old, who in his turn brings various ones. Time has gone on and many have been the ones and twos that Andrew has brought: only two days ago he brought an intelligent young man who could read well. When I spoke to him of Jesus Christ, he asked, “Who is Jesus Christ?” He had never heard of Him. How glad I was to be able to give copies of the Gospel to him, so that he might read for himself about Jesus. The little twelve-year-old boy too, sometimes brings other boys like himself, and sometimes grown up men to get Gospel books. Andrew says, there are very good stories in these books, and many people come to his home, and he reads these stories to them. Some weeks ago Andrew came with one of the first young men he brought; he said they had both been to their country some miles from Bombay, and had given away all their books and wanted more; Andrew’s friend wanted hymnbooks especially, as he said the people liked them so much.

Ganput, a servant boy who can read, was supplied with copies of the gospels, etc. Some time after, I asked, “Ganput, have you still got those Gospel books?” “No.” “What have you done with them?” “When I went my to country there were many men there who could read, so I gave the books to them to read.” “Would you like some more for yourself?” “O, yes.”
Since reading this literature Ganput has told me the Gospel story in his own words with such feeling that I have been surprised. He thinks it is very good and wonderful. Gopal too, a cook, when he goes to his country where he is just now, takes a parcel of Gospels to give to the men whom he knows can read. None of these men or boys are converted, yet they are gladly passing on “the sweet story of old,” for their friends and relatives to read. “My word...shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.”

Sometimes amusing little incidents occur in connection with this work. One day when holding meetings and giving out literature in a village, a nice looking Brahmin boy about twelve or thirteen years of age asked us for an English Testament. He said that his friend, a boy of about his own age would like one too. We told him we had no English Testaments with us, but that if he would give us his name and address, we would send them by post to him. So he wrote his name and address in a good English hand, with “Esq.” at the end! No doubt little “—Esq.” was very pleased to receive his Testament a few days later. When giving copies of the Gospel one day to the passers-by some of whom were in bullock carts, and having been told by the occupant of one cart to stand afar off, lest he and those with him should be defiled, I stood cogitating as to what it would be best to do regarding the occupants of the next bullock cart, in case they wanted Gospel books; whether I should throw them into the cart or hand them to one of the occupants; for if they too had been through their ceremonial washings as the previous ones had been, I should give offence by coming into contact with them. We sometimes put a book on the ground and put a stone on the top of it to keep the wind from blowing it away; then the person who wants it picks it up. This is not due to any antagonistic feeling on their part, but it is a matter of religious custom. Well, to return to the bullock carts; in the front of the next one sat a very tidy looking man, and when I asked him in Marathi if he would like a book, I noticed his hand going up to his head, and then his cap came off as he politely asked, “What are
you speaking?" Yes, he was pleased to have a Gospel handed to him. Next came a rather stout gentlemanly person, and after asking him in Marathi the same question, I was taken aback to hear in real good English style, "I beg your pardon." This gentleman also was very pleased to accept the Gospel book.

One evening when returning from a village by tonga, we saw two men in the distance running very quickly to catch up to us. We wondered what was the matter. When they reached the tonga nearly out of breath, one of them gasped, in a broad Irish accent, "Good Morning," although it was nearly dark. They wanted books to read. And so one might continue relating incident after incident.

In conclusion I would like to say that I have found that the large majority of those who can read, or who have relatives or friends who can read to them, are very pleased to receive Gospel literature when freely offered to them. Will you pray that through this avenue of the Lord's work His word may "have free course and be glorified"?

M. F. C.

Two Views.

A gentleman who is looking for the coming of the Lord once said, "I am expecting the Lord to come quickly, so I am only putting up temporary buildings for my people to live in. I hope we may not have to live here long. The Lord may come at any moment, and then it will not matter if our houses do crumble to pieces."

* * *

A Christian auditor who seeks to witness for his Master in all that he does, said to some one whose accounts he had been awaiting, "If Jesus should come today, I should like Him to find my work all done carefully and thoroughly, and I should like it to be finished up to date. I should like to have my house all clean and tidy, and my buildings in good repair. I am looking for His coming every moment, and therefore I try to put my very best work into all that I do."

We need to see both sides of the question if we would be prepared for the coming of our Lord.
Mr. William James Mathie one of our Trustees has been called to higher service. "Mr. Mathie was a man whose life story is a plain tale of quiet living not inconsistent with honest endeavour; of lofty purpose and more than average success, yet a man true to God, not merely in the inconspicuous places of life, but also as an honoured officer of the Indian Government. "Adversity makes men" and some of his first lessons were learned in the school of adversity. In his early life there was more of toil than of play. Having an invalid father he began to earn his living at the age of 16 in order to help maintain the family, working as a compositor in the Printing department of the Residency, Hyderabad, on a salary of rupees 17 per month. Outside of his relation to the Church he loved and served, the Y. M. C. A. claimed his attention, while he was also a Trustee of the Mukti Mission, Kedgaon, Poona District.

Mr. Mathie counted among his friends many natives of India. Serving under him were Indian clerks, upon whom his Christian character made a great impression. They admired his God-fearing, straight-forward ways. In the evangelisation of India he had a keen interest; and when opportunity offered, as notably in connection with the Hindustani work of the Church in Calcutta, he gave it a devoted interest. He was saved to serve.

The character of William James Mathie can best be measured not by comparison with showier men, but by the simple old time sayings of Jesus: "Blessed are the meek....Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness......Blessed are the pure in heart." By these maxims he sought to live; the rewards of these are now his experience.

Memoir recorded by the Trustees of Mukti Mission.

"At the meeting of the Trustees and Advisory Board of the Mukti Mission held this day the 3rd January 1914, the
death was announced of Mr. W. J. Mathie, who had accepted office as far back as the 15th of March 1912. It was felt by all present that this announcement ought to be suitably recorded among the minutes of the Trustees.

Although the Trustees had not had the pleasure of meeting the late Mr. Mathie at any of the quarterly meetings held since he joined the Board of Trustees, because he had in the interval been unavoidably absent in Britain and America, yet from what they had heard of the business qualities of their late colleague, they were looking forward to the time when sitting in consultation to discuss the affairs of this Mission, schemes of great utility to the progress of the work carried on here would be the result. These expectations cannot now be realised, for their friend has been called to higher service. Their lot is with saddened feelings to regret their loss, and join, in deep sympathetic feelings with the lady who mourns the sad, sad loss she has been called upon so unexpectedly to endure."

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As a Hen gathereth her Chickens.

O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Matt. 23:27.

Perhaps the Lord Jesus could not have given us a more simple and homely illustration than that of the hen and her chickens, to let us catch a glimpse of the depths of His grief regarding the sinfulness and wilfulness of the children of men, and the tenacity and tenderness of His love towards them.

At one time when recovering from a very severe illness which left me very weak, I spent a good deal of time in watching the ways of the hen with her chickens. It was not long before I noticed that she had three different ways of calling to them:
1. When she had something to give them.
2. When she warned them of danger.
3. When she called them to rest.

When she had food for them, while her call to them was gentle, what a joyful note there was in it! And with what expectancy the chickens ran to her to receive what she had for them! How wide their little mouths would open as she dropped in the dainty morsels! It was not easy to say who was enjoying it most, but in all probability the mother was, as, “It is more blessed to give than to receive.” Acts 20:35.

One old black hen had but one little white chick, and she seemed to give as much care and attention to it, as she might have divide among twelve, had she had so many to minister to. She would walk around with it, scratch the ground in search of little extras for it, call it so enticingly when she found something; and as I have watched the widely opened mouth of that little chick, the words have come to my remembrance, “Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.” The Lord Jesus has great gifts for us, and He calls us lovingly and gently to receive these from His hands. Included in His gifts are:—The forgiveness of sins, Freedom from the dominion of sin, Power to win others to Him, A beautiful home, and the enjoyment of His Presence and Companionship for ever.

But before we become personally acquainted with Him, we do not realize the greatness of His love for us, and we do not fully trust Him.

When the Lord Jesus finds that His gentle call of invitation is not heeded or accepted, it becomes necessary for Him to warn the soul of impending danger. There is no safety for any one who is not in the keeping of Jesus.

In a large wooden case with wire netting over the top to keep the hawks, rats, etc. away from the chicks, we had a hen and her brood. One day on hearing a piercing cry such as I had never heard before, nor have heard since, I hurried
outside to see what had happened. Looking up I saw a hawk, and looking into the case I saw the chickens crouching in fear, terrified by the warning cry of their mother, who had seen the hawk.

Until we are warned by the Lord Jesus, through whatever instrumentality He may use, we are not conscious of the great danger we are in. We are told that our "adversary the devil, as a roaring lion walketh about seeking whom he may devour." And when the Lord Jesus hung on the cross enduring untold agony, to save us from the danger that only He fully realised, He knew that the awful price He was paying was necessary to save us from that danger. "Ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold...but with the precious blood of Christ." Have we given ourselves into His loving hands, Who has paid such a price for us? Is He not worthy of our heart's deepest adoration, and of our life's best service?

If we give ourselves to Him we shall know His call to rest. Jesus says, "Come unto Me...and I will give you rest." Is the cry of our hearts to Him, "Keep me as the apple of the eye, hide me under the shadow of thy wings?" Then listen, "He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust." "How excellent is thy lovingkindness, O God! Therefore the children of men put their trust in thee. Under the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice."

I noticed one day a hen out in the rain, and as the rain fell upon her, from various places under her wings a little head would pop out, and then be drawn in again. The little ones were enjoying the rest and comfort of the snug warm shelter, while the mother was enduring the discomfort of the storm. "He shall cover thee with his feathers and under His wings shalt thou trust." Amid all the storms of life, "there is rest, there is peace, there is joy, in the shadow of His wings."

A traveller when passing through a forest where there had been a bush fire, saw on the path in front of him the dead body of a hen, its feathers frizzled and burnt by the fire. He knocked it aside with his foot, and to his astonishment, from underneath the dead mother three little live chickens ran out.
What words can express the depth of love in that mother-heart, which enabled her amid the scorching flames of fire, instead of fleeing for escape, to pin her wings down to her sides, and keep in safety those little ones, while the torture she was enduring took her own life. And what of Him, of Whom this shows but a faint picture, Who wept over Jerusalem, and Who weeps over every sinful wilful soul? The One Who might have come down from the Cross and saved Himself, but Who voluntarily remained on it, until the weight of the sin of the world broke His pure sensitive loving heart. Oh, wondrous grace! Oh, wondrous love! Shall we not henceforth live not unto ourselves but unto Him Who died for us and rose again?

M. F. C.

Sometimes God waits to be gracious. When Pharaoh's butler forgot Joseph, God did not forget him; yet He let him remain in prison two whole years longer. God could have reminded the butler about Joseph, and have brought him out of prison at once. But had He done so, Joseph would probably never have become the chief ruler in the land of Egypt. God intended to bring Joseph out of prison just at the right moment. He wanted to do His best for the poor lad who had been "separated from his brethren." Therefore He "waited to be gracious." How much we might miss if God did not sometimes in His goodness delay the answers to our prayers.

If the joy which our affliction here is working out for us, so far outweighs the affliction as to be called "a far more exceeding weight of glory," how very very great it must be! Our afflictions seem too heavy to bear sometimes, and if the glory is so much heavier than God called our seemingly heavy burden "light," what a tremendous mass of treasure there must be laid up for God's people in heaven. "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." But we know that the greater the sorrow, the greater the joy; the heavier the affliction, the heavier and far more exceeding the weight of glory. Therefore let us thank God for His wondrous way which always worketh good for us. "In everything give thanks."
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. Dyer ........................................ Aldington,
Near Hythe, Kent,
England.

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

Mrs. A. H. Coles ....................... 10, Moorhouse Street,
E. Camberwell, Melbourne,
Victoria, Australia.

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

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

Miss L. Ella Miller .................. 1081, 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.

Cheques or money orders may be made payable to her, or to
Pandita Ramabai the Superintendent of the Mission.
The Mukti Mission is a purely un denominational, 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 pray money toward its support. The founder of this Mission knows and has proved, that God answers prayer.

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

1. That all orphans, homeless women, widows and girls in India may be rescued and placed under the wise management of godly Christian people.
2. That all of them may be converted and saved to the uttermost and not one of them go astray.
3. That they may be filled with the Holy Spirit, and that the Lord of the harvest may send forth many of them as labourers into His harvest. Matt. 9:38.
4. That those who become their foster parents may realize their responsibility, and faithfully discharge their duty according to God's commandment.
5. That the whole Indian Church may become a great evangelizing agency so that the Gospel may be given to every man, woman and child in India by the Christians, as freely as they have received it.


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