This little publication has been keeping steadily on its way, which has gradually become more prosperous, until it now reaches the second halt in its course. The welcome it has received, the kind words spoken of it, and the expressive resolutions endorsing it, have led to a firmer conviction that its publication was not prematurely undertaken. The assurance has come to us again and again that the Helper is a valuable aid to the workers; that by means of it there is obtained a greater unity of purpose and concert of action in the plans and aims of the society, while the glimpses obtained through the correspondence, of the darkness of heathenism, renders many fold more apparent the brightness of the blessed sunlight in which Christian women now live. So our desire is intensified to go forward, trusting in Him whose wisdom is freely given.

It is gratifying that, by means of strict economy and much gratuitous service, this second year closes without embarrassment with 3,000 subscribers. The question naturally arises: What are the plans for the future? We should be glad to answer to those who ask so earnestly and persistently for its monthly appearance that it shall be so issued. But with the present number of subscribers it cannot be done without increase in the price, which would thwart the purpose of “scattering it like olive leaves.” It has therefore been decided to continue its publication once in two months, until the number of subscribers shall reach 5,000.
The seventh annual meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society was held, in connection with the anniversaries of the denominational benevolent Societies, at Olneyville, October 7-9. The attendance was unusually large, bringing face to face many who had become familiar, through their mutual interest in and devotion to the various causes represented. From our own special gatherings we missed the genial presence of our Home Secretary, who was prostrated with a severe illness, but whose wasted strength, we are thankful to learn, is returning. We were very glad to welcome Miss Cilley to New England, and to this annual occasion. With a heart full of zeal, possessing strong faith and courage, she cheered and inspired us. Her public address was marked for its simplicity and earnestness, and her word-pictures brought vividly before us homes and scenes with which she had become familiar in India. We would not fail to mention the quiet presence of Mrs. Brackett, one of the efficient teachers in the Normal School, who faithfully urged the importance of further means of development for the young women who come under her care; nor the valuable address of the President of the Society, which was full of practical suggestions that gathered their inspiration largely from her recent visit to the famous valley of the Shenandoah.

From the report of the Foreign Secretary it was apparent that the hands of our little band of missionaries and teachers are full, and that others are needed to help bind and gather in the sheaves; that seed-time and reaping are very near together. The Home Secretary's report, though necessarily deficient in facts and dates, showed that there is a deepening and strengthening of purpose to carry forward the legitimate work of the society, as it is understood, while from the Treasurer's report, there appeared a slight falling off in contributions for some special work, but those for general purposes had increased. As a whole, it was evident that there had been a careful solicitude for the Lord's Treasury. Resolutions were adopted, expressive of sympathy with our West.
ern sisters, and of a desire for a closer and more vital union of effort; also that the work of the society at the South should be broadened and energized.

It is difficult to reproduce the spirit of this meeting, but it surely indicated advancement and greater consecration to the elevation of woman. Each anniversary should definitely indicate the progress made, and mark some distinctive point gained; and in these respects the one just closed may be regarded as eminent. Standing side by side, and looking back over the year's work, gratefully recognizing the seal of approbation given to our service, we were led to exclaim: "Wonder of wonders, that He who made and redeemed the world, should accept us as laborers together with Him." Shall we not joyfully accept such honor, and hasten to take hold, with our feeble hands, of the barred gates of ignorance and superstition, that the King of Glory may come in.

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The Missionary Review is the name of a bi-monthly missionary magazine which has just completed its second year. Rev. R. G. Wilder, a returned missionary, is its editor and publisher, and its place of publication is Princeton, N. J. Its terms are $1.50, in advance. It contains sixty-four 12mo. pages. It is undenominational in character, and aims to take a survey of the whole field of modern missions. Its able articles, its broad scope, and its pungent criticisms entitle it to a foremost place in missionary literature. Perhaps no single magazine published contains such accurate and valuable information of the progress of the work, as carried forward by all denominations. The number for January and February, 1879, contains an article by Dr. J. L. Phillips, entitled "Missionary Pastors," and the number for November and December, just issued, has quite a full and a very appreciative account of the operations of our parent Foreign Missionary Society. We would gratefully acknowledge the courtesy and generosity of the editor.
It was one of the brightest Sabbaths in Nova Scotia. The little country meeting-house was filled to overflowing, with an intelligent and eager congregation. The good pastor had been called away, and we were alone among entire strangers. Having broken an arm by an accident that befell "the royal mail coach" between Digby and Yarmouth, only the Friday evening before, we were feeling hardly equal to the service demanded of us, and upon entering the house of worship, we were looking in every direction for help. Presently one of the brethren said that a minister of "the regular Baptist Church" was in the audience, and at our request he was invited to a seat with his irregular brother in the pulpit.

It was a missionary meeting, cut short considerably by the intense pain of that poor broken arm in the sling, but it did seem that men and women never listened so attentively as on that Sabbath afternoon, to a crippled and bandaged speaker, who was obliged to keep his seat, and do his work very quietly. Our "regular" brother showed himself a true friend from the first, and rendered aid but for which we should have suffered more. We were moved to ask him to say a few words at the conclusion of the service, and he cheerfully responded. Something having been said about what children might do for missions, he took up the thought, and spoke somewhat as follows:—

"One of our lady missionaries from the far East visited this Province a while ago. She was endeavoring to organize missionary societies among the women and children of our churches. She came to my church, and there organized such a society. My little daughter, but eight years old, wished to join this new society. Thinking her hardly old enough to enter into such work, I strove to dissuade her from her purpose. She, however, could not give it up. She must
join the missionary society, and do something for the poor heathen. She was so much in earnest about this that she would plead with me with tears, would go to bed weeping, and rise with red eyes and a pale face, still to beg for my consent. It finally came to me, that perhaps my own notions as to the part children could bear in this work might not be quite correct, that possibly the Lord was speaking to the child in a way that I knew not. I yielded; my little daughter became a member of the missionary society. It was interesting to see her deep and intelligent interest in all the plans of this society. She worked with remarkable zeal for the poor heathen children away off in Asia; and, before I knew it, the same Holy Spirit who called her into this work was revealing to the child her own heart. She found herself without the Saviour whom she wished to make known to the heathen. She sought the forgiveness of her own sins, and was soon rejoicing in her new-found hope in Christ. My friends, I may say that I owe the conversion of my child to letting her join the missionary society."

Have our fathers and mothers thought how much good their children might receive by thus early bringing them to feel and work for the benighted heathen? How many a son and daughter might thus be saved from the allurements of gay and godless society! The story of that Nova Scotia pastor has been told by others. We distinctly recollect several instances where the workers in these little missionary societies have been converted, and brought into the Church. When busy about gathering money for giving the blessed gospel to the heathen, the solemn thought came in upon their hearts, "I have not obeyed the gospel myself." And while they thought, the fire burned, until they had made a full surrender to Christ. Thus early is it possible to drive the devil of selfishness out of a child's heart. Christian parents, will you try this method?

There comes back to me, while I write, the anxious faces of mothers and fathers in dear America, who have told me, with
deep sighs and bitter tears, of wayward, wicked sons and daughters, roaming far from home; and I seem to hear afresh, at this distance, that oft-repeated request, "don't forget my child, do pray for him." Nor have I forgotten those wayward ones. But oh! how often I have thought, had your good, kind father and mother, O poor wanderer, lonely and lost, only put something good to do and to think of into your wild heart and idle hands, you might have been saved all this! Take warning, you whose homes are bright to-day, where sorrows more cruel than death have not entered, and where shadows darker than night have not settled. Give the little ones something good, something brave, something noble to do. Teach them to think of the children of these pagan lands, and train them to plan and provide for their relief. So will you, under God's gracious blessing, save your dear ones from sin, and bestow on them the joys of beneficence.

Let there be a general rally among the boys and girls of all our homes. It is wonderful how much they can do for missions. Only the other day I was reading that the English Church Missionary Society sends out annually, to the children and young people, little collecting books and cards, and also boxes, to be used by them in gathering money for missionary purposes. These books and boxes, together with the sales of work by juvenile workers, have netted for the society, in the year ending March 31, 1878, the sum of $227,930.00. Do the parents of our children know how much these little ones can do? Encourage them to try. Drop a cheering word from the pulpit, good pastor, to spur the children to action. Begin the work, Christian parent, in your own house, and begin it at once. God bless the children, and grant them great success in their missionary efforts.

Midnapore, India, July 25, 1879.

The great multiplicity of castes in India is shown by a recent census in one of the native states in the southern provinces. The government is said to recognize "four hundred and twenty different Hindu castes."
Reminiscences.

Reminiscences.

By Mrs. M. M. H. Hills.

(First Years of the F. B. India Mission.)

During the cold season of 1842-1843, Mr. Phillips, accompanied by Rama (native preacher), made several missionary tours. One was quite extensive in a section northwest of Jellasore station, never before visited by a missionary. Their reception was always civil, books and tracts were well received, and their message listened to with attention. "But alas!" Bro. Phillips wrote, "they stumbled at the 'stumbling stone and rock of offence.' Down with idolatry, and preach one eternal Almighty Ruler of the universe, and you meet with little or no opposition, but the moment you introduce the Lord Jesus Christ as the only Saviour of lost sinners, all become skeptical at once, and ready to fly in your face. 'This is a new thing; our books tell us nothing about such a being.' How true it is 'that the world by wisdom know not God.' Still, occasionally they met encouraging cases. One old man asked with apparently deep feeling, "How shall an old man, who has committed thousands and thousands of sins, obtain salvation?" As the missionary, in a plain, simple manner, directed him to a Saviour crucified for our sins, the old man, turning to one near him, said in a faltering voice, "True, this is true! Fourteen hours have gone to waste. It remains to do the best we can with the two that are left."*

Mr. Bacheler, with native assistants, also labored abundantly during this cold season in the country both north and south of Balasore. He thus speaks of his visit to Dantoon—our new mission station—where a large heathen festival was then being held: "On our way we observed in all directions, companies of men, women and children, dressed in their finest robes, bending their way to the banks of a very large tank—

*The Hindoos divide the day into sixteen hours.
the place of the meeting. On reaching this tank, we beheld, on the declivity of the opposite shore, an immense multitude, all clothed in white, which rendered the scene most striking and picturesque. The distant heights alive with human beings, the numerous companies, pressing in all directions, forcibly reminded me of the Saviour's saying, 'The fields are white all ready to harvest.' Probably not less than 40,000 people were present during the day. The Hindoos thus account for the occasion of this festival: A certain king wished to dig a large tank which he could not accomplish in less than twelve years. He besought Indra, the god of rain, to withhold rain over a certain space for that time. The god consented, and in twelve years the immense tank was completed. It is one mile long by half a mile wide, and very deep. Ever since its completion, an annual celebration has been held on its banks. The religious ceremonies of the day consisted in bathing in the tank, singing, dancing, making offerings to the Brahmins, etc. Brother Phillips having come from Jellasore was busily engaged when we arrived. The throng was so great that we could preach very little so we distributed all the books we had with us, and then sent to our tent, three miles distant, for another supply, which arrived just in season to be distributed as the assembly was dispersing."

Among the most disgusting objects the missionaries encountered were the byrages or boishnobs—the Hindoo holy men. They seldom or never wash themselves, but rove about with their bodies covered with mud and ashes, looking as filthy as a swine after rolling in the mire; still the people have a terrible dread of their curses. Some even of this class the power of the gospel had transformed into meek, pure and loving disciples. Mr. Bacheler had one such, Luchandas, a native preacher from Cuttack, to aid him for a time in his work. For twelve years he was a boishnob, and during all this period he washed himself but two or three times, frequently inflicting on himself severe austerities. Once he
spent three months in a solitary mountain, living on weeds alone, till he became so much exhausted that he was unable to walk, and only saved his life by crawling down to a neighboring village and recruiting himself by slow degrees. By practising these austerities he became so holy in the estimation of the Hindoos that he was worshiped as God, and the proudest Brahmin (priest) would esteem it a privilege to drink the water in which his feet had been washed.

The missionaries had suffered severe trials in consequence of the defection of some of the native Christians, but during the few recent months they had also rejoiced over some accessions to their little churches. In a little more than a year Mr. Phillips had baptized two converts, and Mr. Bacheler five. One of these was a girl named Lucy, fifteen years old, who had been in the school about three years. Mr. Bacheler, in speaking of this case, said: "On a cold, blustering, November night, soon after our arrival in the country, we heard a strange, moaning sound on our veranda. Going out we found an almost naked little girl, crouching behind a post, vainly trying to shelter herself from the blast by means of a miserable rag. She was one of the most wretched objects I ever beheld. On her head were twelve or fifteen cavities of the size of a large straw penetrating the skull bone. These were filled with worms, whose incessant gyrations constantly cast up putrefying matter from the cavities beneath. The sight of a fellow being thus the prey of devouring worms before death claimed its victim was a horrible one. She was soon restored to health, and entering the school, gained knowledge so rapidly that for the last year she had been employed as an assistant in the school."

Nov. 18, 1843, Rev. James C. Dow and wife, of Livermore, Me., sailed in the ship Charles, from Charlestown, Mass., to reinforce the mission. Mr. Dow's father, though not a professing Christian, generously defrayed most of the expense of his outfit. Mrs. Dow's father also furnished a considerable part of hers. As the ship went first to Maul-
main, Burmah, the new missionaries did not reach Calcutta till the 7th of May, 1844. Mr. Dow in referring to his detention in Burmah said: "I had several interviews with the venerable Dr. Judson, the pioneer of American missions in Burmah. He has been and still is an indefatigable worker, and his success has been equal to his labors. Future ages will rise up and call him blessed."

Great was the joy of Messrs. Phillips and Bacheler on the arrival of the new missionaries. Mr. Phillips was in Calcutta waiting for them. He said, "Seldom has my heart beat higher than when standing last Tuesday on the banks of the Hoogly, I watched the graceful and majestic motions of the Charles as she entered port with most of her canvas spread, while the stars and stripes of my country floated proudly at her mast head. Before the ship reached her anchorage I sprang on board, and in a moment had all my fears and anxieties regarding our dear brother and sister set at rest. Brother and sister Dow were at length with me, in good health and spirits, and ready, with heart and hand, to join us as fellow laborers in Orissa."

As the intelligence reached Jellasore Mrs. Phillips wrote her husband: "My spirits are raised to such a pitch that I can hardly compose myself to write; I am so happy! so happy!" Mr. and Mrs. Bacheler were sharers in the same joy. The newly arrived went to Balasore where they remained six months, devoting themselves closely and successfully to the study of the language. Mr. Dow generally went to the market daily, and being a singer he always commenced singing in Bengali. This drew around him a crowd of listeners, gazing in astonishment, at hearing a white man sing in their own language.

Towards the close of November, 1844, Mr. and Mrs. Dow removed to Midnapore, a city of about 70,000 inhabitants, fifty miles north from Jellasore. Mr. Dow wrote, "This is an excellent field for missionary labor. The city covers nearly as much ground as Boston, with native houses packed in almost as close as they can be. It would require eight or ten missionaries to occupy the field properly. When I look into the place swarming with its tens of thousands, all in the grossest darkness, and most degrading ignorance, I ask, what can an individual do here?" Later he wrote: "Midnapore would be an excellent place for commencing work for the Santals. They live within a short distance, and come in by hundreds almost daily. They supply nearly the whole city with
Reminiscences.

wood, much of which the women bring in on their heads. Their poverty is extreme. Something should be done at once to give them the gospel. The prospect of their immediate conversion is far greater than that of the other natives of India, as they have no system of religion to which they are strongly attached."

A dark cloud again hung over the mission, Mr. Bachelet's noble, faithful wife, who had become so prostrated with disease that the Balasore government physician insisted that nothing but a long sea voyage could save her life. The mission was in great distress. Mrs. Bachelet felt that if only her own life was concerned she would remain at all risks rather than her husband should leave his work. But for the sake of the two little ones God had given them she was anxious to live. Her husband suffered keenly. He said, "We have served a long apprenticeship. The preaching of the gospel to a strange people in a stranger tongue, from being a cross has become a pleasure. A little band of native christians and orphan children has been collected around us, and we were ready to say, here let us toil, here, if it be the will of God, let us die. But in the midst of all this how are our plans frustrated, and our fondest hopes destroyed!" Mr. Phillips in writing of this great trial said, "But leave his station and work, brother Bachelet must. If he go to America there is no saying anything about his return. Here I am, the same as alone, as brother Dow has gone to a new station, and commenced a new language. Balasore is to be left vacant after all that has been done there! What are we to do? Shall we make our small number of stations smaller? Shall Midnapore be given up and brother Dow be stationed among the Oriyas? Or shall Balasore be left without a gospel messenger to preach to its destitute thousands? I am exceedingly distressed on account of this state of things. Nine years have I toiled here, while one wave of affliction after another has rolled over me, and still I am permitted to live and labor, but it seems as though I cannot go on much longer at this rate. Brother Noyes was called away after remaining five years, and now brother Bachelet is on the point of leaving in a shorter time while there is no one here nor in America ready to take his place. What I complain of is that we are left to struggle on, so few in number that when sickness or accident removes a brother, there is no one near to enter into and carry on his labors."
January 9, 1845, Mr. Bacheler left Balasore with his invalid wife for Calcutta, intending to be guided as to their future course by the advice of the missionary friends and physicians of that city. On their way they rested a short time at Jellasore, and on the 15th arrived at Mr. Dow's in Midnapore. Here Mrs. Bacheler sunk rapidly, and on the 20th inst., death terminated her journey and her sufferings. In her last hours, conscious that her change was near, she said, “I had hoped to live on account of my children and to serve God more faithfully, but the will of God be done.” She said she had great satisfaction in dedicating her children to God, and could but feel reconciled to his will concerning them.*  The bereaved husband made her a grave at Midnapore—a second time made sacred as the resting place of the mission's precious dead.

This afflictive event, made it no longer necessary for Mr. Bacheler to leave the field. Returning to Jellasore, Mrs. Phillips kindly consented to care for his little ones while he accompanied Mr. Phillips on missionary tours. It is not strange that he wrote, “On entering this work I find myself ever disposed to contrast my present feelings with those of former years on similar occasions. Then my home was paradise, and when my work was done I returned to it not only with pleasure, but with enthusiastic delight. Now that home is desolate. She who formed the centre of my earthly happiness, who cheered my solitude and rendered my exile from friends and native land, a happy one, is not there! But I thank God that the gospel, which I am permitted to proclaim to the perishing heathen, is all powerful to sustain, all sufficient to comfort and cheer me in my present severe affliction, and I never went forth to my labor with greater interest, and with a stronger desire to be entirely consecrated to the work.”

Our thanks are due Dr. Cheney for a copy of the English “General Baptist Magazine.” It contains, among other good things, the admirable address of Dr. Cheney on the “Free Baptists of America,” delivered before the General Baptist Association in June last. Were it not for our crowded pages we would gladly make extracts from it.

*Both of her children became Christians many years ago. Her son, Mr. Albert Bacheler, for several years past has been the honored and successful principal of the High School of the city of Manchester, N. H.
Over the dark blue sea,
   Over the trackless flood,
The little band is gone
   In the service of their God.

The lonely waste of waters,
   They traverse to proclaim,
In the distant land of Sinim,
   Immanuel's precious name.

They have heard, from the far-off East,
   The voice of their brother's blood!
A million a month, in China,
   Are dying without God!

O speak good words for the noble few,
   Who the gospel sickle wield,
And reap some sheaves, with weary hands,
   On the edge of the harvest field.

But beyond their utmost efforts,
   Four hundred millions lie!
And a thousand preachers were all too few
   To reach them ere they die.

But hear, O hear ye, for yourselves,
   The voice of your brother's blood;
A million a month, in China,
   Are dying without God!

How vast the area (of China), how profound the need,
how urgent the claims of that vast empire! The Christian Church has not begun to think of it yet in a thoroughly earnest spirit. When will the wail of the dying millions be heard? — Spurgeon.

"They grope their way amid the doubt and darkness of heathenism, down to the 'Valley of the shadow of death,' while we, . . . . 'Sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust, approach the grave, like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.'"
"With long life will I satisfy him and show him my salvation." After the scorching, parching, fiery, hot season days, June comes here with a refreshing draught that is inexpressibly grateful. It was peculiarly so this year, as the usual thunder showers of this season reached us but two or three times during all these summer months.

The rainy season began about the middle of June. The dry, scorched earth drank in the showers, and was clothed, as by magic, with the loveliest verdure. It is impossible to conceive how rapidly and luxuriantly vegetation of every kind grows here during this season. True, we looked in vain for home June roses, making the air fragrant with their sweet perfume, and we ate June strawberries by proxy, for they graced home tables, weary leagues away from us. But we feasted our very souls in the marvelous beauty that the early rains awaken everywhere; in the magnificent trees, fresh as from nature's own finishing touch, bright and beautiful beyond description; in shadows deep and Eden-like; in the sun playing hide-and-seek with clouds, popping out with his wonted brightness for an instant, then darting behind a massive pile, and peeping just above it to remind us of the "silver lining" heart-clouds have, too, and in sunsets too glorious for human pen, and in moonlight evenings glowing with charms the day never knew.

But there were shadows in our homes and on our hearts that no June beauty could chase away—vacant places that may never again be filled. Two of our number had gone out to return no more. Oh! the mysteries of life. The brevity of three-score years and ten!

As the sun, now and then lingering at the western portals, sets the whole heavens aglow with its departing rays, so may our dear ones wait long at the "golden gate," and cheer on the home toilers with their rich experience in this sunny land.

In the beautiful valley of the Mohawk, and on the merry banks of the Merrimac, they spent their childhood's sunny days. In the schools of fifty years ago, from which went out the very bone and sinew of our nation, and in an atmosphere of faith and prayer, they learned the great lessons which have
carried them through a forty years' struggle with the powers of darkness in this great valley of the Ganges—a river sacred to heathen deities, but which, from its first bursting forth among the Himalayas, sparkling and pure, to its muddy entrance into the Bay of Bengal, has flowed red with human sacrifice; and what of sacrifice have not these two toilers known in the valley of such a stream!

Fields, white for our harvesting, remind us of their first furrows and seed-sowing in tears and loneliness. Little churches in the midst of heathen temples, pointing heavenward, Christian communities, among idol-worshipers, tell us of their long suffering and self-denial, and to-day the Indian government officially acknowledges its gratitude to him who labored so faithfully for the Santals.

The 10th of June we gathered on the banks of the Oossye (a river in Midnapore), and on the deck and by the side of a tiny river boat, asked Him "who hath measured the waters in the hollow of His hand," to guide them safely to the home shore. Then we sang "In the sweet by and by," and watched the little boat way down the river, and came home to realize that two of the oldest and strongest pillars of our mission had been borne away.

But we bear it as best we can, remembering that our loss is their gain. May every wind and wave speed them on to their dear children, and the blessings of a civilized and Christian land, from which they have been separated fifteen long years; and may the returning winds as speedily bring help to this needy field. Dantoon, Jellasore and Santipore are without a shepherd, while heavy cares and responsibilities fall upon Miss Crawford and Miss Phillips, who are to-day bravely at their posts.

VALUE OF MEDICAL KNOWLEDGE.

But much as we long for help here, we congratulate the Ohio people in their wise decision to give their missionary the advantages of a medical course. Would that the wheels of time could roll back for us! Wouldn't we know something of the blessed "healing art?" Wouldn't the sick and dying welcome us, and the well respect us as they never can now? Wouldn't these barred doors fly open, and these proud Brahmins fairly beg for us to come in?

You favored ones, with doctors at every turn, little do you know what it is to be ten, twenty and thirty miles away from
all medical aid, in a land where disease does its fatal work with a rapidity unthought of among you. We remember days and nights of watching and waiting by sufferers on the very threshold of death, guided solely by blind instinct. What an angel of light, and a messenger of life, a little sure knowledge would have been! A doctor’s “M. D.” may be invaluable in civilized life, but it avails little here unless it means practical ability to heal. Young ladies, hoping to labor in foreign fields, be sure your influence will be enhanced just in proportion to your ability to save. Save the body, and in nine cases out of ten the mind will be in your keeping. You may not be able to take a medical course of study, but you may, with a little sacrifice, become thorough nurses, and able to witness the horrors of disease with a stout heart and firm nerves. Here, to-day, lady physicians may enter homes where no man is admitted. In a high-caste family a young and beautiful woman was stricken down. The station physician was called to the outer court. The Brahmin greeted him with: “You can’t see my wife, but if you’ll save her I’ll give you any sum.” “But I must see her.” “You can never see her or enter her room.” “I’ll go away and call again in an hour, while you think about this.” The doctor left, and returned in just an hour. The proud husband with a face full of agony exclaimed, “Oh, doctor, save my wife!” “I can’t unless I see her.” “You can never see her, and she must die.” The Brahmin went his way, and the physician his, and soon after the young woman was on the funeral pile. An extreme case — true. But that high-caste women sicken and die with no proper medical aid is the rule and not the exception, and she who can step into these hidden, private rooms, and stay disease or drive away death, holds a most enviable position among the heathen. For example, Miss Swain, of the Methodist Church, and Miss Seeley in Calcutta, whose brief life was so full of service. Hence, our word of cheer to the little band striving to send us a missionary truly equipped for the battle here.

Just now we are fighting again against fearful odds. Five of our helpers gone — two to America and three to the hills to pick up the stitches that have been dropping for long years with no respite. But we foreigners are greatly blessed in the delightful weather we have had all through July. Refreshing showers, instead of the heavy, sickening rains. But, as one poor native said to us, “Your life is our death.” Our
Correspondence.

little schools are doubly interesting and doubly full, and little ones by the road-side are begging for one teacher more,—begging so that it does seem somebody at home must hear and answer.

MARY R. PHILLIPS.

Midnapore, Aug., 1879.

A RAINY SEASON TRIP.

Visits to the district are usually made during the cold season, but as there was such a call for work, especially about Sorah, we could not wait for that time but started out at once, hoping the rains would favor us, as they did. At Sorah, markets were visited daily where the "Old, old story" was told to eager multitudes. This being in the midst of the cultivating season, and the village roads being full of water, visiting among the people was almost impossible. However, our good brothers, Kumel and Joseph, went to one of the villages visited last cold season, and were most hospitably entertained for the night by a Brahmin. The next day they visited the old man who has been the leader among the people who are breaking caste, and found him as determined as ever to continue in the way in which he has lately started. He also entertained the native brothers, and had them eat with his family. The next day he with others came to see my husband at the bungalow. The long earnest talk that followed I feel sure must do a great deal towards showing him his duty, and helping him to do it. Kumel is a great help to such people. For a whole year after being convicted of his duty he remained still in caste, struggling against his convictions, lacking the courage to act up to them. We visited as far as possible in the village near the bungalow. There the people received us like old friends, making kindly inquiries about ourselves, and why the missibaba had not come. Tarama and the barber's wife of whom we have spoken before were quite as interested as ever in listening to us, and would give no time for the common idle talk of others. Both of these women have learned to pray and tell me of the peace they derive therefrom. They seem to have the true faith that God will hear them. We are more than thankful to see them laying aside their idols, and accepting the one true God instead, yet we long to see the faith and strength of purpose that will enable them to put on Christ, and confess him.
On another visit to the same village going up to a house, I asked if I might read and talk with them. The old woman I met seemed a little fearful, and said I better go to a neighbor's house near by. Just then her brother, a Brahmin, came along and said, "Sit down, sit down, we are not afraid of you, you have been here so often you have come to be our neighbors." This settled the matter, I sat down and had a long interesting talk with a number of men and women that gathered around. At Bhuddruck my husband visited the baboos, and I called on their wives. I found the Dr. baboo's wife reading English nicely. She tells me that both she and her husband have given up idolatry, and that she reads the Bible and prays every day. We were very glad to find that the magistrate's wife had started a girl's school, secured a government grant and subscription for its support. She has not yet introduced anything bearing directly on Christianity, but is on the lookout for an opportunity when it will not injure the school as she feels sure it will now. The house Mrs. Smith worked so hard to build still stands as she left it, needing repairs badly, and the people about needing much more the help of a good missionary occupant. Work is ready at hand, all about the bungalow waiting for some one to do it. From Bhuddruck the wants of our little Christian village at Suntepoora were attended to, and then we turned our faces homeward. Our last stage into Balasore was very rainy; soaked through and through we reached home safely, never more glad to see its inmates and enjoy its comfor

EMILY L. MARSHALL.

Balasore, Sept. 6.

NOTE FROM MISS HOOPER.

MY DEAR MRS. BREWSTER:—

This being "over-land-day" I will defer writing no longer. You are wondering how this climate agrees with me, and how I am affected by new scenes. The change is indeed great from the bracing, frosty air of my New Brunswick home, to the burning sands and hot winds of India; nevertheless, it is not altogether unbearable. Strange sights and sounds affect me still more deeply, especially on the Sabbath. My mind then turns from the discordant sounds of noisy drums and cymbals, with groups of natives, to the quiet Sabbaths in the land of my childhood, where the cheerful chiming of bells falls
Correspondence.

on the ear of those who are quietly wending their way to the house of God to pray and praise.

I must hasten—there is no time for these reflections. Everywhere the reality is pressed home on one's heart, that there is a vast responsibility resting on those who have been freed, to do something for the liberation of these souls bound with fetters of superstition and ignorance. The change that religion makes can be seen here at a glance. This reminds me of my visit to the Orphanage, at Jellasore, under Miss Crawford's care. After a weary ride of several miles, in which many sad sights met our eyes (Miss Bacheler was with me), this little home, nestling among the trees, seemed like a paradise. One cannot be there five minutes without feeling that the spirit of love reigns supreme. Surely from this home many will go in the future, as they have done in the past, to scatter the flowers of hope and love along the pathway of their less favored sisters in the huts and zenanas.

* * * * *

There is great necessity of funds to pay teachers to train the numbers of poor children "up in the way they should go," and "when they are old they will not depart from it."

I go to the zenanas now in the mornings with the native teachers, Miss Bacheler being at Dantoon with Miss Hattie Phillips, and Mrs. Bacheler not being able to go regularly. As often as I enter these secluded homes I'm impressed with the thought, that it is better to begin at the foundation at once and teach the children. But I forget that there is no free, happy childhood among the little girls here. They are old married women at fifteen! Different castes marry at different ages. A Hindoo woman's lot is truly a hard one! In one of the zenanas there is a pretty little woman of fifteen, whose lord and master forbids her receiving instruction in the Bible. In the same house is a pretty young widow who is not allowed to learn to read anything, either secular or religious. Every morning, as I enter, I have to pass through the room where this pompous babu sits, and although he invariably rises and says "Good morning," I do not feel much like returning a cheerful reply, as I know his pretty little wife is not permitted to repeat a verse of Scripture, or a stanza of a hymn. Do pray earnestly for the entrance of the Word which giveth light into these dark and cheerless homes.

Yours very truly,  
JESSIE B. HOOPER.

MIDNAPORE, July 14.
The Missionary Helper.

PILGRIMS FROM POORI.

Miss Ida Phillips after describing the preparations for a trip to Metrapore, a preaching-station some seven miles from Balasore, and the effect of the frequent showers of the rainy season, gives us a glimpse of one of the most pitiful sights connected with the worship of Juggernaut:—

"In-doors the mats on the floors, the shoes on their racks, the books shut up in their cases, all grow white and green with mould. I have even found a piece of varnished furniture, supporting quite a forest of mould. Out of doors everything is as fresh and green as warmth and showers can make it, so that when the sun does look out, it is upon perfect wonders of vegetable luxuriance.

In the midst of all this dampness and these drenching showers, the poor pilgrims are wearily making their way home from the great car festival just passed in Poori.

I think no sight has made me feel more deeply the utter wretchedness caused by this false religion, than that of the crowds of women going back to their homes, hundreds of miles distant; their poor hearts just as impure as ever, their minds, if anything, darker than before; for then they had some hope, at least, that a sight of the great god might help them. I have never seen so many women going to Jugarnath as this year. The majority of them seem, from the absence of all color in their dress, and of ornaments from their wrists, to be widows.

Agents, called pandas, are sent out from Poori by the priests of the Jugarnath temple. They are, I think, without exception, the very lowest class of men in the country. They paint their faces and bodies with yellow and white paint, and smear themselves from head to foot with ashes. The hair is allowed to grow during a whole life time, and remains night and day, month in and month out, coiled about their filthy heads. These are some of India's saints. They penetrate every part of the country, telling everywhere the wonders that Jugarnath can perform for those who honor him by a pilgrimage. The women, being the more ignorant, are most easily persuaded to believe these things—the widows, especially, are readily induced to break the monotony of their hard lives, even if it bring keener suffering, and to seek at once the favor of the gods, and their friends, by the only path left open to them.
The *pandas*, according to the proficiency in their business, gather companies varying from five or ten, to forty or fifty; these they conduct to the priest who sent them out, and he enriches himself by the innumerable fees and sacrifices which are exacted from each poor wretch who visits the shrine, though he be left to starve in consequence, as many do. From the priest at Poori, the *panda* receives a commission for the pilgrims whom he brings.

The grand car festival over, the pilgrims are left to get home as best they can, or die in the attempt. The return trip is by far the hardest. Already foot-sore, and very likely sickened by the long journey in the heat, with no money left, the two or three hundred miles, and perhaps even more, seem stretched out to twice their former length. But things are changing. The men are not to be persuaded as in former days, and now the time for enlightening the women has come. An English official, residing near Poori, said not long since, that if the *pandas* were not allowed to go about and almost compel pilgrims, Jugarnath’s shrine would be wholly neglected.”

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**INVALIDS “ABROAD.”**

**JULY 28.**—We three invalids left home for Darjeeling. It was a hot, sweltering day. We took second-class passage in the barge towed by our little Midnapore steamer.

We reached Calcutta late in the afternoon of the 29th (Tuesday), and stayed till Friday noon. The preparations for a three months’ stop in Darjeeling were made altogether by my husband. We were in a small, unventilated room, so the punkah had to be pulled day and night. Almost as soon as we were in the cars it seemed like a new world, for we had air to breathe. Our passage was second-class, of course. After about four hours, we came to the Ganges, very broad and rough, yet refreshing. Here the railway passengers cross the river by a steamboat, an hour’s ride, and find other cars waiting. My husband, who was a third-class passenger, came to our compartment windows, at the large stopping places. At 9 o’clock, Saturday morning, we reached Silligori, the end of the railway journey. Here were *tongas* waiting to take us the remaining forty-eight miles. The *tongas* are two-wheeled carriages, with canvas tops, drawn by two mountain ponies, which are changed every four or five miles.
Here the mountains were seen distinctly, and after a few miles we began to go up, and oh! how exhilarating it was! just like home woods and valleys. Soon we began to see clumps of ferns by the wayside. Our first stage by tonga was to Kerseong, twenty-nine miles. Before leaving home, we saw in the papers that there had been a serious landside within a few miles of Kerseong, which had swept the mountain road sheer down, leaving the Pargolar-jhora (crazy stream) to dash adown the mountain side in her former independent glory, before man had tried to tame her. The hundreds of coolies had made no headway, for she just rushed down all their efforts to get the road up. Of course, there was a constant fear of that dreadful place before our eyes. Our road wound round and round, back and forth, but always up—the high mountain on one side, and a good wide road, with a stone wall protection on the other. The ponies danced along merrily. How can my poor pen tell about the mountains?—by turns lovely, picturesque, wild, grand, sublime, awful!

Above Silligori the people change decidedly, taking the Mongolian type. They are much better looking, have fair complexions, broad faces and Chinese-looking eyes. Many of the women and girls working on the roads were fine looking. Some of them had as many as five strings of rupees, which gave them a rich look, to say the least. It was astonishing to see what large stones the women lifted, and even young girls carried heavy basketfuls. Sometimes the road just before us was filled with stones and debris, but by the time our lively little ponies were there they found a path through, the last obstruction often disappearing about an instant before the tonga wheels claimed the place. I forgot to mention that in Calcutta an invalid young lady from the American Zenana Mission Home joined our party, so we were four. Miss S. is a great worker, not only in zenanas, but, in connection with others, among the sailors and soldiers, in the coffee-rooms, and, in fact, she is almost a city missionary. We prize her company very much. To return to our journey. At every place for changing ponies, the girls got out for a little walk. The road people had huts perched here and there, where they could find a place. At last, on a turn in the road, we came in sight of the broken road, and found it thoroughly rebuilt. The long posts below, and the stone-work, and over all, the road with a thick wood railing, seemed
secure; but when we looked up the bare mountain side and saw the cause, we felt afraid. High up there are many wild, straggling streams coming down, and as they progress they are wilder and fiercer, and come down over a number of irregular, rocky channels, leaping, rushing, dashing, roaring, as if bound to carry all before them. This is the worst part of all the way from the railway terminus to Darjeeling. Our ponies “tore” over the whole, and we all breathed easy. At 5 o’clock, p.m., we reached Kerseong, right among the mountains and clouds. It was rainy and cold. The dark bungalow was occupied by two young men, who didn’t seem called upon to move. Afterwards they did. A man to sweep and a rousing fire, and after that a cup of tea and something to eat, made us happy.

It was Saturday night. A last year’s acquaintance of my husband sent us jelly, biscuits and tea. On the Sabbath she and her family and a few others came in, and a sweet hour was spent in worshipping God. The glorious scenery all around was an aid.

At 8 o’clock Monday morning we were all on board the tongas, bound for the last up. And up we went, though never suddenly. The ponies could always canter along. All this Darjeeling road is cut out of the sides of the mountain, and goes very much back and forth, so that the road we cantered over an hour before, is sometimes fifty feet below us, and running parallel to the one we are on. We reached the end of the wheel-road, about noon, nineteen miles. This was Darjeeling, at the tonga depot. A “chair” was got for me, a pony for Miss S. (Dr. and Mary going on foot), and we began the ascent to our eyrie, a mile and a half. Each house here, is built in a place scooped out of the mountains. Ours is one mile and two-thirds up a two mile mountain. It is a nice little house with eight rooms. We have four, and the other four are occupied by a doctor and family just back from the Afghan war. At the east of us, our mountain goes up abruptly a third of a mile, and on the top is the Darjeeling “Boys’ School.” At the south is the Waterfalls mountain. At the west, in front of us, is a wonderful panorama, a deep valley, and beyond, a gradation of ranges, ridges, and summits. At the north, is the greater part of the Darjeeling residences, beyond that, ranges of mountains, and twice since we have been here, beyond that, the snowy range—the everlasting snows—have greeted us, silvery white.
On the lower summits around us, and on the sides of some of the mountains, are the tea planters' gardens, and among them, their houses. Tea is the biggest word, and the biggest thing in these regions.

It is Sunday, we have been here almost three weeks. Dr., Miss S., and Mary are gone to meeting at the Union Chapel, where the doctor preaches to-day.

MRS. S. P. BACHELER.

APPROPRIATIONS FOR 1880.

Will not our various auxiliaries, now, at the commencement of another year's work for the mission fields, redouble their efforts to increase the interest already existing, by the diffusion of missionary intelligence, and by securing additions to their membership? Will not many societies aim, the coming year, to raise a sum for our definite work, equivalent to two cents per week from every sister in their respective churches, seeking, in some way, to supply such deficits as may arise from inability, or unwillingness on the part of any to contribute? And can there not be many new auxiliaries formed?

The Board, at its late annual meeting, made appropriations for the coming year, in amount equivalent to nearly three thousand dollars. It also voted that, should the receipts of the year fall short of the appropriations, the treasurer be instructed to pay on the last quarter's remittance, a proportionate amount of each appropriation for the work at Harper's Ferry, and the zenana work in India, save Miss Bacheler's salary.

It will be plainly understood that it is not the intention of the Board to incur debt, and yet its members long to take on more work—to widen its operations many fold. Will you not help us, you who read this, to make it possible to thus enlarge, and especially make of no effect this vote, which, we are sorry to say, seems to indicate a possibility of the failure of some one to do her whole duty.

It is not money we want of you, dear sisters, this is the means, not the end—rather the linking of your soul with the needs of your hungry sisters, and these both to Him who has the infinite supply.
Workers in Council.

Workers in Council.

Nova Scotia.

Minutes of fourth annual meeting of the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society of Nova Scotia, held at Beaver River, Yarmouth County, Sept. 11, 1879.

Officers and members convened in the Temperance Hall, on Thursday P. M. at 1.30 o'clock, Vice-President, Mrs. Royal, in the chair. Opened by singing, "What a friend we have in Jesus," and prayer by Mrs. R. H. Crowell. Roll of officers called, minutes of last meeting read and approved, then proceeded to elect officers for the ensuing year: Mrs. J. F. Smith, President; Mrs. S. N. Royal, Mrs. F. Babcock, Mrs. Mary Tooker, Vice-Presidents; Mrs. James Cushing, Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer; Miss R. A. Hopkins, Recording Secretary; Miss Susie Smith, Miss Azuba Letson, Mrs. B. B. Woodworth, Mrs. R. H. Crowell and Mrs. Babcock, District Secretaries. The matter of having the Corresponding Secretary's report published in the minutes was thoroughly discussed, and it was considered advisable to have the work of the society brought more fully before the people. A committee was appointed to make arrangements for the public meeting. Closed by singing "Work, for the night is coming."

Friday P. M., met in the church according to appointment, Vice President, Mrs. Babcock, presiding. Opened by singing, and prayer by Mrs. Cushing. Parts of the 2d Psalm and 16th chapter of Mark were read by Mrs. Royal. Constitution read by Recording Secretary. Corresponding Secretary then made a full and interesting report of the work done in the societies during the year.

Twenty-three auxiliary societies, and five juvenile societies were reported. Amount of money raised, $378 62*. Mrs. R. H. Crowell next spoke to good effect, advocating the introduction of the Missionary Helper and Religious Intelligencer into Christian homes in the place of the trashy literature often found there.

Recording Secretary read a few extracts from a letter written by Rev. J. Phillips and wife before leaving India. Mrs. Scott spoke with deep feeling of her interest in the work, and was followed by Miss Hilton in a most effective address, not only among the heathen, but among ourselves. Rev. J. F. Smith expressed a kindly interest in the woman's work. Rev. G. A. Hartly, in a short but good address, told us something of the work Miss Hooper was doing in India among the children, that being the work she seems to prefer. Rev. J. Walker, from Maine Central Y. M., spoke of woman's work in reference to training the children in order that the rising generation may grow up in the missionary work. Closed by singing, "Hold the Fort."

R. A. Hopkins, Secretary.

Province of Quebec.

Mrs. J. E. Mason, Secretary, pro tem., reports a meeting of the F. B. Woman's Missionary Society, held in connection with the Stanstead

*Amount has since been made up to $400 00, and forwarded for salary of Miss J. E. Phillips.
Quarterly Meeting, which convened at Missawippi, P. Q., Sept. 27. The exercises were varied and interesting, consisting of singing, select readings, etc., by the ladies, after which an invitation was given to the ministers and other friends of missions to speak. Some very stirring five-minute speeches followed, which had an influence upon the pockets, as well as the hearts of the audience, as a collection amounting to $17.43 was taken, which was regarded as very liberal, considering the small number present. She urges thankfulness and courage.

MINNESOTA.

A Woman's Missionary Society was organized during the Q. M. session held with Crystal Lake church Friday afternoon, Sept. 26th. Mrs. C. L. Russell, of Champlin, was elected President; Vice-Presidents were chosen from five churches in the Q. M. It was thought best to have a public meeting, and the Q. M. gave one hour Saturday A. M., from 11 o'clock to 12.

The President called the meeting to order and the exercises were as follows: Singing; Reading, Matt. 25th Chap., commencing at 14th verse, by Mrs. A. A. Smith of Minneapolis; Prayer was offered by Rev. L. Hathaway; Singing; Mrs. Russell gave a history of the Auxiliary Society in Champlin; also what they had been doing the past year, which was listened to with marked interest; Reports were called for from churches that had Auxiliary Societies; Minneapolis and Champlin reported encouragingly of what they had done the past year; Other churches which had been doing good mission work without any organization also responded; Mrs. J. D. Hutchins of Minneapolis, followed with a selected reading, and Mrs. J. D. Batson of Castle Rock, read an essay; voluntary speeches were called for, and Rev. Messrs. Russell, Batson, Staples, Hathaway and Herrick cheerfully gave us much encouragement in our new work. A great deal of enthusiasm was manifested; one aged brother remarked that it seemed to him that mission fire pervaded the whole assembly. Mrs. Russell gave us a very earnest talk, pleading with us to be active and faithful in this great work; tears were in many eyes. We then sang "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," and a prayer by Rev. Bro. Hayden of Champlin, closed our first public meeting.

MRS. L. E. LEIGHTON, Q. M. Secretary.

MICHIGAN.

Mrs. Platts, Secretary of Michigan Y. M., sends words of encouragement to the workers in her district. She says that since the organization of the Y. M. W. M. Society in May last, the reports received from the different secretaries indicate that a good number of auxiliaries have been formed. Also young people's and children's bands organized, and a fair amount of money raised. There exists a good interest, and it is constantly increasing.

In order to sustain this interest, her advice is never to let the time for a meeting pass without holding it. Have the meeting by all means, if the attendance is small. As another means, she urges the various secretaries to make prompt returns. Faithful promptness is a good motto to adopt. If in any direction help is needed, she will gladly give what she can, if the ladies wishing assistance will write her.
Please send renewals and new subscribers for 1880 at once!

For prospectus of the Helper for 1880, see the third page of the cover.

An article of a very interesting and practical character, from Mrs. Brackett, is crowded out of our pages. It shall appear next time. Meanwhile be diligent for the work there.

A photograph of Miss Crawford is offered to our readers, taken from a picture left with Mrs. Hills, on her return to India. It is regarded as an excellent likeness of this noble woman. The artist has made us very liberal terms, and it is hoped that the sale of these pictures will bring a little revenue to the treasury of the society, and afford much pleasure to the purchasers. Copies are to be had at the office of the Helper for twenty-five cents each.


The old Kirk and Free church of Scotland have both begun Christian work on the island of Cyprus.

"Happy is he who has learned this one thing: to do the plain duty of the moment quickly and cheerfully, whatever it may be."

On Saturday, Oct. 11, fifteen missionaries of the American Baptist Missionary Union sailed in the steamer "Anchoria," from New York, for fields of labor in India.

The twenty-ninth report of "Muller's Orphanage," says: "Since founding the institution, we have received, simply through prayer and the exercise of faith, more than $3,920,050."

Several of the best known of Mr. Sankey's and Mr. Bliss' hymns are being translated at Lucknow, India, into the vernacular of that country, for use in a Christian church of which a native is a pastor.

Rev. W. C. Van Meeter and his wife left on the 12th, for Rome, in the "City of Berlin." His work in Italy has been wonderfully successful. Twenty other missionaries were on board this steamer for various countries.

The Hillsdale Herald speaks of the quarterly election of officers for the Ida Phillips Missionary Society. The Treasurer's report showed that a steady purpose was maintained by its members to have a part in the support of this missionary.

The contributions of the native Christians of the Church Missionary Society in Southern India have increased in the last ten years from $10,437 to $16,296.50; and those of the native Christians to the London Missionary Society in one district have risen from $36 to $1,617 — more than five-fold.

The American Missionary says that the coming season twenty more girls will be added to the number of Indian students at Hampton, Va. Their due proportion is regarded as essential to the success and value of the effort. When the Indian prisoners from St. Augustine returned to the Territory, and their wives and families turned out to welcome them home with rejoicing, the long-dreamed-of meeting proved such a shock to the reconstructed braves that some of them broke from the company and ran away to the woods, refusing to have anything more to do with their affectionate but very dirty squaws. The situation was humorous but tragic, and withal very natural. How could they walk "the white man's road" in such companionship? And how could they walk it alone? The co-education of the Indian boys and girls is the only hope of permanent Indian civilization.
There's a funny tale of a stingy man,
Who was none too good, but might have been worse;
Who went to his church on a Sunday night,
And carried along his well-filled purse.

When the sexton came with his begging-plate,
The church was but dim with the candle's light;
The stingy man fumbled all through his purse,
And chose a coin by touch, and not sight.

It's an odd thing, now, that guineas should be
So like unto pennies in shape and size;
"I'll give a penny," the stingy man said;
"The poor must not gifts of pennies despise."

The penny fell down with a clatter and ring,
And back in his seat leaned the stingy man.
"The world is so full of the poor!" he thought;
"I can't help them all; I give what I can."

Ha, ha! how the sexton smiled, to be sure,
To see the gold guinea fall in his plate!
Ha, ha! how the stingy man's heart was wrung.

Perceiving his blunder but just too late!
"No matter," he said, "in the Lord's account
That guinea of gold is set down to me.
They lend to Him who give to the poor;
It will not so bad an investment be."

"Na, na, mon!" the chuckling sexton cried out,
"The Lord is na cheated, he kens thee well;
He knew it was only by accident
That out o' thy fingers the guinea fell.

"He keeps an account, na doubt, for the puir;
But in that account he'll set down to thee Na mair o' that golden guinea, my mon,
Than the one bare penny ye meant to gie."

There's a comfort, too, in the little tale,
A serious side as well as a joke;
A comfort for all the generous poor,
In the comical words the sexton spoke.

A comfort to think that the good Lord knows
How generous we really desire to be,
And will give us credit in his account
For all the pennies we long to gie."


Susie's speculation.

It was almost missionary day, and Susie's box was nearly empty. She shook it slowly, as if the rattle were some satisfaction, but she knew just what was in it as well as if her sharp eyes could see down into the crack. One nickel, one two-cent piece, and three pennies; and there between her thumb and finger was one penny more,—such a pretty new one that it seemed almost a pity to send it down into the dark little box.
"I wish pennies would grow," said Susie. "How nice it would be to plant them in the garden like potatoes, and then dig up a whole basketful!"

"I can tell you how to make them grow," said Cousin Lil. "Let me see how many have you?"

"Only one," said Susie, eagerly, "but I could break open my bank."

"Oh! no," said Lil. "Never carry all your eggs in one basket; that is a Chinese proverb, and means, don't risk all your money in one speculation."

"What is a speculation?"

"A plan to make money grow. Now let me see; can you crochet?"

Susie shook her head and looked ashamed, for mamma had offered to teach her months before.

"Never mind. I know you can knit."

"Not much," said Susie. "I always forget to seam and to narrow, and the stitches slip off the needles."

"But this is very easy knitting, just back and forth like a garter."

"Oh, I can do that. I made a long pair of reins for Teddy last Christmas."

"Well, then, you are to go to the store and buy a dozen balls of candle-wickings and a pair of wooden needles. The needles will cost ten cents and the candle-wickings sixty cents. I'll lend you the money."

Cousin Lil counted the money from her purse, and Susie ran away on her errand. She came back presently, with her cheeks like roses, and a happy sparkle in her eyes. "Mr. Hall asked me if I was going to set up a candle factory, and I told him it was a plan to make money grow, and he said if I'd teach him how, he'd give me all the candle-wicking in his store."

"We'll show him," said Cousin Lil. Then she took the wooden needles and a ball of wicking, and set up a row of twenty stitches.

"That is all. Now, Susie, you are to knit back and forth, just as you did for Teddy's reins."

"How many times?" asked Susie.

"Until you use up one ball."

"And then what?"

"Then it will be done,— a nice, soft, thick, knitted dish-cloth, just what mamma and Aunt Mary and Mrs. Bell and
lots of other people will want to wash china and glass with. When you knit up all your balls you will have knit up a dozen of them, and you will put them in your pretty Indian basket, and go and sell them, and so many people will want them that you will not have half enough."

Susie laughed at the idea, and knitted very busily, and the great, loose stitches grew so rapidly that before she knew it, the big ball was a little one, and then ended in a tangle.

"What a nice dish-cloth!" said mamma. "I think I will engage this first one."

Aunt Mary engaged another, and Mrs. Wood another; and before the dozen were knit they were all sold to people who saw the busy little knitter at work.

When they were all done she put them in her Indian basket, and Cousin Lil dressed her like a little old woman, with a funny cap and spectacles, and a knitting-sheath on her side for the big needles to stick in. Mrs. Mason saw her and called her in. "What are they?" she asked, peeping into the basket.

"Missionary dish-cloths," said Susie, "but these are all engaged."

"Then I will engage one to be knit," said Mrs. Mason; and old Mr. Ranney engaged six, one for each of his sons' wives. Mr. Hall was so much pleased with the little old lady that he offered to give her a dozen more balls if she would knit him a dish-cloth; and young Mr. Will engaged one, because he said if he was ever married his wife would want one.

Susie came home very happy, with her purse full of silver. "Now," said Cousin Lil, "We must make up our cash account:

1 dozen dish-cloths at 20 .......................... $2.40
Needles, 10; candle-wicking, 60 .......................... 70

$1.70

Leaving you one dollar and seventy cents for your mite-box."

"Splendid!" said Susie. "I'm going to knit the other dozen right away. Only think, Lil, I shall make two dollars and twenty cents on them. I believe I'll be a life member, or maybe a board of managers."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Cousin Lil; "and when you have supplied the town with dish-cloths, I'll tell you another way to make pennies grow."—Emily H. Miller, in "H. W. F."
**Contributions.**

**GIRLS IN CHINA.**

"It is a girl! Be quick, bring water and drown it!" is too often the first greeting received by many a girl who ventures to make her advent into the world in China. Her poor little existence is soon ended; her innocent spirit goes back to God who gave it, and her body is sometimes left by the roadside to perish. If they are permitted to live, they are often bought and sold. A missionary says: "Some months ago, in walking near a neighboring village, I met a man carrying two large covered baskets on the end of a pole over his shoulder. Cries were issuing from the baskets, and I made him stop and let me see what was in them. There were three babies, one in one basket, and two in the other, all lying on their backs, blue with cold and hunger. The man was a baby-merchant, and had taken out six in the morning to sell, and having disposed of half his stock, was returning at night-fall with the remainder. He said if I would take them all, he would sell the lot very cheap. I suppose he would have considered a dollar a piece a sufficient compensation." — *Life and Light.*

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**CONTRIBUTIONS RECEIVED BY THE**

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

**FROM AUG. 1, 1879, TO OCT. 1, 1879.**

**MAINE.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Abbott, Church</td>
<td>$5.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Acton, Mrs. Ira Fox</td>
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<tr>
<td>Atkinson, Mrs. E. B. Page, Mrs. J. P. Hart, Mrs. E. Morrill</td>
<td>2.00 for native teacher</td>
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<tr>
<td>Auburn, Aux., Court St. Church</td>
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<td>Augusta, Auxiliary, support of Emeline</td>
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<td>Biddeford, Auxiliary, $2.00 for Miss Crawford</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dover, Mrs. E. D. Wade, for native teacher</td>
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<td>Dover, Mrs. Ella and Miss Greenleaf, each 50 cents for native teacher</td>
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<td>Dover, Mrs. Everett</td>
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<td>Dover and Foxcroft, Children's Mission Band, for Miss I. Phillips' salary</td>
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<td>East Dixfield, Auxiliary</td>
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<td>Exeter, Church</td>
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<td>Farmington, Q. M. collection</td>
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<td>Kenduskeag, Mrs. J. J. Banks</td>
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<td>Lewiston, Mrs. B. F. Hayes, of Aux. Main Street Church, towards support of a teacher for Mrs. J. L. Phillips' work</td>
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<td>Lewiston, Aux., Pine St. Church, for native teacher, and to constitute Mrs. R. L. Howard, Bangor, L. M.</td>
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<td>Lewiston, Little Seed Sowers, Main St. Church, for Miss I. Phillips' salary</td>
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<td>North Berwick, First Church... do. towards furnishing room at Harper's Ferry</td>
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<td>Penobscot, Y. M., for native teacher... Pittsfield, Mission Band, for Miss I. Phillips' salary</td>
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<td>Plymouth, Mrs. A. Abbott and Mrs. S. Whitcomb, each $1.</td>
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<td>Location</td>
<td>Donor or Group</td>
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<td>Saco, Aux., native teacher, for Mrs. J. L. Phillips</td>
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<td>South Dover, Mrs. C. St. Clair</td>
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<td>Squirrel Island, Mrs. P. T. Knowlton</td>
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<td><strong>NEW HAMPSHIRE.</strong></td>
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<td>Alton, Mrs. L. Y. Thompson, $1 each H. M. and F. M.</td>
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<td>Belmont, Auxiliary, First Church</td>
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<td>Candia Village, Auxiliary</td>
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<td>Danville, Auxiliary</td>
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<td>Dover, Aux., Washington Street Church, of this $5.00 by Mrs. C. Brooks, towards Mrs. J. L. Phillips' work</td>
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<td>Great Falls, Mrs. C. H. Littlefield</td>
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<td><strong>VERMONT.</strong></td>
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<td>St. Johnsbury, Children's Band, for Miss I. Phillips' salary</td>
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<td>South Stratford, Aux., Harper's Ferry, $5.00, Zenana teacher, $5.00 for L. M. of Mrs. B. F. Jefferson</td>
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<td><strong>RHODE ISLAND.</strong></td>
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<td>Auburn, Sunday School, do</td>
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<td>Blackstone, Mission Band, do</td>
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<td>Carolina Mills, Y. P. Missionary Society, do</td>
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<td>Chepachet, Church, do</td>
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<td>Providence, Auxiliary, Park St. Church, do</td>
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<td>Providence, Aux., Park Street Church, towards furnishing &quot;Brewster Room,&quot; and to complete L. M. of Mrs. D. M. Salisbury</td>
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<td>Providence, Mission Helpers, Greenwich Street Church, for Miss I. Phillips</td>
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<td><strong>DOVER, N. H., October.</strong></td>
<td><strong>Total amount, $568.80</strong></td>
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**Miss L. A. DEMERITTE, Treasurer.**