To your tents, O Israel. In a few weeks many will go up to the shore of the beautiful Lake Winnipesaukee, Smile of the Great Spirit, to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Free Baptist denomination, which had its birth in a rural town in New Hampshire. Along with this celebration will meet the Twenty-fourth Triennial Conference.

So much of interest clusters around this occasion that it seemed best to go aside to the grove, and, under the roof of the first temple, still bright with its adornments, review the years of the past, and trace the direction of that power which has given us our goodly heritage, and the moldings of that hand which has made us the people we are. The plan embraces the regular routine of business, the anniversary of the benevolent organizations with sketches of their history, devotional meetings and other exercises of a special character; and, near the last days, when the work done by the fathers and the mothers stands boldly out in review, and the fact becomes apparent that they were led not as they knew, it is proposed to visit the grave of the founder, there to express to God thanks for the past and the present and to invoke his continued guidance for the future.
The part which woman has borne so enters into the warp and woof of our denominational existence, that it would be difficult to review her work separately and distinctively. That she has been an important element no one will deny, so wherever the fathers are referred to, we will remember the mothers who have walked side by side with them, and been the light bearers in many a dark hour. We will seek to learn of their noble deeds, and of their virtues, that we may follow their example of patient trust and fidelity and devotion to the principles which characterize us.

As we come to this halting place and look back, many and precious will be the lessons. So truly will it appear that events which seemed of small moment to actors in them are often mighty in results; that the sower in the great wide field is seldom the reaper; that it is safe to follow in God's way, as did the children of old to the land of promise; and there will also appear with vivid nearness the fact that to us as the hand maidens of the Lord, a grand and important work has been committed, into the outer porch of which we have scarcely entered, or the magnitude of which conceived,—a call not to be unheeded until the Master says, "It is finished."

During all these gatherings history will be making, the record of which will be approved so far as we "take diligent heed to do the commandment, to love the Lord our God, and to cleave unto Him and serve Him."

It is expected that the addresses asked of this Society for Foreign and Home mission days respectively, will be presented by Mrs. Hills, of New Hampshire, and Miss Dunn, of Michigan. The long acquaintance which Mrs. Hills has had with the part that the women have taken in our foreign mission work through its history, and of which she has been so much the inspiration, makes it eminently fitting that she should speak to us at this time. And it is with especial pleasure and pride that from the upspringing interest in the
West, we welcome one of our representative and enthusiastic young women. Much of importance attaches to all our meetings, of which there will be several of a special character. To them all there is the most cordial invitation to the women of all sections, whether identified with us or working in some other way in the great harvest field. It is hoped they will be productive of an acquaintance which will lead to future efficiency and to the promotion of a deeper spiritual life.

It was a matter of great thankfulness that the last remittance from both treasuries was full, and was not materially delayed. Not only are the officers relieved, but all those in the churches who carry the work upon their hearts. Now, do not let the breathing space be too long, for the time for making the next remittance will soon come round, and the strain and anxiety may have to be repeated unless there is promptness and faithfulness. The remittances are made quarterly. The last one sent May 25 pays the workers for July, August, and September. And the next one, to be sent Aug. 25, pays them for October, November and December, thus closing their year with 1880. And this should be the last remittance of the financial year of both this and the parent societies, which closes Sept. 30. How delightful it would be if all our auxiliaries and bands and the contributors everywhere would send in their fourth quarterly payment by Aug. 20 and include whatever of arrears there may be! Then the report which is called for on the blanks for September could be made with much rejoicing.

It would be a good thing if these reports could contain some pledge of what is hoped to be done the coming year in amounts raised by each individual society. Openings for more work for the Master are crowding upon us. The confidence of the Board in the purpose, constantly growing stronger, of the Christian women to do greater things for the Lord and to be faithful stewards, coupled with strong faith in Him whose are "the cattle on a thousand hills,"
The Missionary Helper.

will lead them, we trust, into these open doors in Christ's name. To Him "who openeth and no man shutteth" are we responsible, and if we fail of our privilege no power can shut the door. Do not let any one shrink or stand hesitatingly now. Let the early contributor be prompt again, let the delinquent ones be prompt, and all yield a cheerful obedience.

The Golden Sheaf.—This little volume, by Mrs. H. C. Phillips, contains a true story of Bai, who lived until mature womanhood in degradation and poverty, in the lower walks of Hindoo life, but who was brought into the little church at Santipore, from the great harvest-field of sin as a sheaf for the heavenly garner. The account of her life and conversion is interesting, in that it brings before the reader scenes and incidents in the life of a missionary, and answers many questions that naturally arise in the minds of those who are more or less engaged in sending the Gospel to this class of people. There is added force from the fact that the author speaks out of her own knowledge and experience. It is printed on tinted paper by a Chicago house, in clear, open type, and contains 112 pages. It is to be sold for 50 cents, which can be scarcely above cost price, thus placing it in the reach of all.

Every Sunday School library should have a copy, and every Free Baptist woman will certainly make an effort to put it among the few books she may already possess. We are glad The Golden Sheaf has been published, and we bid it a hearty God-speed on its mission to awaken a deeper interest in the women of India.


BY MRS. J. E. JORDAN.

It seems but a little while ago, that we read from the pages of the Helper, of one, who, worn with long and faithful labor in the great harvest field, and weakened with disease fostered by India's sultry clime, had quitted the scene of his

noble, patient, self-denying life-work, and returned to his native land to pass the time of waiting until the Master should give him rest. Sad, indeed, to our heart, was the vision of the parting from loved ones in the distant land; sad the thought of the "good bye" for aye, to the scene of his earnest toil: but, sadder, far, the thought of the loss to benighted India of such a friend, such a guide to lead the blind from the starless night of heathenism to the perfect day, lighted by the Sun of Righteousness.

And now, comes all too soon the sound of the tolling bell and the strains of the funeral dirge. But as we listen, louder it swells into the triumphant notes of Paul's last anthem of victory: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." Angels guard the sleeping dust of the veteran of the Cross, until in the morning he shall "come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him!"

Forth to thy work in manhood's early morning,
'Neath India's sultry sky,
And toiling still, amid the noontide burning,
While others faint and die.

The sun declines;—not with meridian splendor
May glow its evening ray,
But shining still, its light more soft and tender
Heralds the closing day.

And weary now, from earnest labor ceasing,
Thou seekest home and rest;
But night comes on;—thine eyes with slumber closing,—
Thy head on Jesus' breast.

But just beyond the falling of the curtain,
Is morning bright and fair;
Beyond the shade, the sun forever shining,—
Thy rest awaits thee there.

Beyond Earth's care, beyond its grief or sighing,
Beyond its smile or frown,
Beyond life's toil, beyond its pain and dying,
Behold thy star-gemmed crown.
Early in January, 1848, Dr. Bacheler set out upon the most interesting preaching tour that he had hitherto made. Some weeks previously he had sent out his native preachers, Rama and Silas, to labor in the numerous villages and markets to the west and south of Balasore. They had just returned with the cheering tidings of a great change in the treatment of themselves and their message from any which they had heretofore received. In some instances they had been hospitably entertained by the principal men of the villages, and freely received into the houses of many, which, had they entered on previous visits, their owners would have washed the places where they stood or sat, with an unnamable mixture, to remove the pollution. Dr. Bacheler, with Rama and Silas, now proceeded to revisit most of these villages.

In Jirtal, at the foot of a mountain, was a large household, consisting of the parents and four sons, all married, who seemed earnestly inquiring after the truth. They cleared a large room for the accommodation of the missionaries, which they spread with mats and blankets. Many of their neighbors came in, and the whole afternoon was occupied in religious conversation. "I was intending," said Dr. Bacheler, "to return to my tent, ten miles distant, before dark, but our new friends would not hear of it. They hung about me with the affection of old friends meeting after a long separation, and would not let me go. So I sat upon their social mat till a late hour in the evening, talking to these anxious listeners of Jesus and his gospel. Never before had I witnessed such a scene, and surely it was one of the happiest evenings of my life."

Dr. Bacheler found two other very interesting cases at Jirtal, both of whom were Boishnobs (Byragees or holy men).
One of them lived at a distance from the village, in an enormous banyan tree of centuries growth. The adjacent jungle being infested with wild beasts, the ignorant people attributed his preservation from harm to his superior sanctity; and this added not a little to the great influence he had over them. He received his new visitors very cordially, seating Dr. Bacheler in his swing, and eating with the native brethren, and what was most remarkable, ate a mouthful of food from Rama's mouth, a sign of the most intimate friendship. He declared his determination to become a Christian at some future time, and brought from his den at the foot of the tree, a Bible, which Rama, at a previous visit, had given him. Dr. Bacheler read and explained a portion of the 5th chapter of Matthew, every word of which he seemed to drink in with eagerness. Such instruction, he said, he never heard before. But his comfortable retreat, and the influence he had gained over the people, could not then be relinquished. The other Boishnob, Fakir Das, was a Brahmin, about forty years of age, and had been an ascetic twenty years. He had made pilgrimages to Juggernaut, and to most of the sacred places in Hindostan, to find some way of salvation. Finally, becoming disgusted with such a way of life, he had concluded that if God was to be found at all, he might as well be found in one place as in wandering the world over; so he was now gaining his livelihood by cultivating a little garden. On first hearing of Christ from the native preachers, he concluded that he was the Saviour he had so long been seeking in vain, and forthwith determined to cast in his lot with the Christians. "His mind," said Dr. Bacheler, "was dark and drear. He had looked upon himself as a god, and had been worshiped as such by multitudes. Old principles were to be rooted up, and new ones introduced; but as he possessed a willing mind, we had hope. He had gone on with the native preachers before me to Jolidar. As I came up I heard violent crying, and supposed somebody was beating his wife; but on drawing near, found that it was Fakir Das, the tears still streaming down his wrinkled face. On inquiry I learned that he had been giving a man—who was a god-maker for all
that region— an account of his past life, and when he thought how he had squandered the better part of his years in sin and had only just now found the entrance to the true way, his emotions so overcame him that he burst into a violent fit of weeping. The sight of a Hindoo weeping for his sins, was to me an oasis in the desert of my missionary life, cheering as the cooling shade to the panting traveler.”

Dr. Bacheler had designed to extend his tour to Bhudruck, but the painful fact that many months must pass before these interesting inquirers could again hear the gospel, decided him to return to Jirtal. He said, “I never before had an opportunity of becoming so intimate with the natives. My tent was usually crowded full every evening, and the time most interestingly occupied in religious conversation, and reading the Scriptures. The interviews closed with prayer, and here I witnessed what I had never before seen, the heathen bowing before a throne of grace. All opposition had vanished. It seemed more like the outpouring of the Spirit of God than anything I had ever witnessed in India. The result remains to be seen. The distance between Hindooism and Christianity is almost infinite. To break away from all bonds of caste-relationship, is a very difficult thing. It gives us great joy to see anything like the revival of the work of God even on so small a scale.” Fakir Das followed Dr. Bacheler to Balasore continually lamenting that he had not sooner found the way. After giving evidence of true conversion, he was baptized, and soon made himself very useful in the mission.

Dr. Bacheler's medical skill added not a little to his influence with the natives. The wife of the host who had so kindly received him and his assistants in Jirtal, had been afflicted for eight or ten years with a disease of the eyes resulting in partial blindness. The eyelids, in this disease, became inverted so as to bring the lashes in contact with the eye. In her case, the lashes had been destroyed with the exception of the roots, the sharp points of which, were, at every motion of the lids, irritating the excited balls. By removing a small portion of the superabundant lids they were restored
to their natural position. Said Dr. Bacheler, "The report of
this simple operation was noised abroad, so that the sick,
the lame, the blind, people afflicted with all manner of
diseases, curable and incurable, came pouring in from all the
region round. From witnessing a few surgical operations
they really thought I could cure anything. One old woman
brought her deaf and dumb son, and insisted on my curing
him. On being told that it was beyond the power of man, she
replied, 'You have cut out such an one's eye, you have re-
moved a tumor for such an one, and can't you cure my son?
Of course you can!' And so, in her importunity, she hung
about day after day. On other occasions he often had peo-
ple come to him to 'get mended.' One blind woman, a hun-
dred years old, came to get her sight renewed, of which she
had been deprived fifteen or twenty years. Others came ask-
ing for a new eye to supply the place of one lost."

Dr. Bacheler's medical report of the preceding year to the
Mission Board, stated that he had treated 2,407 cases, and
performed 126 surgical operations, twelve of them under the
influence of chloroform. On learning that some at home
feared that his medical labors interfered with his direct mis-
sionary work, he replied: "India is not America. We man-
age matters differently here, and it is not always just to com-
pare what we do with what is done at home. I presume that
I have treated twice as many patients the past year as have
been treated in the same period at the Massachusetts General
Hospital, though it has six physicians and surgeons, and an
expenditure of several thousand dollars; but I have done it
in a different way. I feel satisfied that if any member of
the Board was in my place, he would not spend less time
in this way than I do, but probably more. I do as little as
my conscience will tolerate."

The corresponding secretary, by way of explanation, said
in his annual report: "The time occupied in giving medi-
cines has not exceeded an hour each day. The expenses of
medicines, etc., have been provided by friends. Dr. Bache-
ler is more respected than he would be, were he not a physi-
cian. The time given to the sick has been taken from hours
devoted to sleep, recreation and study, but not from those de-
voted to preaching. Many have been brought within the
reach of missionary influence, who, but for medicine, would never have heard the Gospel. At home, numbers throng his house, and when on missionary excursions, his congregations are brought to his tent, and he is not obliged to go from village to village to collect small companies to whom to preach the word of life."

During the year 1848 the Jellasore station had some sore trials, but withal, a good degree of prosperity. Twelve were baptized, and the little church had nineteen members. The Christian community numbered from sixty to seventy persons, and more inquirers from neighboring villages attend the place of worship than during any previous year.

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**Endowments.**

Activity is a most sure sign of life and health. It is hard physical and mental labor that strengthens the muscle and stimulates the brain, thus making what has been done a mere trifle when compared with that which may be and is to be accomplished.

Judging from the columns of the *Star*, within the last few weeks, one might think that this Centennial year was almost a miniature of the prophet's vision "of the valley of dry bones." For several months the faithful and the faithless friends of the Home Mission have been saying, can we live? From across the waters the word has repeatedly come, heavier remittances or the Bible school, yea, even the whole work in India, must suffer and be permanently injured. What a change has been wrought! If, from the four winds, a life-giving principle has not breathed upon all of our churches, certainly the spirit of giving, like an electric flash, seems to have been sent through the entire denomination. Endowment, endowed and adopted are the popular words of the day.

"They endow institutions, colleges and professorships, but if I was only rich," said a minister, not long since, "I would
endow a person, send him into the field so furnished and equipped that his whole time could be given to the work.”

Sisters of the Woman’s Missionary Society, this plan of adoption and endowment is the only excuse for writing these few words to-day. Has every one read the article by Professor Brackett in the Star of May 19th? if so, “A cause to be remembered” is not forgotten; but if that piece was overlooked, please take down the paper again and carefully, prayerfully study it; especially note what is hoped of this society.

Adopt one of those young ladies. Why not follow Christ’s example, and send them out “two by two?” We are abundantly able to do it. The teachers from the South are expecting a favorable answer. As a band of workers we have not been in the background. Here is an opportunity for two steps to the front. Call it a Centennial endowment, or any other name, this is of little consequence, but let us very soon send back the ready reply, we will.

E. C. J.

A LEGEND OF ST. FRANCISCA.

On the prayer-desk of a chapel,
   In an old baronial hall,
Lay a priceless vellum Bible,
   Chained and bolted to the wall.

Before it, on a velvet cushion,
   Was Francisca of the Yare,
Reading from the holy volume,
   In the attitude of prayer.

“Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel!”
   As she read she heard a call:
“Master with his hunting party
   Waits your coming in the hall.”

Half an hour she spent in talking
   Of the coming chase and feast;
Horse and hounds, and tercel gentle,
   That should ride upon her wrist.
Then, returning to the chapel,
She began the Psalm anew,
"Truly God is good to Israel"—
"Mamma, mamma, I want you,"

Called her daughter from the nursery,
And no shadow dimmed her face,
Though she left her index pointing
To the same remembered place.

Scarcely had she hushed the baby
When three holy pilgrims stood
At the drawbridge, humbly craving
In Christ's name for rest and food.

"Thus I serve Thee in my household;
Of my work an offering make;
Sanctify it, O my Father,
And accept it for His sake."

Praying thus, served the pilgrims
From the castle's choicest store;
And the fourth time read her lesson,
To the same verse as before.

The fifth time at the threshold
She paused in mute surprise,
For from her humble prayer-desk
She saw an angel rise.

He touched her blessed Bible
With his starred and plumed pen,
Then slowly floated upward,
And she stood alone again.

With reverent feet she sought her desk,
And knelt in silent awe,
For on the letters of her text
The angel's work she saw.

No longer black with scriv'ner's ink,
But golden, clear and bright,
These words upon the vellum page
Shone with a heavenly light:—

"Nevertheless I am continually with Thee. Thou hast holden me by my right hand. Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory."

'Tis but an idle legend
Of the old monastic time;
But in it read a lesson
For your busy life and mine.

— The Home Guardian.
Correspondence.

HEART THROBS.

Miss Crawford writing to a friend, thus speaks of those who have been under her care, and also of the necessity of a healthy diffusion of Christian love and benevolence.

"Nearly all the native girls who have been under my instruction and care have professed to be converted, and quite a number have left this world rejoicing in the hope of going to dwell with the Saviour in one of the mansions in His Father's house. Precious little lambs they were, and the good shepherd took them to His heavenly fold, where the destroying wolves cannot go. Many of the girls who were formerly in our mission schools, are now happy wives and mothers in homes of their own, and a goodly number of these are engaged in teaching heathen women and girls. Our unmarried girls who are fitted to teach, do not begin to supply the demand for teachers. What will be done in the future? I cannot say. My school has so many less girls than formerly; there remain only a few who can go to the other stations.

When Mrs. J. L. Phillips was preparing to leave for America she placed her seven little native girls in my school. One of them married less than a year ago, and is now a widow helping Mrs. Phillips in her ragged schools. Another is with Miss Phillips, teaching in Dantoon, and one is there doing other work. An hour since, a cart arrived from Midnapore, to take away Mary and Eva to teach in the ragged schools. So, of all the seven, little Nettie and Eva only remain, and they probably will not be allowed to stay long. It makes me nearly ill, to send away, from time to time, my best girls, yet I know it is right for them to go. I comfort them and myself by telling them the "salt" and "light" should be distributed. So you should tell those who say "Charity begins at home," and we prefer to help home missions. You are aware when you kindle a fire in your stove on a cold winter day, the hotter the stove the greater distance will the warmth extend; so it is with heart warmth. Those who have enough soul warmth to kindle a little Christian fire in their own neighborhood, are the ones who do the most to warm the regions beyond. A healthy heart, at every throb, sends the blood circulating through the whole system, so a morally healthy Christian heart will send the Gospel circulating through the whole world, and
will never be satisfied or think enough has been done, as long as one little village even, remains in darkness. The Lord save our churches from Christians who are morally palsied. Many know the luxury of doing good. May all seek to know that luxury.

Never be discouraged, my sisters, the Woman's Board is doing wonderfully. May every woman in our entire denomination arise, and do her whole duty to her family, to the church and the world. The women in other denominations are doing nobly. How many poor heathen women cry out in bitter anguish, "Why was I born a girl?" Let Christian women show their gratitude to God, in trying their utmost to bring all to know and love the Saviour."

[FROM MISS HOOFER.]

VISIONS:—OBSTACLES.

On the road from Midnapore to Dantoon this hot weary day,—and in my mind rises visions of crystal springs bubbling up from their pebbly depths, babbling brooks, broad, flowing rivers and lakes so beautifully clear. How like dreams of the past, or as scenes in a fairy tale they seem in comparison with the prospect in view. Tank after tank is passed, but so muddy, and often nearly covered with vegetation, that one wonders how the natives can live who daily use such liquid for drinking and cooking, especially just after bathing therein. Other receptacles are now being dug for water before the rains begin. Near the tanks which are being dug are the temporary huts in which the families of those who are thus employed are living.

Women are carrying the loosened earth from the pits in baskets on their heads. Truly, heathenism makes slaves of women. I wonder if any of their dearly earned pice falls into the hand of the sleek, crafty looking Brahmin, who comes running from one of the banks near by, and reaching out his hand already well filled with pice, begs for more. Did I give him any? No, indeed! he was dismissed with the advice to go to work and earn his living honestly. I fear I have but very little patience with these human leeches that are met at every turn in this land of ignorance and superstition. When shall the Sun of Righteousness arise o'er this people? Pray, pray, earnestly for benighted India's sons and daughters... I have been here a number of days with Miss Hattie Phillips, and a peep behind the scenes has led me to wonder how she so bravely works on alone in the face of opposition.
Correspondence.

The Brahmins have repeatedly tried to break up a girl's school which she has taught by a native Christian woman. The crisis came the other day when the Brahmins were invited to a feast at the house, on the verandah of which the school is taught. It is the custom to make a feast and invite the Brahmins and relatives the first time a child eats rice. The Brahmins refused to do the parents and the child honor on this occasion, and stoutly refused to come so long as the school was taught by a Christian at that house. To disobey their brahminical dignities would be to lose caste, and bring down their fury on the heads of the parents, a position to which they were not resigned, so the school must be disbanded or another place secured. I am glad to tell you that Miss P. did get another verandah, and the school is now going on as usual. This is just a slight illustration of one of the many difficulties with which one has to contend in this heathen village or town.

Do Christians in America feel that they need help and sympathy in their efforts for the upbuilding of Christ's kingdom? How much more is such help and sympathy needed in this heathen land, where it is constantly a hand to hand encounter with the powers of sin and darkness. One instinctively cries out:

"O for a faith that will not shrink
Though pressed by every foe."

DANTOON, APRIL.

[FROM MRS. J. L. PHILLIPS.]

AN OPENING INDEED!

There are scenes in life that leave their impress forever. Though long years roll between, we at will, step back and gaze again with undimmed vision. Who ever forgot a view from a Himalayan or Alpine height? Who ever saw the clouds lift on Mount Washington, and caught a glimpse of the glory, the peace, the wondrous beauty below, and let it slip from memory's keeping? So, from less sublime heights, we now and then hide away pictures that thrill us and quicken us when far from the original.

A few days ago we stood upon the very pinnacle of a high Brahmin house, and looked down for the first time upon a heathen city. Here, there, everywhere, mouldy hay-stacks crowded under magnificent trees of loveliest foliage — as at this season the tender leaves are just out. Death and decay
vie with bursting life and opening beauty. Another glance and we saw the long bazars crowded with hurrying men; creaking carts and famishing cattle stretching their weary lengths through this plain of straw-thatched huts, while now and then imposing massive structures, homes of the rich, stood out in bold relief. Large tanks, reflecting the tall palms and the sun’s last soft rays, brightened the scene with inexpressible beauty. While in every direction temples, Hindoo temples, with their endless minarets and domes; Mohammedan temples, with their perfect architecture and strange devices, graced the whole. To the right, pointing heavenward, as it never could in a Christian land, rose the spire of the one Christian church in this great heathen city,—blessed symbol of the dim future.

In that quiet sunset hour, above the din and care of the lower world, how that one spire ushered in the day long foretold! One by one the heathen temples crumbled away; in their places sprang up temples to the one living God,—temples from which flowed a healing balm for this city’s dark woes. The hay stacks blew away,—Christian homes, “fit emblems of the “many mansions,” nestled in the Eden like shade. We forgot we were in a heathen land, till, unconsciously nearing a strange little house on the roof, our Brahmin hostess whispered frantically, “Don’t, don’t go near that house! That is the god house!” We instantly whispered in turn, “no, no?” and hurried to the other side, where we looked down upon a scene in which you, dear friends, who have heeded our cry for help for zenana women and poor children, are intensely interested. In that immense brick house before us, in front of which is a long tank, three little temples and the great chariot of the gods, you have the most sacred part. Yes, in the very court of the gods you have a school of thirty little girls, and upon the very throne of the idols they recite every day!

Come into this labyrinthian house; go through these dark alleys and entries and up these darker staircases into rows of smaller, lonely rooms, or into a room jutting out all alone here and there, then through and up and down, till by an entirely different route we come to the grand court of all, where our new school is. This court is surrounded by massive pillars and paved with a kind of masonry which is as smooth as if polished. Here the vile dancing women entertain the gods and the crowd on feast days and nights, the former being placed on a slightly elevated platform at one end of the court.
Doors Wider Still.

The opening of a school in this place has filled our hearts to overflowing with gratitude to Him who "turns and over-turns," and reigns even among the heathen. It is a "sign of the times" that can but be hailed with joy by every worker for the heathen. Old barriers are surely breaking. The sacredness of the throne of the gods and the intense hatred of Christ's blessed reign are passing away together. Be of good cheer, ye toilers who have "sown in tears,"—reaping in joy is ne'er at hand.

This place was kindly given us to hold a school for the poor, by a friendly Babu occupying the house, an entire stranger to us, however. Not a stone's throw from this wealthy house squalid poverty reigns supreme. The miserable little huts dove-tail into and overlap each other. We creep under the low roofs over the filthy mud verandas where the wretched men and women seem lower than some brutes, while their miserable children run wild and subsist as best they can. The morning this school was opened cannot soon be forgotten: From this quarter came the most forgotten and, apparently God-forsaken, poor little ones, while through the half-open doors, little windows and every possible opening, appeared some of the brightest and most sparkling faces I have ever seen, from the high caste women occupying the same house. Already they are begging to be taught, and Mrs. Bacheler will soon send a teacher to a very high caste family near by.

May we not ask you to pray for the teachers who go to the new field, that they may have strength to stand themselves and wisdom to teach those to whom sent.

Midnapore, May.

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Doors Wider Still.

BY MRS. N. C. BACKETT.

If any of our friends have thought that the finishing and furnishing of Myrtle Hall would complete the work to be done for Storer Normal School, or even that it would bring them a season of rest, they ought to have had a seat in our chapel on anniversary day, or rather to have been not quite early enough for that, in which case I would have given them a much more comfortable one in the door of the library, facing that of the chapel, where they could see the throng of
fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, friends and stran­
gers, who, with looks of disappointment, turned back after
peering into the chapel and finding that they could not elbow
their way to a standing place where they could even hear.
To the many people in the North, who, if they take inter­
est enough in commencement or anniversary exercises to at­
tend them, regard them more in the light of a dress-parade
than as an opportunity to hear, it will seem a matter of small
consequence that these poor people, after they had worked
late and risen early to make it possible to be here, could —
more than half of them — do no better than stroll about the
grounds while the exercises were going on, in which they take
so much pleasure and pride. When we select the subjects
and parts for this day, we consider that at no other time in
the year is so large a number brought within reach of words
of counsel, warning or exhortation, — that to a large majority
of them this is the only opportunity of hearing choice bits of
classical English, and we grieve less in their disappointment
than in the fact that this one taste is denied their starving if
not hungry souls. If we were in some neighborhoods in the
North, we should be speedily helped out of this difficulty by
the free and hearty offer of a church, but the Christian civil­
ization of the South has not yet reached the point at which
this could be done, even if we were white. By many, even a
temperance lecture in a church has not ceased to be regarded
as horrible sacrilege. We look hopefully to the growth of
our trees for shade, that can be supplemented by a tent, to
make room for the throng. Though we very much need bet­
ter accommodations for this occasion, our plea for enlarge­
ment of the chapel is mainly on the ground of its being so
inadequate to our usual number of students for about half the
school year just closed. It seemed a pity that the gray-haired
preacher and his wife who came with the hope of increasing
their power for usefulness by adding, to their accomplish­
ments, reading and writing, should have no better seats than
a bench against the wall with no desk for their few books.
Scores of men and women, of all ages, were no better off. It
began to be a question even whether there would be room to
place benches for all who might come. But when our busi­
est season was over, and that long seat around the walls was
vacant, our most troubled thoughts were not of the poor ac­
ccommodations, for we had not been obliged to turn any away,
but the fear crept over us, like a chill, that this one or that
one, as we recalled the names and faces of those who had
been able to stay only a few months, had not learned all that might have been taught them if there could have been more helpers. Oh, the sadness of the thought that the opportunity may have passed away forever, of raising some human soul from a lower intelligence to that vastly higher plane on which the ability to read and write places it! We began this as a plea for a larger chapel, because the necessity seemed so imperative, since at our present rate of increase the time is not far distant when, unless we have more room, we cannot manage all who come to us; for in the present state of society and habits of study, all — especially of the girls — must have seats in the chapel, where they are known to be, unless in recitation; but we come back to the old one,* which always seems to us more imperative than any other, and is, perhaps, more appropriately addressed to the F. B. W. M. Society, for aid that will enable us to do more for the girls. The appropriation for kitchen and study room has helped us more and made us all, pupils and teachers, more grateful than I can tell now, but its efficiency has been much curtailed by the inadequacy of our teaching force. The amount of help we can use from pupils, even in duties for which they are perfectly competent, is limited by the sort of caste prejudice which will brook no exercise of authority on the part of one of their own number.

When the preceptress, in addition to the care of Myrtle Hall full of girls, hears recitations the entire six hours, and the other teachers are obliged to use all their time and strength in routine school work, it is plain that much must be omitted of what we all see clearly ought to be done by us as a people, particularly by us the F. B. W. M. Society, toward supplying the greatest need of the colored people of the South, viz.: well-regulated homes, presided over by virtuous, sensible, thrifty, intelligent, ambitious mothers. The time has come when more can be done in this direction only by helping us to more teachers.

There would still be room for the gratuitous service in which we have two winters been so fortunate, and which was very kindly offered for the last, but to our great disappointment withdrawn on account of bad health, making our regular force smaller than ever before, while the number of pupils was larger.

Harper's Ferry, W. Va., June 16, 1880.

*See "Doors Opening Wider," in January Helper.
The Missionary Helper.

The Permanent Fund, or Working Capital.

Our attention has been called through the Helper and the Star to the necessity of a fund on which our treasurer can rely as security if she is forced at any time to borrow money. At a recent meeting of the Board of the Woman’s Missionary Society, the following resolutions were passed: —

1st. We recommend that in this centennial year the women of the denomination raise $1,000 or more, for a working capital.

2d. That this capital shall be invested in safe securities by the treasurer under the direction of the Board.

3d. That the interest of this invested capital shall be used for the general work of the Society, but the investment itself only as a security for obtaining money to pay bills due, when there is not enough in the treasury to pay them, and the money borrowed on this security shall be paid before new appropriations are made.

It was proposed at this Board meeting that this subject should be presented to the women of the denomination with the hope that at least one hundred would be found who would offer ten dollars each as a memorial of their gratitude to God for the blessings of Christianity to us as women. Pledges have been made on the condition that the thousand or more is raised that are not binding if we fall in this amount. Dear sisters, how many of you who read this will resolve to have a part in this good work. Surely among the three or four thousand readers of the Helper there are a hundred that can give ten dollars each, or more, to the dear Lord to whom they owe all that they have and are, and there are a thousand who would easily give one dollar for this purpose. In placing a little money here, we are able to secure a part in the work for years to come, and surely this is a pleasant thought. When our hands have ceased from their labor, we may hope that this fund will continue to aid the cause which ought to be dear to our hearts, for it is the cause in which Christ died.

We must remember that this offering must not interfere with our regular work. O, let us try not only to do this, but to do more in every way. Our sisters of other denominations are showing us an example of earnest and successful work; what
Words from Home Workers. 

has Christ done for them more than for us that we should fall behind them? O, let us free ourselves from our selfishness, our idleness, our indifference, and come up to the "help of the Lord." One Interested.

I was pleased to learn the action of the Board in regard to a working capital, which is so much needed. I think all will readily see the benefit resulting from it. Of that I need not speak, as the subject has been ably presented by our Treasurer in a former Helper, also by Mrs. Ramsey, in the Star. What I wish to suggest is this: That if there are those who would like to constitute themselves, or some friend, a life member of the Woman’s Missionary Society, why not have the money required go toward this fund? Is there not some gentleman who will give twenty dollars to constitute his wife, mother, daughter or sister a life member, and have the money thus used? Perhaps some mother will pay for a daughter, or daughter for a mother, thereby not only showing our love for and desire to please our loved ones, but, what is of more importance, please the dear Father in heaven, and help forward His cause. Also, it can be a Centennial offering. If one could not pay the twenty dollars in one payment, it could be made in several. 

Mrs. E. D. Wade.

Words from Home Workers.

Maine.

The Kingfield Auxiliary Woman’s Missionary Society was organized April 10th, and has sixteen members, with the following officers: Mrs. Mary P. Parker, President; Miss Lizzie S. Winter, Vice-President; Miss Lydia Lord, Secretary and Treasurer; Mrs. Ellen S. Barker, Agent of Missionary Helper. The Secretary reports that the prospects are very encouraging. Of late their attention has been called to the subject of missions by the pastor, Rev. J. P. Longley, who has awakened a good interest, and the hope is expressed that it may increase, and that others may soon join the society, and not a small but a large share of work be accepted as their privilege in helping to scatter the gospel seed.

Mrs. Wade, of Dover, Me., says: “Knowing that mission workers are interested in what is being done in all parts of the field, I send you a report of our March meeting. It was held at Bradford in connection with the Q. M. The Conference generously gave us the afternoon. After singing and prayer, the report of the previous meeting was read and approved. Then we had a ten minutes’ address by an aged minister, whose heart was full of the good cause, and the recitation of a poem from the Helper, by little Eva —, which brought a response from several ministers present. An original essay was then read by Mrs. F. A. Palmer, which was full of interest and instruction. A large
The Missionary Helper.

audience listened with attention. An aged minister, who had, apparently, thought the Woman's Society a new departure, was converted, and, after the meeting closed, offered to assist in the future in carrying forward the work. At the close of the exercises a good brother proposed that a collection be taken, and $8.50 was the result. We thanked God and took courage."

The Woman's Missionary Society of the F. B. Church in Presque Isle gave a missionary concert Sunday evening, May 16th. It was opened by singing by the choir, Scripture reading by the President, Mrs. D. De Witt, and prayer by the pastor, Rev. G. M. Park. There was a missionary colloquy by six young ladies, a missionary dialogue by four boys, a short address by Mr. Park, two quartettes, several pieces sung by little girls, and the hymns "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," and "The Morning Light is Breaking," by the choir and congregation. The President read a letter from a native Zenana teacher, Jessie, whom the society is supporting, and some letters from the HELPER. A collection of $7 was taken, and the concert closed with a short promise meeting. This society was organized by Dr. J. L. Phillips, Aug. 25, 1878.

ADDIE GAMMON, Secretary.

VERMONT.

Mrs. Eaton, District Secretary of this State, wishes to have a little plain talk relative to Mission work in Vermont. She says, "We desire all auxiliaries to remit quarterly—it is the small contributions that help so much to replenish the treasury, and will our Q. M. Sec.'s call for a collection in some small churches, where there are no auxiliaries, giving all an opportunity of doing a little. Also we would ask a little extra effort of any who would like to donate a small sum to aid in depositing a "Working Capital" to which access may be had when appropriations become due, and money not at hand.

I have recently been made assured we have churches in Vermont that are but little acquainted with this Society, that never heard of the HELPER, and, perhaps, do not read the Morning Star. Dear sisters, we feel that our cause demands too much attention, and too great blessings attend our efforts for any to remain in ignorance. We presume (were facts made plain), there are those in every society whose activity and zeal would prompt them to do, were there no opposing influences; which influences the light of Christianity should extinguish. Supporting our churches or paying the pastor is no charitable work. Let us be wise, and make the hearts of many glad. Give a little,—and the mind may expand,—then give again. Do you, who have never lent a helping hand, know how many are longing for the bread of life? that many have never heard the Gospel preached? It is very plain every lover of Christianity should give their influence for its advancement.

The Auxiliary in West Topsham has lost a valuable member, as the following resolutions testify:

Whereas, The President of our Mission Society, Mrs. L. J. Shipman, has been called from earthly labor unto heavenly rest, therefore,

Resolved, That we cherish gratefully the memory of her unselfish love, her untiring labors in the cause of missions, her faithful leadership of our little band, and her zeal in every department of the Master's work.

Resolved, That while we miss her wise counsels, and her calm, clear
Words from Home Workers.

judgment, we will yet go forward, trusting in our Heavenly Leader, and will try, by every means within our power, to make successful the work which lay so near her heart.

Resolved, That so far as may be, the mantle she let fall shall rest upon our shoulders, and that remembering her worthy example, we will strive to emulate her fervent piety, her pure womanly spirit, her self-sacrificing benevolence, and her broad Christian charity.

Miss J. E. Ford,
Mrs. E. M. Wilds, Committee.
Miss S. A. Sargent,

RHODE ISLAND.

The Greenville Auxiliary is deeply feeling the loss of some of its most active members. Several have moved away, and one dear sister has entered upon her reward. Miss Crary held the mission work very near her heart, and inspired us by her zeal and courage. Last year, when we hardly knew how to raise the extra sum required for "passage money," she made and gave to the society a beautiful bedquilt, which was sold for five dollars. Thus, by deeds as well as by words, she always gave her cordial support. Although feeling weak, we are not discouraged, but realize that we must cling the closer together and be the more zealous in the good work. At the last meeting of the society, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, Our Heavenly Father has seen fit to chasten us by removing from us our esteemed sister, Laura Crary,—

Resolved, That by her death this society has lost an efficient worker and a faithful advocate, and the cause of missions a sincere friend.

Resolved, That though we miss her kindly presence and her words of cheer, yet we would not murmur at God's will, knowing that while we sorrow here on earth, she rejoices in Heaven.

Resolved, That the Secretary be requested to record these resolutions; also, that a copy be sent to the Missionary Helper for publication.

Mrs. A. Given,
Miss M. A. Mowry, Committee.
Miss E. Steere,

NEW YORK.

Mrs. Dexter, Secretary of the Woman's Missionary Society in Holmesville, says: "Our society was organized in September, 1879, by Miss Cilley, with twenty-one members. It now numbers forty-four. Twenty-one are members of our Children's Mission Band. We have held three public meetings, have received $11.95, and have seven subscribers to the Helper. We hope for an increase of interest, and desire to hear from other societies, that we may be prompted to new zeal and greater efficiency."

OHIO.

The Seneca and Huron F. B. Woman's Mission Society convened with the Venice Church at the Q. M., May 15, 1880. Saturday evening was given to the society, as usual. The President, Mrs. Mary Eastman, conducted the exercises, which opened with singing, "I Will Guide Thee," by the choir. Mrs. J. La Rue read 2 Cor., 9th chapter, and
prayer was offered by Mrs. Caroline Michener. Minutes of last meeting were read by Secretary, and the Treasurer also read a report of all money received. Then followed singing, an essay by Miss Lib Huffman, select reading by Mrs. L. A. Robinson; a recitation by Miss Sadie Michener, subject, "Who will go for us?" and an interesting letter from Mrs. Jeremiah Phillips, read by Mrs. Augusta Michener. Appreciative speeches were made by Revs. Robinson and Dim, a few very appreciative remarks by our President, at the close of which a collection was taken, amounting to $5.55, to go with the remittance then due to India.

MRS. JENNIE WALKER, Q. M. Secretary.

MICHIGAN.

The second annual session of the F. B. W. M. Society of the Michigan yearly meeting, was held at Sparta, Friday evening, June 4, 1880, and was presided over by Mrs. D. H. Lord, First Vice-President. Prayer was offered by Mrs. Mixx. The report of Secretary and Treasurer contained a partial summary of the year's work throughout the Y. M. It was necessarily incomplete on account of the failure of the Q. M. Secretaries to report to the State Secretary in time. According to this report the amount raised for H. and F. missions for the past year was $530.21, which, without doubt, is much less than the real sum.

One year ago there were only two Q. M. Societies. Now there are at least eight, auxiliary to the Y. M. Society, besides quite a number of church Societies, and there is a growing interest in missions throughout the State. This increasing interest, with the blessing of God, is mainly due to the earnest efforts of Miss Libbie Cilley. After the reading of the reports, Mrs. Hinkerson read a selection, "The Starless Crown." Mrs. H. C. Phillips gave a very interesting and familiar talk on Foreign Missions, answering many questions, and exhibiting some idols, among which was a small model of Juggernat, ornaments, and some toys from Benares. Mrs. M. M. Roon read an essay, "Our Mission." Rev. J. B. Drew gave a short talk, after which a collection was taken for H. and F. missions, amounting to $21.46. The exercises were interspersed with good singing by the choir. Closed by all singing, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," and benediction by Rev. Hiram Whitcher.

A business session convened at the call of the chair, Saturday, P. M., when the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Miss Libbie Cilley; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. D. H. Lord, Mrs. Doyle, Mrs. F. F. Bailey, Miss Maria Mills; Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. M. M. Roon, of Lisbon, Kent County, Michigan. Emma L. Smith, Secretary, pro tem.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

Mrs. Hartley, of Carleton, St. Johns, gives this very interesting, cheering report, for which we gladly make room: "If it is not trespassing too much upon your valuable space, I would like to tell you somewhat of our interest in the Foreign Mission work. We have in connection with the F. C. Baptist Church in Carleton, a Woman's Missionary Society, which was organized at the time Mrs. Dr. Phillips visited a number of our churches in New Brunswick. The Society is not large, but it is alive, and is doing good work. In connection with that Society there is a Juvenile Missionary Society, called "Helping Hand's Mission Band." When first organized we commenced the Band with three little girls. The
Attention, Bands!

Attention, Bands!

It is especially desired to understand more definitely how many bands and Sunday School classes are contributing to the support of the Children’s Missionary. It may be that other objects have absorbed the attention of some, while others may have become weary and indifferent, and so have broken their pledge, and, it would not be surprising, if some may have thought the plan was given up because little has been said about it of late. We assure you it is not so, and we want you all to report yourselves, and fall into line with fresh vigor, and to feel that the Woman’s Board cannot do without your help in this thing.

In order to become better acquainted, it is asked that you send to Mrs Hayes, or Miss Cilley, the name of your band, for Mission Band is a very general name, while Gleaners or Busy Bees is more specific. How many members you have, the name of your secretary, and the number of shares pledged to be taken this year of the Society which closes September 30. We propose to arrange a table in the next number of the Helper, which will tell all these things. Which Band will be the last to send this report, all of which we should have by August 20. And Miss DeMerritte should have the money by the same time to send to India, August 25. Will Sunday School classes, and and all others contributing, be equally prompt?
SHALL WE NOT HAVE A SECRETARY IN EACH QUARTERLY MEETING?

Indispensable as are the District Secretaries, no less so is a Secretary in every quarterly meeting. However efficient a District Secretary may be, she cannot secure so large results as might easily be secured by a further division of labor. She may do what she can by correspondence, and attend the sessions of the different quarterly meetings, as far as possible, giving largely of time and strength and defraying her traveling expenses, and still she cannot accomplish the work, especially in those quarterly meetings that she is unable to personally visit, which might easily be done if one woman in each of these small sections would co-operate with her, sharing the responsibility and labor. It is therefore earnestly desired—as a thing on which much good depends—that when a lady is asked to take this office she accept its duties, if in any wise this is practicable, as God's service. How can she be sure that the Lord Himself does not assign this particular work to her as one whom He sees to be specially fitted for it, though she, like Moses, may think differently about the fitness? For must He not call some of His children here to a specific part of the service of setting up His kingdom in the dark places of the earth, as surely as He calls others to go in person into those same dark places? The one part of the service must be done in order that the other succeed.

We rejoice that we have at present so many excellent Quarterly Meeting Secretaries who are steadily progressing toward seeing an auxiliary in every church within their section. But we believe the Lord has one friend in each of those quarterly meetings which now have no Secretary to whom He would assign that work.

A. C. H.

SPECIAL MEETING. — There will be a meeting of the Free Baptist Woman’s Missionary Society at the Weirs, Laconia, N. H., Thursday, July 21, at 10 o’clock A. M.

J. A. LOWELL, Corresponding Secretary.
Notes and Gleanings.

Copies of the Helper, for March and May, 1878, and for July and November, 1879, are much wanted. If any one has such numbers, for which she does not care, she will confer a favor by sending them to us.

We are sorry to record the fact that Miss Cilley received a severe injury a week or two since. The hack was overturned, breaking her collar bone and otherwise injuring her. It is hard for one so active as she to stop for ever so short a time, but rest she no doubt needed, though it be attended with suffering. We hope to hear of her speedy recovery.

President Cheney, of Bates College, Me., has given $100 of the $1,000 which he gives as a centennial offering for benevolent purposes, to this Society. Most appreciative thanks are returned to him for his kind appreciation of our work.

We would call the attention of our readers again to the proposed monument to Rev. Jeremiah Phillips. The sum desired is not all raised, and there is opportunity for yet more to express their appreciation of his faithful services and devoted life. Send contributions to Rev. J. J. Butler, Hillsdale, Michigan.

We insert the following order of historical Anniversary exercises: The mornings will be devoted to the business of Conference; preaching and religious services in the afternoon. Thursday, July 21, P. M., Foreign Missions; Friday, P. M., Home Missions; Saturday, P. M., Sabbath Schools; Monday, P. M., Education; Tuesday, P. M., Temperance; Wednesday, P. M., Anti-Slavery Record; Thursday, 29th, Centennial at New Durham. The services at New Durham will be of an interesting character; arrangements will be made for conveyance thither and for a collation at noon.

A case of curiosities from India, and relics of various kinds, will be an attraction at the Centennial Conference.

Two young women of Bungalow, India, have been admitted as probationers to the post office in that place. They are the first women who have been able to get government employment in Asia.

The Dutch Reformed Church in South Africa has a boarding-school on the Mt. Holyoke plan, says the Missionary Tidings, with ninety scholars. Since the school was established seven others have been opened in different parts of South Africa, all taught by American teachers, and all self-supporting.

The Methodist Women's Foreign Missionary Society, has, since 1869, built and sustained three orphanages, three hospitals, ten dispensaries, thirteen boarding-schools, and eight homes for missionaries. Fifty single women have gone out as missionaries, and nearly 200 native teachers and Bible women have been employed in doing Gospel work. For these enterprises this society has paid since May, 1876, $590,966. Among heathen women there are already 2,911 auxiliary societies, comprising 60,269 members, showing the interest which these take in the work.

There is to be held this year in England a great Congress of Christian women, representing all departments and fields of the work of the Gospel. It is looked forward to by the religious press with deep interest.

Are not the people using the English language responsible for the world's evangelization?

The Turkish Pasha was far-seeing who said: "When a girl comes back from a seminary, say not a girl, but a school has come."

The Children's Missionary Crusade is a magazine devoted mainly to helping young people cherish a missionary spirit. It is under the editorial charge of a lady who has for many years been interested in the subject of children's missionary work. Price per year 30 cents. In quantities of ten or more to Sunday Schools, Mission bands, etc.

Address P. O. Box 182, Boston, Mass.
Ah, what shall I do with my pennies?
For see, I have such a store;
I never have sold my basket
Of walnuts so soon before.
How often I've trudged for hours,
And taken a secret cry,
Because I was tired and hungry,
And nobody cared to buy.
I dreaded to think how mother
Would look as I came and said,
That I had n't enough of pennies
To bring her a loaf of bread.
How Nellie, my little sister,
Would watch at the door and say:
"I 've thought and I 've thought of
The apple
You promised to bring me, all day."
But now I can fill my basket,
For there 's never a nut behind:
One loaf — two loaves — and a dozen
Of apples, the sweetest kind.
And a pat of that yellow butter.
It's dainty and fresh, I know;
How good it will taste to mother,
And Nellie will like it so.
Five pennies, ten, fifteen, twenty,
And thirty, and thirty-five;-
Just think of it! — here are fifty,
As certain as I 'm alive!
It must have been God who helped me
To sell off my nuts so soon;
Or else I 'd been trudging, trudging,
The whole of the afternoon.
And how I would like to thank Him,
So kind he has been — so true!
Let 's see if I cannot spare Him
A few of my pennies, too.
Why, surely I can! Here 's forty
For mother and Nellie — and then,
Dear Jesus, to help thy heathen,
I give thee the other ten.
— Margaret J. Preston.

SOME NATIVE CUSTOMS.

[Frances Millard Lawrence.]

Very soon after getting settled in India, the strange ways
and customs of the people became so familiar to me that I
could scarcely realize that you at home were not as familiar
with them as myself. But numerous letters from friends, full
of interested inquiries about this far-off land and peculiar
people, soon aroused me to a consciousness of the fact that
what is so near and familiar to me, is to you remote and com­
paratively unknown. After reading one of these letters, I
try to place myself back two years in the cycle of time, re­
membering how interested I then was in everything I read or
heard about India.

Again the hot season is upon us. Although not so trying
as it was a year ago, we find it necessary to close the house
up tight every day soon after the sun bids us good-morning. Not long after sunrise I start off to see my little school, commenced since we returned from our long country tour, and composed of nearly a score of noisy little girls and boys, all busily engaged in mastering the long Bengali alphabet, each one making a desperate effort to study his lesson loud enough to be heard by himself above the din of all the rest, for in this country the children all study aloud, and, as they soon cultivate strong, vigorous vocal powers, the chorus of voices sometimes becomes much greater than could reasonably be expected from such little throats. At first this noise seemed very odd to me, but now I rather enjoy it. A temporary hush, the timid, upward glance of numerous pairs of jet black sparkling eyes, a quick succession of nomeskars growing more distinct as each one gains confidence from the one before him, and I find myself the centre of the group who are now as intently studying me as five minutes before they were in acquiring the elements of their own language. I love these dirty, frisky little ones, for each one has a warm little heart beating under the rough exterior. The school is held on the veranda of one of the native Christian houses. The children sit on the mud floor, which answers the double purpose of a seat and a blackboard. They commence to learn to write their letters with a piece of chalk from their very first entrance into school. After a time wooden pens and palm leaves take the place of the chalk and floor. The ink does not dry readily on the smooth surface of the palm leaf, so that any mistake is easily effaced and the character rewritten. During these first two stages of Bengali penmanship the letters are very large, but when they reach the next stage, that of the goose-quill and cheap printing paper, the coarseness gradually disappears, and in the end Bengali penmanship takes rank with that of the first nations of the world.

Here, nearly all the housework, such as sewing, cooking, washing and ironing, is done by men. Instead of bringing water to the house to wash, the clothes are taken to some tank or river, and cleansed by being dipped in water and forcibly dashed against a large stone until the dirt disappears. It is rather hard on the clothes, and still more so on the buttons, but they really succeed in making them very white and clean. It seems strange that women who are expected to do all the cooking for their own families should be considered incompetent to cook for others. But such is the case, and, as a consequence, men monopolize employments that nat-
urally belong to women; while among the lower classes the reverse is true, and women become the burden-bearers carrying wood, brick, earth, etc. These women, of course, are not zenana women. In fact but a comparatively small portion of the women of India are zenana women, and these mostly belong to the wealthier classes who have no need of going outside their own houses to help earn the subsistence of the family. Among the poorer classes the women are obliged to work, and those who work for a living cannot well be confined by narrow walls. Very few of these women learn to read when children, and they grow up unfitted for any thing except to do heavy, lugging work, and cook rice for their families. During the fifteen weeks we were out in the country, it made me painfully sad to see so few women and girls come to buy books. Out of the four thousand that we sold, probably not more than fifty or one hundred copies were sold to women and girls. Yet, even this was an encouragement, for it showed us that the native people, formerly so opposed to female education, are, at length, learning to realize something of its importance. Formerly, the only instruction given to women and girls was that imparted by missionaries; now occasionally we find girls learning to read in Hindoo schools.

The begging class in this country are a very disgusting set of people. Strong men and women, and plenty of them, live by begging. Some of them even boast of their profession and say that they cannot work because they belong to the beggar class and must do nothing else. Some of these are really needy and deserve the help they receive. Others less worthy often touch one's sympathies and receive something. Sometimes when you do not give them as much as they think you should they refuse the proffered mite with disdain, as if insulted by the smallness of the gift. Lepers with only stumps instead of fingers, and other deformed and diseased specimens of helpless humanity are met with a frequency that is sad indeed.

The native people have two regular meals daily, besides sometimes a light lunch in the morning. They breakfast at eleven or twelve in the morning, and dine at eight or nine in the evening. After eating they roll themselves up in their clothes or perhaps in a blanket and go to sleep. The better class of people only use chairs, the common people eat, sit and sleep on the floor. They eat either from leaves or brass dishes.
Mrs. Carvel, of Michigan, tells of a way by which the desire to help led to self-denial. She says, "we have a class of young girls and boys in our Sunday School who pledged ten dollars last fall to pay a teacher's salary in India, and who made this sacrifice to meet the pledge — the girls wore their old hats, and the teacher did the same, all winter. We have a very prosperous Sunday School." She does not tell us what sacrifice the boys made, but a prosperous Sunday School it must be which has such a band of noble girls led by such a teacher.

## CONTRIBUTIONS

**FROM APRIL 1, 1880, TO JUNE 1, 1880.**

### MAINE.

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Location</th>
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<tr>
<td>Augusta, Auxiliary</td>
<td>for &quot;Emeline's&quot; salary</td>
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<td>Bangor, Auxiliary</td>
<td>Miss Phillips' work</td>
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<td>Biddeford, Miss E. M. Haines</td>
<td>for Miss Crawford's work</td>
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<td>Cornishville, Auxiliary</td>
<td>for F. M.</td>
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<td>Dover, Mrs. E. D. Wade</td>
<td>for working capital, and towards L. M. of F. Nellie Wade</td>
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<tr>
<td>East New Sharon, Auxiliary</td>
<td>1-2 each, H. M. and F. M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gardiner, Auxiliary</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hallowell, Aux., support of teacher with Mrs. J. L. Phillips</td>
<td>25 00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lewiston, Seed Sowers for salary of Miss I. Phillips</td>
<td>25 00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lewiston, Rev. O. B. Cheney</td>
<td>$50 for Myrtle Hall, Harper's Ferry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lewiston, Mrs. B. F. Hayes for teacher with Mrs. J. L. Phillips</td>
<td>5 00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lewiston, Auxiliary, Pine street church for native teacher with Miss Crawford, and toward constituting Mrs. A. C. Hogbin a L. M.</td>
<td>12 00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Limerick, Auxiliary, for F. M.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Litchfield Plains, Auxiliary, for support of Tipperie.</td>
<td>13 00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lyman, Auxiliary for F. M.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>North Anson, Auxiliary</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>North Berwick, Mrs. J. L. Prescott, for Working Capital.</td>
<td>5 00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Portland, Mrs. G. W. Rich, for do Portland, Zenana Circle at New England Convention</td>
<td>10 00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Portland, First Free Baptist ch, for support of Anna Kojah</td>
<td>15 28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rockland, Auxiliary, for native teacher</td>
<td>15 00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saco, Auxiliary, for H. M.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sebec, Quarterly Meeting, support of native teacher, $5.00: F. M. $5.00, and H. M. $2.00</td>
<td>16 90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>South Parsonsfield, Auxiliary, support of Gouri</td>
<td>6 00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>South Parsonsfield, R. A. Hilton, for H. M.</td>
<td>1 00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Topsham, Auxiliary, 1-2 each H. M. and F. M.</td>
<td>10 00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>West Buxton, Auxiliary</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

$352 71

### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Contributions</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bristol, Mrs. Harvey Brown, conditionally, for working capital</td>
<td>$200 00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Concord, Auxiliary</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Danville, Auxiliary</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dover, Auxiliary, Wash. Street Church</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dover, Pearl Seekers Teacher, Caroline, with Mrs. Bacheler</td>
<td>10 05</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Franklin, Friend of Missions</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Laconia, Auxiliary, one half each, H. M. and F. M., and to constitute Mrs. Thos. Smith L. M.</td>
<td>20 00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Laconia, Children’s Mission Band, $35.00 for support of teacher with Miss Ida Phillips, and to constitute Mrs. Mary S. Samborn L. M., and $20.00 for Harper’s Ferry, and to constitute Mrs. J. T. Weeks L. M.</td>
<td>45 00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Hampton, Ladies’ Missionary Society, for support of Mary Ella Hampton</td>
<td>12 00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Hampton, Mission Helpers, for support of Mabel Hampton</td>
<td>20 00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Warner, A Friend.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

$349 31
VERMONT.

Enosburg, Q. M., Auxiliary........ 4 00
North Tunbridge, Auxiliary........ 4 50
North Tunbridge, Mission Band for native teacher......................... 5 00
St. Johnsbury, Children's Band..... 1 25
St. Johnsbury, Auxiliary, $5.00 for working capital....................... 11 11
South Strafford, Auxiliary for girls at Storer College................. 5 00
So. Strafford, "One Interested." 1 00
Waterbury, Auxiliary................ 3 00

$30 36

MASSACHUSETTS.

Abington, Mrs. H. K. Pierce, for F. M................................. 5 00
Lowell, Collections of Page Street Church, for April and May........ 21 74

$26 74

RHODE ISLAND.

Apponquog, Church, for Miss. H. Phillips' work and salary.............. 4 00
Auburn, Church, for do.................. 2 00
Auburn, Sunday School, for do..... 5 00
Barneyville, Church, for do........... 3 00
Carolina Mills, Young People's Missionary Society, for do........... 5 00
Chepachet, Ladies of F. B. Ch, for do.................................. 5 00
Georgiaville, Church, for do........... 5 00
Greenville, Auxiliary, for do........ 20 00
Greenville, Mission Band for Miss I. Phillips' salary........................ 20 00
New Shoreham, Church, for Miss H. Phillips' work and salary........ 8 00
Olneyville, Auxiliary, for do........ 15 00
Pawtucket, Auxiliary, for do........ 12 50
Pawtucket, Mission Helpers for Miss I. Phillips' salary.................. 15 00
Providence, Auxiliary, Roger Williams Church, for Miss H. Phillips' work and salary........... 10 00
Providence, Young People's Society, for do.............................. 1 57
Providence, Busy Gleaners for Harper's Ferry................................ 5 00
Providence, Greenwich street Church, for Miss H. Phillips' work and salary.......................... 1 00
Providence, Auxiliary, for do.......... 6 25
Providence, Auxiliary, Park street Church, for do....................... 6 25
Friends in R. I. for do, and towards L. M. of Mrs. J. M. Brewer........ 12 00
Collected in R. I. Association by Miss M. E. French, per do........ 12 79
Collected in R. I. Q. M. do for salary.................................. 13 89

$198 25

Dover, N. H.

NEW YORK.

Apulia, Mrs. E. Peck ($1 should have been credited last year). 6 00

NEW JERSEY.

Newark, Miss L. F. Remick for Foreign Missions....................... 1 05

$1 05

OHIO.

East Liberty, Auxiliary, for Zennana work.............................. 2 90
Prospect, a very old lady, Mrs. Sarah W. Cratty, for working capital.................. 2 00
Seneca & Huron, Q. M. Woman's Society for F. M...................... 20 50
Zanesville, for Miss I. Phillips' work.................................. 3 00

$38 40

MICHIGAN.

Geneseo, Q. M. Woman's Missionary Society for F. M.................. 18 13
Montcalm, Q. M. Woman's Missionary Society for F. M.............. 6 00

$24 13

ILLINOIS.

Prairie City, Auxiliary.......................................................... 6 00

$6 00

IOWA.

Waterloo, Mission Band, for Miss I. Phillips' salary.................. 10 00

$10 00

WISCONSIN.

Berlin, Mrs. S. Wilson, 50 cts., Miss P. Wilson, Mrs. Ellen Webb, Lucy Page, each 25 cts., and Mrs. F. H. Page, 340............................................. 4 65
Ladoga, Children of a friend, for Miss I. Phillips' salary........ 1 00

$5 65

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

Compton, Auxiliary............................................................ 1 50
Stansstead, Q. M. Collection.............................................. 1 10
Stansstead, Auxiliary, for Zennana teacher with Miss H. Phillips 9 40

$12 00

Total.............................................$1,050 60.

L. A. Dameron, Treasurer.