The Centennial Conference has passed into history. As was expected, it was an occasion of great interest. There had been intense and careful labor in preparing for it, and out from the archives of a hundred years many valuable things had been brought. There came together, from widely-separated sections, those interested in the distinctive work of the denomination, and who were trying to bear aloft its banner for the Lord. The aged veteran with whitened hair, the servant in the strength of life, and the youth waiting for the influence which should determine his future course, from Nova Scotia to Nebraska, and even across the sea, came to revere the memory of the fathers, and to note the lessons of the past. Those long acquainted by name met face to face, old acquaintances exchanged again the friendly word, pledged new faith and fidelity, while new associations were formed for future usefulness.

All the numerous exercises were important, some of them embracing questions of vital interest to the life and growth of the denomination. They were ably conducted, and a beautiful feeling of fellowship was apparent through them all. The historical element entered largely into many of the papers presented. That of Foreign Mission day was espe-
cially valuable, from its comprehensive portrayal of the Society, its field and its workers.

At this grand review it seemed eminently fitting that woman should, in some way, take note of the onward march of events, should recognize, by some tribute of service and glad self-denying effort, her gratitude for the doors open before her. How could it be more fittingly done than by considering questions which bear upon her relation to Christian labor as expressed in missions, in Sunday schools,—in which her work is so important a factor,—or in temperance, where she has been so signally called to take position for "God, and home, and native land."

There is not space to give the papers read, even in an abridged form, but we are sure their influence will not be lost. That on the "Medical and Educational Phases of Missions," by Miss Nellie Phillips, was a clear and forcible showing of the need of each as an important agency in introducing Christianity. Miss French's, in regard to "Union of Prayer for Missions," presented the advantages of organized methods of prayer, and a pledge by which the individual would be reminded of duty and the missionary worker of the fact that she and her work were specially remembered. It emphasized the importance and privilege of prayer.

Miss Brackett's referred to the capability of the colored race, among whom she labors, for education, and the great need of more workers, and Miss Franklin emphasized this statement in an able paper, and in her own person illustrated its truthfulness. She brought warm expressions of gratitude for the possibilities of Christian culture which this society is putting within the reach of her people.

The Sunday school and temperance meetings were well conducted and of especial interest, proving conclusively that the heart which reaches to foreign lands in its sympathies, embraces the needs of intervening objects and is not indifferent to their claims. There were also a mothers' meeting, a children's, and several for business, and the morning and
evening prayer-meeting, in which the soul rested in communion with God.

Mrs. Crowell brought the greetings of the Woman's Missionary Society of Nova Scotia. Her report of the progress of the work in the Conference she represented, to the effect that each church had an auxiliary, was received with applause, and her quiet, determined enthusiasm was especially invigorating. The paper read with a clear, distinct utterance by Miss Dunn, before the Conference, on Home Mission day, was an earnest, well-defined plea for missionary effort in the opening fields of the West.

The Conference, by a resolution, kindly commended the Helper, and encouraged its monthly publication. It declared in favor of suffrage to woman, and adopted a testimonial in regard to Mrs. President Hayes' noble temperance position, thus showing that on all questions of reform, as ever, an advance position is to be maintained.

And so the days were crowded with earnest thought and action. The hour for closing came all too soon, and on sacred ground the last words were spoken as a tribute to the memory of the founder, and the story of a hundred years was told.

And now, as it is so clearly apparent that the Lord God has been and still is with us as a people, and also that to-day He is walking among the nations that know Him not, what is the call to you and to me? Is it not to greater loyalty to that regiment of the great army in which we are enrolled and to Him who commandeth unto victory? India, the Shenandoah and Mississippi valleys, and the prairies of the West are the accepted places for us to fight with heathenism, oppression and infidelity. We have a rallying cry, "These for Christ!" As we have been inspired by the heroic in the lives of the fathers, as we have been touched by their unyielding faith, and been impelled to fuller consecration in view of their fidelity to truth, and as we have seen that God can make of a small people a power for good, so let us rally with un-
divided strength, and prove ourselves worthy of the privileges of the hour.

Weirs, by the beautiful lake among the highlands, will long be remembered as a halting-place. Standing on the mount of vision, looking back over the century, our eyes have beheld wondrous things; so there were revelations also of duty and responsibility for the future. As Elijah went down from the mount to do the bidding of the Lord, he went not alone; God was with him, constantly encouraging and strengthening him. He is "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

AN INCIDENT. — At the Sunday school meeting, held by the ladies in the grove, on Friday morning, Miss Franklin, of Harper's Ferry, was called upon to answer the question, "What would you do if you were in a place where there was no Sunday school?" She replied by referring to her own experience, and gave a graphic description of a little school which she opened and conducted under most disadvantageous circumstances, providing for it and sometimes filling all the offices herself, but which resulted in opening up a new station for Christian labor in the Valley.

So apparent were her spirit of devotion to, and love for, her race, and her desire for their advancement, together with her thankfulness for what God had done for them, and her grateful tribute to the Woman's Missionary Society, that many hearts were touched, and eyes were wet. A minister from the West, who had offered many a prayer for the overthrow of slavery, arose and asked, "If Miss Franklin was born a slave?" On being answered that she was emancipated when four years old, and that her father was a veritable Uncle Tom, he said, "Then we may see what slavery did in holding in bondage such spirits, and what a Christian education does and can do for this people."

Immediately an old man near the stand, who had no doubt fought many a battle for the right, the tears rolling down his face for joy and with a tremor in his voice resulting from his deep emotion, said: "I feel that we should sing the doxology, in view of what God has wrought." And there, under the spreading tree-tops, borne on the breezes from the beautiful lake, ascended the pean of praise to Him who "sets the captive free."

[Extracts from Mrs. Hills' paper, presented at the Foreign Missionary Meeting at the Gen. Conference.]

This paper, which so graphically portrays the world-field, is too lengthy for these pages. We regret that it cannot be given entire. The closing paragraphs should be read with the emphasis which the moral force of fifty years of active life given to the spreading the good news of the Gospel gives to them, for the author began work as early as 1830.

Almost nineteen centuries have passed since Jesus of Nazareth, the Christ of God, declared, "The field is the world." He made no reservation of a "hand's breadth, or even a hair's breadth." The world, the whole world, He claims for His inheritance. It was the purchase of His blood. His "marching orders" to His followers, "Go ye and disciple all nations," "Preach the Gospel to every creature," have rung down the ages, and yet, to-day, nearly a thousand million of beings walk the earth who never heard of Christ!

In our brief survey of the condition of the field, we glance first at our broad domain. Passing over its eastern and central portions, and turning our gaze to the new far West, we behold clouds, black as midnight, rising above the horizon.

Startling facts, which have been widely published, afford strong grounds for fear that the Mormons and the Jesuits will, unless the Christians can be aroused, possess and rule, in the interests of the "Prince of Darkness," Utah, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Arizona, and New Mexico.

Following the setting sun, we come to Japan, where, for centuries, was publicly posted the impious proclamation, saying, "As long as the sun shall warm the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan, and let all know that the Christian's God, or the great God of all, if he violates this command, shall pay for it with his head." This is the youngest of the Asiatic nations, yet for twenty-five long centuries the dark night of heathenism has brooded over her; but the morning dawns; God is moving with mighty and majestic tread through her borders. A decade of years ago, the
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Figure 10 would give the sum of all the Christians in the empire; now 3,000 will scarcely suffice to express the total of the followers of Christ, and twenty missionary societies are hard at work to take the country with its nearly 35,000,000 souls for its rightful King.

Coming to the "Land of Sinim,"—the name God has given to China—the oldest of earth's nations, we find her gates, that for hundreds of centuries had been barred and bolted against the entrance of foreigners, all unbarred, and her population presenting wonderful opportunities to the Church of Christ.

Every third person who lives and breathes upon this earth, who toils under the sun, sleeps under God's stars, or sighs and suffers beneath the heaven, is a Chinese. Depart they must, and how rapidly they go. "A million a month in China are dying without God." It is equal to burying all in New York City in less than a month. We stagger at the ghastly arithmetic, and hide our faces from the pallid ranks.

We turn to the living, put them in rank ten abreast, and let them journey every day and every night, under the sunlight and under the solemn stars, and you must hear the ceaseless tramp, tramp, tramp, of the weary, pressing, throbbing throng, for twelve long years and eight months before they pass you. For each of these Christ died, and to each of these He commands the Gospel to be preached. Will his slumbering church still sleep on?"

Time fails us to stop in Siam, whose present king, a Buddhist, has issued an edict of religious toleration, and who has also appointed Christian missionaries as president and professors of a college he has recently founded at Bangkok, his capital,—a city of heathen temples and enormous idols,—and who, also, when he came to the throne, influenced by the "example of good President Lincoln," emancipated the slaves of Siam. Surely this portion of the field is ripe for the harvest.

Neither must we linger in Burmah, the theatre of the labors of the immortal Judson and his noble successors, and of the wonderful work among its Karen tribes; but we will pause to thank God, that so large a portion of this great country is under the protection of good Queen Victoria.
We have space in which only to mention Africa, fitly styled the "Dark Continent," with a population equal to India, sunk in barbarism, cursed by hideous and ghastly human sacrifices, and by the gory traffic of the bodies and souls of men—a continent which afforded an asylum to the infant Jesus, when Herod sought his life, "which gave to the early church Apollo, one of its most eloquent preachers, and on whose soil John Mark sealed, with his awful martyrdom, the truth of the gospel he penned."

We now come to India, vast in extent; "a swarming hive of nations, containing one-fifth of the world’s inhabitants; a larger population, a greater variety of races, religions, and languages than all of Europe, exclusive of Russia;" crowned by earth’s highest mountain pinnacle, swept by magnificent rivers, rich in mines of gold, diamonds, and precious stones, its Taj Mahal, the most beautiful and wonderful architectural gem in the whole world. But the gigantic thing in India is her idolatry. She boasts of 330,000,000 gods.

We must not stop to notice India’s system of castes, the most formidable barrier, perhaps, that Satan ever devised to stay the progress of Christ’s kingdom. But we cannot pass by the condition of her women. Heathenism always and everywhere degrades woman, inflicting its curses far more heavily upon her than upon man, so far as relates to this life. In the countries to which we have referred,—Japan, China, Siam, Burmah,—wronged and outraged in their God-given rights as are their women, yet their condition is enviable compared with their India sisters. Says one, well acquainted with the state of women under different pagan religions: "A more atrocious system for the extinction of the happiness and hopes of woman was never devised, than that legislated for the women of India.” The Institutes of Menu fixed their social and religious position 1,000 years before Christ.

Can anything be more appropriate than the banding of Christian women to send their untold wealth of blessing to women whom heathenism has loaded with such terribly bitter woes. Since the opening of those wonderful Oriental Empires, and it became known that there were barred doors, whose bolts could only be driven back by the hands of
Christian women, woman's missionary societies, as by magic, have sprung into existence, and, as a result, many of the church's most devoted, gifted women, are, to-day, telling to tens of thousands of imprisoned zenana women the wonderful story of Christ, or teaching the way of life to the women and children of the lower castes and outcasts, who in countless numbers throng the streets. Already these Boards have raised between two and three millions of dollars; and it is frankly acknowledged by their parent Boards, that they did much in saving from disaster, their foreign work during the financial wrecks of these past trying years. Agonizing cries for help, which seven years since came to us from our India Mission, brought our own Woman's Missionary Society into existence.

In conclusion, we invite,—yes, we urge, and entreat every sister in each of our churches, in this our centennial year, to join us in this blessed work of sending the good news of the Crucified One to the women now sitting among their dumb idols in our India field. Let us count the sum of the debt we, as women, and some of us as widows, owe for the priceless blessings the Gospel has secured to us, and as we have received, so let us give—give prayer, give labor, give money—yes, give ourselves, when the Master calls. Is it not for such a time as this that Christian women are brought to the kingdom? There is urgent demand for the active service of every daughter of the Great King. How has God set his seal to the work already accomplished by the few women who form the membership of the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society. What then might we not expect, if our entire sisterhood would join in this organized effort? Not only would our foreign field "bud and blossom as the rose," but what a blessing would the reflex influence of such a work bring to our home churches and our home field. God always does most for those who do most for Him. When He gave the command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," He saw the end from the beginning, and He knew that churches in blessing heathen lands would be more than doubly blessed in their home borders. Rash-ebai, a native India sister, touchingly asks, "Why do not more Christian women come to teach us about Jesus and His salvation? If you only knew our want as I do, I know you would almost leave your husbands, your families, and homes, to come at once. Had I a thousand tongues, and a thousand lives, I would give them all to deliver these unhappy pris-

Do not our nerves thrill, and our pulses quicken, when such appeals reach our ears? What an honor God is bestowing upon us in permitting us to aid in giving to the world its "great radical want, Christian homes, Christian wives, Christian mothers." Surely the harvest of the world is ripe, and is calling for a multitude of reapers. Who will heed the call? Dear young sisters, who have been nurtured and trained in the churches and schools of this blessed land, and to whom God has given the requisite abilities, what say you? Do you not feel the love of Christ constraining you to enter this open door?

How easily the women of this denomination can raise $40,000 a year for missions if they will, and that, too, without detracting a penny from what they are already doing. Shall we will it? Two cents per week, or a dollar per year, will more than do it. What saith the Master to us to-day? Putting our souls in their souls' stead, and theirs in ours, let us listen to his mandate: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." They are perishing for lack of knowledge. We have the only antidote for their countless woes — and that, too, sacredly entrusted to us with the command to make it known to "every creature." Shall we dare longer to withhold it?

"The whole wide world for Jesus! —
Ripe, waiting, rich, and fair,
Are fields all white for harvest;
But few the laborers there!"

System in Giving.

[Paper read at the Woman’s Home Missionary meeting, at the Conference, by Mrs. G. C. Waterman.]

"There is work for me and a work for you,
Something for each of us now to do."
"There is only one thing that concerns us,
To find just the task that is ours;
And then, having found it, to do it
With all our God-given powers."

Thus sings one of our beautiful gospel songs, and our hearts respond amen, and amen.

The Home Mission field is just the place for woman’s work, and this field is so broad she need not be afraid of getting
beyond her sphere. Do you inquire, What can I do? Go,
teach. Teach what? System. If there is any subject that
needs to be taught in this day and generation it is, system
in the financial affairs of the Church. In secular business
we have system. How would we get along in our housekeep­
ing without it? What would be the result, if we should have
a place for nothing, and nothing in its place; a given time
for nothing, and nothing done in its time? Should a merchant,
or a banker, or a man in any other kind of business, attend
to it as some of them attend to the work of the Lord, disaster
and bankruptcy would soon close up the scene.

Go teach! Teach as many as you can. Teach God's law,
written out legibly and beautifully upon all things. The dew,
the brook, the mist, the sunbeam, are all sermons to us, if
we had eyes to see, ears to hear, and hearts to appreciate.
"Not for myself but for others," is inscribed upon everything.
God has put us to school in the presence of the great fact
that the giving has always need to correspond in its measure to
the receiving. The pores of the body must give out as well
as take in, or we die. The lake must send forth waters as well
as take in, or it will flood the land. The fields must give forth
herbs, and grass, and trees, or the rain and richness coming
upon it will poison. The ocean gives as well as receives,
and as much. This is Nature's law. Is it man's law in
benevolent works?

Much teaching is necessary. Some processes of education
are very slow, and may be discouraging, yet, in this age,
when even the dumb are taught to speak and the deaf to hear,
we surely ought to be able to teach some ideas of benevo­
ience, and that according to some system, to a class of people
who appear to have no idea of any responsibility in that
respect, who have all along been hoping to be saved by shed­
ding a few insipid tears, and making a profession of religion
as barren of fruit as the Christ-cursed fig-tree. Much of this
teaching, to be practical, must be through the pocket-book;
practical for the cause, and practical for the giver. It may
System in Giving.

be a small sum at first, but if the lesson be taught that it is more blessed to give than to receive, a larger sum may be forthcoming.

You see the drift of all this talk is, that we all, my sisters, become more interested in gathering in the money so much needed in church and missionary work.

This centennial year is a good time to pay off old, troublesome, sin-inspiring church debts.

"The wise and active conquer difficulties
By daring to attempt them."

A subscription paper may not be the pleasantest accompaniment to a call, but it may be necessary, and our duty to accept it. We are all sure that the Lord is pleased with a cheerful giver, and being that ourselves, He may be as much pleased if we are cheerful in our efforts to collect money from others for good causes. The year is passing swiftly, and what have we done? and what are we going to do? Let each of us make an additional offering to the Lord. If it must be small, do not let us therefore keep it back. It will be large in God's sight, if it is all we can consistently give.

A very small number multiplied by a very large number gives a very large result. We help form the mass of humanity, and it is the masses that ought to be reached. One of the great reasons of the poverty of our means for benevolent causes has been and is, that there has not been enough of personal solicitation.

I wish each of us, and all the men and women in the denomination, could be visited by an earnest solicitor for a centennial offering, before the close of this centennial year.

It seems particularly desirable that our women, all of them, should feel the responsibility laid upon them more than they have done,—not but we have had many examples of true benevolence among the women. Some of these records have been written with indelible ink; the writing may have faded somewhat, but the impress is lasting, and we are now enjoying the fruits of our foremother's labors. They have set us an example of faithfulness, and now as new times and new developments call for new departments of labor, let us be faithful as they were faithful. The times demand more women to enter into more public work, and with inventive genius devise ways and means of becoming true educators.
Systematic giving seems to be a puzzling question. Doubtless there are many churches in which women could do more to solve this problem than any one else. The means employed must vary according to circumstances, but there ought to be some system in each church, not only to do its own work, but to do its benevolent work.

The Church is organized to do Christ's work. Its channels for doing this are well defined. New fields are open, many and promising. Men and women, money and enterprise, are needed. There is the great door open called church extension; one of the most potent agencies for evangelization and reform. What can we do in this direction? And then there is the large mass of the colored population, whose needs you have heard presented so eloquently to-day, by those so well qualified to judge, that I need not speak on that subject, did I dare, and had I the time. And so

"There is a work for me and a work for you, Something for each of us now to do."

Perhaps there is no better way for us to enter into this work than to do what we can to gather in the dollars and cents, both from ourselves and others, that the garner of the Lord may be full. And in order to keep it full there must be a continual pouring-in process. May the day hasten when we shall all see the importance of these things, and systematic giving be the common practice.

Books Wanted.—We wish to remind you again that books and papers are much needed for the Normal School at Harper's Ferry. People sometimes have books and magazines that are not of much service to themselves, that would be valuable in this School library, and if not needed there could be sent into some of the homes. Sunday-school, and all kinds of religious papers are especially acceptable. There are a good many men and women who have no reading except what is supplied by the teachers from this school, for whom The Morning Star and other papers are desired.

There may be young people who would enjoy looking up and preparing for the cabinet some mineralogical and other specimens. The desire is, you readily see, not only to help the needy, but as one grand means of doing this, to build up a school of which we need not be ashamed, that shall be a source of blessing to those who shall come after us.
The Gospel Light.

By Mrs. Mary H. Tourtilloye.

[Written for the annual meeting of the Woman's Mission Society of the Penobscot Yearly Meeting, held at Dexter, Me., June, 1880.]

Long ago, on Judean hill-tops, shone a strange, mysterious light, Flooding all the sky at midnight, with a radiance clear and bright; And angelic voices floated down the heaven-illumined air, Saying to the shepherds, "Fear not, tidings of great joy we bear."

Not alone in distant Judea, has that wondrous light appeared, Not alone by simple shepherds, has that message sweet been heard; Years have borne to us the story of that strange, eventful night,—Nations are to-day rejoicing in the blessing of that light.

In the distant isles of Ocean, have its beams been shed abroad, And the wild, untutored savage bows before the Christian's God. Where the cries of tortured victims oft have rent the shuddering air, Now, like incense heavenward wafted, rise the tones of trustful prayer.

Listening India hears the story, sees the gleaming of the light, And her sons are slowly waking from idolatry's dark night. Superstition's spell is broken, error's fearful power is crushed; Shrines are tottering, fanes are falling, idols crumbling to dust.

Even in the close zenana, long untrod by stranger feet, Hindoo mothers, wives and maidens, listen to that message sweet, Listen to the wondrous story of the manger-cradled King,—New to-day, as when the shepherds heard rejoicing angels sing.

Joy for India! Faith prophetic sees for her a brighter day, When idolatry's dark shadow shall have wholly passed away. Daily now in the zenanas, Christian teachers sow the seed Which shall bring this glad fruition, for the mothers learn to read.

Let it be our part, my sisters, still with deed, and word, and prayer, To assist in each endeavor of the faithful workers there, Till each Hindoo woman, fitted for true woman's noble place, Needs no prison walls to guard her — strong in Christian truth and grace.

Speed we on the Gospel message, till the truth triumphant reign, Not alone in the zenana, but in jungle, and on plain; Praying, hoping, working, giving, for the cause to Christians dear, While both heaven and earth rejoices o'er our first centennial year.
The year 1849 was made eventful in the mission by a considerable accession to its boarding-school of children and youth who had been set apart for a cruel death. About two hundred miles south of Balasore is a mountainous region, inhabited by a race called Khunds, which, until a little time previous, had been entirely unexplored by Europeans. It was ascertained that these people offered, in their heathen worship, human sacrifices in immense numbers. Their victims were stolen from the Oriyas, or bought of them. Even parents sold their children for this horrid purpose. They were secured in enclosed pens, sometimes fifty or more in a single pen, and kept till wanted for the slaughter. Then they were offered to their goddess, Bhabanu, to secure her blessings on the land they cultivate. On the day appointed for sacrifice the Khunds, in great numbers, assembled from all parts of the country, dressed in their finery, some with bear-skins thrown over their shoulders, others with the tails of peacocks flowing behind them, and the long, winding feather of the jungle-cock waving on their heads. Dr. Bacheler sent home the following description of the scene of sacrifice. We would gladly spare our readers the shocking recital, did we not deem that fidelity to the cause of missions requires that now and then we should give at least a glance at some of the abominations of heathenism. Indeed, a casual glance must not only silence those who, in their ignorance of what heathenism really is, affirm that the heathen are well enough without the Gospel, but it must do much to stimulate the efforts of Christians, and even the humane who are not Christians, to send them the Gospel.

Says Dr. Bacheler: "The children designed for sacrifice are kept till they are of sufficient age, usually from fourteen
upwards. They are sometimes married previous to the sacrifice, as the earth goddess is more highly pleased with such offerings. On the day appointed, they are decorated with flowers and paraded around the village with the greatest pomp and ceremony, accompanied with music and dancing. When they arrive at the fatal field, a post split through the centre is driven into the ground, into which the victim is bound. Two stakes are then driven down about two feet from each side of the post, to which the hands are tied. The religious ceremonies over, the crowd, one by one, advance and cut out a piece of flesh from the arms, legs, or back, and immediately hasten away and bury it, each one in his own particular field. The vitals are avoided, that as much of the flesh may be cut away as possible before death, when the operation ceases. From twenty to forty minutes usually elapse before death closes the cruel scene, while meantime the victim is struggling and writhing in the most horrid torments. I had hoped that they were kept in ignorance of their fate, but even this mitigation of their sufferings is not allowed them. They are fully aware of all that awaits them, and opportunities for escaping their murderers do not often pass unimproved."

The British Government, with praiseworthy effort, set itself at work to suppress these hideous murders. Sending into the Khund country military escorts, they rescued a large number of victims (called merias), without violence of any kind. These they sent to different missionary stations, for Christian education, the government meanwhile paying for their support. Thirty were destined for Balasore, but, one died on the way. Said Mrs. Bacheler: "It was Sabbath morning when they arrived, and the sun was very hot. I was out in the girls' house to receive them, and it was with many tears that I saw these poor rescued children come to our arms, and earnest were the prayers that, through the Gospel, they might at last be saved from an infinitely more dreadful death than man can inflict."

Mrs. Bacheler took charge of the Khund girls, who, of course, required a great deal of care and training, for they were about as untamed as the wild beasts of their native
hills. Three large girls from the Jellasore boarding-school were sent to her assistance, and they took great pains to teach their new pupils Oriya words and Oriya hymns, which greatly delighted them. They held a little prayer-meeting with them every evening, and in a short time these rescued ones would join with them, though they had learned but few words, and their prayers were very broken, something like this: "O Lord, we are poor ignorant Khund children—have mercy upon us for Jesus' sake," etc.

The Khund boys, numbering sixteen, were more docile and teachable than could have been expected. After having been in the school six months, none of them had required corporal punishment, and the energy they displayed at their work and in their sports, formed a happy contrast to the habitual sluggishness of most Hindoos. They were taught by a native Christian, under the superintendence of Dr. Bacheler, while Fakir Das—the boishnob whose interesting conversion was related in the July Number of the Helper—took charge of their cooking and other domestic concerns. They spent six hours daily in school, and three in manual labor. Four of them worked as masons, four of them as blacksmiths, and all of them at farming, at particular seasons.

"**Joi, Joi, Jesu Chreesta.**"

The following is condensed from an article in the *Heathen Woman's Friend*:

Three men from the village of Rammakal Choke, eight miles from Calcutta, first heard the message of salvation while on a visit to that city, and soon afterwards became Christians. One of them, Ramjee, was the principal man of his village, and the owner of a temple of Siva, before which thousands of persons paid their devotions. Up to the time of his conversion he had mainly supported the brahmin priest who performed the services. But he could do so no longer, neither could he sanction idolatry by allowing the
idol shrine to remain. The bare mention of its destruction raised a fierce storm of indignation, and he and his Christian friends were told that dire vengeance awaited them if they lifted a hand against the venerable temple or its god. At length, Ramjee, with more courage than Gideon of old, announced his intention, on a given morning, to destroy the shrine. Popular fury now knew no bounds. The heathen all around breathed out threatenings and slaughter against the three converts. On the eventful morning the three friends, with their wives, met for united prayer, while a vast concourse of infuriated idolaters assembled before the temple. Calmly they set forth on their errand. Curses were profusely poured out, but not a finger was raised to arrest them. Ramjee and his friends ascended the platform on which the temple stood. He then turned to the excited multitude, beckoned for silence, and with affectionate earnestness appealed to them—much as did Elijah on Carmel—to choose whom they would serve, the one true and living God, or the senseless block which stood behind him. He then rushed upon the idol, raised it from its pedestal, and with the shout: "Behold your god!" hurled it on the ground at their feet. The bold act electrified the crowd and overwhelmed them with horror, dismay, and surprise,—surprise, because instead of witnessing the vengeance of Siva wreaked on his impious desecrators, the three noble confessors looked calmly down upon them uninjured and unabashed. Ramjee made another appeal to the awestricken beholders, and then a timid cry was heard; it proceeded from the weeping company of women. "Joi! Joi! Jesu Chreesta!" [Victory! Victory! to Jesus Christ!] The astonished heart of the crowd responded, and presently one loud shout went up to Heaven: "Joi! Joi! Jesu Chreesta!"

A Christian church now stands on the spot formerly occupied by the Siva temple, and Rammakal Choke may now be called a Christian village. It is one of the stations of the London Missionary Society. The writer in the Friend wishes to commemorate the fact that the first public shout of "Victory to Jesus!" in India, proceeded on that day from the lips of Indian women.

The day may be yet far off when we can safely hand over the India field to the native churches, but that is the end at which we aim.—Ex. This applies to us as well as others.—Ed.
Respecting Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, whose portrait is on the opposite page, we are indebted to *The Gospel in all Lands* for the following:

"He was the son of the last Sikh king of the Punjaub, the famous Rungeet Singh. After a long and fruitless conflict with the English, he died in 1839, and his sceptre passed to the English. Little Dhuleep was placed under a Scotch teacher, and, through a Bible obtained from a school-mate in the school at Futteghur, he was converted at the early age of fifteen, and, at his own urgent request, received into the Christian church, and baptized on March 8, 1853, by Rev. W. M. Jay, in the presence of a great number of Europeans and natives.

To prevent political disturbances, inasmuch as he was the lawful heir to his father's throne, the British government gave him immense estates, and persuaded him to live in England. He formally relinquished his right to the Punjaub throne, and has since resided mainly in England and Egypt. His conversion produced a profound impression on the higher classes of the Hindus, but his mother, who resided with him till her death, persisted in her idolatry to the close. He immediately became an active friend of the suffering and lost, and a generous helper in every good cause. He established poor societies, and contributed largely to missions. His gifts to the missions in Egypt already have exceeded $75,000, and the schools at Futteghur, where he studied, and elsewhere, have received a regular annual contribution from him of $1,200 per annum.

While conveying the body of his dead mother to India, to be burned at her request, the young prince had occasion to stop in Cairo. While visiting the Mission Schools his eye fell on a young lady engaged as a teacher in the school. He was introduced to her, and soon became warmly attached, and eventually asked her to become his wife. At first she refused, in her maiden modesty, for she was a Coptic girl, living alone with her lowly mother, and his greatness overshadowed her; then, also, they spoke different languages. But his love overcame all, and the marriage was arranged to occur after his return from his mother's funeral. In the meantime the missionaries taught her the English language.
and manners so successfully, that when Dhuleep returned to
claim his bride, little Bamba was not an unworthy companion
for the magnificent prince. It is out of gratitude for his
Christian wife that he has given so nobly to the mission
which gave her to him.

A well-known and felicitous writer in a contemporary
magazine gives this fine picture of the prince and his bride:—

'It was on the Sabbath. We were on board our Nile boat
at Boulak (the Nile port of Cairo), and Dhuleep's boat was
near us.

We saw a lady approach the river on a richly-saddled
donkey, and soon discovered that it was Bamba. She had
come from the morning service at the Mission, and was re­
turning to the boat. Her husband received her on board
with every appearance of courtesy and deep affection. He
ran down below for an easy-chair, which he placed under an
awning on the deck, and having seated his wife he stood be­
fore her (think of this in an Indian nabob, whose early
heathen training had led him to think of woman as only the
humblest servant of her husband!) he stood before her, talk­
ing in an animated and pleasant manner, as if it were his
chief joy to entertain her. In our memory, that picture
stands out distinctly, after fifteen years. The prince, in his
French coat and fez cap, curling the whiffs of his cigarette
above his head, the pleased and happy little wife, in her easy
chair, the slant, lateen sail of the Nile boat, the tawny river
banks, with here and there a water-carrier crowned with her
earthen pitcher, the few palm-trees in the distance, and far to
the west the great Pyramids standing against the lurid sky.
It was a striking and purely Oriental scene; Oriental in all
except the courtesy shown to woman.

Ten years passed away, and we stood beside the tomb
of Rungeet Singh, at Lahore. Under a superb dome of mar­
ble was a broad tablet on which stood twelve urns, said to
contain the ashes of the Maharajah and his eleven wives.
According to the accounts given, the funeral pile had been
made of costly sandal wood. Around the dead body the
wives were seated, while attendants covered the whole com­
pany with jungle grass, saturated with inflammable fluids.
The fire was applied, and in a few minutes the whole pile
was one blackened and charred mass. We turned away
almost sickened by the very monuments of such a scene.

And the mind fondly turned away to the contrast of that
other scene on the Nile boat. This was dark and cruel
heathenism; that revealed the light and love of Christianity. Here wives were mere fuel for a husband's pyre; there the one chosen wife was the object of tender care. And yet these husbands were father and son. They were only a generation apart. It was the Gospel that wrought the change.'”

**CORRESPONDENCE.**

**[FROM MRS. E. L. MARSHALL.]**

**VISIT TO AN INDIAN RAJA.**

Barapoda, the capital of the Morhurbunger raja's territory, is about thirty-two miles from Balasore. A delightful ride, most of which took us through high forests, brought us, about 3 p.m., to the place. We were directed by one of the police to a house beautifully furnished in European style, built for the entertainment of the raja's guests. This house is situated on high ground, in the midst of tastefully arranged flower-gardens.

The next morning, having been notified by one after another of the raja's servants that he was going to call, he at length made his appearance in great state, with his younger brother. During a pleasant chat of half an hour, he invited us all to visit him at his palace that evening. The time set was 5 p.m., but, native-like, that meant 7; so when his highness had duly finished his nap, and all was ready for us, we entered the palace gates.

The gentlemen of our party were conducted to the raja's sitting-room, but I was taken up a long flight of bare, wooden stairs, set with small, open oil lamps, such as in our country homes would be called "saucer lamps," greatly endangering my clothing, to a large reception-room. Here I was introduced to the raja's mother, who came in dressed in pure white, with an outer garment of lace spangled with gold. This was loosely thrown over her head, and fell in graceful folds about her person. Soon followed the rani, accompanied by a host of women servants. She was dressed with an outer drapery of gold cloth, a yard wide and six yards long, bordered an inch deep with pearls. This was fastened about the waist, carried up over the head, and then thrown over the shoulder. Under this I could see peeping out about her face a brocade silk. Her face was almost
hid with jewels. One immense flat gold ring, three inches in diameter, set with precious stones, was suspended in one nostril, while a smaller one, ornamented with pearls, hung from the other. A string of pearls and gems ran back in the parting of her hair, and down the sides of her face. To this was attached, at intervals, pendants of the same materials. Her neck was also heavily ornamented. Her fingers, and even thumbs, were loaded with costly gold rings.

After a pleasant chat with the raja's mother, during which she expressed great joy in seeing me, she withdrew, so that the rani might talk, as it is never considered proper for a young married woman to speak in the presence of her mother-in-law. The mother-in-law once gone, the rani in a very pretty, lady-like manner, motioned me to draw my chair nearer hers. At first, a little shy, she could not enter into conversation as she seemed to wish to do, so the servants would prompt her, by saying one side, in an undertone, "Ask her if she is well." "How the children are." "Talk, talk." This was all very amusing to me, as evidently it was not intended for my ears. She and her mother-in-law had most likely been instructed beforehand as to what they should say, and now and then would come a break in their sentences, much like a boy trying to recite a poorly-prepared piece in school. I was happily disappointed to find both the women very intelligent, and able to read both in Hindu and Oriya. The oldest boy, or heir, is learning English as well as Oriya, the girls, also, have learned some English, and evidently had been carefully taught in the Bhagubat gita, as they recited long passages from it. This was all very encouraging, and gave me an opportunity of leaving one of our books for the rani; hoping it might open to her mind aspirations and joys which before had been unknown to her.

The raja proposed to send us a dinner, prepared by the rani. The next day we were not a little surprised to see a large troop of servants come to our door bringing no less than thirty different kinds of food, served on leaf dishes, laid on large brass plates, all these, besides uncooked rice, potatoes, eggs, spices, vegetables, and finally fowls and a goat.

In driving about the place, among other signs of progress, we noticed well-built school and court houses, a jail, and a good dispensary. After visiting the village people who were within reach, and also a market, at which we sold a number of copies of the Gospels, we turned our faces homeward.

Balasore, March, 1880.
Correspondence.

A CENTENNIAL SALUTATION.

[FROM MRS. J. L. PHILLIPS.]

MIDNAPORE, INDIA, MAY, 1880.

MY DEAR SISTERS: —

I know the records of a hundred years are before you, and I will try not to weary you; but I am thinking of you, and wishing I could drop down in your midst, and say something to cheer your hearts, and make you feel, as you never felt before, what a blessed work the Lord is permitting you to do, and how abundantly he is rewarding you day by day. In this life surely you have the "hundred-fold."

Three years ago, we met at Fairport, N. Y. How I should like to hear the exact report of what you have been permitted to accomplish during these last three years. But work like yours can never be told on the shores of time; for it will go on, and on, when you are each one at rest. Still, here and there, stand out clearly against your horizon some way-marks that must fill your hearts with gratitude. Chiefest on the home shore, is the HELPER. Let many hearts tell how the light has flashed from its tiny pages. Again, listen to the hymn of thanksgiving that you have put into the weary, aching hearts at Harper's Ferry! Oh, that some "tidal wave" would roll into your midst this minute, freighted with living voices from this distant shore! Let the zenana women tell you how, little by little, their chains are slipping off, and that the openings you have made in their barred doors are daily widening, and that already they are looking upon green fields, of which they never before dreamed. Let them tell you to stand faithfully at your posts a little while longer, and their sun will rise to go down no more. Listen, as one by one the proud wives of brahmin lords, young brides in tender girlhood, and the sad, sad widows, bless you for work done for them; while clearly, from the heart of the jungle, where faithful teachers are toiling on alone, the merry voices of children saved from idolatry, thrill your very souls. Lastly, more than three hundred children from your "ragged schools" bound into your presence and wave their little black hands in gratitude for the letters and hymns they have learned, and for the hope you have awakened in their little hearts — a hope, be it ever so dim, it is a foreshadowing of the "better way" you have opened up before them. I wish to thank you, individually, for your timely aid in this work. Silver never looked half so precious to me as it has as these last three remittances have come in from you,
and I have been enabled to open new schools, to the great delight of the poor creatures who look as though they were forgotten by men and forsaken by God. Could you see the improvement many of them have made, you would be greatly cheered.

May our Father put new love, and new strength and faith into your hearts, make you "one in Christ," and grant you greater victories the coming year.

PHASES OF DANTOON LIFE.

[FROM MISS HATTIE P. PHILLIPS.]

It is very much like life anywhere else—not all bright, not all dark. Let me give you a glimpse or two. Our little girls' school had been in operation nearly a year in a rented house. The fees of the children did not cover the rent, and as the parents were abundantly able to pay, for their sake as much as anything else, I gave up the house, and told the children to come to the bungalow.

This was considered too far, and very few came. A brahmin, whose bright little girl was a pupil, offered us his verandah, which we gladly accepted. Repeated but unsuccessful efforts by a brahmin pundit had been made during the year to break up the school and secure our pupils himself. He had warned the parents that their children would be taught Christianity, but they seemed to prefer running that risk to trusting their little girls with one of their own priest class. The little school on the verandah flourished, the district inspector (himself a Hindoo) being so much pleased with its work as to use his influence to secure it a grant-in-aid from Government, and at the same time to administer a sharp rebuke to the pundit for having asked similar aid for a school which had signally failed. This, of course, greatly incensed him, and he soon found opportunity to show his ill will.

The brahmin who had sheltered the school made a feast and invited all his fellow brahmins, among whom was the pundit; but the latter had so used his influence as to enlist them all on his side; so, "when the servants were sent forth to call them that were bidden," they would not come. They said: "You are too friendly with those Christians; they teach in your family, and you give them the use of your verandah. We will not go." Unlike the king in the parable, he got down at their feet, begged pardon, promised to turn out the school, anything, anything, if only they would come.
and eat his dinner. The result was, the little school was homeless three days, meeting where it could. I need not tell you, that we offered most earnest prayer that the crafty brahmin might be foiled in his attempt to break up the school, nor that we felt our prayer was heard and answered, when a blacksmith good-naturedly granted us the use of his verandah. There the little ones still meet, and may our Father greatly bless them.

The same week came another experience of mingled trial and triumph. Pujah (worship) was to be offered to one of the vilest of their gods.

A feature of the performance was the ejecting with syringes of a bright-red liquid on the garments of all Hindoos. To throw it upon a European is a very daring act, and one rarely attempted; but Dantoon being without a Sahib, and without a criminal court, the people often ventured to do what otherwise they would not dare to do.

Returning from my work at dusk, I overtook a thoroughly bespattered crowd moving slowly along, and so filling the road that I turned down into the gutter, and was passing them, when some rude person among them fired a shot of the vile liquid at me. The instant the crowd saw the bright color on my clothing they burst into a yell of delight.

One of them, with a syringe in his hand, broke away from the crowd, and ran at full speed after me to give another shot. Don was too fleet for him, however, and I escaped. The news spread rapidly, and every one seemed to be on the gui vive to know what would be the outcome of the insult. I was met on all hands with, "Do you know who did it?" "What will you do about it?" "Why didn't you turn and cut him with your whip?" "You ought to take the matter into court, in Midnapore." "How could they be so bold?" etc., etc.

To the first question I answered, "No, but of course it was a person of no respectability, otherwise, he would never have done such a thing." To the excuse that it was their custom, and they considered me as one of themselves, I replied, "If they choose to treat each other so, well; but I am not and never can be, a Hindoo." I afterwards learned that I was talking to the wife, mother, and brother of the offender. My experience of the following evening showed that the sober second thought of the people had made them ashamed of the act. I walked unmolested through the crowd, receiving only respectful salutes.
The Missionary Helper.

The Missionary Helper.

Words from Home Workers.

Maine.

The Litchfield Plains Woman’s Missionary Society was organized about one year since, and the last Sabbath in May we held our first public meeting. After the usual opening exercises, and a recitation and select readings, a letter from Rev. A. H. Morrell was read, which was of especial interest to us, as Litchfield was his old home and this church the first with which he was connected. There were also letters from Miss Crawford and Mrs. J. P. Burkholder, and an essay presented by our president. A dialogue from the Helper brought the exercises up to the contribution, which it was feared would be small, indeed, as the day was rainy. But when it was found that it amounted to nearly $9, there was assurance that some purses had been consecrated to this good work.

We support a native teacher this year, one of Miss Crawford’s girls, and hope to do more besides. As we have means we will send it out to do good to the best of our knowledge. The society has thirty members, some of whom are entirely unable to meet with us.

Mrs. J. R. Smith, Secretary.

In June, the Athens Woman’s Missionary Society held a public anniversary meeting. Although Miss Kinsmore, the secretary, had been unable to secure any speakers from abroad, as she had made not a little effort to do, still they had a very good programme, and the meeting was a decided success, so that the local paper made mention of it the next week in quite encouraging terms. And they soon began to think of having another public meeting in September.

The following extract from a letter of Miss Kinsmore’s overflows with the true spirit of a live worker with Jesus for his lost sheep: —

Speaking of some missionary letters that had been sent her, she says: “I have copied all three, and have read them in two families who did not attend our meeting. You see I mean to do missionary work, if it is on a small scale. If there are some who are not interested enough to attend the meetings, I will go to them and deliver missionary news. They must hear it, and get interested. This is the way I feel. I am so interested that it does seem as though others must be. The letters are somewhat worn, but they were worn in a good cause.”

How much good might be done by reading the letters from missionaries in families who know almost nothing about the darkness that reigns over the larger part of the earth. God help us, each one, to do as we would wish others to do for us if we were the ones in darkness!

A. C. H.

New York.

There is a flourishing Woman’s Missionary Society connected with the Pike Church. At a recent public meeting conducted by the women the cards were circulated and a good sum pledged.

One of the sisters has recently given $100 to the Marks Professorship, in Hillsdale College.

The ladies organized a society in the Attica Church in May, with eleven members. Aug. 1 they held an interesting public meeting, and raised $12.
Words from Home Workers.

MICHIGAN.

The women of the First Baptist Church, in Goodrich, organized a society two years ago the present September, consisting of about twelve members, with officers. We are now increased to twenty. The soil here is not very well adapted to mission work — it needs a good deal of harrowing — still we have many reasons for being encouraged.

Our meetings are held at the close of the covenant-meeting. This does not always work well, for the friends are in too much of a hurry to go home. Several public meetings have been held on Sabbath evenings which some have thought to be quite successful. Our pastor, Rev. N. H. Farr, and his family, are interested in the work, Mrs. Farr being president of the society. For this we ought to be grateful.

We have used the card system as far as possible. We have a mission-box fastened in the church opened by the collectors. The society has raised since its organization $54.50. We want to be among those who are faithful in the least.

MARY V. STIMSON, Secretary.

The annual meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Hillsdale Q. M. was held Sunday evening, June 27, at Bankers Church, where a large audience was entertained by an unusually interesting programme. The exercises were opened with singing, followed by Scripture reading and prayer, by Rev. M. R. Kinney.

Miss Eliza Lyons read an interesting essay, in which she said: "The relation between us and our missionaries is not that of hard contract — so much work for so much pay, but of brotherly co-operation." In closing she said, "God forbid that our missionaries should feel that they must come home to encourage us."

Miss Mary Phillips presented a valuable essay on mission work, and Mrs. Morgan read an appropriate selection, entitled "Thanksgiving Ann."

Fitting remarks were made by Mrs. Spaulding and Mr. Latchaw, the pastor. President Durgin made an earnest and impressive plea for the continuance of mission work, in which he endeavored to impress upon our minds its importance, and inspire us with new zeal for its accomplishment.

At the close of the literary exercises, the officers of the society were elected for the ensuing year, and a church organization formed at Bankers.

MRS. L. E. LEIGHTON, Secretary.

CORRECTION.— The name of the Secretary of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Michigan Y. M., is Mrs. M. M. Koon, and not Roon, as printed in the report in the last number.
The Y. M. W. M. Society elected the following officers at its business meeting, held at Masonville:—

President, Mrs. R. Norton, Masonville; Vice-President, Mrs. Luthera True, Edgewood; Secretary, Miss Lou Champlin, Waterloo; Treasurer, Mrs. Katie Lindley, Waterloo; Executive Board, Mrs. E. Dudley, Mrs. L. Toothaker, Mrs. W. P. Sheldon, Mrs. Katie Lindley, Miss Lou Champlin.

Thirteen new members were received, and $8.00 in cash. The Society gave a public meeting in the evening. There was a large and very attentive audience. At the close of the meeting we took up a collection, which was heartily responded to, while we sang the good old missionary hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." The collection amounted to $14.00, for which the Society is very thankful, hoping it may be the means, in God's hand, of helping some precious souls.

The public meeting was successful and encouraging, for our first one, and we shall endeavor to have an equally interesting one at each session of the Society. A good interest was awakened in the cause of Missions, especially in regard to mission work in our State,—the helping and building up of feeble churches. Of the funds in hand, $20.69 was appropriated for this purpose, and $10.00 to Foreign Missions. This may seem to some a little selfish, but we must not let these churches die, for here is the hope of both missions in future.

Secretary.

Vacation is over. The woods and the sea-side, the hammock and the fishing-pole are to be left, and the every-day details of work again taken up, but with a joy that hums through them all, born of the impulse to do something for another's good. The missionary meetings must be resumed, and the new methods of bringing interest into them, which we have thought out or gained by conference with others, are now to be tested. Let there be no delay in taking up the burden of responsibility. Unlike many other burdens, it will grow lighter by constant carrying, if love to Christ be the motive which prompts.

The Children's Mission Band of Pike, N. Y., have undertaken the support of Gorll, a teacher connected with Rev. A. J. Marshall's station in Balasore, India.

A Band has been organized very recently in Attica, N. Y., with twelve members, which is to be called The Helping Hands. May they be such, indeed!
Notes and Gleanings.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

Dr. Phillips is resting a little while at the Sanitorium at Darjeeling, among the moun­tains. May new vigor creep into his jaded system.

Only two bands have been heard from in response to the request in the last Helper. What does this mean?

We welcome to our exchange list The Woman's Missionary Advocate, the organ of the M. E. Woman's Missionary Society, South, whose publication has recently been entered upon at Nashville, Tenn., Mrs. Frank A. Butler, Editor.

At one of the yearly festivals in India it is said that $1,000,000 were brought in offerings, chiefly by very poor devotees. Can we who profess the Christian religion show a record like this?


Pictures of Miss Crawford and Miss Ida Phillips can be obtained for 25 cents, single copies, or 15 cents each per dozen. Orders for leaflets and pictures sent to us will receive prompt attention.

Our pages are full, as usual before we realize the fact. Much more could be told of the Conference and its good things. It must not be omitted, however, to say that centennial offerings in large sums and small were made. A new chapel or hall, for Storer College, begins to rise, on a basis of $5,000, a memorial gift from a gentleman and his wife, with more to be added by others.

The collection of curiosities from India was a happy thought, and much gratitude is due those who arranged them and stood by, day after day, to give the visitors an intelligent idea of them.

Another organization has been added to the number of Woman's Missionary Societies. The Woman's Board of Missions of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church was recently organized with much enthusiasm and unanimity of purpose, having its headquarters at Evansville, Ind. Mrs. R. B. Ruston is President, and Mrs. J. W. Darby, Corresponding Secretary. Mrs. Rhea, long a missionary to Persia, helped in the organization. The spiritual element was especially prominent in all the exercises. One young woman offered herself as a missionary early in the meetings. The foreign mission work of this church is located in Japan, but other missions are contemplated.

The Gospel in All Lands, which is such a wonder in missionary literature, is now published by Eugene R. Smith, 64 Bible House, New York, who is to share with Dr. Simpson, its originator, the editorial department. It has been published below cost, and after December the price to clergymen and missionaries necessarily will be $2.00, to others $2.50. It would have been a great loss if this valuable magazine had been discontinued. May it have a long and vigorous life. The July number is devoted to Turkey, and the August to missions among the Jews.
The Bible and the School.

From India's sunny clime
The dark-browed children cry:
"Give us the Bible and the school,
And save us ere we die!"

Hear China's millions, too,
For the same blessings plead:
"Ages have gone and still we wait—
Give us the light we need."

"The Bible and the school!"
The sound is echoed wide:
It comes from Afric's sable hosts,
'Tis borne on every tide.

From beauteous sea-girt isles
'Tis wafted to our ears:
We want a knowledge of our God,
A Saviour from our fears.

"The Bible and the school!"
Hark! hear the earnest cry,
"To these you owe your peaceful homes,
And hopes of bliss on high."

Dear children, heed the call,
And form a noble band,
To send the gifts to you so dear
To gladden every land.

How will the Saviour's eyes
Pleased on such effort gaze:
Surely, 't were sweet to meet His smile,
And joy to spread His praise.

Who, in this blessed work,
Would fail to have a share,
And selfishly each good enjoy,
But ne'er for others care?

Not one, methinks, not one
But will his offering bring.
To make the desert shout for joy,
The earth with anthems ring.

—Bible Society Record.

Supernotions.

With each daily act of the Hindoo is closely interwoven some superstition or omen. From the time he rises in the morning until night comes he is met by some of these meaningless fancies which torment his life.

A child's name must never be mentioned in the night, lest some evil bird, as the owl, hear it and go on repeating it, and the child die. Unpleasant names are often given the children, thus thinking to delude the evil spirits with the belief that they are not worth taking away; sometimes a boy's hair is kept long, his nose pierced, and a ring inserted after the fashion of the girls, and no name given him, so that the spirits will not know what to call him, and thinking him a girl, consider him of less consequence than if he were the pride of some family.

A person who has been taken out of his house to die and recovers, especially if he has been taken to the water's edge and then brought back, is a most unlucky individual to have about. Returning to his own house he must first see his
face in a glass, or the first member of his family he looks upon will soon pine away and die. A person is never allowed to die in the house, but, if taken no further away, is laid in the open court. One reason given for this is that the spirits cannot escape from a close room, and another is that it is most unlucky to have any person or animal die in the house.

The belief in the transmigration of souls brings them much trouble, as in killing the meanest animal or reptile, one can never be certain he is not causing the death of a friend. In some districts where the famine carried off large numbers last year there has been a perfect scourge of rats. They ate everything before them, yet the poor people, believing them to be their friends who had died during the famine, and who had now returned for some of their abundant crops, would not kill them.

If a book, or slate, or pencil, or piece of work, fall to the floor it is raised either to the lips or forehead, according to the disrespect that is felt has been done the goddess who possesses it. At a certain day each year all books are worshiped; also, all implements of trade or agriculture. On going out in the morning it is an omen of ill luck to first encounter a monkey. A trader will not sell the first article of the day on credit, lest he be prevented from taking money all day. Sneezing is a bad omen, and if a person setting out on some undertaking hears a sneeze he immediately turns back, sets down, smokes a little, reads a page, or talks on indifferent subjects, just long enough to break the spell. — Missionary Link.

KEEPING THE GOOD NEWS.

A New Zealand girl was brought over to England to be educated. She became a true Christian. When she was about to return some of her playmates endeavored to dissuade her. They said: "Why do you go back to New Zealand? You are accustomed to England now. You love its shady lanes and clover fields. It suits your health. Besides, you may be shipwrecked on the ocean. You may be killed and eaten by your own people. Everybody will have forgotten you." "What!" she said, "Do you think I could keep the good news to myself? Do you think that I could be content with having got pardon, and peace, and eternal life for myself, and not go and tell my dear father and mother how they can get it, too? I would go if I had to swim there!"
### CONTRIBUTIONS

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

#### MAINE.

- Athens, Auxiliary, for native teacher with Mrs. Burkholder $10 00
- Auburn, Auxiliary ........................................ 16 57
- Augusta, Auxiliary, for "Emeline’s" salary .................. 7 00
- Augusta, Auxiliary, for Incidental Fund .................... 2 00
- Bath, Auxiliary, for teacher with Miss I. Phillips ....... 15 00
- Baxter’s Island, Ladies of Ch., for F. M. ................. 5 00
- East Corinth, Mrs. M. B. Wingate, for Mrs. Burkholder’s work $20.00, Working Capital $5.00, and to constitute herself L. M ............. 25 00
- Ellsworth, Q. M. Auxiliary .................................. 8 00
- Farmington, Q. M. ........................................... 6 00
- Gardiner, Auxiliary, for Zenana teacher ................... 3 00
- Lewiston, Auxiliary, Main St., $2.00 for teacher with Mrs. Burkholder ........... 12 75
- Portland, Mrs. E. D. Jordan ................................ 7 00
- Portland, Mrs. R. Deering ................................. 20 00
- Presque Isle, Auxiliary, for support of "Jessie" .......... 12 50
- Sebec, Q. M. Auxiliary, for support of "Aujanee" $5.00, F. M. $5.00, H. M. $2.00 ........ 12 00
- Topsham, Auxiliary, 1-2 each, H. M. and F. M ............ 4 00
- West Lebanon, A Friend ...................................... 5 00

**NEW HAMPSHIRE.**

- Ashland, Mission Helpers, 2 each, salary of Miss I. Phillips and school at Harper’s Ferry .......... 24 00
- Bristol, Auxiliary, towards constituting Mrs. Mary Brown L. M. .......... 14 00
- Concord, Memorial gift for Stella Mary Porter, by Mrs. E. P. Prescott, $5.00 for Working Capital and $15.00 for Zenana work .......... 20 00
- Danville, Mrs. J. A. Lowell, for Mrs. J.L. Phillips’ schools .......... 5 00
- New Hampton, Young Ladies’ Miss, Soc., N. H. Inst., for support of Mary Ella Hampton .......... 3 00
- New Market, Mrs. M. E. Folsom and Mrs. B. F. Haley, each $10.00 for Working Capital .......... 20 00
- New Market, Auxiliary ........................................ 14 00
- Tamworth Iron Works, collected by Mrs. H. S. Runnels .......... 13 00
- Water Village, Sarah Beacham, for Working Capital .......... 1 00
- Whitefield, Auxiliary ........................................ 2 75
- Whitefield, Children’s Miss, Band .......................... 3 25

**TOTAL ..........................................................** $120 03

#### VERMONT.

- Corinth, Second Church, $1.50 for Harper’s Ferry .......... 4 00
- Corinth, Q. M., for H. M. .................................... 1 70

**TOTAL ..........................................................** $5 70

#### MASSACHUSETTS.

- Abington, Mrs. H. E. Pierce and Mrs. M. J. Talbot, each $5.00 for Working Capital .......... 10 00
- Amesbury, A Friend ............................................ 1 00
- Lowell, Auxiliary, balance L. M. of Mrs. J. Gould ........ 29 77
- Taunton, F. B. Ch., for Miss H. Phillips’s salary .......... 5 00

**TOTAL ..........................................................** $45 77

#### RHODE ISLAND.

- Providence, Helping Hands, Park St. Church, for Miss I. Phillips’ salary .......... 5 00

**TOTAL ..........................................................** $5 00

#### NEW YORK.

- Ashford, Mrs. L. Fox for F. M. ............................. 5 00
- East Poestenkill, Mrs. M. Hanver and Miss M. F. Hanver, each $5.00 for Zenana work .......... 10 00
- New York City, Mrs. E. W. Page ............................. 4 00
- Poland, Mrs. C. Brayton $5.00, Mrs. W. Brayton $2.00, Mrs. A. E. Amesbury $3.00, for Working Capital .......... 10 00

**TOTAL ..........................................................** $16 72

#### MICHIGAN.

- Hillsdale, Mrs. J. W. Winsor ................................ 1 00

**TOTAL ..........................................................** $1 00

#### IOWA.

- Y. M., Woman’s Soc. for F. M. ............................... 10 00
- Waterloo, Woman’s Soc. for F. M. ........................... 6 72

**TOTAL ..........................................................** $16 72

#### WISCONSIN.

- Fort Atkinson, Mrs. J. H. Webb, for F. M. ................. 1 00
- Grand Prairie, Missionary Soc., for F. M. ................. 13 51
- Y. M., Woman’s Miss. Soc., for Zenana work ............... 13 25

**TOTAL ..........................................................** $27 76

#### PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

- Stanstead, Auxiliary, for Working Capital .......... 10 00

**TOTAL ..........................................................** $10 00

**TOTAL ..........................................................** $432 10