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Missionary Helper.

PUBLISHED BIMONTHLY

BY THE
Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society.

"Freely ye have received, freely give."—Matt. 10:8.

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My Dear Sisters:—With the new year you will receive the first number of the second volume of the Helper. To some of you it has begun to be familiar, and to its new readers we extend a cordial welcome. Thankful that the un­trodden way has been so free from perils we go forward, cheered by your kind appreciation. That these pages may be suggestive of patient, practical work and meet the wants of the workers in their varied conditions, we shall need the help of you all. If you have found success in some new method do not keep it; if a new thought has inspired your heart, give it for the help of another heart, it may be faint­ing and discouraged. In the truest sense nothing is ours, until we have given it away. To the good things hoped for, we are to add from the treasure house of one who has long stood as a beacon light on the home shore, some facts which will be especially valuable, and we trust our pages, increased in number, will be crowded with helpful thoughts.

With the dawning year let us watch for a better record. Let us seek a fuller appreciation of the work and sacrifice of Christ that we may be led into a more loving and obedient service. And may the prayer of faith be the magnetic cord which shall bind all our hearts to the throne of heaven and reach down to heathen India and the sunny South; may blessings untold attend all the work done for the hastening of the coming that kingdom which shall reach from sea to sea.
In his account of the stirring scenes attending the downfall of the Papal power in Rome in 1870, Mr. Van Meter relates a touching incident. When the long-closed gates of the beloved city were opened, as though the hand of God were upon them, the Italian army and long-banished exiles came pouring down wild with enthusiasm, and it was feared with revenge. Hearts trembled that night in Rome preceding their entry, for fear of the conflict that might wage. But the early dawn found a company of wives, mothers and children, waiting at the gate to greet the exiles who, it was expected, would come in with the army.

The Italian army entered; the exiles came with them. As a mother recognized her son, a wife her husband, a child his father, they clasped in joyful embrace, while tears and cries of joy were mingled. The soldiers' hearts were melted by the scene. Reunited friends fell into the line, and the bristling ranks became a troop of glad home-comers and welcoming friends, with hearts too tender for conflict. As they marched on through the dear, familiar streets, a soldier raised his eyes to the bluest, clearest Italian sky that ever opened above a day so eventful, and saw a star gleaming full in midday. He points upward and shouts: "The star that guides!" The gaze of the whole line turns to the bright omen, and the cry breaks from lip to lip: "The star that guides!"

The unlooked-for success, usefulness, and interest of the Helper awake a thrill of delight that involuntarily breaks into the almost forgotten words, "The star that guides!" It has, indeed, arisen in God's own time, and by His own direction, to guide the thought, purpose, and action of our devoted women to worthy work. A year ago not half of us had any but the most general sense of the work waiting in our own fields. Not a third were stirred by any deep sense of obliga-
tion to promote by personal effort the various missionary enterprises, and to a very few belonged the rare honor and high privilege of inaugurating a general, united, specific "woman's work for woman."

To "the women in the sewing rooms of our cities, in the farm houses of our prairies, in the kitchens all through our borders, who have never thought of life as anything more than a 'bread-winning and bread-bestowing existence,'" of whom Mrs. Phillips wrote in the July number, the Helper has been a star to point their generous souls to broader views of the world's needs; and sweet Charity, who has so long stayed at home with these dear women, following its bright gleam, has gone abroad. Is it not an omen, also, of the useful future of the churches? The work of the year, as shown by the treasurer's report, is a surprise. The Girl's Hall at Harper's Ferry, so well pushed forward, and the Children's Missionary in India, already settled to her work, and others just entering the field, must inspire us to more and better service during the present year.

Month by month the little magazine is most truly a missionary helper. In moments of joyful gratitude for its successful work, it is in more than poetic sense, "The star that guides."

A writer in a recent number of the Helping Hand, speaking of "Our Greatest Need," says: "We hear much about the wants of the work, and the need of money to carry it forward. True, money is indispensable; but there is something we need more than money, something without which millions would be useless and with which millions would come," and then quotes remarks of Dr. Broadus, thus: "We want more prayer for the heathen, prayer for the missionaries, prayer for the converts from heathenism; and I feel impelled to add, prayers for the pastors at home especially; and through them the people will be blessed. If we had more dependence on God, and less upon human instrumentality, we should honor him more, and not fail of our reward. We need earnest, believing prayer."
Reminiscences.

By Mrs. M. M. H. Hills.

Origin of the F. Baptist Foreign Mission.

Not far from the year 1830, Rev. Amos Sutton, an English General Baptist missionary in India, was stationed at Pooree, the seat of the far-famed idol Juggernaut, which name means "Lord of the world." His second wife was an American lady, the widow of Rev. Mr. Colman who went from Boston to Burmah soon after Dr. Judson entered that field. One day Mr. Sutton, in view of the dense mass of heathen around him and his few co-laborers, became very despondent. His wife called his attention to the Freewill Baptists of America, that their theological views were in unison with those of the General Baptists, and that they published a paper called the Morning Star which was edited by Elder John Buzzell. She suggested that, perhaps, they might be induced to unite with the General Baptists in their foreign missionary work. He immediately addressed a letter to Elder Buzzell, but, not knowing just where to direct, left it in his desk. His fit of despondency passed off, and the letter lay forgotten in its resting place. Months afterwards a package arrived from England. Among its wrappings was a Morning Star, which, furnishing the address of the editor, reminded him of the letter. On looking it over he thought, "It may avail something; I will send it." Soon it was speeding on its errand, and in due time was received and published in the Star of April 13, 1832. The following were its closing sentences:—

"I have lived more than six years in the province of Orissa, and a great part of the time close to this enormous Juggernaut. I have seen the mangled victims of his infuriated adorers lying by hundreds upon hundreds, exposed to the birds and beasts. I have listened to their dying exclamations, Juggernaut! Juggernaut! and have seen them die
with the words on their lips. I have seen the pit dug, and
the fire kindled in it, to consume the young widow with her
husband’s corpse; and in one instance I succeeded in saving
her from this horrible death. I have seen Juggernaut in his
triumphal car dragged by thousands of his worshipers—men,
women and children; and I have seen the wretched victims
crushed beneath it, with a thousand other horrors which well
nigh overwhelm the mind at the mighty power of the god of
this world. The gospel is the antidote for all these miseries.
Under its influence the Hindoo Brahmin who has set fire to
the pile which consumes his living mother and dead father,
has become the meek and affectionate preacher of the reign
of mercy, and has died converted by the grace he proclaimed
to others. Come, then, my American brethren, come over
and help us. The way is as short and safe from India to
heaven as from your land of privileges. Come and win some
of these trophies to deck the crown of Jesus, and then re­
move from earth to heaven, and say: ‘Here I am, Lord,
and the children which Thou hast given me.’

Soon after the publication of this letter, the Freewill
Baptist Foreign Mission Society was formed, with Elder John
Buzzell for its first president. In June of the next year, at
the New Hampshire yearly meeting at Gilford, Mr. Sutton
appeared in person. His health having failed, physicians ad­
vised a voyage to a northern climate. So he decided to visit
the F. Baptists of America, and, if possible, secure some
missionaries for India. As he arose to speak, his pale, ema­
ciated face at once enlisted the sympathies of his large audi­
ence, judged to be about 3,000 people. He thus commenced
his Sabbath address:

“As I arise to speak, I seem to see the millions of India
with bended knees and tearful eyes, saying: ‘Sir, plead our
cause—plead it effectually.’ There are in India 33,000,000
of gods. More missionaries are sent out from Juggernaut to
invite people to make pilgrimages to this temple than there
are sent from all the Christian world. I have seen 250,000
people congregated at once at the temple of Juggernaut, and
have seen the poor worshipers throw themselves under the
wheels of the idol’s car, where they were crushed to death.”

Mr. Sutton’s vivid and graphic delineations of the sorrows
of those who hasten after other gods, seemed to remove his hearers to the very seat of idolatry, and tears, sighs, and even shrieks, spoke the deep sympathy of many hearts. A collection of $100 was taken, probably the first one of any note ever given for foreign missions among F. Baptists. Said Rev. David Marks, in reporting this meeting: "How criminal has been our ignorance and neglect of this holy enterprise, and how wonderful that Providence which has illumined our darkness."

MARY SUTTON.

Mr. Sutton brought with him a little Hindoo girl, five or six years of age, who, of course, excited much interest. He and his wife had adopted her as their own, and given her the name of Mary Sutton, under the following circumstances: One day Mr. Sutton went out of Balasore on a preaching tour, and as he came to the entrance of a village near by, found a woman of good caste lying by the road in the agonies of cholera, with an infant of about eight months beside her. The woman with her husband had come a long distance from the north part of Hindostan on a pilgrimage to Juggernaut, when the mother was seized with cholera, and the husband and father abandoned both wife and child and hastened onward for a sight of his god. Mr. Sutton administered medicine to the poor woman, and did what he could to restore her, but on the third day he found her dead, and the famishing infant trying to draw nourishment from her cold breast. On seeing Mr. Sutton she stretched towards him her little hands, with a supplicant expression which, he said, would have touched a stone, and which said to his heart, "O sir, have pity on me, for if you do not there is not a being in the wide world that will." He then went among the villagers and tried to induce some one to feed the child, offering to pay any expense, but all in vain. He asked a rich Brahmin (priest) near whose house the dead woman lay, but he too refused. Said Mr. Sutton to him: "What is to become of the child?" "O, she must die, too; it is nothing but a
Reminiscences.

girl." After some two hours' perseverance he obtained a little milk, which the poor thing took with much greediness, and crawled after him for more. He could not abandon her, so he took her home, and she became a member of his family. Well were Mr. and Mrs. Sutton rewarded for their pious care, for as she grew up she became a Christian teacher as well as an accomplished, interesting young lady. Our missionary, Mrs. Bacheler, in one of her letters, said: "Her assistance in our school is invaluable. She has done nobly, and our mission owes her much." In after years it was my privilege to hold a written correspondence with her, and her letters were full of interest. She used to speak of the great debt of gratitude she owed to God, who, to use her own language—

"Did parental love impart,
In stranger breasts to me;"

and she felt that the smallest return she could make was to devote herself unreservedly to his service. Subsequently she became the wife of a very useful, well-educated native preacher in Calcutta.

OUR FIRST MISSIONARIES.

Mr. Sutton labored two years in this country, except a few months' absence in England. Sept. 22, 1835, found him a happy man on Union wharf, Boston, with a company of twenty-one missionaries, including himself and wife, ready to embark in the ship "Louvre." Four of this number were Eli Noyes and Jeremiah Phillips and their wives. The others were missionaries of other denominations, most of whom had been secured for the heathen field by Mr. Sutton's untiring labors, for, in his zeal, he had paid little attention to denominational lines. Mr. Noyes was from Jefferson, Me. He married Miss Clementine Pierce, of Portsmouth, N. H., the only surviving daughter of her widowed mother, who had followed seven daughters to their graves. This sacrifice on the missionary altar cost both mother and daughter a severe and painful
struggle, but it was finally made with cheerfulness. Mr. Jeremiah Phillips was from Plainfield, N. Y., and was a student in Hamilton College, which he left for a missionary life. He married a dear friend of mine, Mrs. Mary E. Beede, of Dover, N. H., the young widow of Samuel Beede who, at the time of his death, was editor of the *Morning Star.* Mrs. Beede from childhood had been imbued with an earnest missionary spirit. When, indeed, but nine years of age, in her childish zeal, she decided to become a missionary at once, and actually packed her trunk, expecting to accompany her brother, Rev. Rufus Spaulding, then under appointment to a Methodist mission in Africa, not in the least doubting his willingness to accept her service. Mr. Marks and myself being in Boston for the purpose of finishing arrangements for the voyage of the missionaries, it was our precious privilege to be present in the throng of several thousands assembled on the wharf to witness the departure of the “Louvre.” Said Brother Noyes: “The long wished for moment has come, and I can say, ‘Welcome, sweet day of rest.’” Taking Brother Phillips by the hand, he said: “I thank my Heavenly Father that he has given me a fellow laborer to accompany me to idolatrous India. A short time since I thought I must go alone, and it was somewhat painful to me.” The missionaries stood together on the side of the ship facing the throng, with cheerful faces undimmed by a single tear. There were singing and prayer on the wharf, after which Mr. Sutton, as he looked upon the various groups of weeping friends on the shore, said to them: “This is not a sorrowful day to us. It is the happiest day I ever saw. We are going to preach the glorious gospel to the heathen. Do you, in this Christian land, be careful that you do not neglect it. If you do, how will those condemn you to whom we are going! Friends, think of that.” At 11 o’clock, A. M., as the ship moved from the wharf, the missionaries commenced singing:

“Yes, my native land, I love thee;
All thy scenes, I love them well,”
and continued until their voices were lost in the distance. We gazed till the ship appeared a mere speck and vanished from our sight.

Of this large company of missionaries that sailed on that memorable day, Rev. Jeremiah Phillips, our senior missionary, alone remains in the field, and he is now enfeebled by disease.

To be Continued.

Roxy’s Experience in Auxiliaries.

By Mrs. M. S. Waterman.

CHAPTER III.

After settling in Fallowfield and becoming acquainted with its various organizations, I learned that no W. M. Society was numbered among them. The women said they were ready and anxious for more system in their work—were only waiting for a leader, and they were sure of one in me. They would do just what I told them to do, and stand by me. And what could mortal woman wish for more?

We met, planned, and organized. The form of the constitution adopted was much the same as at Evandale, and yet the result was very different. There one felt she were dragging the whole society through the slough of conservatism; here everything was unconstrained and voluntary. They were “willing of themselves.” They believed in the two-cent method. They had heard that if each woman who is a member of a F. B. church in the little State of Rhode Island should pay two cents per week, the sum of twenty-five hundred dollars would be raised each year; in New Hampshire more than four thousand would be raised, and in Maine eight thousand. They said let every woman in our church give, at least, this amount. If any are unable to do it, we will help them to earn it, that no one may be deprived of the privilege
of exercising a true benevolence. All of this was to be in addition to what they were already doing.

With these views we began. The work has increased upon our hands till it has become a great work, and yet it is so easy because each one has a "mind to work." Our monthly meetings are well attended. We meet at two o'clock sharp, and sew for two hours; the work is then laid aside, and after singing and prayer, missionary intelligence is in order for an hour. Sometimes we have one or more essays. At these meetings we make arrangements for our quarterly meetings. These quarterly meetings are very interesting, and draw a crowd. We hold them in the evening. The exercises consist usually of two essays, two recitations, the reading of a letter from some missionary, and short speeches. These, interspersed with singing, occupy about an hour and a half. Of course we have prayer and the reading of reports. Sometimes the juvenile missionary society under our charge unites with us in these exercises. At the close we take a collection. This is to furnish material for us to make up into garments for the poor of our church and neighborhood, or to send in our barrel to Harper's Ferry. Many second hand garments are brought to us to be used in either of these ways. When the meeting is concluded the women come up freely and pay their dues; those who are not members present their names, and so this does away with the necessity of collectors, who generally have the hardest part of the work.

Our society at Fallowfield comes nearest to being my "ideal" one than any other I have known. It is based upon principle, and thus it has the same groundwork as the gospel. The work is not done for vain show or from heartless impulse. When the upspringing shoots and tender blades, the beginnings and blossomings of Christian work are to be cared for, to be watched and watered, cherished and husbanded for the harvest, the women expect to do it together—not the many leave the few to do the whole work. We clasp hands and work and pray for an abundant blessing, and it comes
with an overflowing treasury, an increased interest, and the
smile of the Master, and so we trust will this society continue
to do till the kingdoms of this world shall become the king­
doms of our Lord and of His Christ.

Mission Wheels.

A wheel has both a supporting and a moving power, and
the relation which the wheels of any carriage bear to the body
above it is a picture of that which the various officers of the
Woman's Missionary Society bear to the work itself. In every
carriage each wheel or set of wheels has a service of its own
to fulfill, and its maker forms and shapes it so that it may
best occupy its own place.

Let us study for a few minutes the duties* and obligations
belonging to some of the offices in our society. The must-be
officers of an auxiliary are a president, a secretary and a
treasurer. The evident duty of a President is to preside at
the regular meetings, or to see that some one is prepared to
do it, and to superintend the work generally. It is almost an
axiom that none but workers are interested in the cause of
missions, and this officer needs to cultivate all her arranging
and organizing faculties, that she may learn how to speak and
act through others, and thus increase the number of interested
ones. Often it is better policy for her to appoint some one
else to take the lead in the meeting, and two others to pre­
pare the programme for it, for whether this is simply a prayer
meeting or one with essays and recitations, there should
always be preparation. If it is a meeting for prayer, the ob­
jects and persons to be prayed for should be selected before­
hand, and assigned to individuals. If I know that I am to
pray for Miss Crawford to-morrow night, I shall be thinking
of her needs and praying for her in my own home during to­
day and to-morrow; I shall look up her last letters in the
Star or Helper, to see what the special cry of her heart is,
and when the hour of prayer comes I shall have a real petition to ask of our Heavenly Father, and my faith in the answer of that petition will have been strengthened by my meditations.

If the President has foreign letters to copy or read, let her give them into the hands of some young lady who has no interest in this work. One cannot copy a letter, or read it in public, without remembering its contents, and thus a seed may be sown which shall result in a life of service in foreign fields. These are merely hints of the many ways there are of working through others. At each meeting of her auxiliary the president should ascertain from the treasurer and secretary what has been accomplished during the month, and make a record of the same, and at the end of three months she should sum up what has been done, and report accordingly to the Quarterly Meeting secretary.

The Treasurer's duty is to keep accurate accounts of all money matters; and collect. We trust the day will soon come when this word collect shall be blotted out from our mission vocabulary, and every subscription shall be brought in quarterly or monthly as cheerfully and thankfully as the children bring their little mite boxes and empty them at their own meetings.

A Secretary's duty is to keep a concise record of what takes place at each meeting, which she should read at the following one. These records may be of interest and use in after years. She should also keep up a regular correspondence with some missionary in the field, or with one of the teachers or pupils at Harper's Ferry, and occasionally write to other auxiliaries for the benefit of her own society. These officers should work together earnestly in increasing the circulation of the Helper. It will be well, however, to have in each auxiliary an agent or solicitor for the same, who shall have charge of the subscriptions.

What are the duties of the Quarterly Meeting secretary or assistant? The first thing required is to arrange for a regular woman's missionary meeting at each session of the Quar-
terly Meeting. At this she should urge and assist in the forming of auxiliaries and children's bands in all churches where there are none. This secretary shall also require of the auxiliaries in her Quarterly Meeting a regular report not only of their ways of working, but an exact statement of what they are doing in dollars and cents. These will afford interesting matter for the Quarterly Meetings, and will, we trust, create a friendly rivalry among the societies, and increase their activity and faithfulness.

The district secretary has the appointing and oversight of the quarterly meeting secretaries, and through correspondence with them, and by means of annual reports from them, she will be prepared at each Yearly Meeting to know exactly what has been done, and to judge intelligently of the needs and demands of our mission cause.

"And whatsoever we do let us do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men," and "let every one wherein she is called, therein abide with God." E. D. J.

What Wait Ye For?

By F. M. K.

Why stand ye idle, my sister?
Your heart is both loyal and true;
The harvest is white for the laborers,
And the Master is calling for you.

You are ling'ring beside the reapers,
As they toil in the noon-tide sun;
Have you help nor comfort to give them
Ere the work of the day is done?

The perishing grain is around you,
It falls by your side as you stand;
Will you gather no sheaves for the Master?
It is waiting, just now, for your hand.

Then tarry no longer, I pray you,
You can work even here, by the gate.
The Master may cease from His calling,
My sister, O why will you wait?

Pascoag, R. I., Nov., 1878.
Our readers are indebted to Miss Cilley for the following extracts. She says:—

"I send with others an extract from Mrs. Marshall's letter of nearly a year ago, that the friends in Alpine and Cayuta, N. Y., may see how greatly needed was the money they pledged for their respective teachers. God help them to keep these teachers at work, not for three or six months or three or six years only, but till India is saved."

"I cannot thank you enough for the help you are sending me for two new Zenana teachers. I have so few now that they cannot more than half do the work that needs to be done. One is obliged to go to four and five houses in an afternoon. You well know from experience how little time can be given to each house. And even with the working force I have I am getting in debt. I have not thought best to cut down the work, but have been hoping funds would come from somewhere. Yesterday we had a meeting of the Zenana committee, composed of Babus and ourselves, and they wished me to charge four annas a scholar for all who are taught. I am very much encouraged in having the Babus propose this themselves. It shows they are interested in the work, and are willing to help sustain it."

E. P. M.

"It is always our plan, when in the country, to find the village patsala (school) before going out for a bazar talk. Perhaps it is because the children are more impressionable. At any rate, the score more or less of happy faces is the most attractive feature of the village for me. Our plan is a simple one. Tuphan Pandit is an old teacher, and notwithstanding his indolence, which would make him unendurable were it not for his exhaustless good nature, he always brightens up when he gets into a school-house, and is sure to make a good impression. This, followed with timely and judicious praise for teachers and deserving pupils, is sure to open the way for a generous distribution of our attractive little books, which so often remind me of sugar-coated pills, so ingeniously is the
Correspondence.

remedy for moral ills concealed within the pages of some pleasing tale. There is great opportunity for tact and skill, both in making and selling religious tracts. Every leaflet should have a place dedicated to Christ; but it is a great mistake to have his picture for the frontispiece.

"In many of the patsalas we find girls and boys reading in the same classes, and we rejoice in the sight as one of the fruits of our blessed religion. The villagers do not realize that Christianity has effected this; the teachers would most likely ridicule such an idea if suggested to them. But where was female education a subject of public interest before the advent of Christian religion? It is the leaven working among the masses; scarcely recognized, as yet, but it is working, and the end will be glorious, for India will be the Lord's.

"Once more, after spending several weeks among pure heathenism, we have come within the limits of Christian influences. What a marked change! There we might have starved in the midst of plenty had we not providently taken supplies with us, and gathered fuel with our own hands, so persistently the people refused to sell to Christians. Here, in a country poverty-stricken compared with that through which we have been passing, we are pressed with the kindness of the people, who as persistently decline to take any adequate return for the good things they so freely bring us. The secret is that we are now in the midst of the Santal country. During the last few years our schools have been planted in the villages lying all around us. The people recognize us as their friends and benefactors; and, instead of rudely repelling us, they are only too glad to welcome us to their homes and show their appreciation in these little acts of kindness. This, too, is leaven. Here and there we are privileged to hide a little in this seething mass of vice and superstition. For the time being we may seem to lose it, but its effects are certain as the laws of the Eternal. R. M. Lawrence.

MIDNAPORE LIFE.

The rains have come at last, and with them innumerable flying and creeping things, both small and great, from the tiniest mites of live things to the largest beetles and grasshoppers and cockroaches. The last are almost as large as little birds, and they sometimes fly nearly across a room. Sometimes the table is covered with them, and if they were
not such a discomfort it would be interesting to watch them, for they are really pretty, and of so many kinds. The white ants swarm once a year, which is the end of them. On a warm, close evening, when you really have rather hard work to keep in the neighborhood of comfort, you are all at once aware of company—a host of flying creatures cover everything; you look to see where they come from, and from holes and cracks round the doors and walls, which you had never noticed before, numbers of creeping things are crowding on each other and crawling out as fast as possible. Now, behold the wonder! The moment they reach the air they are no longer creeping but flying things! Their name is legion, at least. But their reign is short, for following closely after, legions of large, black ants come trooping on. In a couple of hours or so numerous collections of white, gauzy wings are all that remain of this little specimen of "nature's goings on." Perhaps this is the way that she has of getting rid of a surplus white ant population.

July 30.—The thinnest, fleeciest, whitest clouds are shimmering down to the earth in the early morning sun. From a seat on the new school verandah, looking over to the chapel, it is very pretty. The grand old peepuls are just the other side of the road by the chapel gate. Their dark polished leaves tremble and glint through the sunny rain. It all looks so soft, yet bright and cheering. How much beauty there is all around us, if we will but open our eyes to see it.

Life is going on among us. Just in front the school boys are setting out young trees and pulling up weeds. They work but an hour, and it needs a sharp lookout to see that the fifty boys get useful, vigorous exercise. The school is prospering well. Two weeks ago we began a "convert's band meeting," in imitation of the one at New Hampton. Ten belong to it. This week the members were urged to select each a friend, for whom they would pray each day. If this plan is carried out there will soon be more than ten belonging to the band.

August 1.—The Zenana work is as full of interest as ever. To-day Phulmonie got a letter from the secretary of the society that supports her. She was much pleased and, perhaps, just a little proud. A little while ago her bosom friend, Poddi Moni, received one from her home secretary, and a picture. These letters do the teachers great good.

Mrs. S. P. Bacheler.
ON THE WAY.

S. S. City of London,)

Oct. 30, 1878.

I wish I could tell you how glad I was last Saturday morn­
ing as I came on board to find no less than eleven letters
from as many of my dear friends in America awaiting me. I
cannot estimate the good it has done me to come in contact
with the earnest workers whom I am leaving. . . . As
we neared the northern shores of Ireland, it was a bright,
beautiful day, and the very sight of land had the effect to re­
vive the hearts of all the sea-sick ones. Dr. Cheney, though
quite weak, was up on deck with the rest of us, enjoying the
scenery. During the forenoon we saw the wonderful Giant's
Causeway. We were not near enough to see the peculiar
formation of the rocks. Not the least interesting object at
this point was the old Giant himself, who has been for ages
sitting on his rocky throne guarding his domains; while the
wild waves come rolling, dashing, and beating against him in
their fury, he calmly sits in all his grandeur, looking out upon
the broad ocean which stretches before him. Oh, that we,
as Christians, might stand as firmly and calmly amidst the
storms of life, being planted on the Rock of Ages!

We spent only two days in Glasgow, during which time we
visited the old cathedral, founded in 1175. The long lines
of massive stone columns which supported the roof look as
though they were built for eternity. The crypts are alldamp
and very gloomy, fit places for confessionals of the Romish
Church. The Established Church of Scotland now holds ser­
vices in one of the chapels of the building. Just in the rear
of the cathedral is the Necropolis. It is used only by the
wealthy people of Glasgow. As we stood at the cathedral door,
a funeral procession passed before us and wound its way up the
hill. The hearse was large, drawn by four coal-black horses,
and was heavily decorated. Its driver, as well as the drivers
of the carriages which followed, were dressed in deep mourn­
ing and wore long, black crape veils on their tall silk hats.
This appears to be the fashion in Scotland, for we noticed a
similar practice in Edinburgh. A few moments later we saw
the procession returning. The veils had been doffed, so soon
are all signs of mourning dropped, and again they rush into
the busy world. On the brow of the hill, in a very prominent
place, stands John Knox's monument, though he was buried
in the old St. Giles churchyard in Edinburgh. The grave-
yard has, however, been leveled and paved. The resting place of John Knox is marked by a small iron plate about six inches square, fastened into the pavement, and bears his initials. In St. Giles Church we were shown the spot where the great reformer stood when he preached his powerful discourses which shook Scotland. His old pulpit has been removed to the museum, where we saw it. We girls were determined to see the new University, so, although it was late in the afternoon, we hurried through the park and up the hill, where we had a good view of the immense building, which measures 6oo feet across its front.

The first dinner bell has just rung. I am writing with my portfolio lying in the upper berth. As it is growing too dark to write with any comfort I will drop my pen for the present. We breakfast at 8.30, lunch at 1 and dine at 5.30, and those who wish it may have crackers and cheese at 9 in the evening. We have been sailing along the shores of Portugal nearly all day and we expect to see Gibraltar early in the morning.

October 31.—I wonder if you will care to follow us all through Edinburgh, for it is a long tramp and I fear you will become quite tired. One full day we had for this place. The next we left for London. It is eleven hours' ride in an express train from Edinburgh to London. Here I did but little sight-seeing. . . . We are now in the Mediterranean sea. To-day the sea has been very calm, like a "frog pond" the Captain says, and the air is warm and balmy. This has been rightly called the "Blue Mediterranean," for it is not the dark blue or nearly black of the Atlantic, but a beautiful indigo blue. We had a very fine view of the rock of Gibraltar. It is really a stronghold. The hill fairly bristles with fortifications. Our Captain, who is very kind, went quite near to the rock so that we might have a good view of it. On both sides of the straits are old Moorish towers. For a long distance after leaving Gibraltar we were in sight of the mountains of Southern Spain, then our course takes us further to the south, so that we see the shores of Africa for a day or two. Sunday, at midnight, we sighted Malta. We were very anxious to see this island on account of the Bible history connected with it. We did not go nearer than two or three miles to it, but there being a good moon we saw the outlines of the island and also the lights along the shore.

I want to tell you of the Conference held in London, but all I can attempt to do is to give you a glimpse of it. It commenced on Monday evening, Oct. 21, and closed on Friday
evening, the 25th. There were three sessions daily and all of the meetings were full of interest. It was a rare feast. The opening service was presided over by Sir William Muir, who had been in government employ in India for a long time, and is in full sympathy with missionary work. His address of welcome to delegates from all parts of the world was very good and appropriate. Tuesday was devoted to hearing reports from the work in Africa as carried on by all societies, in America, England, Scotland, France, Italy and Germany. A most excellent paper was read by Rev. Dr. Stewart from Livingstonia, a new mission station opened on the shores of Lake Nyassa. Very cheering were the reports brought from the various portions of this continent. It is truly wonderful how the hidden lands of the interior of Africa are being brought to light during these last few years. Africa, who has for centuries been stretching out her hands to God, is now in these latter days, and in the appointed time, receiving the bread of heaven for which she has been famishing.

India claimed the attention on the third day. This being English territory very much interest was awakened in all questions brought up for discussion. While the conference was engaged on the subject of higher education in India, Mr. Payne, missionary from Calcutta, spoke of the doing away of the Sabbath by the Indian government since the 1st of October, 1877, so that now any business can be legally transacted on the Sabbath. The effect produced by the bringing up of this subject was very much as if a bombshell had been thrown into the camp. Two or three government officers were on the platform; one instantly arose and called Mr. Payne to order. Sir William Muir, then in the chair, to restore order, said that they were drifting away from the question. Another man wished to know what right they had to dismiss such a subject. From the cheering, the sympathy of the audience was evidently on the side of the speaker. The question was, however, dropped, and the work went on as before. The present Governor-General of India has never been regarded as possessing much piety, and this is one of his acts which, I presume, he or his successor will be forced to undo.

China and Japan next passed before us with their teeming millions, and then came the Islands of the Sea. Dr. Clark, Secretary of the American Board, spoke at some length on its work in the Turkish Empire. It was most intensely interesting, you can well imagine, to hear from every heathen land
in the whole world, and that, too, from the lips of persons who had themselves been workers in these different fields. All brought the same news; mighty obstacles there were in every land, but the Almighty hand that ruleth in the heavens was gaining most glorious victories everywhere. While hearing of the wonders, I fancied I could already see that innumerable host which no man can number, which had been brought up from every nation, kindred, people, and tongue, stand before the throne in white robes with palms in their hands. That glorious day is surely coming! Is it not a blessing that we may each of us have a small share in hastening that day? Let us not slacken our efforts, either in India or America, but do our utmost to push the work forward. Yours in loving service,

Julia E. Phillips.


My Very Dear Mrs. Hills:—

We are attending the missionary meetings.* Do you know how I wish so much you were here? I have been thinking of you so many, many times during the meeting this forenoon, and almost bringing you over the sea right into the great assembly. Didn't you hear them cheer Mr. Moffat of Africa (Livingstone's father-in-law), when he came in? Well, it will do your soul good to know how keenly and truly he is appreciated here. This forenoon the subject was "Africa." During one of the speeches the whole audience burst out in unrestrained applause, as the venerable worker for Africa came up the aisle. His beautiful black eyes are still bright and keen, while his long, full beard is white as snow, giving him a patriarchal look very becoming and honorable. A few black hairs still keep their youthful places on his head. Although eighty years and more have left their unmistakable impress, we felt that he was more a clear, blessed echo from Africa's dark coast than an old man standing on the very "brink of the river." His remarks were intensely interesting. I think if I were young I would surely go to Africa. Africa now is the land for Christian effort to exhaust itself.

By the way, I like the new missionaries very much. Mr. Burkholder wears well. He was invaluable during our voyage and sea-sickness across the Atlantic. He seems to possess sterling good sense. Miss Millard and Miss Hooper are very good and lovable, and I trust will make good workers.

* The World's Missionary Conference.
Our trip to Glasgow was safe and quick, and delightful to those who were not sea sick. But alas! for poor me! How I do pity myself at sea. I had two or three tolerable days out of the ten. The children are well and doing nicely. We start for Liverpool day after to-morrow. We anticipate a quick voyage from Liverpool to Calcutta. How can I be thankful enough! The Lord is good to us all.

Lovingly,

MARY R. PHILLIPS.

WORKERS IN COUNCIL.

CENTRAL MAINE.

The Auxiliary connected with the Free Baptist church in Augusta, Me., marked its second anniversary by a public meeting on Sabbath evening, December 15. The evening was stormy, but the large lecture room of the church was filled. After singing by the choir, the president of the society, Mrs. C. F. Penney, read selections of Scripture, and prayer was offered by the pastor. This was followed by encouraging reports from the secretary and treasurer, giving a record of the work of the year, from which it appears that the society has met regularly on the second Sabbath of each month, and that there has been a constant increase in attendance and interest. She says: "Since our organization we have sent funds for the support of a native Zenana teacher, but there was no one for whose support we felt responsible, until in October last, when photographs of native teachers were received, and from these we selected that of Emeline Taffny, in whom, as our own, we feel an especial interest."

"The remaining funds will be used for furnishing a room in Myrtle Hall, the bedding for which has already been sent, together with a large box containing clothing, books, papers, etc., and this will constitute the amount of our work in this direction." By the aid of our admirable map—which ought to be in every church—the stations occupied by our missionaries were pointed out, and much valuable information given, needful to an intelligent understanding of the work in India.

The president read an essay, reviewing the mission work of the church for sixteen years past, which closed with this earnest appeal to the members of the church: "Let us remember this vow we took upon ourselves when we entered into fellowship with this church, viz.: 'We covenant and agree that we will give of our substance to sustain the benevolent enterprises of our denomination, such as missions, education, liberty, schools and the like.'"
Then followed the recitation of that beautiful poem of Mrs. Charles, entitled: "The Cruse That Faileth Not," beginning with —

"Is thy cruse of comfort wasting?
Rise, and share it with another;
And through all the years of famine,
It shall bless thee, and thy brother."

An interesting sketch of the lives of the three Mrs. Judsons was then given, the recital of whose sacrifices never fails to awaken the sympathy of any Christian heart. After singing a grand old missionary hymn, a paper from the pen of Mrs. M. M. H. Hills was read, entitled: "Reminiscences of our first Missionaries, and their Work." An exercise entitled "What the Bible says about Giving," closed the programme of the society. Remarks were made by the pastor in conclusion.

The meeting was most hopeful in attendance and interest, and cannot fail to aid not only the society in its work, but to promote as well the mission work of the church.

RHODE ISLAND.

The Greenville Auxiliary Society held an interesting and profitable public meeting at the church on Sunday evening, October 27. Mrs. J. F. Steere read an instructive biographical essay upon the lives of Mrs. Harriet Newell and Ann Hazeltine Judson.

Miss S. C. Mowry also read an essay entitled, "The End not Yet," in which she emphasized the idea that we should not look for the end of missionary labors in this life. As in the time of the Crusades, the weary children were wont to ask at every town, "Is this Jerusalem?" so we are too apt to look for the end of our work. Our Jerusalem is far away yet. But there is nothing discouraging in this. Great things have been accomplished. Miss Mowry congratulated the society on its success the past year, and the growing interest at the present, and hoped that when the end shall at last be reached it may be said of each member, "She hath done what she could."

Miss Orra A. Angell gave a short but very interesting address relative to her work among the Freedmen, in the school at Tougaloo, Mississippi. This school is under the charge of the Congregationalists and is very similar to our school at Harper's Ferry. Miss Angell thought no one could help being interested in this work and in the colored pupils.

She spoke of one of the young lady graduates who had been offered good positions in the North, but felt it her duty to teach her own people at the South. Many of the pupils are very modest and graceful, and good singers. She thought the Harper's Ferry jubilee singers good representatives of many of the schools South. There were also recitations, select reading and correspondence. The exercises were interspersed throughout with music.
OHIO.

If any one fears that the interest in missions is on the decline in Ohio, will they please turn to the treasurer's report in the *Star* of October 2d. At the time the collections there reported were taken, it was intended that a missionary supported by the Ohio River Y. M. should be one of the company which sailed in October. The churches of this Y. M. responded so heartily to the call for money, that during the few weeks previous to the 5th of October, fully half of the personal salary for the first year had been raised. The State Association meeting at Cheshire, September 3d and 5th, assumed to raise funds necessary for the outfit, passage; and the extra salary of three hundred dollars to be expended by the missionary in employing native helpers. It was hoped that the share of the Association, amounting in all to one thousand dollars, could be raised by October 5th. Four weeks, however, seemed a short time to raise so large a sum, or even as much as was necessary to raise before sailing. Upon mature consideration it was thought advisable that their missionary, Miss Nellie M. Phillips, should remain in America one year longer. It is the intention that she spend the year in Ohio, in order that she and the churches which assume her support may become mutually acquainted. She is expected to visit every church, helping to increase the interest in missions, and collecting aid for them. At the end of the year's work, September, 1879, she is to sail for India. Sincerely do we hope that Ohio friends will so gladly respond to the plea for help that the delay of her work in India will, in the end, prove to be a gain. Miss Phillips has given up her situation as teacher in the Rio Grande College and is busy in Ohio, visiting at the rate of four churches a week.

SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

Rev. A. H. Morrell writes, Dec. 3: "Last Sabbath night I presented the cause of missions to our people at the Normal School Congregation, assisted by two young ladies of our church, who read extracts from the History of our foreign missions, and from the *Helper*, the words of Rev. J. L. Phillips. The occasion was intensely enjoyed by the audience, which was unusually large. The next day I sent $6.00 to Bro. Fernald as a collection on the card system."

Miss Brackett says: "School closes Dec. 24 with twenty-five more names than were on the roll one year ago. Three days of vacation week will be given to our Teachers' Convention. Myrtle Hall will soon be ready for the company of girls, who have in the past cheerfully borne the inconvenience of boarding themselves in crowded rooms, and for many others who will come here for the first time.

When I contrast this prospect with that of one year ago, I feel grateful to God, who put our cause in the hands of the Woman's Mission. May
this institution long be a credit to the friends who crowded around it in its darkest hours."

— Myrtle Hall, Dec. 9, 1878.

Names of those that have paid twenty-five dollars for finishing rooms:

Merrimack Street Sunday-school, Manchester, N. H.; Mrs. I. D. Stewart, Dover, N. H.; Mrs. F. S. Mosher, Dover, N. H.; Mrs. Maggie Cook, Lewiston, Me.; Mrs. Lavinia Fox, (two rooms); Freeman Bard, Hartford, Me.; Rev. S. Curtis, Concord, N. H.

N. Sandwich Sunday-school (Olive Branch).—Henry E. Palmer, Bath, Me.; Mr. E. A. Smith, Dover, N. H.

Saco Sunday-school.—Rev. G. C. Waterman, Dover, N. H.; Mary Barr; Mrs. Vaughan, Farmington, Me.

Mt. Vernon Church, Lowell, Mass.—Harper’s Ferry, Q. M., (two rooms to be named John Brown and Gerrit Smith); Mrs. M. M. H. Hills (Marks Hutchins’ room); Sunday-school, Portland, Me. (Portland Room); the Woman’s Missionary Society, (two rooms); Church and Sunday-school, South Berwick, Me., (South Berwick room); Little Seed Sowers, Main Street Church, Lewiston, Me.; India room; Young Ladies’ Aid Society, Lyndon Centre, Vt., (Lyndon Literary Institution room); Mrs. C. Brooks (Brooks room).

The pledges are as follows:

New Hampton Sunday-school, $20, paid; Ladies’ Society, Bowdoinham, Me., $15, paid; Main Street Sunday-school, Lewiston, Me., $13, paid; Main Street Auxiliary, Lewiston, Me., $13, paid; N. Berwick, Maine, Church, pledged; Mrs. J. M. Brewster, pledged; Mrs. R. J. Morell, pledged; Mary A. Prescott, Candia, N. H., pledged; Young Ladies’ Society, Augusta, Cen., pledged; Try Class Room, pledged.

Notes and Gleanings.

The missionaries arrived in Calcutta Nov. 28. Thank God!

In the March number, we will give the names of the three churches or persons, that have sent in the largest number of subscribers for 1879.

A good old lady from the West writes us that she wishes us to publish once a month, and actually sends increased pay, saying that two months is too long to wait for such news.

Unavoidably on our part, a small portion of the November issue was imperfect in printing and binding. Any subscriber having an imperfect copy we will try to furnish with a perfect one if she will return that which she has.
In these days of "failures" no one regrets the investments in the bank of heaven. He who sat over against the treasury keeps the books with great accuracy and pays large dividends. Let us increase our investments.

The gospel car is mightier than Juggernaut's. Two of that god's priests have been converted and are preparing for the Christian ministry. The true "Lord of the world" is come to Orissa, and the usurper must make way.

The Pope has sent ten Jesuits to Central Africa to evangelize the countries traversed by Stanley and Livingstone. The mission will cost $40,000, and the priests will take with them 500 porters, servants, etc., who will be unarmed.

The first subscriber for 1879, acting upon Mrs. Lowell's suggestion and the promptings of a generous heart, pays not only her own subscription but for that of some other person who may not be able to do so. We like and commend the example.

"I would advise no mother to leave her own children unfed while she went to cook her neighbor's breakfast. But if her neighbor was poor and miserable and blind and naked, and in want of all things, it would be like Christ to send a portion, if she could not go to her."

We take great pleasure in recommending Good Times, a magazine edited by Mrs. M. B. C. Slade, as especially adapted for use in Sunday-school concerts, temperance and missionary meetings. Mission Bands will find it a valuable help. The second year commences with September, and will continue ten months. Price $1.00, or 15 cents per copy. Will our readers who wish to subscribe send to us?

Mr. Spurgeon puts a home question to those who are in doubt as to the real use and necessity of foreign missions. "Dear friends," you sometimes say, "Will the heathen be saved if we do not send the missionaries? I will ask you another question, Will you be saved if you do not send out any missionaries? because I have dreadful doubts about whether you will. Do not smile. The man that does nothing for his Master, will he be saved? The man that never cares about the perishing heathen, is he saved? Is he like Christ?" — Link.

We would especially urge upon every auxiliary and mission band, church and Sabbath-school, the importance of being supplied with a map of our mission in India. Used in connection with the map of Asia it will help to locate the field in whose cultivation we all are interested, and bring it nearer to us, so that it will not seem altogether "foreign." The price of the map is reduced from $1.00 to 75 cents, as the stone from which they are printed is nearly paid for. Lyman E. Page, son of E. W. Page, Esq., is the agent for this map, doing his work gratuitously, having no other interest than to sell as many as possible for the furtherance of the cause. He will send maps to any part of the country, postage paid, on receipt of price. Address P. O. Box 2,817, New York City.
LAMBS OF JESUS.

Lambs of Jesus, guarded, sheltered
By the Shepherd good and true,
Eating of his greenest pasture,
Drinking in his sweetest dew.
There are others
Who might eat and drink with you.

Far off in the darkest mountains,
Little lambs are wandering bold,
Knowing not there is a shelter,
Knowing not there is a Fold

And a Shepherd
Who would shield them from the cold
Send some word of pity to them,
Saying to the wanderers, "Come,
Let our shepherd be your shepherd —
There can never be but one, —
Let one sheep-fold
Be our everlasting home."

—Little Helpers.

ANOTHER MISSIONARY MEETING.

BY M. B. C. SLADE.

Sadie (Annie entering). — I have been wishing to see you, to remind you that it is nearly time for you to go on another soliciting tour.

Annie. — Oh! I'm glad. We had such an interesting time before that I shall be delighted to go again. See, here come the other members of our committee.

[Several girls enter.]

Sadie. — Girls, we have been talking about mission matters.

Mattie (acting as president of the Band). — Just the subject I had in my mind. I know it is time for you to begin your collecting, but I have, first, another mission point to discuss with you all.

Lizzie. — What is it?

Mattie. — A gentleman, who is one of the most distinguished mission workers in the country, has written us a letter, in which he is kind enough to say that he thinks our soliciting plan was capital, "but," he adds, "I think there is a better plan still."

Lizzie. — What is it? I like new ideas.

Mattie. — In the first place he says, "When next for good we go abroad," we ought to have some of the boys included.

Avis. — Yes, but how are we to include boys unless they manifest a willingness to be included.

[Three boys enter.]
Children's Niche.

John. — See here, I'm all ready to join you. Just ask me. You don't suppose all the mission interest in this Sunday-school goes into one ear and out at the other of us boys, do you? I'll join you, and be glad of the chance.

Charlie. — And I.

Sidney. — And I too; and I know of more who will, if you'll only speak to them about it. We come to mission concerts and read the missionary papers, and think just as much of missions as you do; only girls have such a faculty of showing their interest.

Phila. — You are all very welcome, I assure you, boys.

Mattie. — But now, young gentlemen, listen to the rest of our friend's suggestion. He says, "Have some of the boys included, and then make the whole lot earn their money instead of soliciting it from others." What do you think of that, young men?

Sidney. — I think that's quite another thing.

John. — So do I, but I won't back out.

Annie. — Ah! ah! remember we all belong to the "Anti-Slang Society.

John. — Oh, excuse me, young ladies! I mean that, having put my hand to the plough, I will not turn back.

Charlie. — But what is the gentleman's notion about it?

Clara. — He thinks that "the real, moral culture of giving is just in proportion to the sacrifice made."

Sadie. — And he wants us, while getting as much money as we can for the mission cause, to get just as much good as we can for ourselves.

John. — That's the talk! Excuse me again, girls. I mean to say that I like the gentleman's view of the subject.

Sidney. — I like it, too.

Charlie. — And so do I.

Lizzie. — But to accomplish it how shall we go to work? that's the question.

Phila. — Then the question answers itself, like an echo, "Go to work."

Avis. — Yes, but the how remains unanswered.

Clara. — I know that "where there's a will there's a way," but there seems to be so little that boys and girls still in school can do to earn money.

Lizzie. — Somebody suggest something.

John. — I don't see any difficulty. Just let your interest in this cause be strong enough as a motive, and the ways of earning money will come fast enough.
The Missionary Helper.

Annie. — Very well, how? Mention one way, if you please.

John. — Oh, for us boys, carrying papers, for one thing. There's always a standing advertisement of "News-boy Wanted."

Charlie. — The little fellows might go on errands.

Sidney. — And we larger ones might have some garden-patches.

Mattie. — Gardens planted in December! I speak for all your early vegetables.

Sidney. — Good, madam! I'll remember that, and hold you to your bargain. There's another year coming, and I, for one, do not enlist under your mission-banner as a "three-months' man." I say, let's all make arrangements, another year, to have some missionary gardens.

John. — Good for you! I'll have one, and call it Burmah. Won't it sound well when I say, "My field of labor is in Burmah?"

Lizzie. — Yes, and it will help to remind you of the little human plants in the Burmah mission-field.

Sidney. — And, Miss Mattie, you've spoken for all my early vegetables, please remember; and you said nothing about the price. I warn you I shall charge a good big one, all for the cause! I mean to call my field Zulu. I'll ask my folks to call me at five o'clock in the morning, to labor in the Zulu country.

Lizzie. — When the breakfast-bell rings, don't forget yourself and go crawling in at the door on your hands and knees, as our missionaries have to do down there when they enter the huts of the Zulus.

Avis. — Where is the Zulu country?

Annie. — Down in Southeastern Africa, just east of the Orange Free State, that sent its products to the Centennial, you remember.

Lizzie. — Let's sing the "Zulu Song." A lady in the mission wrote home that the Zulu children were fond of singing "Shining Shore," and she asked to have a song written for them. Here it is in "The Robin." (All Sing.)

Clara. — You ought to learn that song, Sidney, —

"They come to us from Freedom's land,
The gospel tidings bringing."

It would sound well in your Zulu field, at five o'clock in the morning.

Charlie. — I mean to call my potato patch Patagonia. Do you suppose any one remembers that Patagonians have souls?
— I never heard of missionaries going among them, did you?

Let's read up in the mission papers, and see. If not, Charlie, by talking about your Patagonian mission-field, who knows but you may suggest sending somebody to them?

You know our geography says that the Argentine Republic claims Eastern Patagonia; and now that the good and wise Sarmiento is president of the country he ought to do something for his Patagonian neighbors.

But, girls, what are we to do? The boys have settled their plans: what are ours?

I'm sure I don't know. We can do things enough, but will they pay? that's the question.

It must pay. I believe in the moral culture part of our friend's plan; but I tell you, boys and girls, our school in Burmah must have money, and I don't intend to lose sight of that fact.

Perhaps our mothers might help us by their suggestions.

Very likely; but as we are in search of the greatest good, let's think it out ourselves. That's the way we do with our problems at school; nobody wants help on them. It's worth ten times as much to think them out alone.

Suppose we have a Fair, and make and sell all sorts of pretty things, and useful things, too.

Good! Let's have an apron sale, with every imaginable kind, from the daintiest ruffled lawn to the blacksmith's leather apron.

I'll tell you: have a Juvenile Cooking Table, on which every bit of the cake and cookies and things shall have been made by you girls. We boys will patronize that department.

Let's have a table on which we shall offer for sale everything you boys can make or carve, with your everlasting whittling, or, better, with your saws.

Really, this does seem to be a good way to combine our efforts. Hands for a fair up,—a Mission Fair!

'Tis a vote. We'll read "Macedonian" and "Helping Hand," and the rest of the mission papers to you while you sew.

But we mustn't overlook the last part of our letter of advice: "Earn it by work — or self denial."

I do really suppose more of the moral culture would come in there, don't you, Clara?
Clara. — Yes; for when we get interested in our Fair, that would soon come to be just fun.

Lizzie. — While self-denial, for any cause, never gets to be "just fun," judging from my slight acquaintance with it.

Clara. — I call for suggestions as to how we shall deny ourselves in the interests of Burmah, Patagonia, the Zulus, and the mission cause in general.

John. — Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to make a speech: let me suggest that there be no suggestions, but that each and every member of this Juvenile Mission Society practise self-denial on his own hook, keep his self-denial to himself, and pay the proceeds into the treasury.

Charlie. — Good! I like that! You see if a fellow resolves to deny himself for a good cause, there is always some aunt or grandmother, or somebody, to tell of it, and then folks praise him until he is tired of the sound of it.

John. — This is what I should dread. For instance, suppose I conclude to deny myself a new fall hat, and give the price to the mission fund. Maybe I'd just as lief do it as not; maybe I shouldn't, after all, care so very much for the new hat; but who wants all the fellows to get hold of it, and every time they see your old hat, sing out, "How are you, Burmah!"

Mattie. — But what will you do first?

Avis. — I move that we now adjourn and begin this denial at once. — Good Times.

QUESTIONS ON INDIA.

1. Describe the river Ganges.
2. Tell about a pilgrimage to the temple of Juggernaut.
3. What are the names of the principal idols of the Hindoos?
4. How many gods in India?
5. How do the heathen pray?
6. How far is Midnapore from Calcutta?
7. Are the girls taught in the schools with the boys?
8. Who was the first Free Baptist missionary?
9. Who are our missionaries in India at the present time?
LETTERS FROM THE BANDS.

We would like to place under this head extracts from the "Busy Bees," "Seed Sowers," and "Helping Hands," scattered all the way from Minnesota to Maine, short reports of meetings held, hints of what you do and how you do it, and the way you make your meetings interesting. All these things will help and stimulate. Would you like to talk with each other in this way? And will not some of our young friends in India who are learning of Jesus tell their story?

THE smallest post-office in the world is kept in a barrel and has no postmaster. It is situated, or rather hung, on the outermost rock of the mountains overhanging the Straits of Magellan, opposite Terra del Fuego. Every passing ship opens it to place letters in or take them out. Every ship undertakes to forward all the letters in it that it is possible for it to transmit. How many homes have been made bright by these messages left in the barrel post-office! It hangs there by its iron chain, beaten and battered by the winds and storms; but no locked or barred office on land is more secure. — Children's Work for Children.

JAPANESE BREACHES OF PROMISE.

After a Japanese lover has proven false to his vows, the deserted maiden rises at about two o'clock in the morning, and dons a white robe and high sandals or clogs. Her coif is a metal tripod, in which are thrust three lighted candles; around her neck she hangs a mirror which fall upon her bosom; in her left hand she carries a small straw figure—the effigy of her faithless lover—and in her right she grasps a hammer and nail, with which she nails it to one of the sacred trees that surround the shrine. Then she prays for the death of the traitor, vowing that if her petition be heard she will herself pull out the nails which offend the god by wounding the mystic tree. Night after night she comes to the shrine and each night she strikes in two more nails, believing that every nail will shorten her lover's life, for the god, to save his tree, will surely strike him dead. It is a curious illustration of the hold superstition yet has on the Japanese mind.
## The Missionary Helper.

### CONTRIBUTIONS

**RECEIVED BY THE**

**Free Baptist Woman’s Missionary Society,**

**FROM OCT. 18, 1878, TO DEC. 12, 1878.**

### MAINE.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>East Parsonsfield Auxiliary</td>
<td>$3.21</td>
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<tr>
<td>Presque Isle</td>
<td>$2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>South Waterboro, Miss Mary Brackett and Mrs. Sarah Hanson</td>
<td>$2.50 for native teacher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Presque Isle</td>
<td>$12.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>South Waterboro, Miss Mary Brackett and Mrs. Sarah Hanson</td>
<td>$12.50 for native teacher</td>
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### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Concord, Children’s Mission Band for Miss I. Phillip’s salary</td>
<td>$15.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Concord Auxiliary, towards furnishing Rev. S. Curtis’ room in Myrtle Hall</td>
<td>$15.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dover Auxiliary, Washington Street Church, for room in Myrtle Hall</td>
<td>$25.00</td>
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### VERMONT.

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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Berlin, Mr. Furrer</td>
<td>$3.30</td>
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<tr>
<td>Corinth Auxiliary, 2d Church</td>
<td>$4.75</td>
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<td>O. Hubbard</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lyndon Centre, Young Ladies’ Aid Society, to finish a room in Myrtle Hall</td>
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<tr>
<td>South Strafford Auxiliary, for Myrtle Hall</td>
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### MASSACHUSETTS.

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<tr>
<td>Blackstone, Mission Band, for Miss I. Phillip’s salary</td>
<td>$5.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Charlestown, Abagail Stevens</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lowell, Little Mission Helpers, for Miss I. Phillip’s salary</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lowell, First F. B. Church</td>
<td>$26.95</td>
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### RHODE ISLAND.

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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Pascoag, Young People’s Mission Society, for Miss I. Phillip’s salary</td>
<td>$25.00</td>
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### OHIO.

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<tr>
<th>Location</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Richland and Licking Q. M. Auxiliary, $7.50 for Zenza work, and 9c for Home Missions</td>
<td>$8.13</td>
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<tr>
<td>Seneca and Haron Q. M. Auxiliary</td>
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<td>Springfield Church, Home Missions</td>
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### IOWA.

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<tr>
<td>Mount Hope Church, for Foreign Missions</td>
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### MINNESOTA.

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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Minneapolis, Auxiliary</td>
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### MISSOURI.

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<tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Springfield, Gisela Dittrick, for native teacher</td>
<td>$15.00</td>
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### MISCELLANEOUS.

<table>
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<tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mrs. B. F. Hayes, Mrs. V. G. Ramsey, Mrs. G. W. Rich, Mrs. C. F. Penney, Mrs. Pease, each $1.00 for Mrs. J. L. Phillip’s share in a room in Myrtle Hall, to be called India Room</td>
<td>$7.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mrs. Moulton, Mrs. Perry, Miss E. Deering, Mrs. Lowell, Rev. O T. Moulton, each $1.00 for Mrs. Jeremiah Phillip’s share in same room</td>
<td>$5.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### TOTAL AMOUNT

$248.14

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Miss L. A. DeMERITTE, Treasurer.