It was the love of Christ for Paul which was the great incentive in his life and work. It deepened his earnestness, strengthened his spirit of self-denial, and quickened his activity. By means of this love he was in the highest sense useful and successful. The love of Christ has wrought wonders in the hearts of men, and according as there has been a true conception of it, has it been the impelling power in all beneficent labors. Nowhere is it more needful than in missionary efforts. The missionary himself needs it. Beyond any necessity for his work which may appear from the condition of those around him, is the fact that Christ's love embraces them, and he is thereby constrained to labor for their salvation. Without this love the home-worker will soon tire and falter at his post of duty; but with it any burden becomes light, and labor a pastime. And in the seed-sower, wherever his field, or whatever his routine of duties, it begets patience to wait in hope for the coming harvest. "For the love of Christ constraineth us."

The Annual Meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society will be held in Olneyville, R.I., in connection with the Anniversaries of the Freewill Baptist Benevolent Societies, which will commence on Tuesday evening, October 7th. We urge every woman who can, to attend these interesting exercises. Many important questions need to be considered, and plans for increased efficiency adopted. It is hoped that Miss Cilley will be present from the West.
What can be the Matter?


Are the fountains of the great deep being broken up? So we thought on reading in The Missionary Review for May and June, under the head of Bequests and Legacies, that no less than thirty-seven donations and legacies, amounting in all to $594,514, had of late been made to various benevolent objects, among which Home and Foreign missions had come in for a generous share, no donation being less than $250, and the largest for any one object $100,000! Besides this, the same number informs us that "the Female Society, founded by the late Mrs. Banyard, of London, had received in twenty-two years, $1,617,985, one-third of it being from the poor, for carrying forward its benevolent and Christian work. Its workers are in Syria, India, Burmah, and Madagascar, as well as in many cities and parts of Europe."

In the same connection we are also told, "the thirty-ninth Report of Müller's Bristol Orphanage says, that since founding the Institution we have received, simply through prayer and the exercise of faith, more than $3,920,050."

Now, what does all this mean? Has some one or more faithful pastors been repeating and charging home St. Paul's exhortation to his son Timothy, viz.: "Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high-minded and trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate, laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come that they may lay hold on eternal life."

Has the time already come when Christians are afraid to die rich? And if afraid to die rich, how about the safety of living, with large sums of their Lord's money hoarded up to rust or to breed strife and contention hereafter, while more than 800,000,000 of their fellow beings are sitting in the region and shadow of death, that is, famishing for want of the bread of life?
By the same mail which brought us The Missionary Review we also received the Morning Star, for the ninth and sixteenth of April, which both pained and delighted us much; pained to hear again the story of an empty, overdrawn treasury and missionary debt, set forth by our venerable Bro. Curtis; delighted to read the ready and most cordial responses of Brethren Bowen, Adams, Penney and others, to the appeal of the faithful treasurer.

It may be true that among us Free Baptists, not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble or rich are called. But of this we are by no means certain. Common fame must be more than ordinarily at fault, or we have tens, if not hundreds, and possibly thousands of members, who could, if so disposed, pay every cent that is expended on our mission work, Home and Foreign, and be all the better for it in the end. If such there be, we fear they have not as yet learned to “distribute, willing to communicate, laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life.” Again we say, if such there be, we commend them to St. James, v. 1–6. Also to St. Paul, 1st Tim., vi. 10.

But the foregoing record presents an encouraging lesson or the poor, as well as an example for the rich. He, whose, are the silver and the gold, is not a beggar, in want of our money. He, who sat over against the treasury and saw the poor widow’s two mites, which make a farthing, could say “Of a truth I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast in, more than they all.” God looks at the heart and not at the summing up of the figures.

In the above estimate, more than half a million dollars are expressly said to be the contributions of the poor. What a vast number of widow’s mites it must have taken to make up that one third, the grand sum of $539,325! And yet not one of them all is overlooked or unobserved by our Heavenly Father. “The Lord loveth the cheerful giver,” be he poor or be he rich. “If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not.” How simple the terms! We must, in fact, give cheerfully in order to have our offerings accepted.

Midnapore, June 2, 1879.
REMINISCENCES.

BY MRS. M. M. H. HILLS.

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

EARLY in the year 1841, Mr. Phillips having learned that there were numerous settlements of Santals in the vicinity of Jellasore, visited several of their villages in company with Mr. Bacheler. Two years previous Mr. Noyes had met with some of these people while on a missionary tour in another section of the country. He came suddenly upon one of their villages in a dense jungle, and was surprised to find himself so soon transported from the Oriyas to a people who could not understand a word he said. Their color was blacker, their features different, and their language more soft and musical. An old man who could speak broken Oriya, told him they were Santals. He inquired if they could read. He said they were wilderness men and had no occasion to learn letters. The Santals are believed to be one of the aboriginal races of India, and in some respects they present a happy contrast to the Hindoos, who look down upon them as greatly their inferiors. They have never embraced the religion of the Hindoos, neither are they so fettered by the system of caste. They worship the sun which they believe to be God or his brightest image, or some idol formed for the time to represent the sun. They are proverbial for honesty and truthfulness, and punish the crime of adultery in a fearful manner; while the Hindoos are given to thieving and lying and shameful licentiousness. Their women, unlike the Hindoo women, do not veil their faces when they meet with men, but are the companions of their husbands in their pastimes as well as their labors, and when widows they are permitted to marry if they choose. Both sexes are passionately fond of music, and spend whole nights singing songs, composed often impromptu by the singer, dancing and indulging in a fermented drink prepared from rice. One afternoon,
Messrs. Phillips and Bacheler came upon a company of about 600 engaged in an annual dance, much resembling the North American Indian dances. Though the Santals have lived from time immemorial among the Oriyas, they have preserved their distinct nationality. Hitherto their language had never been reduced to writing, so Mr. Phillips improved this first visit among them in commencing a Santal vocabulary, for which, at that time, he obtained about 150 words. Thus early this despised race became an object of much interest to our missionaries, and ever since has shared as much of their labors as the pressing duties at their stations would allow.

Meantime, the boarding-schools having received a large accession through the severity of a famine, Mr. Bacheler sent home an appeal for aid to enable them to keep these homeless, beggared orphans for school-training. In emphasizing the importance of taking them while children he stated, as a trait of the Hindoos, that they were as indifferent about the future as the brute. So careless were they about providing for the wants of this life even, that thousands of day-laborers could not possibly raise a capital of four-pence! He added, “I have not yet seen, to my knowledge, a laboring man who was worth enough to own a hoe costing twenty-five cents. Mechanics, of course, must have tools, but twenty-five or fifty cents will supply almost any mechanic with tools.”

About this time our Foreign Mission Board was much cheered by a bequest from Miss Sarah Chapin, of Campton, N. H., of a property estimated at $4,000. It was first willed to the Baptist Foreign Mission Board, but on learning that the Free Will Baptist Mission Board refused the contributions of slaveholders, she left her legacy in its care, requesting that a portion of it, as the Board should direct, might be used for the anti-slavery cause.*

During the cold season, ending about the last of February, 1842, the missionaries, aided by the native preachers, per-

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* The year previous Hon. Gerritt Smith sent fifty dollars to our Foreign Missionary Treasury for the same reason.
formed a great amount of labor in sowing the seed of God's word among the heathen as they traveled from place to place. Mr. Bacheler found some in distant villages where Mr. Noyes had proclaimed the gospel, who, though they did not avow themselves Christians, had abandoned idol worship, and read and prayed. Rama and Sebo, the latter a native preacher from Cuttack, assisted Mr Phillips. Sebo showed much adroitness in presenting truth so as not to arouse the prejudices of his hearers. The Hindoos regard the killing of a cow a much greater crime than the murder of a man. On one occasion Sebo was illustrating the parable of the prodigal son, and, in portraying his reception at his home, he represented his father as ordering one servant to bring a new raiment, another to bring ornaments, a third to call a fisherman, and still another to call a fowler to bring game, thus evading any allusion to the killing of the "fatted calf."

During the succeeding summer and fall the missionaries were greatly encouraged by several interesting conversions at Balasore, mostly among the larger children of the school. Still their hearts were sad and sore, that after many piteous pleas for a reinforcement, six years had passed, finding only two missionaries and their wives to reap in this great harvest-field; the same number that at first entered it.

DEDICATION OF MYRTLE HALL.

As stated in the July number of the Helper, Myrtle Hall, at Harper's Ferry, was formally dedicated on Friday, May 30th. The dedicatory address was delivered by Mrs. E. S. Burlingame, President of the Woman's Missionary Society. We have space for only a few extracts from this excellent address. Among other things she spoke of the reflex influence of the work at Harper's Ferry upon other benevolent work. After speaking of its influence upon the other Societies, she said:—
Dedication of Myrtle Hall.

But no one of our Societies has been so much strengthened by influence exerted here as our Woman's Society. When the call for help stirred our souls, a little over a year ago, it seemed almost impossible that a Society which, previous to that time, had in a whole year given but $350 to this school, could, in a comparatively short time, raise $1,000. But by trust in God, and by persevering and judicious effort, it was done and more than done. And, to-day, we are a stronger Society because it was done—stronger in a broader and more intelligent sympathy; stronger in a consciousness of power to act when occasion calls for action, and stronger in our faith in God's willingness to help earnest workers.

Of the direct influence exerted by this school upon the young people who gather here from term to term; of the refining, elevating, educating influences, that are as precious seed sown in the surrounding communities, as these young people scatter to their homes; of the good name and enviable reputation already obtained by graduates from this school; of the faithful, persevering labors of the teachers and other veteran workers here, who have stood so steadily at the helm and wheel, when the sailing was smooth and the sky bright, and when the clouds gathered blackness and dangers threatened, you who are here know far more than I can tell you. He who makes the end from the beginning can alone truly estimate the far-reaching extent of such influences and such labors.

But, Mr. President, we are here to-day for a definite object. You have asked our Woman's Missionary Society to assist in the dedication of this noble structure. We thank you for the honor, and only wish that there might be gathered here representatives of all the Societies and Sabbath Schools which have assisted in this work, that they might be rewarded by feeling the inspiration of this occasion, and impressed anew for future work. This building has many owners. A little girl said a short time ago, "I want to go to Harper's Ferry some time and sleep in one of those rooms, for I own a brick in that building." In city, village, and country town, in the East and in the West, everywhere, are scattered those whose mites or larger sums are built into these walls and have given these doors and windows their places. The furnishings of these rooms have been planned and prepared by the busy brains and hands of women, very few of whom will ever see them in their destined places.
May the young women who enjoy the privileges here afforded become imbued with the same desire to benefit others that has actuated these donors, and thus make this Hall the means of a great blessing to their race.

It is eminently fitting that on this Decoration Day, when all over the broad land the nation stoops to honor with flowery tribute the graves of the heroes whose death brought life and liberty to a captive race, there should be dedicated a building designed to help in the education and elevation of those who will be future teachers and home-makers among this people. Some day the grass will grow green over our last resting-places. May it be true that the memories of the good which we have done will so linger in the hearts of those whom we leave behind, that they may love to scatter flowers on our graves. But it is an inspiring thought that when we have all lain down to rest, this Hall will silently go on doing the work which we have given it to do, and will furnish successive generations of young women with opportunities for culture that they would not otherwise have enjoyed.

The name which has been given to this Hall is an especially happy one. All through the year, amid summer's heat or winter's cold, covered deep with snow, or peering out into the sunshine, pelted with cold rains, or fanned by soft southern breezes, the myrtle keeps its freshness and greenness. So may the influence of this institution be an evergreen one, keeping its life and vigor through all vicissitudes. On the top of a dry and arid hill a fountain bursts forth. The trickling streamlets that issue from it, soon clothe with freshness and verdure, the whole hillside. So we believe that the influences which shall flow from this Hall will bring life, growth and vigor to this whole Shenandoah Valley. And as the vapor from these streams, formed into clouds, falls in refreshing showers in the regions beyond, so may elevating influences originating here, be felt in all these adjoining countries and extend indefinitely.

And now, Mr. President and friends, in behalf of the Woman's Missionary Society, which I represent here to-day, and in behalf of the denomination, Sabbath Schools and Societies which have assisted in this good work, let us hereby dedicate to God, to humanity, to education, and to womanhood, this noble structure, the fruit of so many prayers, toils, and sacrifices. And when we shall finally all be gathered on the other side of the river, may the good Father grant that
sometime, somewhere, there may be a meeting of all who helped rear Myrtle Hall, all who shall ever be engaged within its walls as teachers or pupils, and all who shall be benefited by their influence, that we may measure in eternity's light the amount of good done here.

DEDICATORY HYMN.

The following hymn, written by Mrs. V. G. Ramsey, was sung by the College Glee Club

With grateful hearts and joyful songs,
   We come, O God, to-day;
We own thy grace, and at thy feet
   Our humble work we lay.

Thy pitying eye, that never sleeps,
   Has seen our toil and tears,
And thou hast heard our constant prayer
   Through all the weary years.

Our prayer that thou wilt sanctify
   The labor of our hands,
And with thy presence bless this house
   That now before thee stands.

Not here alone may science shed
   Its radiance pure and bright,
But may the glory of Thy truth
   Be as the morning light.

And here let ransomed spirits tell
   The wonders of thy grace,
Which with the sinless hosts above
   Doth give the sinner place.

So will we joy amid our toil
   And bless Thy loving care,
That from our poor, imperfect work,
   Doth bring a fruit so fair, —

That from the lowliest of the poor
   Can mold the jewels bright,
That in Thy diadem will shine
   Like stars of living light.
FOREIGN ASIATIC LANGUAGES USED IN INDIA.

The advent of the Moslem armies from Central Asia into India was chiefly due to a desire to secure the treasure of the wealthy Hindu Rajas. Accordingly the first invasions of the Patháns of Ghazni were scarcely worthy of the name; they were rather predatory excursions. Successful robbery of the gold, silver, and precious stones of the infidel Hindu inspired by the always co-ordinate zeal of the Moslem robber for the spread of the faith of Islám, soon led to the design of acquiring the territory of and the establishment of a Mohammedan empire in India. The result was the Pathán and Mogul empires of India.

The Mohammedans brought with them the Arabic and Persian languages. The former was the language of religion, the latter the language of the state. But neither ever became the language of the Mohammedan people of India. The language which grew up as the representative of Mohammedanism among the people, as we have already said, was the Urdu or Hindustani language.

I call attention to this fact particularly because the idea has somehow or other become popular that the Arabic is generally, or at least extensively used all over India. I have myself seen articles in print, and heard eloquent statements in public lectures, showing how wide is the influence of the Arabic Bible in India, in China and distant parts of Africa. These statements imply that the Arabic language is well understood by large numbers of people, especially those of the better classes in these Mohammedan countries. Every Moslem is expected to read the Koran in the Arabic language, and the conclusion is drawn that he understands what he is reading in that language.

Now, I am unable to say anything with regard to the knowledge of Arabic prevalent in China and Africa, but for India I can confidently assert that not one Moslem in ten thousand understands the Arabic sufficiently well to understand the meaning of the Arabic Bible. Tens of thousands of them can read the text, but that is nearly all they know. The merit of reading the Koran does not depend on their understanding what is read, but simply on the reading of the
text. The idea, therefore, that the Arabic translation of the Bible exerts any considerable influence among Mohammedans in India is altogether a mistaken one. The use of the language is almost entirely in connection with the public and private devotions of the people, i.e., the reading of the text of the Koran, and of prayers repeated from memory in the same language. A few learned Maulvis have a tolerable knowledge of the language, and a few more understand the meaning of portions of the Koran, but the mass of the people and the great majority of their priests are ignorant of the language, excepting the mere ability to read the text of the Koran. The influence of this language does not, therefore, extend beyond the lines of Mohammedanism itself.

The knowledge of the Persian language is more general, being largely wrought into the vernacular Urdu. Besides, until the conquest of India by the English, the Persian was the state or court language of the emperors. It is still taught in all the government and mission schools in Northern India.

A wide-spread knowledge of Persian among the Hindus has exerted a powerful influence in the propagation of Islam among them. This is owing to the fact that not only the text books in school, but all works on science and literature, are prefaced with, if not permeated by Moslem doctrine and the praises of Mohammed. The influence of a monotheism like Mohammedanism thus brought to bear on the minds of idolators could not but make itself felt in numerous proselytes to the faith of Mohammed.—Padri Sahib, in Woman’s Work for Woman.

“What shall we have to interest our next auxiliary meeting?” is a most puzzling question to many of our women. “One piece we may read from our Helper, although we know that all of our members have read and re-read the last number at their own homes.” Our missionary women in India, realizing this need, have agreed to prepare interesting, foreign intelligence, which they will send regularly to our Home Secretary, for the benefit of the public meetings of our societies. But to copy these knowledge-giving letters is an almost impossible pen-and-ink task. Shall we not have a papyrograph, or electric pen, and some one appointed to take charge of it at our next anniversaries, that this great need may be supplied with promptness and ease?
Our readers are indebted to Mrs. Hills for the following extracts:

MIDNAPORE, April 2, 1879.

. . . . You see I am not at home. A change in my case led me to ask James to come and see me. He arrived last Friday morning, and Mrs. Phillips and I accompanied him here Monday night. I stood the journey better than I feared I should; but I came none too soon, as I have already required attention such as only a skillful physician could render. As there is no doctor at Dantoon, I can hardly see my way clear to return there. Could I only see the man here to take my place, I could feel much more reconciled to leave my work. As it now is, I am quite disqualified for work, and the approach of warm weather does not bring relief as it did last year.

July has now been with us at Dantoon about a month and a half, and the way she takes hold of the work and makes things move is quite cheering. She, dear, good girl, is a little host within herself, ready and practiced in almost any kind of work, from cooking a dinner to leading a meeting. The people, old and young, at Dantoon, are fast coming to like her much. . . . Our dear Hattie is, in her way, a pillar of strength, very accurate, scholarly, and most industrious. She is very firm, and acts from principle. She appears to be in love with the work, and is advancing in the language. If Nellie comes next autumn they may be able to hold the fort, even should there be no man to stand by them. But O! such an inviting field; and how I do long to go on and cultivate it for the Lord Jesus. O, that our people could but see and feel the need and the blessedness of this God-like enterprise, and be led to do their whole duty. Do plead for a man for Dantoon immediately.

. . . . Your brother for the cause of Christ among the heathen,

J. PHILLIPS.

MIDNAPORE, April 16, 1879.

. . . . It is not long since I wrote you, but my heart is full, so I write again. . . . . We arrived here on the
morning of the 1st inst., since which my husband has had the best attention and medical advice; but there seems little or no improvement. At times his sufferings have been so intense that it has been all I could do to stay by him. So far as I can judge from all that his medical advisers say, I can have no hope of his improvement to a degree that will enable him to do much, if any more, for the cause he loves more than life. It now appears that his work in India is done, and that he will return to his station no more! This fills our hearts with sadness.

We have been allowed to labor on in our own chosen field much longer than most foreign workers do. O, that we were young again, and, with our present knowledge of the language and the people, could continue the work. Most gladly would I toil on many years more, but the cause is not ours, but God's. He intends to carry it on without our poor services...

The work in Dantoon has begun in a most encouraging manner.

After months of annoyance and trouble, a site for a building was secured, on which my husband pitched his tent and began work. There he remained two months, coming home occasionally to help me keep up the work at Santipore. On the 17th of January, 1878, I joined him at Dantoon, and we went into our "wigwam," where we lived three months, and a large share of the time they were months of great suffering to my husband. During February there were several days—days of intense anxiety—when I feared he would go into convulsions and die. We sent for Dr. Bacheler, who succeeded in relieving him. On the 18th of April the walls of our bungalow were up and the roof on, and we moved in. But there were no doors, no plastering, and the floors, or the ground where the floors should be, was as if it had been ploughed and then partially tramped in. About the end of November we were glad to say good-bye to the last workman. Then our dear children soon came, and inspired us with a fresh hope and a new joy, and we ardently desired to work on here a few years longer. For this end, my husband went to Midnapore and Calcutta for medical advice, but none of the physicians gave encouragement of recovery, and now, after months of the best treatment that could be obtained and constantly hoping against hope, we are compelled to give up and leave all.

Early next month I must return to Dantoon, pack up our
effects, visit our “dear little home” at Santipore, holding there a parting meeting with our dear people, make a short call at our early home in Jellasore, spending a day there with dear sister Crawford, and then leave Orissa never to return. O, my dear sister, I cannot tell you with what sadness this thought fills my heart. Who will act as a shepherd for those sheep gathered into the fold for whom we have so long toiled and prayed? 

Ida is still strong and hard at work, but she has been obliged to reduce her number of houses from one hundred and nine to about eighty, not being able to attend to so many with such a small number of teachers.

Our people did well to send out so many new workers and return the old ones last year, but very much more must be done if we would hold the positions we have gained, even among the Oriyas. Bhudruck has been calling and waiting for a man, lo! these many years. The Santals have been pleading and waiting still longer, and I greatly fear they must still wait. And now there is Dantoon and Santipore with not a man to care for the weak believers or the perishing unbelievers. Sister Crawford and our dear daughters must struggle on alone till new help can come.

May the good Lord arouse our people to a sense of their duty, and help them to do it and that speedily.

H. C. P.

S. S. City of Carthage, July 22.

Before this reaches you, you will have heard that we are on our way home. Nearly twenty-eight years ago we brought James and John to Calcutta and saw them on board ship bound for America. On the 18th ult., James saw us safely on board steamer bound for London. We have had a very pleasant, quiet passage thus far. This is so unlike our former rate of travel that I cannot realize that about the 25th we expect to anchor in the Thames, and then shall be only ten days from New York. I feel all the time as though our journey must end in India, and that we shall again meet our dear mission workers and native Christians. Until the last few days I have had but little hopes that Mr. Phillips would ever see America, but he is slowly improving and things wear a brighter aspect. I have not suffered a day from sea-sickness.
My thoughts many times return daily to our chosen field of labor. I love to dwell on its present condition and go back over its history; and I am more grateful than I can express that we could remain so long. Almost the hardest thing I did before leaving, was to say "good-bye" to Miss Crawford. It seemed almost like dividing myself. She accompanied me to the outer gate, and there we parted, and I can never think of that parting without tears. God bless our good, devoted sister.

P. S. We arrived safely in London on the 28th, and expect to be in New York the 15th of August. H. C. P.

A FIRST VISIT TO A ZENANA.

We dropped anchor at Garden Reach, six miles below Calcutta, a little before sunset, Thursday, November 28 — Thanksgiving Day at "home, sweet home." Our excellent consul, General Litchfield, who, according to universal testimony, is a noble Christian man, ready for every good work, came on board soon after, and it was decided that Miss Lathrop, of the American Union Mission, and I should go ashore, the rest remaining until morning. We, Miss Lathrop and myself, were to stop at the American Mission Orphanage, the "Home" being under repair.

Of the meeting with friends I do not know how to write, hence shall not attempt to. After spending three days (Friday, Saturday and Monday), in Old China, Bow and Radha Bazars shopping, I had a spare day, for we were not to start for Midnapore until Tuesday evening. Having expressed a wish to see a zenana, one of the ladies kindly offered to take me with her. Immediately after breakfast we started, going in a gharrie, for although it is now cold season, and one is not uncomfortable in ordinary spring clothing, there is something in the vertical rays of this Indian sun that strikes upon one's brain most oppressively, when otherwise the heat is not at all uncomfortable.

Turning a few steps off the main street, we entered a gate in a high wall, which admitted us to an open court. Passing up a flight of brick stairs, we entered the chief apartment of the family we were to visit, for there were others in the same house. This was quite different from ordinary zenanas, the windows which extended to the floor opening directly on to the public street. I don't think I ever saw a photograph of
a native that could by any possible stretch of the imagination be considered pretty, and I used to wonder to hear Julia sometimes speak of the women as being beautiful, but here surely was a very nice matronly looking woman. The one ear that was uncovered was pierced in three or four places up the rim and strung with as many ornaments, but the face was good. I think if I had had jewels in my ears I should have felt like getting behind the door and taking them out. Her little girl had one in her nose which hung down over her lip, in a disgusting manner. Life in India is quite enough to satiate one with the practice of boring the flesh for the sake of wearing jewels. Both of course were supplied with bracelets; I do not know that I have seen a woman without them since I came. I think I counted seven or eight on each wrist of the child. Some of them are very like the bangles worn at home of late.

The room contained a real bed, though I was told this was doubtless appropriated by the "lord" of the house; a dish of some sort was suspended from the ceiling to keep its contents from the ants; some shelves in the wall contained a variety of nondescript articles, among them a hideous image of a cow or ox, said to be a toy and not a god; a clock on the wall told the woman when to prepare meals for her lord. There were a variety of other things in the room, but they looked more like rubbish than anything else. The woman had three children. The eldest boy was at school, the little girl and baby boy at home. The latter lay asleep on a straw mat, with scarce a thread of clothing. Indeed, it is only among the native Christians, and not always among them, that clothing of any sort is provided for babies.

The woman and her little girl were both pupils, and reading from primary books, hence their Bible lesson was given orally, both listening with fixed attention. When the child was examined on the previous lesson, given two weeks before, she was found to have forgotten much, but the mother had retained the whole. She, too, had begun to learn a little English and I heard her read her lesson, while the little girl read Bengali to her teacher. Then came the fancy work. Wishing to save her teacher the trouble of selecting colors for her, as she usually did, she had sent out and bought zephyrs of a dozen brilliant colors and shades to make her boy a pair of socks. Her teacher was fairly puzzled to know how to combine them. Their ideas of beauty seem to be very
much the same as were those of Jacob in the selection he made of his favorite son's coat.

We staid nearly two hours at this place, then went to another close by which was built in the usual fashion—a hollow square for the men, beyond which was another for the women. This was the home of a formerly wealthy family, but their fortunes having declined the establishment was not well kept up. The mother-in-law had died some months previous. She seemed to have been an exception to the general rule among them, for she was described as having been a very lady-like and lovable person. A mother and two daughters were the pupils here. The elder daughter, about fifteen, was herself a mother, carrying a child, perhaps a year and a half old, on her hip, the invariable mode among them. She had married a man of poorer family than her own, hence he had come to her home instead of taking her to his, according to the usual custom. The teacher and mother gave the younger daughter, about eleven years old, a bad name. She would not be controlled by anybody, would lie, steal, and had been caught teaching her sister's baby to steal piec from its mother. Her mother said she could do nothing with her, but her friends had been asking her why she didn't marry her to some one; so now the matter was settled and she was to be married in a week. Two young men had been offered; one, well educated and a nice young man, but rather poor; the other ignorant but rich, so he was chosen as the favorite (?) one to marry the little vixen. I had heard all my life of this marrying of children; but to see it with my own eyes, and to hear of a woman of twenty-four being a grandmother made it seem deplorable in a way I had never realized before.

Having other matters requiring my attention I did not remain to hear the lesson, but returned, longing for the time I should be able to begin work among these benighted creatures.

HATTIE P. PHILLIPS.

A NOTE FROM MISS HOOPER.

DEAR MRS. BREWSTER: Becoming acquainted with you through the HELPER, I hardly feel towards you as if you were a stranger, and I have come out here on the verandah to have a little chat with you. A little more than a year ago in dear old New Brunswick, I trudged through mud and slush to get subscribers for the HELPER. Now I am beneath the
"sunny skies of India," face to face with the stern realities of heathenism.

I wish you could have been with Mrs. Phillips and myself last evening and seen the group of men, women and children by whom we were surrounded. I often wonder where the people all come from, and how they live, huddled together in those mud houses. Going into a village, sometimes you will scarcely see any one; soon you will see them emerging from their homes in numbers enough to establish a colony in any uninhabited land. Such bright, pretty children I often wish I could adopt every one, although I confess, "soap and water would make a wonderful transformation." We have our hearts set on having a school house in that district. Mrs. Phillips is trying hard for it, and I am sure we shall have it as she has "no such word as fail in her vocabulary." I almost see the mud walls going up now, but we want the villagers to build it themselves even if we have to wait, as they will appreciate it much more, and take better care of it. I should tell you that it was to visit a school, "assembled under a tree for a school-house," that we went there. After examination as to merit for prizes we went, "followed by the crowd," to their homes and hung up the little prize pictures, which gave them as much pleasure as we would receive from a fine oil painting. One sad looking home I cannot forget,—a widow with several children, sitting on the floor, the thatching all gone from the mud walls; the hot sun shining into it by day, and soon the rains will be here. When these people receive the "Gospel," they will surely help each other; as it is now, they live and often die neglected by their own kindred.

But I must stop as the sun has suddenly disappeared. One word more. Will you kindly solicit communications for the Helper from the New Brunswick women? I want to feel that we are one in one common cause. Trusting we all have an interest in your prayers, I am

Yours affectionately,

J. B. H.

Midnapore, May 21.

The Glimmer in the Dark.

We were making a trip from Dhaborie to Bhimpore. Some two or three miles from the highway, in a little village, lived Chandmoni, a Santal woman, with whom we had become
acquainted a number of years ago, and who had taken a good deal of interest in learning to read. Wishing to see how she was prospering, two of us who were mounted on ponies took one of the School Inspectors as guide and went across the country to find her. We were amply repaid for the extra travel, for we not only saw her, but learned from her own lips that she was in the habit of praying daily. This was not all, for she had talked to her husband about Christ until he now joined with her in her devotions. She had not stopped here, but had been to her heathen neighbors with the story of Jesus, and told them what she knew of him. Here certainly was real cause for encouragement. In the midst of midnight darkness and with no Christian within miles of her, she had kept her lamp burning, sending its cheering rays out into the gloom to lighten the path of some poor wayfarer groping his way in the dark. She was purchased by her ignorant husband, according to their custom, when a girl. Being treated in a most cruel manner by her husband and his parents, she begged her father to allow her to leave him and remain at home. This he refused to do, because in such a case he would be compelled to refund what had been paid for her. She was therefore obliged to return with a sad, heavy heart to her husband's home, who at once forbade her to either read or pray. She has, however, through Divine aid, at last gained the victory. Thank God, His Spirit is as ready to enter the humblest abode in the depths of the Santal jungle as in the most favored home in our dear America.

The old Santal drum had sent its strange, rolling sound out on the quiet evening air, and soon the villagers came flocking together to attend worship in our tent, pitched under the wide-spreading branches of a mammoth banyan. Soon our tent was full, and yet their dusky forms were seen crowding about the door. We packed them in as closely as possible on the floor, but still there was not room for all. Stepping through a side opening, I went to the outside door and invited all of the women to my tent. Soon we had a good number, and with them came two or three men. I read a portion of Scripture and explained it in the simplest language. It was deeply interesting to notice the eagerness with which the women listened to what was said, as well as asking and answering questions about it. As we knelt in prayer, I said that any one who wished might also pray. As soon as there was an opportunity, one of the young men, in a clear voice,
offered several short, simple petitions. He was not a professing Christian, but had heard of Christ and prayed in secret. Another evening came and went, and yet another, bringing with them these simple-hearted people of the forests to hear the word of God. Sunday was our last day with them. The evening service was well attended. While talking with the women and telling them how they must pray to Christ, and tell him everything, and ask Him to forgive their sins, one of them looked up into my face in such a confiding manner and said, “You will tell Him all about us, won’t you?” May I ask each and every reader of The Helper to answer the request of this poor, ignorant Santal woman? Will every one of you go and tell Jesus all about those lost ones, and then endeavor to answer your own prayers?”

W. JULIA E. PHILLIPS.

Bhimore, Jan.

“MORE AND MORE UNTIL THE PERFECT DAY.”

Pine woods fragrant with the delightful arbutus and grace-ful little May queens come to us in our visions only this year. Though they, with so much that our hearts hold dear, have vanished from our grasp, still our faith is brighter and brighter, and our blessings who can number?

The Bible school is a blessed reality. Young men, who said to us as we taught them in the jungle, “Give us the chances your young men in America have and see what we’ll make;” also others from the other stations who have been so desirous to fit themselves for life’s stern battles, are here girding the armor on with a zeal and courage that would put to the blush many a faint student in more favored lands.

May 1st found not only the names of these young men on the roll, but those of their wives, too. These same women are now applying themselves to their lessons with an earnestness that savor of victory. They do their own house-work, prepare their lessons and recite two hours daily, and are learning to sew, and all this with one or two little ones “tugging at their skirts.”

Oh! good sisters in favored America, you, who in the smoke of the cooking-stove and the clatter of the sewing-machine, have so long stifled the inner cry for mental food that your minds are barest skeletons, be cheered and stimulated to better things by the example of these women in this dark land;
also be warned lest at the great ingathering of talents yours be simply a “hidden one.”

The number of students that came exceeded our preparations for them, but some one suggested that our horse had died very opportunely, consequently there was spare room in the stable. The straw was also stacked outside, and in two days there were five impromptu dwellings accommodating as many families. The students put up the brush-wood partitions while their wives plastered them with mud.

The students' morning prayer-meeting is remarkably well attended, and is a season of humble, earnest pleading for Divine help. It usually closes before sunrise. As the weather has been intensely hot we have been obliged to work very early in the morning. For months we did not have a single shower, and from nine till five were prisoners in our own houses. The hot winds and fiery sun barricaded us most effectually. The burning breath of the one and the mad rays of the other sent us half reeling to our inner rooms when we ventured out on to the veranda during the middle of the day. But May 13th, the long-looked for cloud was above us and the big drops were actually falling. We rushed to the veranda and were fairly feasting our eyes, when a vivid flash and a tremendous crash at the same instant sent us bounding into the house. Oh! how the torrents poured down upon the thirsty earth then, and the wind blew fearfully. In twenty minutes streams quite like little rivers were flowing around the house and down the street. The earth was so thoroughly baked it could not absorb it at once, and very quickly every inch of ground between our house and the next one was under water. In an hour the bright sun was shining again and our doors were all thrown wide open, and we were luxuriating in the delightful coolness and the marvelous beauty that a thunder shower always awakens here, when a messenger from our chapel compound came to tell us that the flash which sent us in so quickly had sent two beautiful boys to their long home. At dusk these two boys were wrapped in simple mats, serving both as shrouds and coffins, and laid side by side in one grave.

The next day was charming beyond description. Our children were in ecstacies at being out of prison again, and able to run out and in as they did in America. But we could not forget the little sleepers in the quiet church-yard, nor the poor heathen mother who was spending the day prostrate upon the
grave of her lost son weeping and wailing as only a heathen mother can, with no blessed hope of reunion "in the sweet bye and bye."

The suddenness and intensity with which nature works here make us feel our own helplessness as we never did at home, and ever and anon we hear the voice of the great I Am, saying, "stand still and see that I am God and there is none beside me."

The sun shines brightly in an unclouded sky. In an incredibly short time, the heavens are as black as ink, a blinding sand storm is sweeping through every crack and cranny, the wild winds blow from every quarter when, halt! An instant of death-like silence, every leaf is still! Peal on peal, and on marches a tropical thunder storm in all its terrible grandeur. Every once in a few years these storms swell into hurricanes and cyclones, which sweep through the country and leave nothing but death and ruin in their track. Again, weeks and months roll by, and the heavens are brass; a fearful famine is the consequence and thousands die for food.

In the morning the strong man goes out in the pride of his strength, cholera overtakes him, and at evening the fresh sods are placed over his grave. Just now the small-pox is raging all through the bazar, and we see men, women and children by the road and alleys, one mass of disease, but this, strange as it may seem, we fear almost none though we often come in contact with it. "The plague shall not come nigh thee," is verified daily, and our little schools among the very class most afflicted are flourishing, and we are looking to you for money and help, the lack of which troubles us much more than all the fearful things we could tell you about this wonderful land of beauty and sorrow. Our home letters are fragrant with the lovely arbutus. Sell a few and send us the money for our poor bazar children.

Yours in loving service,

Mary R. Phillips.

Midnapore, July 1st.

Later. What you say about systematic effort made me say "amen" all the way from here to Smith Street. I'm thankful the Rhode Island women are doing so well. How good it was in dear Mrs. Hills to get my "push-push" at Lowell, and money enough beside to fit up a bullock-cart. I have had a present of some bullocks, so have a carriage
Workers in Council.

ready for my teachers, a few of them at least. Oh! what quantities of money I could use for these poor, poor creatures, and so surely will it pay.

I have already four schools, two of them are small and the others have a good number of pupils. I am astonished at the caste among the very poor. The first fruit of these schools is a little Santal girl, whom I have engaged as teacher in the Bengali alphabet. Will some little band or class support her one year? Ten dollars only! They shall hear from her once in three months. Father and mother Phillips sailed on the 18th ultimo. Their Indian life-work is done, and they must be nearing the home shores.

One of Miss Crawford's native girls has been praying for "God-appointed" men to be sent to India.

Our auxiliaries are requested, during the months of September and October, to unite earnest prayers that such a man and woman as are best fitted to occupy the section and work of Rev. J. Phillips and wife in India may present themselves as missionary candidates. D.

Workers in Council.

MAINE.

At the Maine Western Yearly Meeting, held at South Cornish, June 18th, one hour of Wednesday, p. m. was occupied by the Woman's Mission cause. A full report of the work for the year was given by the District Secretary, Miss Hasty.

Two new auxiliaries and one band have been formed, making the present number of auxiliaries thirteen; children's bands, seven; amount of money raised, $369.40; a large portion of this has been devoted to the needs of the Parent Society, and it does not include the money raised by the children. Number of Missionary Helpers taken, 242. Each of the four Quarterly Meetings has a secretary actively at work, and at nearly all of the quarterly sessions some time has been successfully occupied by the Woman's work.

The great need in this district is that of women to go ahead and bear the responsibility of organizing and sustaining auxiliary societies; consecrated women, who are willing to lead in prayer, and who will attempt anything which Christ commands, believing that "I can do all things through Him which strengtheneth me."
After this report Miss Cora Grant read a most interesting letter from Miss Julia Phillips. Mrs. Jordan then read an essay on "The Opportunities of our Mission Fields in Virginia and India," which was followed by an able address from Rev. F. K. Chase, upon the words, "For whosoever hath to him shall be given," proving that every woman who engages in this beloved labor of elevating her own sex, receives a hundred fold in this life in physical, intellectual, and spiritual development. These exercises were interspersed with excellent singing.

Thursday morning a prayer-meeting was held in the little school-house, when earnest loving petitions were sent to our Heavenly Father, beseeching Him to bless the labors and hearts of our missionaries.

E. D. J.

VERMONT.

Mrs. G. M. Prescott, Assistant District Secretary for Wheelock, Q. M., thus reports a successful meeting held for the first time in this Q. M.:—I suppose you are interested in all items relating to "Mission work," and so I will give you an account of our first public missionary meeting held in connection with our last session of the Wheelock Q. M., at Sheffield, Vt. I had felt for a long time that something of the sort should be done, but circumstances had not favored such a movement, but feeling quite sure of being able to attend the last session, I wrote to ladies in several of our churches asking them to take a part, and every one, without a single exception, responded cheerfully. We went up to the Q. M., and asked for a little time to be appropriated to the mission work. Some thought that one hour would do, and some another, and as it seemed necessary that all who desired should have the privilege of preaching we were in considerable doubt about securing sufficient time for what we had prepared; but finally, Sabbath morning, at ten o'clock, was the time designated. We would have preferred a less public occasion, but the brethren seemed to think that the most suitable hour, so we acquiesced. The exercises were as follows: Singing—"Go work in my vineyard"; reading of the ninety-sixth Psalm, by Mrs. G. M. Prescott; prayer by Rev. W. L. Noyes; singing—"What shall the harvest be?"; Essay by Miss Chapman, of Sutton; subject—Foreign Missions; select reading by Mrs. Switzer, of St. Johnsbury; Essay by Miss Elva Nichols, of Lyndon; subject—Our Mission Work; select reading by Mrs. M. Atwood, of Sheffield; Mrs. F. L. Wiley, of Whitefield, N. H., then gave us a short address, referring to the manner of doing mission work in the Lisbon Q. M., though more particularly that done in her own society. Closed by singing "From Greenland's Icy Mountains."
A collection and pledges were taken, amounting to a little more than $25. So ended our first mission meeting. All seemed pleased, and hoped we would hold similar exercises during each session, and we mean to do it so far as is practicable.

Mission work has received a new impetus in this region since anniversaries; they were just what we needed to inspire us to nobler endeavors. Should anything I have written encourage any of our sisters in other Q. M.'s. to similar exertions, you are at liberty to make any extracts from this for the "Helper." Resolve to do and the work is half done.

From reports obtained during the last months, we feel that the interest in Missions is on the increase in Vermont, yet there are parts of it which we hope to hear from. I have urged the importance of holding mission meetings occasionally, believing it to be one great means of stimulating our work. From the Assistant of Wheelock Q. M., I have the programme of their first meeting which convened with their recent Q. M. The exercises consisted of essays, select readings, etc. A general feeling was manifest that time was profitably spent, and that this was only a beginning of meetings. There is similar report from the Auxiliary Assistant of S. Strafford. I report an interesting missionary meeting in connection with Corinth Q. M., which convened recently at E. Orange. To hear reports from different Societies, and remarks from brothers and sisters, serves to encourage us to greater action, and it is enlivening to see the young ladies interested with us. We were favored with the reading of a beautiful poem, by a Miss Richardson, of East Orange. I have also an Auxiliary Assistant in Stanstead, Q. M., which is a late thing. Also an Auxiliary Society recently organized at Stanstead.

We hope to see a steady and growing interest in the Mission work among our sisters, and time will tell of our labors done, of work accomplished.

MRS. F. P. EATON, Dist. Sec.

CORINTH, June 26, 1879.

MICHIGAN.

The June session of the Hillsdale, Q. M., which convened with the Hillsdale church, was decisive in the interests of missions.

On Saturday afternoon a missionary meeting was held, Mrs. J. W. Winsor, presiding. Timely addresses from Miss Cilley, upon "Work in India," and from Miss Nellie M. Phillips, upon her "Work in Ohio," were given. We listened to truthful words from others also. Following these exercises a Woman's Missionary Society was organized. Miss Phillips was elected president, and a vice-president from each church. Miss Anna P. Stockwell was chosen secretary and treasurer.

The interest manifested told plainly that the need of this society was widely realized, and that many were ready to help scatter the seed of God's truth throughout the world. Miss Cilley was appointed by the Q.
The Missionary Helper.

M. Conference to visit its churches, and she spends the month of July in the work.

On Sabbath morning, July 6th, she spoke at the Dover church, where her earnest words will long be remembered. An auxiliary society was organized in this church. Cards were distributed, and about thirty dollars pledged and collected.

We trust that the inspiration of her words will prompt all of our churches to earnest and continued effort in this cause.

Anna P. Stockwell.

At the session of the Van Buren Q. M. just held at Gobleville, a Q. M. W. M. Society was formed. Pastors and people here have for years done something for missions, but they feel now that with a systematic plan of working they could do more, and that more easily, and others who now do nothing would be induced to help. So this Society was formed, and an hour was given to it, for a public meeting at each Q. M. session. Cards are to be used in all instead of part of the churches, and the watchword seemed to be now and hereafter, steady, earnest, united work all along the line. Mrs. Anna Barton, pastor of one of the churches in the Q. M., was chosen President, and Mrs. Perry Sheldon, Secretary and Treasurer. A Vice-President was chosen from each church. These Vice-Presidents act as collectors, and with the other officers, form a Board of Managers.

Wisconsin.

Mrs. Ada Kennan, Secretary of Wisconsin Y. M. W. M. Society reports that three Quarterly Meetings in their Y. M. hold a missionary meeting at each session, and that there are five church societies in working order. She adds: "Auxiliaries might be formed at other points if some one had the time and means to visit them and work them up. We need a thorough canvass of the State by a live and zealous, earnest, thoroughly informed person. I think that a goodly number of subscribers to the Helper might be secured if effort was made to get them. I regret very much the unsatisfactory condition of our work, though I do think the indications are more hopeful than a year ago, and far more hopeful than two years since."

Minnesota.

Mrs. C. L. Russell, of Champlin, in her letter of July 30th, requesting that two names be added to her club of seven, says:——

"Our woman's society here is small as yet. We organized last November with seven members, and now we number thirty-one. We hold monthly meetings which are growing in interest each month.

We have had one concert or public meeting, with quite a full house and the people were much interested. We shall give another soon, and we hope by these and individual work to keep the interest on the increase.

If nothing more is accomplished we will try to furnish information regarding the mission work and fields. We are trying to circulate the Helper, and though our progress is slow, yet we are glad to get even one new name, for it gives the light the people so much need. May God make it a blessing and a help to the cause, as I know it must be."
Rev. and Mrs. Jeremiah Phillips arrived in New York on Thursday morning Aug. 14th. They went to Whitestown, and thence go to Hillsdale.

We can furnish no more back numbers of the Helper. Commencing with the present number we will furnish it for the remainder of the year, for ten cents.

Miss Cilley has been doing good service in Michigan in forming bands and obtaining subscribers for the Helper.

All the large religious denominations are conducting educational movements among the freedmen on a large scale. There are scattered through the southern states, under the patronage of different denominations, thirty-nine chartered and endowed institutions for the higher education of colored people as teachers, ministers, physicians, farmers, and mechanics. Besides these, there are sixty-nine schools of a lower grade. It is calculated that in the last sixteen years twenty million dollars has been contributed and invested in the work of educating the freedmen. — Mrs. Stowe.

Missionaries in South Africa are discovering traces of identity among the Zulus to the ancient Israelites. It is said that they have generally marked Jewish features, and their language is full of Jewish idioms.

Persons or Sabbath schools wishing to send their papers or books to the colored people will find a worthy recipient in Thomas Yarbrough, Milton, North Carolina. He is one of the Normal school boys, and has recently organized a Sabbath School with fifty scholars in a dark region. Also send to Alfred Adams, at Beaver Creek, Maryland, and Jacob Rideout, Berryville, West Virginia. Rev. A. H. Morrell, Harper's Ferry, is ready to scatter any such helps where they can do good. Always prepay the cost of sending.

So much to do at home! Not right to spend so much abroad while there are so many not much better than heathen at home. "The churches of America are spending three per cent. of all they spend for religious purposes for foreign missions. How long will it take to pay the debt we owe heathenism at the rate of three per cent. worth of gospel to them, and ninety-seven per cent. worth to ourselves?"

"Sir," said a Brahmin priest to a missionary, "what is it that makes Christianity exercise such a power over the daily lives of those who embrace it, making them more energetic, more moral, more noble? Our religion does not do it. Please give me the secret?"

"If there were no heathen to be enlightened, no poor to be relieved, no erring souls to win to Jesus, the church would need to be translated at once from her place militant to her place triumphant, else she would languish unto death for lack of the proper use of her energies."

"What wealth of character is garnered by those who live not unto themselves, may be seen by a glance at those noble women whose praise is in all the churches. It is a sad pity not to understand the delightful privilege of using our powers in blessing others."
I beg of you, I beg of you, my brothers,  
For my need is very sore,—  
Not so much for earthly comforts do I ask  
you,  
As for something even more;  
From the depths of your heart’s pity let it  
be,  
Pray for me!  

I beg of you who praise the name of Jesus,  
Exulting in his love for you,  
Who find his word so sweet and precious,  
O tell, does Jesus love me, too?  
The light which gives you joy, I cannot  
see,  
Pray for me!  

I beg of you, calm souls, whose wondering  
pity  
Looks on paths you never trod;  
I beg of you who suffer, for all sorrow  
Must be very near to God;  
And heathen woe is vastly greater than  
you see,  
Pray for me!  

I beg of you, O children, for he loves you,  
And he loves your prayers the best;  
Fold your little hands together,  
And ask Jesus that we also may find rest,  
That he story of His love may be told to  
us.  
Pray for us!  

I beg of you who walk before as shepherds,  
Leading flocks in pastures green,  
Whose tender hands upraise the little  
lambs,—  
O, that your pitying eyes could once  
have seen  
These other lambs that are not folded thus!  
Pray for us!  

I beg of you who sow your seed in spring­time,  
Waiting long for ripened wheat-boles,—  
One broad field is white now for the  
reapers,  
And the harvest is men’s souls!  
O, when will laborers come in love and  
gather us?  
Pray for us!  

I beg of you, I beg of you, my brothers,  
For an alms this very night:  
I am standing at your hearts’ door, His lit­tle one,  
Do not shut me from your sight!  
And the charity you give my soul shall  
be —  
Pray for me!

**PAKA DALE.**

[This letter was written to Mr. Frost’s Sabbath School at Brunswick, Me., by one of Miss Crawford’s teachers.]

**JELLASORE, Feb. 23, 1879.**

You are strangers to me, but I love the same Saviour that you love, and find pleasure in his service. In this Orissa country the Lord’s work is progressing. Far more than formerly the people now wish to hear the gospel and learn what they must do to be saved, and we trust that many will soon openly confess Jesus. At present I am engaged in a school three miles from home (Miss Crawford’s boarding-school is my home). Another girl and an old woman go with me. About twenty children attend my school. They are interested in learning. They can repeat the Lord’s prayer and several hymns, and they learn passages of Scripture which Phebe and I select for them. We have worship with them mornings. At first I read a little from God’s word, then they
repeat a hymn, then I pray, and at the close of my prayer they say the Lord's prayer in concert. When this little season of worship is over school begins.

The people of this heathen village are kind to us, and appear glad to have christianity taught. They say "Our idols are nothing, there is one God only." The women are especially glad to hear, and they come to us and after talking awhile they say, "The One you worship is true." When we first came to this village they manifested enmity to the christian religion, but now they show only friendship. Pray much for us that we may be able to work for the Lord. Pray also for the children whom we teach, and for all the people in their village. Accept our christian love. We have never seen you, but trust you and we are "one in Christ Jesus." More preachers are needed to go through all the villages preaching Christ. Your little friend, Paka Dale.

DEAR PEOPLE IN THE S. S: The girl who wrote the above to you, was made an orphan by the dreadful famine of 1866. Do any of you know what it is to go hungry? I can never forget the sights I saw during that fearful famine. Poor creatures at a distance heard we were feeding the hungry. They came in and some were so nearly dead when they arrived that they ate one meal only and expired. One day our public stores failed to arrive. I searched my own house for eatables, made gruel for some of the weakest ones, took all the milk I could obtain for the babies, and went to the hospital to deal it out. Oh, that dreadful day! Some seized me by the ankles as I passed. They were lying on the floor and seemed too weak to speak, but their looks, their glaring eyes spoke more forcibly than words. Tears come into my eyes now as I think how they suffered. After doing what I could, I crossed the road and went to my own home, not there to eat of the fat of the land myself, for there was no "fatness" in the land. There were many orphans on my own premises, and I must feed them. With what an aching heart I went to bed that night! Little sleep came to my relief, and in the morning I again went to the hospital and found many dead. Poor, poor creatures, does their sad, sad death excite your pity? Then know ye that the loss of the soul is as much greater than that of the body as eternity is longer than time. Even now, there is a famine in this land for "that bread which came down from Heaven." Great
multitudes have not God's word, and many, very many there are who could not read it if they had it. We are trying as far as lies in our power to teach the people to read. Our teachers, though but famine orphan girls, must be fed while they teach. A generous Christian gentleman in Michigan contributes to the support of the one who has written you, but I have fifteen more girls engaged more or less in teaching. I am looking to the Lord for help, and he does sometimes send help from unexpected quarters. Is he sending by you? Yours in the Saviour's work,

LOVINA CRAWFORD.

GOOD CHEER FROM MISSION BANDS.

The last meetings of our Band have been more than usually interesting and the attendance very good. The usual public meeting was held on the evening of July 22d. On this evening the children's band, known as the Busy Bees, met with us, bringing their mite boxes to be opened for the first time. The mite box system has been very pleasing to our Busy Bees, and the returns from them were excellent.

A Bible exercise from the "Helper"; questions about heathen gods, recitations, and readings, interspersed with music, gave us pleasant entertainment for an hour. One of the readings by "Mamoona," in Hindoo dress, was greatly enjoyed.

Nor would we omit to mention a letter to our band from Miss Ida Phillips, and as her work in the Zenana houses was described, we seemed to lose sight of the distance between us and India, and fancied we could see those dark faces looking up into ours and asking to be taught about Jesus.

We do feel it a privilege to work for this cause. Our band now numbers about thirty-five members. We hope to be earnest workers.

IDA J. COLE.

BLACKSTONE, MASS.

WELCOME to your ranks the Lansing, Mich., Young Peoples' Band. On Thursday evening, June 5th, we talked with the good people of the Free Baptist Church, in Lansing, of our work in India, its needs, etc., and at the close of the talk they proved themselves to be doers and not hearers alone. A Young Peoples' Band was enthusiastically organized and thirty dollars pledged at once. They secured weekly pledges using
the Mission cards, and were themselves astonished to see how
much the many littles amounted to. "Why!" exclaimed one
who had been so busy securing pledges that she had not thought
to write her own name, "why, thirty dollars already, and there
are lots more that must pledge. I declare I havn't signed
myself." It was decided then and there to support a
Zenana teacher who should labor in Mrs. J. L. Phillips' care
in Midnapore. To take a share in the support of the Young
People's Missionary, was spoken of, and no doubt the Society
will decide upon that, or a room in Harper's Ferry. Some-
ting for God we will hope and believe these brave young
friends will continually do, and do always well. S. L. C.

On the eve. of May 3d the Ashland, N. H., Helpers had a
May Festival and Apron sale. A table of fancy articles and
long line of aprons made by the girls, a table of Mayflowers
gathered by the children and so arranged as to be divided
easily into small boquets to sell, and ice cream made by the
boys, were all sold, and nearly $20 were cleared. Adding the
collections taken at the meetings, they had $22.25 to give
this season. Ten dollars was devoted to the salary of Miss
Ida Phillips, and $12 to Harper's Ferry. The singing and
speaking by the Helpers was nicely done, and all, both old
and young, had an excellent time.

PASTOR.

CONTRIBUTIONS
RECEIVED BY THE
Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society,
FROM JUNE 1, 1879, TO AUG 1, 1879.

MAINE.

Abbott, Auxiliary ..................... $5.46
Abbott, Mrs. S. Warren .......... 1.00
Canton, S. S., for Myrtle Hall.... 51
Cornishville, Auxiliary, for F. M. 5.50
Dover and Foxcroft, Auxiliary.. 3.25
East Corinth, Busy Bees, for Miss
1. Phillips' salary .................... 2.50
East Corinth, Auxiliary .......... 7.50
East Lamonie, S. H. Remick, for
Myrtle Hall ........................ 1.00
Kenduskeag, Mrs. J. J. Banks.. 1.00

LaGrange Church ....................... 78
Limerick, Auxiliary, for F. M. .. 3.00
Milo Church ........................... 1.05
North Berwick, Mrs. Hannah
Johnson .............................. 1.00
Portland, Mrs. R. Deering, for
support of Nellie Cole, India, 20.00
Portland, Little Seed Sowers, for
support of Alice Rich ............. 3.00
Saugerville, 1st Church .......... 2.03
Sebec, Mrs. E. Morrill ............ 1.00
Sebec Church ......................... 3.10
South Dover, Auxiliary .......... 10.00
<table>
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<tr>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>South Parsonsfield, Mission</td>
<td>2.50</td>
<td>Band, for Miss I. Phillips’ salary</td>
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<tr>
<td>South Parsonsfield, Auxiliary</td>
<td>7.50</td>
<td>for native teacher</td>
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<tr>
<td>Topsham, Auxiliary</td>
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<tr>
<td>West Buxton, Auxiliary</td>
<td>6.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>West Buxton, S. S., for Myrtle Hall</td>
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<tr>
<td>From a friend, for Mrs. J. L. Phillips’ school for poor children</td>
<td>25.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Collected at Quarterly Mission Meeting</td>
<td>11.00</td>
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<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
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<td><strong>NEW HAMPSHIRE.</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Bristol, Auxiliary</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bristol, Children’s Mission</td>
<td>3.00</td>
<td>Society, Lake Village, Mission-B for Miss I. Phillips’ salary</td>
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<tr>
<td>Milton Mills, Busy Bees, for Miss</td>
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<td>I. Phillips’ salary</td>
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<td>Milton Mills, Auxiliary, for Miss</td>
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<td>Crawford’s work</td>
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<tr>
<td>New Hampton, Ladies’ Mission</td>
<td>10.00</td>
<td>Society, New Hampshire Institute, for support of Tirzah Hampton</td>
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<td>Strafford, Second F. B. S. S., for Myrtle Hall</td>
<td>2.00</td>
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<td>Tamworth Iron Works, H. S. &amp; A. M. Russell, each $1.00</td>
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<td>Whitefield, Mission Band</td>
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<td>Wolfboro’, Mrs. E. J. Jenness</td>
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<td><strong>VERMONT.</strong></td>
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<td>Corinth, Second F. B. Church, for H. M.</td>
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<td>Corinth, Auxiliary, Second Ch.</td>
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<td>Highgate, Auxiliary</td>
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<td>St. Johnsbury, Children’s Band</td>
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<td><strong>MASSACHUSETTS.</strong></td>
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<td>Blackstone, Busy Bees, for Miss I. Phillips’ salary</td>
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<td>Haverhill, Auxiliary, towards L. M. of Mrs. A. D. Dudley</td>
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<td><strong>$17.00</strong></td>
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<td><strong>RHODE ISLAND.</strong></td>
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<td>Georgiaville, La. ies of Church for Miss H. Phillips’ salary</td>
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<td>Greenville, Mission Band, for Miss I. Phillips’ salary</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pascoag, Young People’s Mission Society, for Storer College</td>
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<td>Pawtucket, Miss. Band, for Miss Hattie Phillips’ salary</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Do</strong> <strong>VER</strong> <strong>ISLAND.</strong></td>
<td><strong>$50.00</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>NEW YORK.</strong></td>
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<td>West Oneonta, Children’s Mission Band, for Miss I. Phillips’ salary</td>
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<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
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<td><strong>OHIO.</strong></td>
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<td>Harmony, Q. M. for Zenza work</td>
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<td><strong>IOWA.</strong></td>
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<td>Fort Madison, Mrs. M. T. Butterfield, for F. M.</td>
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<td>Fox River, Friends</td>
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<td>Grande Prairie, Auxiliary</td>
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<td><strong>MICHIGAN.</strong></td>
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<td>Genese, Q. M., $10.58, for H. M.</td>
<td>$14.45</td>
<td>for F. M., 14 cents expense</td>
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<td><strong>MISSOURI.</strong></td>
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<td>Keytesville, Mrs. M. H. Hunter</td>
<td>$3.00</td>
<td>for H. M. ; $4.00 for F. M.</td>
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<td><strong>MINNESOTA.</strong></td>
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<td>Champlin, S. S., for Miss I. Phillips’ salary</td>
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<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>INDIA.</strong></td>
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<td>Dantoon, Miss Hattie Phillips, her pledge for India Room, Myrtle Hall</td>
<td>$5.00</td>
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<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
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<td><strong>SUNDRIES.</strong></td>
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<td>Try Class, for Myrtle Hall, $25.00 for finishing, balance for furnishing room in Myrtle Hall</td>
<td>$47.68</td>
<td>(I have already sent to the Treasurer of Storer College, $1.70; making a total credit for Try Class Room of $49.38.)</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td><strong>$426.08</strong></td>
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**Miss L. A. DaMERITTE, Treasurer.**