"Get thee up, eat and drink, for there is a sound of abundance of rain." These were the words of the prophet of old as the eventful day on Carmel drew to a close. The end of the three years and more of drought, causing famine, suffering and death, was nigh, and now the king is bidden to prepare for what was before him. These words of the prophet were those of faith. After long-continued prayer and the sending of his servant seven times, he was told: "Behold there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea like a man's hand." Faith, then, became sight, and the heavens were soon black with rain.

Nearly forty-five years ago our mission in India was undertaken. Amid hardships and privations, discouragements and almost "infinite toil," it has been carried forward. The apparent results have been small. Many of our readers, as year after year they have contributed their offerings and sent their prayers to heaven, may have asked, "Where is the visible sign of the promised rain?" The recent intelligence from the missionaries indicates that a small hand-sized cloud is in the sky. God be thanked for the prospect that the toil, the self-denial and the patience of the earlier and later missionaries are being rewarded; that faith is being changed to sight. May this little cloud gather blackness till it shall be apparent to all our eyes, and from it may plentiful showers of God's refreshing grace be poured upon the thirsty field, and also
upon all hearts quickening and strengthening them. May we hear the voice speaking to us, "'Get thee up, eat and drink,' make haste to be ready for my work."

With joyfulness do we hail the appointment of a day of prayer, in view of the encouraging prospects. From closet and family altar and the public congregation let unceasing prayer, attended with faith, go up to him who "giveth the rain," and in answer thereto we may expect that "the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose."

Soroh and the neighboring villages breaking caste; intelligent men at Contai studying the Bible and seeking teachers for their wives and children; Bhudruck asking for Christian leaders; thousands of women and girls in Midnapore to be gathered in and taught; new zenanas opening; Myrtle Hall to be dedicated in May;— these are the opportunities demanding our earnest attention! Well may the question be asked, where are the reapers to gather the grain and garner it?

The language of every new-born soul is, "Lord what wilt thou have me to do?" The love of Jesus, and the value of his sacrifice for us, become more and more apparent as we understand more fully their preciousness and meaning. In moments of joy, in view of this love, we exclaim "'had I a thousand hearts to give, Lord they should all be thine." In view of the sacrifice do we as earnestly say, "Lord, what can I do for thee and for those for whom thou hast died." "He that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal."

The religious interest at Storer Normal School is of a most cheering character. It is to be hoped that its friends will see to it at once that all their pledges are fulfilled. It is especially desired to dedicate the building free from debt, in May, at the close of the term. To do so we must raise nearly $800. Shall we have a month's earnest, solid work and much prayer for this enterprise? There should be no failing or faltering now, but rather each one doing what she can.
WHAT WE NEED TO DO.

BY MRS. D. F. SMITH.

During the past century and a half, there are six names that stand out prominently in the history of Foreign Missions. They are Schwartz, Carey, Judson, Morrison, Wilson and Duff. Each of these men spent about forty years in earnest work for the Master, and most of them found a grave in the land of their adoption, after passing their threescore and ten years.

Dr. Duff, of Calcutta, was perhaps more exclusively devoted to the cause of general education than any other one of these men. Some years before his arrival in Calcutta, the East India Company had been compelled by the English government to adopt certain measures for the education of the higher classes of native gentlemen. Among other institutions, a Sanscrit College was founded in Benares, the holy city of the Hindus, but neither in this nor in any other of their schools was the English language allowed to be taught.

Some idea of the fruitlessness of their efforts to educate and enlighten the people may be learned from a document left by Bishop Heber, who visited the college at Benares some years after its establishment. Listening to a lecture from one of their learned pundits, learned in Eastern lore, he writes: “I heard him identify the North Pole with Mount Mere and the South Pole with the tortoise that supports the Hindoo cosmogony, while he made the sun go round the earth. Such science, and with the age of reason for theology, were almost the only means used to carry out the plans of the English government to educate the people.”

The church which sent out Dr. Duff said to him, “Do not settle in Calcutta, and do not teach English in your schools, for you will make the people worse instead of better by teaching them English.” He did both of these things, though so contrary to his instructions, and now, after the lapse of fifty years, the church of Scotland has reason to rejoice that this
far-seeing young disciple disregarded her instructions in this matter. His little school, at first numbering only twenty young men, soon increased to hundreds, and some time after when the government wanted to establish a medical school to train native youths in a better medical practice than the most assured one of their own, they could not find young men connected with their own institutions who would dissect the human body. Their customs and caste prejudices subject the person coming in contact with a dead body to great inconvenience and render him impure for several weeks thereafter in their eyes. Dr. Duff's students had been educated to understand the fallacy of these customs and practices, and he told the professors of this medical school that he would send them students, even from the highest caste, who would use the scalpel. The first one who volunteered was a Brahman, the highest caste in India.

From small beginnings the education of native boys and men has assumed large proportions and exerted a wide and healthy influence through this vast empire; but until quite recently the education of women has been almost wholly neglected. This system of religion teaches that women have no souls, while the men who still cling to their idols, and their number is legion, expect after passing through various states of transmigration, finally to reach the Hindoo's heaven, absorption into their great god, Brahma. Perhaps about the highest idea the women have of heaven is sometime to re-appear on the earth as men. I remember, during our first year in India, that we employed a Brahman pundit, or teacher. One day he came telling us that his brother's wife had just died from the bite of the cobra, a deadly snake. When asked if they had killed the serpent he said, "Oh, no! the soul of my mother, sister, or other relative may be in that snake, and were we to kill it we might be killing some one of our family." To take the life of the meanest creature is a crime among a large class of Hindoos on this account. Custom renders it necessary for a house to be closed to the outside world twenty-
one days after a death has occurred in it, and we find it very
difficult to enter these houses, where we are teaching, within
these prescribed limits. I visited one of my zenanas as soon
as I could after the death of a little child, a son and heir, and
found the women inconsolable in their grief. Waiting a little
for their loud wailings to cease, I noticed an aged woman
come in and sit down by the grandmother, and, listening,
heard these words, "Don't cry so; may be this dear little boy
of yours will next appear on the earth as the son of a mighty
king." This seemed poor comfort, but a great deal better
than to crawl on the earth as a serpent. I thanked God
then that I had a more glorious message to carry to these
stricken ones—the assurance that their lost babes were for­
ever safe in heaven; but they found it hard to believe that
this new religion was for women as well as for men.

The work we have undertaken to do, my sisters, is to edu­
cate and, under God, to christianize these women. To do
this we must have a native as well as a foreign agency. A
recent article from a lady near Calcutta, who has had wide
opportunities for observation, says: "Most, if not all, of our
missionary circles, are alive to the importance of increasing
our native female teachers." Our own schools, and most es­
pecially the one under charge of Miss Crawford, with the
blessing of God, now affords a large number of native women
who, under a well organized and effective superintendence,
can do a great work for their less favored sisters. A mission­
ary, who is by nature and grace endowed with the capacity,
ought profitably to use an amount, in most cases, equal to
her own salary in the superintendence of native teachers for
zenanas and girls' schools. Let me ask you to remember this,
sisters, as you send forth your messengers to the dark places
of the earth, and equip them thoroughly for their work. Does
the magnitude of the work of giving the gospel to more than
a million and a half of women included in our mission terri­
tory in India appall you? Remember, you are only required
to do what you can, and for this you are held responsible.
As you would stand unperjured when you appear at the final
judgment, seek to know and do your whole duty to the hungry,
starving souls of your sisters in India. It is cause for devout
thankfulness that such a beginning has already been made.
Through your benefactions many homes are visited by your
missionaries and the native teachers employed by them. God
grant the present year may be fruitful in results, and let us pray that wider and broader plans may be inaugurated for carrying on our work in India.

HERE AND THERE.

Long years ago, in childhood's early morning,
    The heathen's cry I heard;
And all my youthful heart was filled with yearning
    To carry them the word
Of life eternal — blessed bread from Heaven!
    To starving souls to break,
To hide within their darkened minds the leaven,
    Till all their lives partake.

'Twas otherwise decreed; but still I'm praying
    The mission work God speed.
With flying footsteps haste — make no delaying!
    Go, teach, by word and deed,
The blessed love of Christ, with patience sowing
    All waters close beside;
Tell dying souls of life's blest fountain flowing
    From Jesus' pierced side.

And we, who may not cross the ocean's billow
    To work in foreign lands,
With earnest prayer the laborers may follow
    And stay their drooping hands,
As Aaron did and Hur the hands of Moses,
    Until on Israel's side
The victory turned — then, when this battle closes,
    And Christ our blessed guide
Shall come to gather from among the nations
    A people for his name,
From Afric's sands, from India's mission stations,
    From islands of the main,
They'll come, resplendent, clad in robes of glory,
    With music loud and long,
Joyous they'll come to tell redemption's story
    And join the victor's song.

Mrs. Jessie E. Jordan.

Raymond, Me.
Reminiscences.

REMINISCENCES.

BY MRS. M. M. H. HILLS.

(FIRST YEARS OF THE F. B. INDIA MISSION.)

It had been decided to plant the standard of the cross at Jellasore, about thirty miles northeast of Balasore, on the mail route to Calcutta. Thither, in March, 1840, Mr. Phillips removed his family from Balasore. The village, Patna, near Jellasore, which he selected for his home, contained about 4,000 inhabitants, while there were many other villages of considerable note near by, also nine or ten markets within a short distance, which were resorted to by all classes, thus affording excellent opportunities for sending tracts and portions of the Scriptures to all parts of the district. Again, blessed with health, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips zealously commenced work at their new station with hopeful prospects.

May 16, 1840, Rev. O. R. Bacheler and wife, members of our churches in Boston, and Miss Hannah W. Cummings of the Lowell church, sailed for India, where they arrived September 13. They found Mr. Phillips writhing again under another crushing blow. A little less than a month previous to their arrival, his second wife, scarcely twenty-one years of age, died at Midnapore. Some time in July she was attacked by an insidious fever which baffled the skill of an English physician from Balasore, who stayed with her eight or ten days, and then left, saying that he had done all he could for her. He advised, in case the fever should abate and the patient rally, that she should be taken for a change of air to Midnapore. After a few days, favorable symptoms kindled bright hopes, and she was conveyed in a palanquin fifty miles to Midnapore. Here, with her husband and twin babes, she was very kindly received and tenderly cared for by the family of Rev. John Brooks, General Baptist missionary. The change, however, availed nothing. The death angel came Aug. 16, 1840, and made our brother again a widower, and his babes motherless. During the latter days of her illness
Mrs. Phillips was delirious much of the time. In her sane moments she expressed unshaken Christian trust, resignation to God's will, and readiness for her departure. Her last remembered audible utterance was—with James then just six months old before her—"God bless my darling child!" Before John could be brought to her bedside, her mind wandered. Her sacred dust rests in a grave in Midnapore, where that then helpless babe, now grown to a vigorous manhood's prime, is warring with heathen hosts, and its reminder of his mother's dying blessing must often be an incentive to the performance of earnest, faithful work for Christ. The wife of a British officer kindly took charge of John for the time being, and in a few days the bereaved husband took James, and, returning to his desolate home in Jellasore, again applied himself to missionary work.

Since the article in the last Helper, on the early years of our India mission was written, additional facts have been learned in regard to the lamented missionary, the second Mrs. Phillips. Her father was a British officer, her mother a Eurasian woman—the daughter of an Englishman by a native wife. Rev. J. Mack, a Scotch Baptist missionary, associate of the three great men at Serampore—Carey, Marshman, and Ward—adopted her, with the consent of her mother, after her father's death. Hence she was brought up in a very intelligent, refined, missionary family. Her habits and early ideals, her intimate acquaintance with both the Hindustanee and Bengalee language, with her earnest and sincere piety, peculiarly fitted her for the duties of the wife and helper of a missionary; while her genial, generous disposition, excellent culture, and beauty of person fitted her to shine in good society.

Dr. Bacheleter and party, the newly arrived missionaries, found Mr. Noyes at Midnapore, where he also had gone for a change. For three months he had been suffering severely from chronic dysentery, and it was feared that he would be obliged to leave the country to save his life. But a few weeks' stay in Midnapore, under the treatment of two physicians, had, he hoped, effected a cure, and he joyfully returned to Balasore with the new missionaries as colleagues, and again prosecuted his work with his accustomed ardor.

[To be continued.]
THE EXTENT OF THE FIELD.

The following is the second of the series of articles in Woman's Work for Woman, by Padri Sahib, the first of which appeared in our last number. It contains just the kind of information which our readers need:

"How far do you live from Philadelphia?" inquired an English gentleman of me in India. "Oh," said I, only about three hundred miles." He looked at me, smiled, and finally said: "Only about three hundred miles?" He thought I was joking, for in his mind America was so small that three hundred miles would have carried a man well on from one ocean to another! I enlightened his mind as to the true dimensions of my native land, and immediately confidence was restored. This little incident well illustrates the ideas of many in America concerning India. Wherefore, reader, before you laugh at my English friend, be sure the laugh may not be turned upon yourself, when you begin to tell us your notions of the geography of India.

Well, where is India? An elder of the Presbyterian Church once answered this question in the hearing of a friend of mine by saying: "I don't know very well where it is, but I guess it is somewhere in France!"

It will not, therefore, be out of place to make a few statements with regard to the geographical features of the country.

India is situated in the southern part of Asia, and is bounded on the north by the Himalaya Mountains; on the east by Burmah and the Bay of Bengal; on the south by the Indian Ocean, and on the west by Afghanistan, Beloochistan, and the Arabian Sea.

India is in general diamond-shaped. The extreme distances are about eighteen hundred miles north and south, fifteen hundred east and west. It contains one million, four hundred and seventeen thousand, five hundred and forty-seven square miles. To get a more definite idea let us compare its size with that of countries with which we are better acquainted. The United States of America contains three million, two hundred and sixty thousand and seventy-three square miles. India is therefore almost one-half as large as our own country. Again, take Germany, and add to it France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Switzerland, and the Netherlands, and still you have not as large a country as India.

If we turn to the population of India, we are scarcely able to realize the immensity of the multitude. Two hundred and
forty millions of people are huddled together within its limits, and yet large tracts of the country are either uninhabited or but sparsely populated! In some places from four to six hundred people live on a single square mile! And this fact, more than any other, testifies to the marvelous fertility of the soil. For India not only produces the food supply of its own population, but in addition exports millions of bushels of wheat and rice to other countries; and this she does notwithstanding the large amount of land absorbed in the production of opium, indigo, hemp, rhia, jute, mustard, and other oil seed.

The wonderful fertility and wealth of India has ever made it a prize worthy the ambition of the world's great conquerors, from the days of Alexander to those of the servants of the East Indian Company. The multitude of its precious souls now open to missionary effort ought to make a field worthy of the best efforts of the Christian Church to conquer for Christ. Under the present government, the missionary is not only permitted to go anywhere in India with the good news of salvation, but the whole power of the British Empire is pledged to secure him in his right to go. No other heathen country is so open to missionary effort. In no other is life and property so secure. Surely these facts should encourage even the most faint-hearted to "enter in and possess the land."

DO NOT ALL CHURCH-MEMBERS DO THE SAME?

WITHIN the limits of a New England city lives a humble Christian Scotch woman, who seems to have learned some secret not widely known, certainly not widely practised, as to Christian giving. In the late unprecedented season, when her husband belonged to the class "out of employment," the little family of four were supported by her own daily labor from house to house, in doing family washing. One morning in the early spring she appeared at the parsonage with a little paper parcel containing "money for the missionaries," amounting in all to two dollars and thirty cents, which she quietly laid on the table by my side.

"Why, Mrs. B— !" I exclaimed in surprise, when I had counted over the little hoard, "how can you give so much? Don't you need it for yourself?"
"Oh no!" she answered in her rich Scotch brogue, which I will not attempt to reproduce, "it is the Lord’s. He has been so good to provide work for me all this winter, that I want to be sure he has his part of all I earn. I always put away a part of every dollar for him."

"That is a good habit to fall into," I answered, thinking of the joy there would be on missionary ground, if all Christian women had this habit.

"Yes," was the answer, "I was taught to do it in the old home in Scotland. We always had a little box for missionary money standing on the shelf; and when any one in the family—father, or mother, or children—had any money, no matter how we got it, a part of it was put in the Lord’s box before we spent any for ourselves."

Her husband had learned the same lesson also, in his father’s house, and sometimes reminded the good woman that she had taken nothing out of her last dollar, hardly patient to wait till the note had been broken, and the sacred portion set free. Her children also entered heartily into the same plan, never spending a dime for self till a part of it rested safely in the little box. The discussion—in which the good woman surely got the better of her friend, and which cannot be given here—ended with, "Why, Mrs. H—, don’t all church members do the same?" — Life and Light.

A writer in an exchange says: "Once upon a time we invited a contribution from a well-to-do sister for foreign missions. She gave twenty-five cents, alleging her inability to do more. A few days after we met her in a dry goods store, and saw her pay seventy-five dollars for some trimmings for the outside of her dress. This sister evidently considered the gratification of her pride of more importance than the salvation of heathen souls. Let such, if there be any as are disposed to imitate her example, think how such acts appear in the sight of God."

We are pained to receive the intelligence of the death of Mrs. Alice Sandborn Coldren, of Howard City, Mich. Mrs. Coldren was a graduate from Hillsdale College, in 1876. She early gave her life to the service of the Master, and it was her strong desire to become a missionary to the foreign field, but her failing health obliged her to relinquish this hope. Her husband and parents have the prayers and sympathies of many friends in this afflictive hour.
Ways and Means.

In looking over a few of our exchanges, we were very much interested in the different ways and means which are planned and adopted for obtaining money for the Lord's treasury. We cull a few and add others which have come under our observation. If one method fails another may be tried. Persistent work, with the blessing of God, will succeed.

An exchange tells of a person who for some time has devoted every two-cent piece which comes into her possession to her mite-box. Several dollars had accumulated during the year, and the lady feels sure she is none the poorer for not having spent them upon herself.

A southern Illinois pastor writes to the Heathen Woman's Friend, of a simple plan by which the work may be greatly helped in some rural districts: "I am pastor of a circuit where the ladies know nothing about getting up fairs, suppers, festivals and the like, but I have succeeded in interesting them in a very simple way of raising money for the Woman's Missionary Society. Some forty of these have promised each to rear a brood of chickens, the proceeds to be given to mission work. If their forty hens have ordinary success we may expect one of the largest collections for the W. F. M. Society ever taken on a country charge."

One of the churches in Indianapolis (colored), has a flourishing auxiliary. Its members are many of them washerwomen. All of them work hard, but they meet at five o'clock every Sunday afternoon to pay their two-cent dues. What an example for some of us who might do much more!

The Swedish women of the Chestnut street Methodist church, Providence, earned for mission purposes in a few months fifty dollars and fifty-seven cents, by sewing after working hours.

A Secretary, in the Heathen Woman's Friend, reports attending eight missionary teas in Iowa in two months. At these an abundance of provisions was prepared by the "loving Marthas" and well served, missionary intelligence read, Chinese shoes
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and photographs of the missionaries and natives exhibited, questions asked and answered, new members and subscribers secured, and prayer and songs of praise. At another place a missionary mite sociable was substituted. One sister attending the annual March meeting, and hearing of the different plans and methods, came home deeply interested, and donated a plum tree that had always been barren. She had spared it "one more year" several times. This year she spared it for the missionary cause, and lo! it blossomed and brought forth fruit.

A most willing and able worker in Maine thus gives us a bit of her way of saving: "When the appeal was made to the people at the Yearly Meeting, the silent prayer of my heart was 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do' toward paying off this debt hanging so heavily upon us. I listened for the answer and became convinced that five dollars of the money I had called my own belonged to the Lord, and I gave it freely. I came home in a comfortable state of mind. The next Thursday evening our pastor, at the prayer-meeting, laid the subject of debt before us, saying it must be paid even if we had to sacrifice our luxuries to do it. I had made no sacrifice in what I had done. What is my luxury? I said, and the answer came, 'Your coffee.' I was accustomed to use two pounds a month at thirty cents per pound. My next prayer-meeting meditation was, can I give up my coffee? I answered from the depth of my heart, by Divine help I will. My coffee pot remains on the high shelf, and my courage has not failed."

CORRESPONDENCE.

CHEERIING INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Marshall, in a late number of the Star, writing from Soroh, gives the joyful intelligence of the readiness of scores and hundreds of natives to renounce their idols, to break the cruel fetters of caste, and to accept the teachings and regulations of the new religion, the gospel of Christ.

Dr. Phillips also says:—

"The gospel message was never more respectfully and
eagerly received by Hindoos, Mohammedans and Santals than now. Barriers are broken down, and active opposition to Christianity has ceased. The mind of this people is undoubtedly exercised, even strongly exercised by the doctrines and facts of the Christian faith. I firmly believe that a better day is about to dawn on this field."

Miss Crawford, speaking of Soroh, says: —

Where brethren Cooley and Smith long ago sowed the seed the grain is ready apparently to harvest. Our brother Rama (deceased,) and an aged lay brother used to be seed-sowers in the vicinity of Soroh. There was the home of the old man while he was a heathen, and so long as he lived he used to make visits now and then to his old neighbors and exhort them to repent. Bhobarrie, too, and Silas formerly made many preaching tours that way, preaching Jesus as they went. More recently brothers Miller and Hallam did itinerate in those villages. In later years brother Marshall and Kamal and Joseph have labored in that part of the vineyard. Now the time of harvest seems at hand, but alas, how few are the reapers!

MISS HATTIE PHILLIPS' JOURNAL.

Miss Phillips sent the journal of her voyage to her sisters in America for their own use, but not for publication. However, her permission to make extracts on topics of general interest, for insertion in the Helper, has been reluctantly obtained. Omitting very many things of value descriptive of her short stay in England and Scotland and of their voyage thither, we commence with the arrival at Port Said, Egypt.

M. M. H. H.

On arriving at our landing at Port Said, in Egypt, we found long lines of people swarming along the shores in baggy blue trousers, and white trousers, crowned with turbans, fezzes, anything or nothing— such grotesque looking creatures. When we had fairly stopped and a stairway had been lowered, a dozen or more boats, manned or womaned by the most weird looking beings, crowded as closely as possible around our boat to secure passengers to go ashore; and oh! the jargon! As soon as permission was given, several peddlers with their packs came up on deck like monkeys. One of them, in displaying various fancy articles, took out some necklaces of "Turkish amber," so-called, price four shillings. One of our ladies who had lived in India and knew the tricks of the trade, said: "Four shillings? That means one." "No, missus, two, two shillings." "No, only one." "Take 'em, missus?"
At last, brother James having agreed with one man for our party, we went ashore. It chanced, however, that there were more of us than their regulations allowed; so to avoid the eyes of the harbor-master, the responsible one of the three employes stowed himself away under the seat in the prow of the boat, leaving the rowing to the other two employes. No sooner had we touched the shore than a beggar, claiming to be blind, led by a forlorn specimen of a child, stood ready to be endowed. Our persistent refusal to give to these saved us from similar annoyances during the whole two hours or more that we were on shore. A fine specimen of the "genus Turks," attired in a short, white skirt and black body coat, Turkish fez, and shoes of the same sort, magnanimously placed himself at the head of our procession as guide. And then the outriders, or more correctly outtrotters that we had! I assure you we marched in state through the town. As we passed down the street, the shopkeepers came out and in the most hospitable manner invited us to walk in. When at last we ventured to accept this courtesy of one, our retainers followed suit, and you would have thought that not a few of them were partners in the firm from the zeal they displayed in making sales. As soon as the purchases were made one who seemed to flourish under the name of Achmid, gathered them up and led us on to the next place. Two or three donkey men followed us around and quite pressed their wares (donkeys) upon us. Their backs were scarcely as high as the donkey man's waist, and to urge them on he generally gave them a stern push. When I queried if one of them was named Yankee Doodle, the man immediately assented.*

As we reached Point de Galle (Ceylon), we saw several Cingalese boats, which, at a distance, really looked like a floating log manned by crows. Two or three of them came alongside with some sort of trumpery for sale, but as orders had been given not to let them on board, no one caught the rope that they repeatedly threw to us, consequently they were soon far in our wake. One thing I noticed about them, which set them decidedly in contrast with both the mixed population of Port Said and the Hindoos, and that was their cheerful, laughing countenances. It is such a rare thing to see a heathen laugh; you may laugh with all your might right in his face, but he

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*In some places in Egypt the donkey men confer on their donkeys the names of the great men of Europe and America, of whom they have heard, as Bismarck, Gladstone, Washington, Lincoln and also Yankee Doodle. Probably Miss Hattie knew this.
remains as somber as possible. As for jokes, either they have no appreciation of them, or else it is against their principles to show it. There are, of course, exceptions to this. A pundit rarely ever laughs at his pupils' blunders, no matter how ludicrous. The native Christians, on the contrary, seem invariably to accompany "Nomaskar," with a broad grin.

[To be continued.]

MY INDIA LETTERS.

Mrs. Lawrence gives me a description of "the wedding" which I now give to you. The wording I have slightly changed, omitting some details. "Twould never do, for instance, to tell you that she says that she has the noblest husband in the world, for not a wife of you would believe it, and just think — not believe a missionary! Surely I must omit some of the letter:

"Just after sunset on the 17th of December, a carriage containing Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, Mr. Lawrence and myself made its way to the little chapel nestled among the trees. The chapel was beautifully decorated with flowers for the occasion, and as we neared it we heard sweet music bidding us welcome. I walked in with Mr. Phillips and Mr. Lawrence with Mrs. Phillips. We came before the altar, and Mr. Marshall pronounced us 'husband and wife.' After the ceremony we went back to Dr. Phillips', where I had been stopping. The English residents followed us there from the chapel, and their words were full of kindness and good cheer. The wedding cake and tea were served, but not until we had a few words of prayer by Dr. Phillips; then the English people went away, leaving many good wishes with us; and we, the missionaries, were left by ourselves. Then came visiting, music and another supper, prepared by Mrs. Phillips and Julia. After reading of Scripture and prayer by the elder Mr. Phillips, the people began to disappear.

"Between nine and ten o'clock the carriage again drove up to the door, but this time to take us to our own snug little home a few rods away. Mr. and Mrs. Phillips went with us, and as we neared the house, we heard many voices singing that dear old song, 'Home, Sweet Home.' The missionary friends had met there to welcome us. They led me in, and almost the first thing I noticed was the painting of my angel mother covered with flowers, and father's picture, too, wreathed
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in white. Well, Libbie, when I saw this that they had done and much more than I can tell you in a letter, the great tears just rolled down my face, but they were kissed away by these same dear friends. Their kindness I can never, no never, forget!"

S. L. C.

GLEANINGS.

KANTAPORA, Jan. 3, 1879.

This lovely afternoon finds our party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall and their three little ones, Miss Ida Phillips, and Mr. Lawrence and myself, out in the country for mission work. We left Balasore, the place where Mr. Marshall lives, yesterday, and reached this bungalow, as it is called, last evening. These bungalows are comfortable houses built by the government at convenient distances on the public roads, for the accommodation of its servants, and other Europeans are allowed to put up in them while passing through the country. No one occupies them as permanent residences, and any one remaining in one of them for more than a week must pay rent. The distance between these bungalows usually is eight miles, and is called a dowk.

In traveling, we usually make only one dowk a day with each horse, for they have not the power of endurance that our home horses have. If we do not have horses enough to change, and wish to make several of these stages in a day, as is often the case, three or four coolies are found, who are quite willing to work for the money received, and they draw the carriages, and get us along our journey almost as fast as the horses do.

Well, it looks very strange here in India, scarcely one thing that resembles what we have in America. I have not seen a railroad as yet, or many public roads. The latter are very nice, being almost as smooth as a floor. These roads are built and kept in repair by the government, but the people are taxed for the means to do it. The population is very dense in the Midnapore District, 500 to the square mile, and, in this part of the country, 300 to the square mile.

We are now traveling on the Juggernaut road, toward Pooree, where is the great temple of that god. Long lines of beautiful shade trees, on either side, extending into the distance as far as the eye can reach, afford a grateful shade to the weary pilgrims, dragging their toilsome way to and from the sacred shrine, and who seem to think that one look at the
soulless, senseless log they call a god, will atone not only for all past sins, but for those they may commit in time to come. To set out shade trees, construct artificial ponds, and build houses for the accommodation of pilgrims, are all works of religious merit, and are supposed to cover a multitude of sins. Pilgrims may be seen passing back and forth upon this road at almost any hour of the day or night; and, here and there, groups of them turn aside by some pleasant stream, or in some grateful shade, to cook their simple meal or sleep until it is time to move again. Toward morning, chilled by the night dews of the cold season, these poor, deluded pilgrims often gather around a scanty camp-fire, and forget the weariness of the way in chanting the praises of the gods, or in a vigorous pull at the hooka (native pipe), without which the true Hindoo seldom leaves his home.

There are no fences here, only hedges around the compounds or yards. This is a great rice-growing district. Everywhere you look you see rice-fields, only a few yards square, surrounded by a ridge of earth, so that in the rainy season the water will stand upon the fields, which is just what the rice needs. They set out the rice just as we plant cabbages at home. It is at first sown in little beds, and when nicely started it is transplanted and afterwards weeded. When it is nearly ripe the natives brake it down with heavy bamboo poles, and then cut it with small sickles. When they get two good-sized bundles they strap them upon a bullock or small ox and carry them to their homes. These native people are afraid to live alone, so they build their houses together, perhaps eight or ten or more families in a place. They often go a long way to their work, but they prefer this method to living upon their farms, and so the country is filled up with these little villages. In most cases the rice is carried to market on these bullocks. The road is so thronged with them that when we try to take a walk either night or morning it is quite unpleasant. And of course there are just as many unloaded ones going back from the market.

This is the cold season, but in the middle of the day we cannot be out in the sun for its vertical rays are so very, very hot. The hot weather commences in February. As we were driving out last evening I saw ten tame elephants and two camels feeding; some of the elephants were eating the branches of trees which had been given to them as we feed hay to horses.
Correspondence.

Christmas has come and gone but I can scarcely realize it, it is so much like summer. The air is full of birds, the flowers are in blossom, the woods are green. The grass is not good in this country, and every animal looks as if it had a hard time to live. The most of them are nothing but skin and bones. I have seen a few sheep covered with hair instead of wool, a great many goats and monkeys, and a few jackals which make music on the midnight air, with a cry so human that you would think that there was a crowd of wild children near, the first time you heard them, so we have jackal concerts for our nightly entertainment, and the no less musical cawing of the crow by day. There are great numbers of parrots here and other birds of beautiful plumage, but they are not sweet singers.

Many of the trees are beautiful. The mango orchards remind me of the apple orchards at home. They tell me that the mango is a luscious fruit, but this is not the season for them. Indian butter is not fit to eat, and I do not touch it. We could scarcely live here without rice. The bread we get is made from wheat raised in the northern part of India. Chickens and ducks are plenty, vegetables scarce and very poor in quality, being coarse and insipid as a general thing. I have seen a very few poor potatoes, but these are a luxury not to be often indulged in when selling at from four to five dollars a bushel. At some seasons of the year they may be had at half these rates, but only for a short time. It costs more to live in India than it does at home, because so much of what we use has to be imported, and English traders want large profits for doing business in India. By living like the natives we could live very cheaply, and that is the only way it can be done.

We see very few English people except in the more important places. There are several families in Midnapore, but where we now are we see no white faces, nor do we expect to see any until our return to Balasore.

Instead of carpets we use matting, made of a kind of grass. The roofs of our houses are made of bamboos thatched with rice straw. Timber is very scarce and therefore very dear.

But my letter is already too long, so no more today.

Frankie Millard Lawrence.

Midnapore Life.

Sept. 26, 1878. This morning the Judge Babus' little wife let us peep into her own room. Her low little cot was cov-
ered with a ragged quilt. The room is small, not a bit of carpet or mat on the brick floor. A box or two and some old lamps in a corner make up the furniture. No, one thing more, a card picture of the "three worthies" in the fiery furnace, and the "form of the Fourth" in their midst, painted in bright colors, was hanging on the wall. We had given it to her a few days before, and it was pleasant to see it. This little lady probably has, at least, a thousand dollars' worth of gold ornaments, and most lovely muslin garments. Her husband's apartments are well furnished, though not in the best of taste. His reception-room is quite handsome; but the dark, desolate little place where she who ought to be the genius of this home lives and moves and has her being, is in sharp contrast.

As an indication of advancement, we noticed that when the Judge in all his pomposity walked into the room where we were, she didn't pull her muslin over her face and try to shrink away as formerly, but really sat still and went on with her reading, though in a whisper. She must be now nearly fourteen. She has a good deal of character. She has just finished working a handsome pair of slippers for her husband, which seems to make him very gracious. She told Mary that she prayed every day to Jesus. The two widows, also, in a shy whisper, and glancing round to see that no one was hearing, told us that though they had to go through the forms of Hindu worship they prayed every day to Jesus.

Oh! this work is very sweet, and we are very happy in it.

Mrs. S. P. Bache ler.

STORER NORMAL SCHOOL.

The importance of an institution like this cannot be understood by comparing it with any one of the many which dot New England. Yet could you in that favored region spare one of yours?

In addition to the number of regular teachers that Storer has sent to the many places where, but for them, there would be none to go, there is a class of transient pupils who count the few weeks spent here the happiest of their lives. Inside these walls scores have learned to read and write, scores who by some chance have drifted thither for three or four months, perhaps, and in that time have acquired only the rudiments of an education, 'tis true, but enough to lift them above the old level, and to cast off shackles that will never more bind them,
Workers in Council.

for what is more cruel than the bondage of ignorance? But, if in addition to this the chance pupil, in his brief stay, has learned to submit his heart to the influence of the Spirit of God, how great will be the change over his whole life? If the Bible, no longer a sealed book to him, is now to become his daily guide, who can estimate the importance of that one short term? There are others who come and come again, until able to take good rank in letters. These, too, exert an influence broader and higher than the former, the effect of which, even at this early period, the institution is beginning to feel.

During the present term there have come in several young men and women whose only teachers in the free school have been former pupils of Storer, and it is with a feeling of pride and satisfaction that we assign them to the advanced classes. Five years ago persons coming from the same neighborhoods were obliged to begin in the preparatory department. Mission schools, established after the war, reached the larger towns, but only the free school system carries the light of knowledge to remote country places. When young men and women, who, by dint of hard labor and much self-denial, have fitted themselves for teaching and have borne the seclusion of some country district, send us pupils of their own who would do credit to the care and training of any first-class teacher, have we not a right to feel that the end is not yet.

L. E. B.

The joyful intelligence is received that a work of grace is going on in Storer Normal School. Twenty-five of the students have recently given themselves to Christ. Ten of the twenty colored girls, already occupying Myrtle Hall, are included among these converts. How God is answering prayer! Who that has contributed to this colored teachers' training school, does not thank God?

Subjects for Prayer.—"If ye ask anything in My name I will do it." During the month of May the women in all our auxiliaries are asked to unite their petitions to God that more money may flow into the treasury, and during the coming June to especially pray for new workers to go into the opening fields of Bhudruch, Contai or Sorgh. Let each secretary request that the subject of prayer for the month be mentioned with the notice of the monthly meeting.
The auxiliary connected with the Saco church held its first public meeting on Sabbath evening, March 2. The weather was fine and the church well filled.

After singing "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," the President of the Society, Mrs. H. B. Hutchinson, read selections from Scripture, and prayer was offered by Dea. O. Durgin.

A short sketch of our first missionaries was then read by a young lady member of the Society, followed by a very interesting paper by the President on "the Phillips family," giving a brief history of the honored father and mother, the son and five daughters. Many are they who, through the labors of this devoted family, have been brought from darkness into God's marvelous light, and been made sons and daughters of the Lord Most High.

Following this paper was a very earnest prayer by Dea. J. L. Emery for brother Phillips, Sen., whose white head and bending form tell the unwelcome truth that not many more years can this aged servant of God break the bread of life to starving India. Strong and earnest were the petitions to our Father that health might be granted a little longer, that he may see the work he so dearly loves more abundantly blessed.

An original poem, founded on an incident in one of Rev. Mr. Sutton's tours, was read by a young lady also a member of this Society. "What Mamie knows about Jesus," was very sweetly told us by a dear little girl. Other recitations and readings were excellently rendered by our young friends, all pointing to the one great end and aim of this Society.

A very interesting letter from Miss Julia Phillips dated "Bhimpore, January 7," giving a sketch of the week in camp in the jungles was read, and a short address was given by the pastor, after which a collection was taken, amounting to seven dollars and thirty cents.

A few remarks by the Secretary, who is soon to leave for a new field of labor, followed by a prayer and benediction by the pastor, closed these interesting exercises.

"Attending this 'Woman's Missionary Society Meeting' is a 'treat' I have never enjoyed before," one brother remarked. We hope that many more such "treats" are in store for the brothers and sisters of the Saco church. Truly, one of the best ways to get the public interested is to interest the public.

This church and Society have done nobly during the last eight months. May they increase in every good work and hear the Master's "Well done, good and faithful servants," and be granted an abundant entrance into His kingdom.
A New Auxiliary.

EASTERN MAINE.

Mrs. Palmer, Secretary of the Sebec Q. M., reports a meeting held with the Milo church, March 15, thus:—

"We met Saturday afternoon at two o'clock. The church was filled with an attentive audience. The exercises opened with singing by the choir, followed by prayer, offered by Rev. B. L. Gerry. The minutes of the last session were read by the Secretary. An interesting letter from Miss Julia Phillips was presented. Miss Crawford came very near to us in one of her valuable letters, which always encourages us to go forward as we catch inspiration from her brave soul.

Rev. S. C. Whitcomb gave an address, and Mrs. Wade read an original essay. The exercises closed with singing, and were of great interest and profit. The interest is increasing, though we cannot report as many auxiliaries and bands as we should be glad to do. I wish the number who take the Helper was much larger. It cannot be selfish to wish others to enjoy it, too."

KANSAS.

A voice from the prairies of Kansas says:—"Dear sisters and friends of the Helper, I am glad to say that the Helper is well worth what it costs, and has been a comfort to me during the past year. It has helped me to forget my own trials while thinking of those so much worse off than myself. My thoughts have been carried across the seas to my heathen sisters who sit in darkness while I am permitted to enjoy gospel privileges in this blessed Christian land, America. We regret that we could do no more for the support of the missionaries, but hope in the future to do something; will endeavor to swell the subscription list as much as possible.

This country is new and thinly settled, and there are but few F. Baptists here. There were but four last June, but in October our numbers increased to thirteen. We then organized a church and hope to organize two more churches soon. The work is hard and requires time and patience. We have to make long rides across the bleak prairies through rain and snow, often driving ten miles without seeing a house. We feel willing to sacrifice and to suffer for Christ's sake. Where He leads we will follow. May the brethren and sisters, East and West, largely respond to the mission call this year, and in giving you will be blessed. Let us in the West rally and forget to say, hard times. Let us go to work in earnest and be 'helpers' indeed, more and more for the dear Lord's sake."

NEW AUXILIARIES.

Milton Mills, N. H.—A new Band also organized.

The Home Secretary asks each District and Q. M. Secretary to make persevering efforts to organize one new Auxiliary or Children's Band during each quarter of the year. Owing to the pressing needs of India and Harper's Ferry she requests each of our Auxiliaries to try to increase its membership one-fifth during the month of May.
NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

In view of the encouraging features of our mission work, the Corresponding Secretary of the F. M. Society has appointed the first Sunday in May as a day of prayer. We hope it will be observed in all our churches. Will each auxiliary help in its observance as far as practicable.

The Home Secretary wishes to call the attention of all District Secretaries to the Seventh Article of the Constitution, printed in the November Helper. She also suggests to each Q. M. Secretary to send a written invitation to her district Secretary to attend the session of the Quarterly Meeting.

We can furnish the Helper for January and March to any persons desiring them, and shall also be glad to add several more clubs to the subscription list which numbers only 2,550.

The January number was sent to each subscriber, or to the person responsible for a club for last year. Only those renewing have been furnished with the March number.

Will not our friends make a little more effort for the present year. The information we seek to bring to our readers we hope is of that practicable, helpful kind that is desired. Others need to have it, and the publishing committee need the help that will come in payment.

Soroh and Bhudruch, just now interesting names in our India mission, are cities located in the Balasore district, south and west of Balasore. Contai is situated near the coast, sixty miles from Midnapore, and thirty-five from Jellasore. In this subdivision there are 450,000 inhabitants.

By invitation of the Mission circles of Providence and vicinity, the annual meeting of the Woman's Baptist Missionary Society will be held in this city April 22, 23, 24.

In a late Star there are reports from thirteen Quarterly Meetings, occupying a column and a half, and in but one of them is the subject of foreign missions mentioned, and that was the Sebec which says "Essay on Missions by sister Wade." What a text to preach from!

Every educated person knows the peculiar position of Hindu women of the upper classes; how they are entirely secluded, and how in their case an ordinary missionary finds no access to them. But if a female missionary knew something of medical science and practice, readily would she find access, and while applying her medical skill to the healing of the body, would have precious opportunities of applying the balm of
spiritual healing to the worst diseases of the soul. This state of things is peculiar and exceptional, and not only warrants, but demands peculiar and exceptional measures. Would to God we had such an agency ready for work! Soon would India be moved in its innermost recesses! — Dr. Duff.

One of our exchanges prints the following at the head of its first column and first page: Our request, two cents a week, or one dollar a year from all the women in our churches; and this, not by diminishing other gifts, but by saving it from ordinary or useless expenses.

Many of us have to lament not so much a want of opportunities in life as our unreadiness for them as they come; and "it might have been" is oftener the language of our hearts than complaining words. God sends us "flax," but our "spindle and distaff" are out of repair.

The revival work among the Teloogoos continues. Rev. Mr. Clough reports that during eighteen days in December he baptized three hundred and sixty-seven persons, and that the converts are doing remarkably well.

The Karens in India are a remarkable example of a missionary people bearing largely the expense of supporting their own pastors. In some localities, as in Bossein, they have now for twenty-five years not only done this, but sustained their own schools, and also given generously to support missionaries among the surrounding heathen. And the account before us adds that there have been no fairs, grab-bags, or other ingenious devices for raising money without feeling it. In fact this work among the Karens of Burmah is the gem of Baptist missions. The mission was begun just half a century ago, and now there are 394 churches, nine-tenths of them self-supporting, and 19,915 living members.

A mistake crept into "Reminiscences" in the last number. Nov. 8, 1839, should be Nov. 8, 1837, and June, 1839, Jan., 1839.

A writer in the Star thus summarizes the work of our Society since its organization in 1873:

From its published Reports, I read that the Free Baptist Woman's Mission Society was organized at the session of the N. H. Yearly Meeting in June, 1873. Its receipts have been as follows, the Society's year ending Sept. 30, in each case: Cash on hand, Oct. 7, 1873, $535.40; receipts, 1873-4, $667.59; 1874-5, $1,108.25; 1875-6, $1,269.64; 1876-7, $2,166.03; 1877-8, $3,691.58, making a total of receipts since its organization in 1873 to Oct. 1, 1878, $9,438.49; and its total disbursements for the same period, $7,513.95. Their disbursements each year have never exceeded their receipts. As far as it goes, can we find fault with thus much of financiering on their part? Any one who will take the trouble to sum-up the items given in the Reports will see that $4,898.04, or about 65 per cent. of all the disbursements, have been appropriated to Foreign Missions, $2,022.04, or about 27 per cent., for Home Missions; $593.24, or about 8 per cent., for home expenses, about one-third of this 8 per cent, being paid to an agent in the home field during one year; taking this out it would reduce the home expenses to about 5 per cent. of the disbursements, or averaging about $79 a year. The Society cannot be accused of selfishness in bestowment of its funds. Of its disbursements to the foreign field, about $3,000 have been spent on its own missionaries, while about $1,800 have been given to other than its own missionaries.
**OUR LITTLE SISTERS.**

[For four little ones.]

*First Voice.*
Away in the tropical meadows,  
Where the wonderful Ganges swells,  
'Neath the palm-trees' beautiful shadows  
My dear little sister dwells.

I never have stooped down and kissed her,  
Our arms we may never entwine,  
But I know she is surely my sister,  
Since God is her Father, and mine.

But oh! ere a year is ended,  
She may sink in a terrible grave,  
And her last little cry may be blended  
With the rush of the Ganges' wave;  
For they tell me the heathen mother  
Her babe to the river-god throws, —  
O'er many a sister and brother  
The rush of the Ganges flows.

*Second Voice.*
Where the billowy waves are swelling,  
Oh, thousands of leagues from here!  
In an isle of the ocean, dwelling,  
I, too, have a sister dear;  
I never have stooped down and kissed her,  
Our arms we may never entwine,  
But I know she is surely my sister,  
Since God is her Father, and mine.

No one in the isle is fairer  
Than she, nor so happy and gay.  
But oh! I'm afraid they will bear her  
To the terrible shrine away.  
And my sister may now be seeing  
The last of her days so fair;  
For many a human being  
Is offered to idols there.

*Third Voice.*
I, too, have a sister; I love her,  
Though God in his wisdom has made  
The hue, her young face and form over,  
Of Africa's tawniest shade.  
I never have stooped down and kissed her,  
Our arms we may never entwine,  
But I know she is surely my sister,  
Since God is her Father, and mine.

There is sorrow in every feature,  
And pain in my sister's soul;  
She is bowing before a creature,  
All loathsome, and grim, and foul;  
For Africa lies in darkness  
So thick that it seems to me  
My poor little African sister  
The morning will never see.

*Fourth Voice.*
Oh, hear us! our fathers and mothers,  
Our sorrowing spirits cry;  
And help to our sisters and brothers  
Send quickly before they die!  
Send and tell how the Good Shepherd  
leads us  
To God,—the kind Father above;  
And how from the heavens he heeds us,  
And looks down upon us with love.

*All.*  
For our spirits all stoop down and kiss them,  
We entwine them with love and with prayers;  
In heaven we must meet and not miss them,  
Since God is our Father, and theirs.  
— M. B. C. S., *in Good Times.*
THE CHILDREN’S MISSIONARY.

We thank the dear children that are working so nobly to support Miss Ida Phillips, and feel assured that a better acquaintance with her will deepen their interest in her and her work.

Ida is the youngest of the eleven living children of Rev. Jeremiah Phillips, one of the first Free Baptist missionaries to India. She was born at Whitestown, N. Y. Her brother, Dr. J. L. Phillips, and four of her sisters, are missionaries in India, and another, her sister Nellie, is to join them next year. She has in this country two brothers, one of whom is pastor of one of our Western churches, and three sisters, two of whom are living in Michigan and one in Indiana.

Mrs. Phillips came home to attend to the education of their large family in 1852, while her husband remained a year or two longer, till his health utterly failing, he, too, returned. After a stay of a few years in his native land, Mr. Phillips’ health became established. Then, day and night, the heathen, worshiping idols, in their ignorance of God, were calling these parents back to their former work, so that their souls knew no rest. The children had all become Christians, and were so imbued with the missionary spirit that many and earnest were their prayers that God would open the way for their parents’ return to India, though they knew that this involved the breaking up of their pleasant home and their being scattered among strangers. God answered their prayers, and homes for them in Christian families in different states were secured. A Sabbath afternoon prayer meeting had long been a family institution, in which each child took part. And now, before the final separation, the parents and children were gathered for their last Sabbath family prayer meeting. Little Ida was about eight years of age, and when it came her turn to pray she plead thus: “O Lord, thou hast promised when father and mother forsake me that thou will take me up,” etc. Soon afterwards she went to her new home in Illinois.
In due time the parents, with their son James and his wife and their daughter, Julia, were in Providence making preparations for their India voyage. Some friends who were assisting them saw the agony of the mother at leaving her children, though she vainly sought to suppress it, and as she repeated to them the touching prayer of the youngest of her flock they felt that it was a sacrifice God did not call her to make; believing, also, if she went back to her India home without one child to gladden it, when she once had so many, that she would be of little use to the mission, they frankly told her so. (James and Julia were going to a station about fifty miles distant from hers.) She said, "I promised God if he would convert all my children and fit them for usefulness that I would go anywhere to serve his cause." A discussion followed which changed her views of duty. Finally, the father yielded and he at once telegraphed for Ida to be forwarded to her sister in Chicago, who soon brought her to her parents. She spent a short time with me, and she surprised me by unfolding a plan of missionary work which, child as she was, she had marked out for herself. "First of all," she said, "I must learn the language. You know that until I do, I can't understand a word the natives will say, neither can they understand me. Still there are things I can at once do to assist mamma in the school;" and so she went on, enumerating various items she could attend to that would relieve her mother, while she herself was acquiring the language.

In after years, her mother wrote me that she carried out her plans, and also that during the terrible famine that visited India soon after their arrival, when millions died of starvation, and the missionaries had to devote themselves to the work of feeding the starving, Ida rendered her invaluable assistance. When she was about twelve years of age she returned to this country to prepare herself by hard study for future missionary work. During her years of student life, her teachers bear ample testimony to her faithfulness as a Christian worker. She graduated from Hillsdale College a year
ago last June, and in October following she sailed for India. She had so well retained the language that on her arrival she could speak it like a native, and thus was able to enter at once upon her work of teaching the women and children — shut up in the zenanas of Balasore to read the word of God. She is hopefully rejoicing over some who, she thinks, are trying to understand and obey that Word. Ten native educated Christian girls assist her. They teach in about one hundred houses.

Mrs. M. M. H. Hills.

THE MAY PARTY.

I wish to tell our young readers about a May party which the little ones of our children's Band enjoyed. Never were flowers more abundant at this time of the year. The sun shone brightly and from all directions came the merry boys and girls with their baskets, prepared for a picnic. They met in an orchard adjoining the hall where they always meet. Two swings had been prepared for their pleasure and were kept in constant motion by the light-hearted party. Like bright-hued butterflies they flitted hither and thither. A few grown persons were present to guard from danger and help the timid ones to enjoy themselves with pictures and stories.

After playing awhile they adjourned to the hall and arranged themselves into a semi-circle. The pastor's wife joined with them in repeating the "Lord's prayer." Then one of the older girls read the beautiful story of that company seated on the green grass, fed by the loving Saviour. Sweet songs were sung and a collection taken. All who were not provided with a penny were furnished by one of the good ladies, who not only loves the children dearly, but also the cause for which they are working. All eyes followed her as she left them a moment and returned bringing a beautiful wreath of flowers. Appropriate pieces were spoken by the bridesmaids, and then little Callie, the fairest of that "rosebud garden of girls," was crowned "Queen of May," and so dignified did she seem that she reminded us of a real calla. From more than one heart went up a prayer that she might one day wear a starry crown.

The older girls soon set the long table which, with its bou-
quets of flowers, frosted cake, cream pies and the like, looked very tempting to the little ones, and so rapidly did the "goodies" disappear that some of the children of a larger growth were apprehensive about their share, but we soon found these wise little maidens had saved enough for a second table. After tea, of which the kind pastor partook with them, and a merry romp, a story or two and a little talk about "their missionary" they parted, carrying to their homes the sweet recollection of a half-day well and profitably spent.

MRS. M. E. WINGATE.

QUESTIONS ON INDIA.

Who is a Brahman?
What is a pundit?
Who is a Babu?
What is a bungalow?
Are there railroads in India?
What is the principal article of food of the natives; how grown and also cooked?
Do the children have playthings?
How do the Zenana ladies visit each other?
Why does a Hindoo woman fear to die?

THE ARAB'S PROOF.

A Frenchman who had won a high rank among men of science, yet who denied the God who is the Author of all science, was crossing the great Sahara in company with an Arab guide. He noticed, with a sneer, that at certain times his guide, whatever obstacles might arise, put them all aside, and kneeling on the burning sands, called on his God. Day after day passed, and still the Arab never failed; till at last one evening the philosopher, when he rose from his knees, asked him with a contemptuous smile, "How do you know there is a God?" The guide fixed his beaming eye on the scoffer for a moment in wonder, and then said solemnly, "How do I know there is a God! How do I know that a man and not a camel, passed my hut last night in the darkness? Was it not by the print of his feet in the sand? Even so —"
and he pointed to the sun, whose last rays were flashing over the lonely desert—"that footprint is not that of a man."—American Missionary.

LETTERS FROM THE BANDS.

GREENVILLE, R. I.

The Greenville Mission Band is interested and active. It was organized two years ago and numbers forty-two members. The President is eighteen, and most of the members are considerably younger. We have regular monthly meetings at which we have literary exercises relating to missions.

On the evening of the 7th of March, the Band gave an entertainment consisting of recitations, motto exercises, tableaux, and singing, with cake and ice cream afterwards. The meeting was opened with a chorus by all the members of the Band, followed by reading of Scriptures by the President, and prayer by one of the members of the Band, who has become a Christian since its organization. We netted twenty-seven dollars, so that this year we shall be able to send fifteen dollars to Harper's Ferry and pay the twenty-five subscribed towards Miss Ida's salary.

The Band sends greeting to sister Bands and hopes to hear from others through the Helper.

CARRIE E. BARNES, Cor. Sec.

The following money has been received by Mrs. L. Dexter, Dist. Sec. of R. I., for Miss Hattie Phillips' salary, and has not yet been forwarded to Treasurer: Balance of collection at Mission meeting, $2 25; Woonsocket, Mrs. Obed Paine, $5.00; Ella F. Paine, $3.00; Providence, Park St. Aux., $12.15; Greenville, Aux. to constitute Mrs. J. D. Given L. M., $20.00; Foster. Union Church Aux., per Mrs. J. M. Fenner, $5.00; Providence, Roger Williams, Aux., $56.00; Georgiaville, $10.00; Tiverton, Ladies' Benevolent Society, $3.00. Total, $119.67. In last issue of Helper $5.00 credited to Olneyville Children's Sewing Circle should have been to Farnumsville Children's Sewing Circle.

CONTRIBUTIONS RECEIVED BY THE FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

FROM FEB. 12, 1879, TO APRIL 1, 1879.

MAINE.

Augusta, Auxiliary, for teacher, Mrs. Emeline................... $8.00
Biddeford, E. M. H., for Miss Crawford.......................... 1.00

Biddeford, Auxiliary, $2 for Miss Crawford.................. $8.00
Brunswick, Mary J. Adams, for Myrtle Hall....................... 50
East Parsonfield, Auxiliary....................... 3.27
Lisbon, Auxiliary, Second Church................. 10.00
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Contributions</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Portland, “Little Seed Sowers,” for Alice Rich, India</td>
<td>$2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Portland, Auxiliary, for teacher, Mrs. Anna Koonjah</td>
<td>$20.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>South Parsonsfield, Auxiliary, for Myrtle Hall</td>
<td>$5.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>West New Portland, Auxiliary, for F. M.</td>
<td>$10.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td><strong>$67.77</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**NEW HAMPSHIRE.**

- Ashland, Auxiliary, for F. M. | $12.50 |
- Bristol, Mrs. Harvey Brown, to constitute herself and Mrs. Curtis Smith, of Ashland, L. M's. | $50.00 |
- Dover, L. A. DeMeritte, for Myrtle Hall | $5.00 |
- Laconia, Mission Band, for Miss I. Phillips' salary | $5.58 |
- Laconia, Auxiliary, $11.50 for finishing “Laconia” Room in Myrtle Hall, to complete L. M. Mrs. L. Malvern, and $6.50 for F. M. | $18.00 |
- New Market, Auxiliary, for Zenana teacher | $13.00 |
- Whitefield, Mission Band for Miss I. Phillips' salary | $6.00 |
- **Total**                 | **$119.08**                                                                  |

**VERMONT.**

- Corinth, Auxiliary, and F. B. Ch. | $4.00 |
- Corinth, A. J. Dutton, Mrs. A. J. Dutton, Mrs. J. Robie, Mrs. F. E. Eaton, 50 cents each for Myrtle Hall | $2.00 |
- East Williamstown, Auxiliary 50 cents, for Harper's Ferry | $6.15 |
- St. Johnsbruy, Classin S. S., for Miss I. Phillips' salary | $1.25 |
- South Stafford, Auxiliary, $5.00 each, Myrtle Hall and Zenana work, and towards Mrs. B. F. Jefferson's L. M. | $10.00 |
- **Total**                 | **$23.40**                                                                  |

**MASSACHUSETTS.**

- Bernardston, Mrs. E. C. Jenness, for F. M. | $3.00 |
- Dorchester, Grace and Willie Weaver, for Miss I. Phillips' salary | $5.00 |
- Haverhill, Auxiliary, to furnish room in Myrtle Hall, and to constitute Mrs. Emily A. Page | $20.00 |
- Lowell, Coll's January and February 1st, F. B. Church | $32.94 |
- **Total**                 | **$55.44**                                                                  |

**DOVER, N. H.**

Miss L. A. DeMERITTE, Treasurer.

**Correction:** $2.00 credit to Mrs. Keith of Minneapolis, Minn., should have been credit to Auxiliary of that place.

**RHODE ISLAND.**

- Greenville, a friend, to Myrtle Hall | $10.00 |
- Greenville, Mission Band, for furnishing room in Myrtle Hall | $15.00 |
- Providence, Mrs. Park St. Church, finishing room in Myrtle Hall | $25.00 |
- **Total**                 | **$50.00**                                                                  |

**NEW YORK.**

- Martinsburg, Mrs. Warren Arthur | $2.00 |
- $1.00 Harper's Ferry | $3.00 |
- West Oneonta, Auxiliary, for teacher Pullmuni | $10.00 |
- **Total**                 | **$13.00**                                                                  |

**NEW JERSEY.**

- Newark, Miss L. F. Remrick, F. M. | $1.30 |

**OHIO.**

- E. Liberty, Auxiliary, for Zenana work | $11.27 |

**MICHIGAN.**

- Montague, Family Mission Box, for Miss I. Phillips' salary | $2.51 |

**WISCONSIN.**

- Evansville, a friend, for Zenana work | $1.00 |

**IOWA.**

- Agency City, Mrs. M. D. La Force, Misses Lottie, Lizzie, Julia, Mary and Emma Carmon | $7.25 |
- Waterloo, Mission Box, L. E. Champlain for Harper's Ferry | $1.00 |
- **Total**                 | **$8.25**                                                                  |

**MINNESOTA.**

- Champlin, Auxiliary, to finish room in Myrtle Hall | $25.00 |

**MISSOURI.**

- Springfield, S. L. Dittrick, for scholar, Zulia | $12.00 |

**INDIA.**

- Dantoon, Mrs. Jeremiah Phillips, two shares in “India” room, Myrtle Hall | $10.00 |
- **Total**                 | **$39.96**                                                                  |