The progress of the world’s evangelization is more rapid than we realize. To a few there comes the opening of the eyes to see things “afar”; and they make the honest inquiry whether the work given to Christ’s witnesses may not be accomplished in the next twenty years, and that before the coming of the year nineteen hundred, the Gospel shall not be preached for a witness in all lands to every creature.

There is a distinction to be noted between evangelization and conversion. “And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.” It is our work to lift up Christ, to spread the good news of a Saviour of the world. It is His to draw the hearts of men unto Himself and save them from their sins.

A writer in the Missionary Review thus refers to this subject: “The enterprise of a world’s evangelization is perfectly practicable. We need only a baptism of prayer, systematic effort, and faith in God. If the children of this world had a project before them with as good a prospect of success, although its dimensions were world-wide, they would undertake it with an energy that would girdle the earth with men and means in ten years! Why do we hesitate?

“Let us have an ecumenical council representing the whole evangelical church, solely to plan a world-wide campaign, with reference to bringing the tidings of salvation into contact with every soul in the shortest time! Let the field be mapped out and divided, with as little waste of men and
means as may be; let there be an universal appeal for workers and for money, a system of gathering offerings so thorough that every giver shall be regularly brought into contact with the Lord's treasury, and the mites increased to millions! The proposition is perhaps startling, and yet, looking at it with studied calmness and coolness, tell us what is there to prevent its consummation, but a lack of anointing from above!"

What a terrible blot upon our Christian civilization is the presence of polygamy in our country! The time has come none too soon when this giant evil demands the serious attention and the decided disapproval of every true man and woman. It is to be hoped that the law which has been recently enacted will receive such a powerful support, through an enlightened and prevailing sentiment, that this iniquitous system will be crushed out of existence.

But few of us have more than a slight conception of how debasing is its influence, how foul in its character, and how destroying to both soul and body. "Woman's work for woman" here finds a broad and open field, demanding immediate laborers. The several denominational Home Missionary societies are sending their representatives into this section, and already their power is felt.

The work and influence of the National Anti-Polygamy Society has done much to arouse and enlighten the public conscience. This earnest band of women, embracing among its members and supporters Harriet Beecher Stowe, the devoted friend of the oppressed of every class, and Julia Ward Howe, the ardent advocate of reform, should receive the encouragement and active sympathy of every thinking woman. Its headquarters are at Salt Lake City, Utah, and its official organ is *The Anti-Polygamy Standard*. In reply to a note of inquiry, Mrs. Froiseth, the editor, says: "A person outside of Utah can scarcely understand the difficulties under which we are continually laboring, working right in the heart of the enemy's country. If we only succeed in rousing the women of the country to the enormity of polygamy, and they will use their influence in forming a correct public sentiment against it, its doom will soon be sealed." The price of *The Standard* is $1.00 per year, or ten copies for 75 cents each. Address, *The Anti-Polygamy Standard*, Salt Lake City, Utah. Another valuable aid to a clearer idea of

It does not drop out of the mind of any one, we trust, that two enterprises depend largely upon the faithfulness of each of us with reference to them. They are the $1,000 pledge of the Board toward the erection of Anthony Hall, and the $400 for the Industrial, in India. By faith, turned to vision, these buildings are almost in sight. After a winter of school-life, amid din and confusion, the teachers at Harper's Ferry send out their invitations to the dedication of the Hall, May 30th. Shall we then be ready to rejoice that the $250 still needed to complete our pledge has all been paid?

In a recent letter Mrs. Phillips says: "We are going to commence raising and roofing a building that was given to us some years ago. It is very low and has no roof, but it has splendid walls, what there are of them. If we can do this, and put on an upper story at the same time, it will be so delightful, so what we greatly need. We can but try, and our Father knows we are trying, and he blesses us beyond our deserts. I am thankful the Woman's Board is doing so much for us all."

Now can we not make a business of these two things, and have them accomplished? Then we shall have ready hands for other needed work. Let there be no delay.

In good Father P——'s church a missionary spoke one day, giving to the people stirring facts in regard to things new and strange to them. They were much interested, and sat attentive listeners for more than an hour. The prayers of the good minister were fervent for the missionary sister and the Lord's heathen, but no one felt that he or she could give anything toward carrying the gospel abroad,—it was all needed at home,—they felt too poor. But a good brother of another church, a son of the minister, placed a box marked "Missions" in the church, as a reminder of the cause and their duty toward it. Now and then an offering made its way into the box, and on its first opening it was found to contain five dollars, and the Woman's Society of that district is expecting ten dollars towards the support of its adopted work from this people the present year.
ANOTHER WORD ABOUT OUR WISH.

[BY MRS. A. C. HAYES.]

We were speaking of our wish, and were cheered by the reflection that there is no discouragement in the fact that we have no power in ourselves. Renewing our consecration, we cried: "Give me thy Holy Spirit, and teach me, that my life may bear fruit to thy praise." The thing asked was according to our Father's will; "How much more shall he give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him!" "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit." "And we know that if we ask anything according to his will He heareth us, and . . . we have the petitions that we desired of him." So we must not once doubt that He is making good his word, and now ordering the daily discipline of our lives, with reference to our becoming more "fit for his use." But "the measure of the promise is God's faithfulness, the measure of the realization is our faith." And it is that we may more implicitly believe, and more carefully watch for his teaching, that we are again referring to that wish.

Of course if we desire to be taught we are going constantly to his Word. Is not the Holy Spirit "opening unto us the scriptures," and showing the actual, vital connection between the teachings of our Lord, and our own every-day lives, our homely, routine duties, our perplexities and cares? Besides, by the simplest incidents and by the commonest things, to him "that is wise and observeth these things," he teaches still.

Have some of the lessons come in pain, suggesting the murmur: "What have I done that I should have to suffer so?" The dear Master would no doubt say, "Not for what you have done, but for what you may do and be." It would be heartening to look up all our Lord's assurances about the blessed results of afflictions and tests. Thus we shall learn that he is closely watching us in the refining fire, to keep us still; speaking some cheering word to fit every possible case of trial.

And his word is but an index of what He is. What must He be, who gladly put himself to such cost for love of us, and has left us such gracious words — words which, to the believing soul, are always alive with his presence. The
more we grasp the fact that He himself who speaks is here, the more shall we know what it is to "be kept in perfect peace." One has likened this peace to that of the little child, that, distressed in the supposed absence of its mother, looking up and seeing her, becomes perfectly satisfied, knowing all will now go right, not so much on account of something she has said, as because she is what she is, and is there.

But if we have really surrendered ourselves to the government and teaching of the Infinite Master, one indispensable thing devolves on us, and that is obedience, watchfulness to know and to do the things that He says. Not only are we to obey those injunctions that are so generally observed, and that come most readily to our remembrance, but "whatsoever he saith." As pupils, how carefully we regarded the desires and choices of a teacher we honored and loved! Our Lord has left us in no doubt as to his wishes, and what he regards of chief importance, viz.: that the kingdom of God be set up in every heart that can be persuaded to yield him allegiance; and to this end, that every person in all the world be made acquainted with the message He brought from heaven. He has told us, in many forms of direction, to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness. When but one injunction was given, just as He was going up to the Father, it was that the message he had come on purpose to bring be carried to every person in all the world. Let us be glad before him that, while He is so tenderly giving us our individual training, He has set us as a class in his school, to work together, with all the power we may unitedly have, for the carrying out of this great wish of his heart.

The Missionary Review tells a sad story of a woman in Africa. She had offended her husband, who compelled her to drink poison. This not having the desired effect, she was sold to a slave-dealer in the East, away from her little child three years old. As the slave caravan moved on she anxiously watched for an opportunity to escape. When the night watchman was asleep she managed to loosen her hands, walked day and night through the bush, sprang into the house, seized her child and escaped to Livingstonia. Such facts as these must show the women of free America that there is a great work to be done in Africa.
At the close of 1852, Mr. Cooley, as he glanced backward, said: "The past year has been one of much holy pleasure in the work; it has also been one of much encouragement in seeing precious souls gathered to the Lord from this benighted people, and in witnessing the steadfastness and devotedness of the native converts. We often hear the voice of earnest prayer from the young men in our school long after most have retired to rest, and also early in the morning 'while it is yet dark.' The spirit of revival continues to deepen among our school children, and in our Christian community, and the recent converts are exerting a most hallowed influence."

Miss Crawford's labors had aided not a little in the good work referred to, and her warm, earnest heart was greatly encouraged by good news from other mission stations. She said, "It is truly soul-cheering to hear of the triumphs of truth in various parts of this pagan land. Who that has a heart would not wish to consecrate it to the great work of freeing the world from the thraldom of ignorance, superstition and sin? How glorious will be the jubilee when the inhabitants of earth shall have broken from the last bonds of Satan, and emerged into the perfect liberty of the Gospel. In anticipation of such a glorious day, labor is sweet, and toil is better than rest."

The embarkation of Rev. Burleigh B. Smith and wife, Aug. 14, 1852, to join the mission, was noticed in the January–February number of the Helper. Mr. Smith thus announced their arrival: "The dangers of the ocean are passed, we are on the shores of India, in good health and spirits. We reached Calcutta Dec. 31, after a voyage of nineteen weeks and one day. It was inconvenient for Mr. Cooley to leave his station, so Mr. Phillips sent Mr. Oliver — an East-Indian, whom he baptized last summer — to assist us in Calcutta, and conduct us to Jellasore. We have an excellent home
with Rev. Mr. Wenger, a Baptist missionary, where we are to remain during our stay in Calcutta." Resuming their journey toward the last of January, they had not proceeded far when their progress was arrested by the illness of Mr. Oliver. Mr. Phillips, on learning this, met them at Tomlook, and conducted them to Jellasore, where so great was the joy of the toilers in welcoming them, and their own joy on reaching their field of labor, that whose was the larger share, became a matter for pleasant controversy. Brother Phillips said: "This is the sixth meeting of the kind I have been permitted to enjoy during my seventeen years' residence in India, the sixth accession to our mission from America. Had all remained, what a pleasant, powerful band we might now have been! But alas! one comes and another goes; and our real increase of strength is slow indeed."

The newly arrived missionaries remained in Mr. Phillips' family until March 4, 1853, when they were transferred to the Balasore station, where they found a "sweet, quiet home" in Dr. Bacheler's house; and Miss Crawford, who occupied one of its rooms, then became a member of their family. Notwithstanding all they had heard of the degradation of those for whom they had come to labor, yet like others, they found the reality far worse than they had imagined. "I could have formed," wrote Mrs. Smith, "no correct idea of the degraded condition of these poor deluded people, if I had never come here. I used to hear it said at home, 'Let them alone; they are well enough off.' My inmost soul shrinks from the belief that a pure and holy God can take into his presence, beings so awfully unfit and degraded, as are these, daily passing from this to the future state. At whose hands shall their blood be required? I tremble as I think of my past indifference; and are there not others also guilty? . . . May God speed Brother Bacheler's mission among you, and send him quickly back to us, for while the harvest is truly great, the laborers are few — very few."

The work of the mission continued to prosper. In March Mr. Cooley baptized two Khund lads, who for several months had given evidence of a change of heart; and seven of the
young men left the school to labor in Mr. Phillips’ new village, with a view of settling there.

Miss Crawford, in a letter of April 13, wrote thus of the Christian faith of one of her pupils: “Last month, Lydia, a dear Oriya girl, was very ill. We thought her dying several times, but she talked so sweetly of Christ, of heaven, and the holy angels, that we who attended her were much more joyful than sad. O how sweet are the accents of the saint when all earthly hopes have fled, and by faith heaven is discerned. From the lips of the dark-faced Hindu Christian, the same language falls, that fell from the lips of those saints so dear to our hearts, who have gone to a dearer Friend, even the Eternal One.”

The missionaries watched with intensest interest every item of intelligence regarding the anti-slavery conflict, then wagging in their fatherland. Miss Crawford, in acknowledging the receipt of a copy of *Uncle Tom’s Cabin*, then recently issued, said: “Of all perishable things, I love books the best, because the truths they contain are imperishable. What a book is *Uncle Tom’s Cabin!* One half its worth can never be told, nor can it be known till the great day of accounts. Before reading it, I could not bear to hear anything said against it, but now, I feel quite indifferent about it. As well might man, with his feeble breath, stop the progress of a gallant ship controlled by the winds of heaven, or with a whisper, stop the dashing steam engine, as with arguments or falsehoods to attempt to prevent the influence of Mrs. Stowe’s book. Judging others by myself and a few friends here, I should think there had been tears enough shed over this famous book, to drown slavery, if it were ‘drownable.’ Hoping the day-star of freedom is about to arise, I feel better than ever before, in reference to my country.”

The *Key to Uncle Tom’s Cabin* soon followed, and the hearts of the missionaries were stung with shame and mortification for the foul blot of slavery on their native land, while listening to the exclamations of English residents such as these: “What a mercy to be a British-born subject!” “What a mercy not to live and breathe in America, where the air is filled with moral pestilence!” “I should be afraid to go to America, lest I should be kidnapped and sold into slavery.” But Mr. Cooley said, “Ah! my country, I love thee, but I hate thy horrid oppression.”
In the secret of His presence, how my soul delights to hide!
Oh, how precious are the lessons which I learn at Jesus' side!
Earthly cares can never vex me, neither trials lay me low,
For, when Satan comes to tempt me, to the “secret place” I go.

When my soul is faint and thirsty, 'neath the shadow of His wing
There is cool and pleasant shelter, and a fresh and crystal spring;
And my Saviour rests beside me as we hold communion sweet;—
If I tried I could not utter what He says when thus we meet.

Only this I know: I tell Him all my doubts and griefs and fears;
Oh, how patiently He listens, and my drooping soul He cheers.
Do you think He ne'er reproves me? What a false friend He would be,
If He never, never told me of the sins which He must see.

Do you think that I could love Him half so well, or as I ought,
If He did not tell me plainly of each sinful word and thought?
No! He is very faithful, and that makes me love Him more;
For I know that He does love me, tho' He wounds me very sore.

Would you like to know the sweetness of the secret of the Lord?
Go and hide beneath His shadow; this shall then be your reward;
And whene'er you leave the silence of that happy meeting-place,
You must mind and bear the image of your Master in your face.

You will surely lose the blessing and the fullness of your joy,
If you let dark clouds distress you, and your inward peace destroy.

You may always be abiding, if you will, at Jesus' side;
In the secret of His presence you may every moment hide.

—Selected.

A steamer, to be called the "John Brown," is to be built for the Mendi mission in Africa, by the American Missionary Association. One who was for many years a missionary in this mission, and who did much for its advancement, thus endorses the undertaking: "My heart rejoices; this more than any other human means, will help the mission. I well know the need of such a craft, having been back and forth so many times in canoes,—sometimes old, leaky ones,—and my wife and many others have suffered greatly in those long and rough, oftentimes terrible and dangerous, canoe voyages from and to Sierra Leone. Speed the steamer, and may the blessing of the Lord rest upon the enterprise."
It is by contrasting one object with another that we are enabled to form a just estimate of things around us. When we contrast the pure metal with the rough ore, we have some idea of the wonderful power of the refiner’s fire. It is only when we place the beautiful, highly polished statue by the side of the rude block of marble that we have any conception of the matchless skill of the artist. The same principle holds true in missionary work. When we compare the civilized and christianized natives of a country with the ignorant, degraded savages around them, we are ready to exclaim, “What hath God wrought!”

That you may see what the devoted missionaries are doing upon the Dark Continent, will you, dear reader, accompany me in imagination to the Inanda Station, in Natal, which is under the charge of the American Board? Our journey is through a beautiful country, whose shores are washed by the blue waters of the Indian Ocean. It might almost be called the Paradise of South Africa. It is a land abounding in hills and valleys, covered with a dense tropical vegetation. Every step reveals to us some new beauty of trees and shrubs, gorgeous flowers, and sparkling streams. We catch glimpses of orange groves, the tattered leaves of the banana, the feathery plumes of the graceful bamboo, and vast plantations of waving sugar-cane. Yonder, upon a hill, is a little chapel, and clustering around it the cottages of the natives, while the mission-houses are hidden in the hollow. We are cordially welcomed by the faithful laborers, who gladly show us all that we desire to see.

We visit the Inanda Seminary, which is under the charge of two American ladies, where forty-five Zulu girls are being instructed. Their faces, though black, are bright and intelligent, and they are neatly attired in calico dresses. We are astonished as we hear them read, see them solve examples in arithmetic, and listen to their recitations in English history and physiology.

We visit the station-houses and find them neat little buildings, some even made of brick, with doors and windows, and

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*Miss Lester was three years connected with the Bloemhof Seminary, at Stellenbosh, Cape Colony, and afterward taught in Standerton, in the Transvaal.
furnished with tables, chairs, and all things necessary for a comfortable existence. The husband is at work on his land, while his wife is engaged in womanly occupations within doors.

We go to the women's prayer-meeting, and although we cannot understand a word of their language, we are impressed with the earnest tones with which these dark-skinned women plead for themselves and their race. That their ideas are crude is evident from such expressions as the following: "Oh Lord! our souls are black with sin; but Thou hast said, 'Thou art the dish-cloth to wash them clean.'"
The Sabbath comes, and we repair to the chapel, which we find filled with dark, woolly-haired worshipers. Most of the women are dressed in neat calico gowns, with bright blue and red handkerchiefs upon their heads; but now and then we see one radiant in pink silk and white lace, the cast-off finery of some English mistress. They sit quietly listening to the words of the missionary. The congregation is not even disturbed by sundry little black urchins who rebel against the maternal authority, and insist upon running up and down the aisles, or roll over and over, crowing in true baby fashion. Sometimes, instead of the missionary, we shall see a full-blooded Zulu in the pulpit, and listen with astonishment as he eloquently speaks to his own race in words so forcible that he holds his audience in rapt attention.

I have endeavored to present to you the civilized and christianized Zulu. Let me show you the dark side of the picture. Mount your horse and accompany me to a Zulu kraal not far from this favored spot. As we ride along, we see before us a group of savages, the almost naked bodies of the men, smeared with grease and red clay, shining like polished bronze, a number of tails dangling about the loins, and their arms, ears, neck and ankles loaded down with bead ornaments. They trudge along, humming to themselves in a lazy contented way. Following them at a respectful distance, are a number of women, their nudity only partially concealed by dirty blankets, their bodies adorned similarly to those of the men, with babies strapped to their backs, and carrying huge bundles of fagots upon their heads.

We ride up to the kraal, a circle of seven or eight huts, which, in their external appearance bear a strong resemblance to hay-stacks. A number of almost naked Zulus, both men and women as well as children, are lounging around upon the ground, basking in the sunshine. We dismount, and getting down on our hands and knees, crawl into one of the huts. An old man spreads a mat for us to sit upon. A smouldering fire is burning in the centre, and it is so dark we can scarcely see a thing. When we become accustomed to the darkness, we discern a number of kids on one side, and, judging from the odor, we infer that they have not been out of the hut for several days. A few mats, baskets, clay pots, and calabashes are almost the only articles of furniture. The chief man of this kraal died the day before, and his three
widows are sitting around the fire in attitudes of utter dejection. Suddenly a strange, dismal, wailing sound breaks upon the ear, and we hasten out to ascertain the cause. A number of Zulus, from neighboring kraals, tearing their hair, throwing their arms wildly about their heads, and uttering sounds scarcely human, approach. The three wives of the deceased man crawl out of the hut, throw themselves upon their faces, and utter the most heart-rending lamentations.

I might tell you more about these people, how they purchase their wives with cattle, and treat them like slaves; about their rude dances, their barbarous marriages, their hid-
eous customs, their abominable superstition, and their cruelty in war. I have only given you a glimpse of the "heathen in his blindness."

As you contrast these two pictures are you not ready to say "God bless the missionaries in their noble work?"

Woodstock, Conn.

FOUR FINANCIAL FALLACIES.

First — That a rich man is more able to give to benevolent objects than a poor man. "And, indeed, is he not?" exclaims Brother Jones. "Why, there is Brother Thompson, whose interest money is twenty dollars a day. Do you pretend to say that he is not more able to give than I am, who can do little more than make both ends meet?"

Yes, Brother Jones. He may be as able to give a thousand dollars as you are to give one, but you are as able to give the one as he is the thousand.

Second — That a rich man is under more obligation to give to the cause of Christ than is a poor man. Nay, he is under obligations to give more, not under more obligations to give. "Let every one of you, rich and poor alike, lay by him in store as God hath prospered him."

Third — That a man should pay his debts before paying money to the Lord's cause. Nay, for such a rule would exclude from the privilege of giving, all the Rothschilds and Vanderbilts of the world. This may be true: that, if your liabilities are larger than your resources, you are in duty bound to give nothing to benevolent objects; for you have nothing, and God does not command a man who has nothing to give part of it away. If, however, your property would sell for more than your indebtedness, then you have something, and you are to give as the Lord prospers you.

Fourth — That the poor widow's mite is more acceptable to the Lord than the rich man's munificence. Nay, had the rich men who cast in much been as unostentatious and self-sacrificing in their giving as was the poor widow, their gifts would have been as commendable in the eyes of the Lord as was hers. That poor widow, of whom we hear so much, preaches a gospel of self-sacrifice, not a gospel of penuriousness, as many unconsciously hold. Ah, that poor widow!
How Satan has used her memory, as he has used every beautiful and fragrant thing under the sun, for the advancement of his cause in the hearts of men! You do not, my brother, by giving your two mites, establish a spiritual affinity with that poor widow, unless those two mites are all your living, and you are a poor widow with no one to lean upon for support.—Church Register.

WELCOME THE COLLECTOR.—Does the thought ever occur that we may render acceptable service by the manner of our reception of the church or missionary collector? Humbly as she may regard her work, it is a very important factor of the whole, and, to a certain extent, lies at the foundation. No doubt she often shrinks from the self-sacrificing, necessary duty, and hesitates from all that it requires.

Do not say to her, “Ah! you come too often,” or the very common, stereotyped expression, “I’ve no money for missions.” Rather receive her with a warm welcome, and as you lay your offering in her hand, be it large or small, breathe a prayer for it and her work, and send her on her way rejoicing. Sometimes a cup of cold water, or a word of encouragement shows one’s loyalty to a cause, when more active service is denied.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM MRS. J. L. PHILLIPS.

DARJEELING, OR THE CONTRAST.

Rain, rain, oh! how it poured. Who of us in Midnapore will ever forget the rainy season of ’81? Our ordinary rains begin about the middle of June, but long before sunny May had slipped away, the heavy clouds hung black for days, and the rain fell with little or no break. Weather prophets smiled and said, “Only the ‘little rains’; we’ll have plenty of sunshine yet.” Old dame Nature now and then lifted the cloud and smiled too, and then let it fall in merciless torrents, till by the end of June the rice-fields were overflowing; hot, steamy vapors ushered in the tired mornings; noon came with sickening, sultry lulls, when it seemed as though the very pulse of nature had ceased to beat; night found us in a
steam bath, tossing on weary beds, or walking the veranda for a cool breeze and watching for the morning.

July passed away—still the wild squalls, heavy rain, deathly calms, and sickening vapors chased each other in swift succession. Doctors and natives shook their heads—"Terrible sickness in store if this continues." Fever patients multiplied; one by one, and sometimes all together, the servants slipped away; our teachers were prostrated for days. More than one-half of our ragged-school children were burning with fever in their wretched homes, while every now and then merciful death silenced the little parched lips, and dimmed the bright eyes, that had cheered the teacher and classes so often, till it seemed that in every hut and house there was one dead. August ended. The rain still poured, and fever raged higher and higher. Europeans, nursing their loved ones, tremulously said, "a fever wave is sweeping through the district,—who of us will be down next?" The bazars were fairly reeking with foul odors, and our heads and hearts reeled as we tried to examine our schools or visit the sick.

In the midst of all this, reptiles, insects, and vegetation held high carnival. It was their "season," and a grand gala-day—this year five months long—they made of it. Glossy harmless snakes, seven feet long, glided through our gardens and into our thatched roofs. Tiny poisonous ones, taking the color of whatever they creep over, hid in the blinds. The deadly cobra, with a fresh hood and fresh death, lingered in silent ambush. Scorpions and centipedes slipped from every forgotten corner. Toads croaked on our thresholds. Musk-rats played hide and seek in our organs and every accessible basket and box, leaving an odor that must be inhaled to be known. White ants worked with a zeal that would have aroused even Solomon's sluggard. Insects innumerable fluttered in our eyes when we tried to read by a light. Mildew and dampness crept up the walls and grew on the mats. The trees meanwhile were robed with dense fresh foliage in the very perfection of tropical luxuriance and beauty. Massive clouds of gorgeous sunset hues piled themselves above them, and velvet meadows of softest green dotted with rose and myrtle stretched beneath them. Still the rain fell, and the fever increased. One of our loved number fell its victim. Others, from sheer weariness, almost envied her her
quiet resting-place as we laid her down in her silent home. Those who could possibly be spared for a brief rest, hurried away to the hills. And then — let the doctors tell what of weariness and fever followed, till nearly the end of October, when the last cloud shed its big farewell tears. A stiff breeze from the north set in, and our rainy season was over. In a cloudless sky the sun did rapid work, and even the over-flooded rice-fields were soon dry enough for tents, and we out in the jungle and at our branch churches, pushing the work in the delightful, cool, dry weather, with very much to cheer us both in the churches and the schools.

Though the cold season of the plains is most enjoyable, we have little of the keen, bracing air of the temperate zones, that puts life into every fibre of soul and body. Hence, one morning, a morning never to be forgotten, we stood at the foot of the Himalaya Mountains. Oh! dream of a life-time, no longer a dream! Ever since we studied geography in the district school, and the teacher had doubts as to how Kunchinjinga should be pronounced, what visions of this vast range, its mighty peaks and eternal snows, have flitted in our day-dreams, and here we are, gazing with our own eyes upon these wondrous heights. Up a zigzag path, with innumerable peaks and blue billowy hills rising higher and higher, we rush along, while deep, deep valleys and precipices yawn beneath us. Now we are in the Tarai, a malarious belt skirting the Himalayas. Though a fatal miasma often sweeps through it, it is one of the great Indian hunting-grounds, and we took long peeps for the Bengal tiger and the wild elephant, and sniffed for a breath of the deadly air which Lady Canning, the “Lily Queen of India” inhaled too freely, and was carried down to her palace to die. Beyond the Tarai, vegetation is entirely changed. Vast forests of oak, chestnut, and birch clothe the hills. Enormous vines and creepers twine and intertwine the massive trees like cables; lovely orchids swing from their branches. Every now and then the magnificent magnolias and rhododendrons brighten the dark woods with exquisite white and pink flowers. Rarest ferns and softest mosses peep from great boulders over which the mountain streams gush and tumble making the valleys resonant with their merry music, and soon the tall fern trees tower above fields of ferns of every shade and shape, and our ascent of forty-one miles through these wild, glorious scenes is ended, and we are in Darjeeling,
in the centre of a vast amphitheatre of mountains, each higher than Mt. Washington, above which towers the snowy range in all its solemnity, purity, and peacefulness. Well is it said, "See Darjeeling and die."

This is one of the Sanitaria for Lower Bengal, where weary officers and soldiers recruit, and where sickly little children are sent to inhale this fresh mountain air, and their immediate improvement is marvelous. More rosy, healthy boys and girls cannot be found.

The natives here are a hardy set of mountaineers, who carry fabulous loads on their backs by means of a strap attached to them and passing over their foreheads, thus throwing most of the weight upon their heads. Women do the same, and moreover, on top of the load rests the baby, in a basket exactly like the one Moses lay in on the banks of the Nile. There are few prettier sights than these same little Moseses, in their tiny baskets among the dark green tea-plants with the orange-like flowers hanging over them, while their mothers gather the tender leaves for market. By the way, we are just now enjoying the deservedly noted hospitality of one of the kindest of the many tea-planters who are making their fortunes fast from the rough sides of these old Himalayan hills.

Our path here lay through a dense forest, where the silence could be felt, and over many a frightful chasm. Lovely pendant moss swung from every branch and twig. Some so gay that it made the old forest-giants look as though they belonged to some pre-Adamite age. Suddenly a dense fog set in, transforming them into weird old ghosts, stretching their long arms towards us. The excitement was not a little intensified by our leading pony's (a fiery little fellow) prancing and frisking on the very edge of certain death. In a pass here there are two waterfalls, nearly opposite one another, rendering it exceedingly beautiful, quite equal to Alpine scenes, it is said. Though this vast range is twice the size of the Alps, and excels them in sublimity, it is not so picturesque. But here the life-blood fairly leaps through every muscle and fibre, till one's whole soul thanks God for mere existence, and we walk miles with less fatigue than one could half a one on the plains.

Our crowning view was from Mount Senchal, 2,000 feet above Darjeeling, where the snowy range, extending around
Correspondence.

nearly one-quarter of the horizon, and Mount Everest, the highest peak in the world, stood out in bold relief in a cloudless sky; while beneath stretched the hill forests, the valleys, and away, away down, the cities of the plain, where the little mountain brooks have swollen into mighty streams. It was a view for a life-time, too overwhelming for mortal pen! "Upon what a gigantic scale does nature operate" in this one strange land, commonly known as "burning India"! Here, at one glance, torrid vegetation and Arctic snows, with the long line of intervening gradations sweep before us. "Vapors raised from an ocean whose nearest shore is 400 miles distant, are safely transported without the loss of one drop of water, to support the rank luxuriance of this far distant region."

In our wild scramble for the beautiful moss, hanging in long waves like gold, brown, and green chenille, suddenly the tears came to our eyes, and the dear old home woods and the dear ones of long ago were around us. Yes, here it is, the same old "Prince's Pine" (stag moss) that we used to gather to decorate the school-house,—strange things, these hearts of ours, that a trill of a bird, a breath of a flower, or a sprig of moss can send back into a tender, forgotten past! The fog soon drove us in, but nearly disappeared towards night. These grand old heights flash and quiver with inexpressible beauty as the sun sinks behind them, but as the last faint rays die away, a mortal palor creeps over the peaceful snows, reminding one of the chamber of death when the last warm glow fades from the loved face, and the ghastly final seal is set.

We spent the night on this lonely barren mountain, and by day-break were on its highest point. The clouds had entirely gone, the air was clear and cold, the frosty grass crunched under our feet, and we held our breaths to catch one sound in the unearthly silence. Little by little a faint shade crept over Everest and Kanchinjinga; soon a bright flush of rosy light fell upon the latter; a moment, and the whole peak was aglow. One by one the lower peaks caught the rays, and it was sunrise on the snowy range, though the forests and valleys were still in almost darkness, and the midnight hush was unbroken. This scene beggars all description; neither human pen or pencil can portray it. It must be seen by the inner eye. Oh blessed Faith, that has taught us of a "great white throne" of spotless purity, and of "pearly gates," and of the "light
of the Lamb.” Surely we felt that morning, as we watched solemn, silent Kunchinjinga in eternal white, with the morning light flashing in sapphire and opal over it, as though Faith had changed to Sight, and visions too bright for mortal eyes were sweeping before us. Silence, sublimity, infinite beauty! What offering is meet for this heaven-born morning! One word to those who bewail the woes of the plains, and covet the weal of the mountains. Remember that One, who speaks to us each and all, in whatever station of life, and speaks with “authority,” has said “the Kingdom of Heaven is within you.”

[FROM MISS HATTIE F. PHILLIPS.]

Thinking your readers would be interested in hearing directly from one of our native workers, I have translated a little sketch written during last term by one of our girls. Being anxious to interest them in mental labor, we formed for the girls under our immediate care a little society, meeting weekly for some kind of literary work.

Among other exercises I assigned to one a list of questions to be answered, which should bring out some of the main points of her history, giving liberty at the same time to add as much more as she chose. The accompanying article was the result of the effort.

In addition to what Radhi has said of herself, I may say that she is a girl naturally wayward, high-spirited, proud, most difficult to manage, but at the same time capable of strong attachments, great devotion and self-sacrifice, generous to a fault, and instantly touched by real grief, especially if caused by herself.

At one time I had been remonstrating with her for some fault, but she seemed in so unreasonable a frame of mind that I said, “Its of no use to talk to you now, Radhi; when you can listen to reason I will talk to you again.” She instantly said, “No, Misseebaba, I must have it out now, for I can’t sleep or get any peace of mind when a thing of this kind is unsettled between us”; and immediately she began setting herself right in the matter.

Her hasty temper has been a great bane to her, but I have been very thankful to see a persistent effort on her part to overcome it, and a consequent steady growth in grace.
"My name is Radha Monie. Where I was born I do not know. When I came into this mission I was eight years old. My coming was in this way: I was with my mother; she was a widow. Two sahibs came to that place; they were father and son. My mother, being unable to care for me, gave me into their hands. When I came into this mission my condition was very bad; had it not been why should I have come? Of course it was bad. I have never had even the half of the tiniest particle of sorrow by reason of my coming into this mission. If I haven't, the reason is that I have gained the priceless Holy Spirit, have learned wisdom, have learned to distinguish right and wrong, and have learned to recognize my Saviour. Had I not come here I should not have gained all this.

"Since I came into this mission I have lived in various places. First Midnapore, second Bhimpore, third Jellasore, fourth Dantoon, fifth Midnapore. At first, in Midnapore, I learned reading and writing. Second, in Bhimpore I used to go here and there to teach, and also taught school. Third, I used to go to babus' houses in Midnapore to teach work and lessons. Fourth, in Jellasore I taught school. Fifth in Dantoon, I first went from house to house to teach; afterwards a girls' school being established, I began to teach that. Now what work I am doing in Midnapore you all know. Of all the places where I have lived I like Midnapore best,—after that Dantoon. Of all these kinds of work, I like teaching best. I have had very little opportunity for learning, but more for teaching. The opportunities I have had for learning were all during my childhood. By the mercy of the Lord I now have a very good opportunity. I have become in one way tired of school, but what is the use? I have no other means.

"Whether in this world I have had or have not had, now have or have not friends, I do not know. Only my Creator knows. Seeing me an orphan, how many helpful friends the Lord has given me! But they are all foreigners; yet in one way they are not foreigners; they have been the friends of my life and of my soul. There is no greater help than that which I have received from them. How shall I tell of, or express gratitude for, all their patience, kindness, goodness,
love, compassion, gentleness, and helpfulness towards one so unworthy? I can never in this world repay it all. I have received a great deal, I know how to give very little. I have received ten shares, I am unable to give even five. Of all the gifts I have received, God's *Only Son* is the greatest. Of all my lessons I love the priceless Bible best. After that I like grammar and arithmetic.

"From my birth until this year all this has occurred. Among it all there has been much joy and much sorrow. If I could remember it all I could tell much of both. There is much left that I have not written, but as I do not know it all I will write no more."

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**[FROM MISS CRAWFORD.]**

**MY DEAR MRS. BREWSTER:** The copy of the *Revised New Testament*, which Dr. Nellie Phillips brought me, was the *one thing* which I wished some friend would send me. Did my spirit communicate with yours? Pray that God may help me to tell "The Old, Old Story" to many who know it not. Some heathen women, and several Mussulman women and girls under our instruction are now reading it. One nice little woman, who has lately buried her husband (he was a Mussulman and was buried, a Hindu would have been burned), says she finds comfort in the Bible; and a brahmin woman, who died a few months since, had read the precious words several years, and said she had no faith in the idols, and did not worship them. She said she believed in the one true God, and wished to obey him. I was sorry I did not see her after she was near death. I did not know that she was dangerously ill. Thus they go from us into eternity, and we shall have to answer by and by for the way we improve our opportunities of teaching.

This morning I have had an interesting conversation with brethren Silas Curtis and Kamal Naik. They came in from a missionary tour yesterday, and are to go off in another direction to-day. They have found many not only willing to hear the Gospel, but some who are desirous to have a Christian family live amongst them, to teach them daily. We tried hard to think of some worthy and competent couple to send to reside in one of those *inquiring* heathen villages, but had to say, "No one ready yet." Kamal said, "The people are
unequally yoked. Where the wife is fit for an instructor, the husband is not, and in several families, where the husband might do very well to teach in a heathen village, his wife is ignorant.” And so it is. From the sad experience we have had, we hardly deem it right to send girls out into heathendom unprotected. Daily we pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth more laborers.

Early this morning one of my best girls went to Midnapore to assist Miss Bacheler in the zenanas. Others are helping me here. One of my day-scholars will probably go to Dan­toon soon, to help Mrs. Phillips. I am so thankful the work in that place is so soon to be recommenced, and by those who heartily love the cause. We were happy and thankful to welcome Mrs. Phillips and her daughter, but before their arrival, dear Mrs. Lawrence had gone up higher, had been promoted— in the language of Dr. Mullens— and her hus­band had left this country. Thus you see our numbers have decreased as much as they have increased. We know America has a large and inviting field for christian work, but it does seem unaccountably strange that two or three strong young men cannot come to this field immediately. Mr. Mar­shall already talks of going home in a little over a year. Who is to take his place, and who will go to Contai and who to Bhudruck? I should like to see the people of our de­nomination this very minute, and ask them what they mean to say to the lost heathen in the great day of judgment. Many in our churches are doing nobly. Those who are not doing half their duty are the ones I wish to see. The Lord bless all the faithful wherever they are.

JELLASORE, JAN. 21.

SUBJECTS OF MISSION STUDY.

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No topic of study will afford more real interest and satisfaction than the one relating to the Indians. Doubtless many of us have felt sympathy for this race ever since we read, in our school-reader, the "Cherokee's Lament." The shame of the wrongs inflicted upon these natives of the soil can never be redressed; but the conscience of the country may be aroused, and our memory quickened to recall the fact that it was the purpose of the early settlers to give them the Gospel—that the colonial seal represented an erect Indian with an arrow in his right hand, and bore the motto—"Come over and help us."

Pushed back farther and farther by the onward march of civilization, it is evident that the Indian must be civilized and absorbed into the Nation, or crushed out entirely. The Christian church, through its missionaries, is endeavoring to prepare him for citizenship, not by preaching the Gospel only, but by changing the conditions of life and bringing to him new industries and new methods of existence. The Industrial school and the seminary are open to the youth and children, and they are proving themselves worthy of their privileges. Much is being done to gather up the native dialects, the "folk lore," and preserve it for future history.

Fitting Scripture-readings will be found to be the last part of the 68th Psalm, the 11th chapter of Isaiah, and Acts viii.

For reference in regard to the Indians: Ancient America, by John D. Baldwin; published by Harper Brothers. How the World was Peopled, by Edward Fontaine; published by D. Appleton & Co. The Conditions of Life, Habits, and Customs of the Indians of America, and their treatment by the first settlers; an address by Zechariah Allen, 1879; Providence Press Company, R. I. From Dawn to Sunrise, by Mrs. J. Gregory Smith.


For Africa: Moffat's South Africa; Exploration of the Nile, by Sir S. W. Baker; The Works of Livingstone and Stanley; The Encyclopaedia Brittanica; Across Africa, by Lieutenant Cameron, 1881; Seven Years in South Africa, by Dr. Emil Holub; The Gospel in All Lands, for March, 1881; Protestant Missions in Africa, The Missionary Herald, May, 1881; African Explorations during the last Century, The Pres. Foreign Missionary, for June, 1881; Heroines of the Mission Field; The American Missionary; and Mrs. Hill's articles in the Morning Star.
Words from Home Workers.

A very interesting Woman's Missionary meeting was held in connection with the Cumberland Q. M. which convened with the F. B. Church at Cape Elizabeth. Owing to the severe cold weather, only a small delegation was present. Mrs. C. D. Lewis, of Portland, gave a very encouraging report of the auxiliary of the Casco St. Church in that city. Miss Abbie Libby, of Portland, read a paper on the "Spirit of Missions." Remarks were made by Rev. J. M. Lowden and R. Deering in behalf of the Missionary Helper.

The secretary of the auxiliary of Topsham sends the following resolutions, which tell us that more remains for us to do:

Whereas, In the mysterious providence of our Heavenly Father, the much loved and worthy president of this society, Sister Abbie A. Atwood, has suddenly been called from labor to reward,

Resolved, That we feel deeply her loss as an earnest, faithful Christian worker, and especially as president of this society. That in this sad affliction we recognize the hand of a loving Father calling to himself one whose life on earth well prepared her for the heavenly home.

Whereas, It has pleased God to take our aged sister, Mrs. Jane B. Randall, to himself,

Resolved, That we deeply deplore the loss of her valuable help and companionship.

Resolved, That as our ranks are being broken, we make renewed efforts to increase our membership and influence, holding ourselves also ready when the Master calls.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Helper for publication.

Mrs. H. M. White, of Richmond, Me., has consented, with much hesitation, feeling it to be a great responsibility, as well as a power for good, to take the place made vacant by the death of our dear Mrs. Penney, as secretary of the Bowdoin Quarterly Meeting. She reports: "At the Bowdoin Q. M., held at Bath, March 7-9, this division of the F. B. W. M. Society occupied a part of Wednesday afternoon, Mrs. B. F. Hayes presiding; the exercises were as follows: Singing, 'We'll work till Jesus comes'; reading of the Scriptures by Mrs. Hayes; prayer by Rev. E. G. Page; reports from auxiliaries, by the secretary; letter from Miss Crawford, read by Mrs. M. E. Smith; address by Mrs. M. M. H. Hills, of New Hampshire, giving a detailed and most interesting account of Mrs. J. L. Phillips' Ragged Schools; extracts from a private letter of Mrs. Phillips' presented by Mrs. Hayes, giving us a glimpse of possible future work for the friends of the missionaries in providing for them a resting-place, or Sanitarium, in the pure health-giving air among the hills, at Darjeeling. Singing 'Where are the Reapers,' concluded the services. Having lost one auxiliary and gained one, we have fifteen in the Q. M., which, with one exception, are flourishing, and doing a good work for the Master.

"Feeling grateful for present prosperity, we hope, in time and with the dear Father's blessing and help, to enlarge our borders, till every church in the Q. M. shall have its auxiliary working for the 'help of the Lord, against the mighty' powers of darkness."
The Missionary Helper.

Vermont.

Our Woman's Mission meeting held in connection with our Corinth Q. M. which convened with the church at Washington, was of unusual interest, made doubly so by the children, a mission band of "Hopeful Workers," consisting of forty-five gathered in from the village and its surroundings, through the earnest efforts of Mrs. L. G. Clarke, who, with her husband, the Rev. L. G. Clarke, is laboring faithfully for the cause of missions and every good work which may tend to help sustain the church. The children marched to their seats, the organ being played by one of the band. Our exercises consisted of singing by the children, prayer, reading of Scripture, reports, remarks relative to the mission work, a letter from India, and select reading. Then, under the direction of Mrs. Clarke, recitations, dialogues, and songs from the "Hopeful Workers," were presented without the shadow of a failure. Their eyes sparkled with the present interest; we thought of the future results from the seed now taking root within their minds. Several voluntaries, spirited and to the purpose, a collection, and our meeting closed. We earnestly desire our sisters in that church to organize an auxiliary very soon.

Mrs. F. P. Eaton, Dist. Sec.

New York.

The Rochester Q. M. W. M. S. so lately organized, reports three auxiliaries and one band. Mrs. L. L. Stevens is president, and Mrs. Stacy, who has removed to Lawrence, Mass., is secretary and treasurer. Her removal is very much regretted. A new secretary and treasurer will be appointed next Q. M. As Saturday evening is devoted to S. S. work, Friday evening has been given to Missions. May both Friday and Saturday evenings prove most profitable to the good old Rochester Quarterly Meeting.

S. L. G.

Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Myron Prince reports the second annual meeting of the Owego Q. M. Society, which was held in connection with the Q. M. at Warren Center, January 21. Mrs. Wm. Sherwood, the president, conducted the exercises, and also gave an interesting and able address. The annual report of the secretary represented the work done, so far as the reports from the auxiliaries permitted an estimate. It suggested the need and importance of working for a more perfect organization, as a means of greater efficiency. Some auxiliaries reported by representatives present. Beautiful poems were recited by the young ladies, their interest and zeal bringing encouragement. Brother Abbey made a few timely remarks, and the meeting closed with singing "In the Sweet By and By."

This society has two auxiliaries, with a membership of twenty. Money contributed during the year, $15.14. Besides the work of the auxiliaries we have some pledges.

We hold our meetings regularly on Saturday evening of each Q. M. session. Our reports are not so promptly sent as we could desire, but we hope to do better the coming year.

What other Q. M. or church missionary societies have we in Pennsylvania? Let us hear from you, please.

S. L. G.
Anna M. White, Secretary of the Tioga County Q. M. W. M. Society, reports an interesting session held with the Gaines Church. There was a short sermon concluding with a warm appeal by one of the pastors, and other brethren rendered assistance and gave cordial support to the cause. There was a collection and the presentation of free-will offerings of one dollar gifts.

This band of workers has met with some hindrances, but is advancing in the strength of the Lord.

**Michigan.**

Mrs. J. M. West, of Fairfield, Mich., writes of the children's work there: "I was appointed, with a sister who can sing, to conduct children's meetings. We meet at the church once a month. We have not yet organized a band, lest some would not feel able to join, and so stay away. We take the names of all who attend, and collect their pennies. We read the Bible and pray with them, read them missionary stories and talk and sing with them.

"We are trying to furnish a room at Hillsdale, and the little girls are sewing the rags for the carpet. Oh! that great wisdom and zeal may be given us all in this work."

Mrs. Keyes, of Montague, wishes she could send a long list of subscribers, for a double reason—that she would like to help the Helper, and also show that as a community they have an increasing interest in the spread of the gospel. She says, "But I am hoping and looking for brighter days. We are told to "call unto Me and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things thou knowest not;" so I am calling, and hope I am truly listening and looking for an answer, both as regards our dear mission, and our home interests."

* Realizing that a few words to our home-workers are needful, we offer a few facts and suggestions for this number.

Our W. M. society was organized at Capac in 1879, in connection with the Y. M., its vital force being embodied in the person of Miss Libbie Cilley. The outlook at the time was not particularly promising, as the business force of our women in such a line of work was latent, and faithful searching must be done to find it; but by strenuous effort on the part of a "faithful few" each succeeding year has noted some definite progress. Now, although its foster parent, Mrs. Cilley Griffin, has left our State, the society bids fair to live and grow.

Mrs. Wilson, of Lansing, wrote last January: "We have organized a society in our Q. M., and auxiliaries in several of its churches. In our own church we are doing nicely. We are holding meetings and have just sent thirty dollars to missions."

From Hillsdale, Mrs. Van Ostrands writes: "The interest is general and on the increase. The auxiliaries are doing well." During the last quarter they raised in their Q. M., $78.64, of which $31 was sent to the burnt districts.

The Oakland Q. M. brings about good results, sending money liberally to missions. Mrs. Dickinson wrote, "we yet fail to organize, but continue to work in our crude way." They work on the card system, yet report faithfully. They raised during the last quarter $31.30.
The Genesee Q. M. does a large work. They report 101 members. Their secretary, Mrs. E. N. Wheeler, reports faithfully, which cannot be said of some of our secretaries. They raised during last quarter $59.02, out of which an allowance was made to the Michigan fire-sufferers.

The Greenville Q. M. has had faint identity among us, because of a failure of its officers to report, but Mrs. Moses Bennet, having been elected secretary, remits promptly. They raised last quarter $8.29.

The Grand Rapids Q. M. holds an invisible rule, its auxiliaries existing, yet without tangibility. Each church has its appointed one, who represents a whole set of officers. She holds the list of membership, collects, forwards money, and reports to Mrs. Bailey, who has been Q. M. secretary for several years. The general meetings are well sustained. They raised $38.04 last quarter.

The Van Buren, Oxford, and River Raisin Q. M.'s also have secretaries, but not having heard from them this quarter, we are unable to bear any tidings of their work.

Would it not be well for our Q. M. secretaries to make an occasional report to the Helper? Not limiting themselves to bare figures, but giving whatever is fresh and practical of experience, experiment, success, failure, our needs, supplies, prospects, dangers, reviews, or prophecies; whatever the writers feel inspired to give. If any such offerings seem too fragmentary to send alone they would be gratefully acceptable to the district secretary whose work is to gather up all the fragments, that nothing be lost.

Mrs. M. M. Koon.
Lisbon, April 1, 1882.

Iowa.

Mrs. C. H. True writes from Edgewood, Iowa: We have a society connected with our church, whose funds are devoted to local interests, except those raised once a quarter. We have four mission meetings during the year, and last year we raised nearly $12 for missions, besides that paid as annual fees by members of the W. M. S. Quite a share of the above we devoted to State Missions, and we sent some to Eld. S. Cummings, of Kirwin, Kansas, an aged F. W. B. minister, who is in need, and is an old friend of our pastor, N. W. Bixby. We are feeble as a church and much scattered, but mean to do something. We have refreshments at our society, which meets at private houses, and some not professed Christians have opened their doors and welcomed us to their hospitality. Ten cents is the fee for supper. This is a better practice for country places than for towns, where literary entertainments are more practicable. We have prayer and singing at our society meetings, and at some, especially the mission ones, we have literary exercises, some of which are excellent.

Missionary Institutes.—The Chautauqua F. M. Institute invites all friends of missions, Foreign and Home, in every denomination and from every land, to its fourth annual gathering, in the beautiful grove beside Lake Chautauqua, a little west of the city of Buffalo, from July 29th to August 3d.

A missionary Jubilee is to be held at Lake Bluff, thirty-five miles north of Chicago, commencing July 1st, and continuing the 2d and 3d.

New Auxiliaries.
South Limington, Maine. Mrs. J. M. Hopkinson, Secretary.
Shall I tell you a story, dear children, to-day, About two little girls, called Susie and May? They both went to church, and to Sabbath school, too, And were told about Jesus, and what they must do. One day their papa gave a penny to each, For he thought in this way a lesson to teach; And said, "Little maids, now see who'll be wise, And spend her bright penny for something she'll prize."

Then hopping and skipping they hastened away,— "I know what I'll get," said frolicsome May, "I'll buy some nice candy; come Susie, you, too;" But, shaking her head, "no! no!" answered Sue. "For have you forgotten, that far, far away, Are dear little girls who cannot e'en pray? They know not of Jesus, and O, are so sad, That I want to do something to make their hearts glad."

Now my pretty new penny I'll send to them there, Perhaps it may aid them in learning a prayer. I know it's but little, a very small mite, But still it may help them to learn to do right."

So May got her candy, but soon 'twas all gone, And she wandered around looking sadly forlorn. But what of Sue's penny? It sped on its way, Never stopping its journey by night or by day. It joined other pennies, and over the sea, In a land fair and lovely as any can be, It bore to the children God's message of love, And taught them of Jesus who came from above. Now, dear little friends, please tell me, I pray, Which you think the wiser, Miss Susie or May? Ah! there's but one voice. "Sue, Susie has won; For the work of her penny will never be done." 

Baking Babies.—A missionary in India visited a house one day where there was a new-born baby, which was about the color of a pink sea-shell. "How pretty!" said the visitor to the mother. "O," was the reply, "she'll be black, like the rest of us, after I have put her out in the sun for a few days!" And sure enough, when the next call was made, the poor baby was found baking in the hot Indian sun, stretched on a bit of board, with only a piece of cotton cloth under its head for a pillow. Its body had been first smeared with mustard oil, according to the strange fashion in that land. The mothers are much surprised to learn that American children are not treated in the same way.
## CONTRIBU TIONS RECEIVED BY THE FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY, FROM FEB. 1, 1882, TO APRIL 1, 1882.

### MAINE.

**Augusta, Auxiliary, for salary of**

- Emeline........................................... $7.00
- Children's Band, for native teacher, care of Miss Ida Phillips and toward constituting Emma L. Holbrook L. M. .... $15.00
- Bangor, Mrs. F. L. Jones.......................... 2.00
- Church.................................................. 5.00

**Beans Corner, Auxiliary, for Foreign Missions**........ 4.18

**Brunswick, First Free Baptist Church, for the extra on Miss Franklin's salary**........ 2.00
- Auxiliary, for Orna, with Mrs. J. L. Phillips............ 6.25
- Cumberland, Q. M. collection, for Miss M. Bacheler's salary... 7.00
- Doughty's Falls, Aux., for support of Miss Mary Bacheler...... 4.00

**East Duxbury, Auxiliary, $1.50 for F. M., $1.50 for H. M**........ 3.00

**East New Portland, Aux., $5.50 for F. M., and $5.50 for Anthony Hall, toward const. Miss L. Hutchins L. M.**........... 11.00

**East Otisfield, Auxiliary, for Miss M. Bacheler's salary**........ 7.00

**East Parsonsfield, Auxiliary, for Miss M. Bacheler's salary**........ 2.00

**Ellsworth, Q. M. Female Missionary Society, for support of Carrie, with Mrs. Burkholder**........ 5.09
- Auxiliary, for support of Carrie with Miss M. Bacheler........ 11.16
- Green, Aux., for native teacher with Mrs. J. L. Phillips..... 6.00
- Hollowell, Aux., for native teacher with Miss M. Bacheler..... 6.25
- Harrison, Aux., for native teacher with Mrs. J. L. Phillips.... 10.00

**Kingfield, Auxiliary**................................. 7.00

**Lewiston, Class, Main Street S. S., for teacher with Mrs. J. L. Phillips**........ 7.00

**New Portland, Auxiliary, for F. M. toward constituting Mrs. E. H. Butts L. M.**........ 3.00

**North Berwick, Auxiliary, for Miss M. Bacheler's salary**........ 3.76

**Otisfield, Q. M. Woman's Missionary Society, for Miss M. Bacheler's salary**........ 4.00

**Presque Isle, Auxiliary, for Jessie's support**............ 7.00

**South Parsonsfield, Auxiliary, for Miss M. Bacheler's salary**........ 15.00

**Saco, Auxiliary, for support of Miss Mary Bacheler**........... 10.00
- Sebec, Q. M., $6.25 for Anjanie, $6.31 for general work ........ 13.06
- West Bowdoin, Auxiliary, for support of zenana teacher............ 14.00
- York County, Q. M. collection, for Miss M. Bacheler's salary........ 15.36

**NEW HAMPSHIRE.**

**Candia Village, Church, for Miss L. Brackett's salary**........ 5.00

**Canaan, Church, for Miss L. Brackett's salary**........ 5.00

**Canterbury Centre, Church, for Miss L. Brackett's salary**........ 5.00

**Cen. Sandwich, Mrs. H. F. Tasker, for Anthony Hall**........... 5.00

**Danville, Church, for Miss Brackett's salary**........ 5.00

**Dover, Washington Street Church, "Pearl Seekers!"**........... 5.00

**Franklin Falls, Church, for Miss L. Brackett's salary**........ 5.00

**Great Falls, Church, for Miss L. Brackett's salary**........ 5.00

**Lacomb, Children's Mission Band, for support of Miss Ida Phillips**........ 10.00

**Meredith Center, Church, for Miss L. Brackett's salary**........ 3.30

**New Hampton, Institution Soc., for support of Ella Hampton, with Miss Crawford**........ 15.00

**New Market, Church, for Miss L. Brackett's salary**........ 5.10

**Northwood Ridge, Auxiliary, for Anthony Hall**........... 2.55
- Mrs. Lydia Tasker, for F. M........................... 1.00
- Mrs. Caroline Smith, for F. M............................ 2.00
- Auxiliary............................................. 12.71

**Portsmouth, Church, for Miss L. Brackett's salary**........ 5.00

**VERMONT.**

**Corinth, Aux. Second Free Baptist Church, $1.00 for Harper's Ferry**........ 5.00

**North Tunbridge, Auxiliary**............................. 2.50

**St. Johnsbury, Aux. toward L. M. of Mrs. Julia W. Streeter**........ 14.00

**Children's Band, $5.00 for Storer College, and $5.00 for Mrs. Phillips' Ragged School**........ 10.00

**South Strafford, Aux., for F. M.**...................... 7.00

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**TOTAL** ........................................................................................................ $205.79

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**TOTAL** ........................................................................................................ $95.66
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<tr>
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<th>Donor/Recipient</th>
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<td>Massachusetts</td>
<td>Strafford, Q. M.</td>
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<td>Wheelock, Q. M.</td>
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<td>Rhode Island</td>
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<td>Ladies of Church, for Miss Franklin's salary</td>
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<td>Ladies of Church, for general fund</td>
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<td>Auburn, Ladies of Church, for Miss H. Phillips' support</td>
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<td>Ladies of Church, for literary and incidental fund</td>
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<td>Georgiaville, Church, for Miss H. Phillips' support</td>
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<td>Olneyville, Auxiliary, for Miss H. Phillips' support</td>
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<td>Auxiliary for &quot;Martin Cheaney&quot; Room, Anthony Hall</td>
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<td>Seneca and Huron Q. M., Auxiliary, for F. M.</td>
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<td>Wayneville, Mrs. Rachel Hisey</td>
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The Missionary Helper.

IOWA.
Wilton, Auxiliary, for F. M. 800

WISCONSIN.
Richmond, Mrs. Alice L. Hulse. 65

MINNESOTA.
Sauk Rapids, Miss Juliette E. Hicks, for H. M. 200

CALIFORNIA.
Wheatland, Mrs. E. T. Major 500

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.
Compton, collected by Gertie Draper, for F. M. 150

Stanstead, Aux., for zenana work. 700

MISCELLANEOUS.
Received from F. M. S., for Miss Ida Phillips' support 950
Try Class for Myrtle Hall 300
Try Class, for Poma 335

The following sums have been received:
Auxiliary, Roger Williams Ch., Providence, R. I., for Home Missions West 125
Auxiliary, Pawtucket, R. I., for Home Missions West 25
Ladies of Church, Arlington, R. I. for Home Missions West 25
Park St., Auxiliary, Providence, R. I., Mrs. Adah Winsor, for H. Missions West 100
Young People's Society, Carolina, R. I., for H. Missions West 100
A friend, Blackstone, Mass., for Rev. O. T. Clark, Kansas 25
A friend, Blackstone, Mass., for Rev. O. T. Clark, Kansas 75
A. T. Lassell, Blackstone, Mass., for Rev. O. T. Clark, Kansas 50

$8 50

Total, $85 76

L. A. DeMERITTE, Treas., per M. S. WATERMAN, Assist. Treas.

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Daniel Webster,
Henry Clay,
H. Coleridge,
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Nebraska,
Kansas,
Texas,
Mississippi,
Kentucky,
and Oregon.