"Watchman, what of the night?" This oft-repeated question finds a response embodied in two statements of Dr. Christlieb, the eminent German theologian, in his recent work: Protestant Foreign Missions. Speaking of foreign missions as they relate to the home churches, he says: "The forces drawing upon the great gospel-net become more and more varied. The smallest denominations, as soon as they have a roof upon their home church, start for the great battle-field, because they know that it is in foreign missions that the strength and health of their inner life can best be proven. If a church can do nothing for the conquest of the world in foreign missions, she will soon begin to die at home. If, as Max Müller confesses, Christianity be a missionary religion in its very nature, 'converting, advancing, aggressive, encompassing the world,' a church which does no mission work shows by this that it is falling away from the great idea and task of Christianity,—shows its internal death."

Right along with this statement, and supplementary to it, and which is in accordance with the testimony of our own missionaries, is the following—speaking of Hinduism, a strong power of heathenism, Dr. Christlieb says: "But the process of undermining is in full progress, which in time must lead to
its downfall, though we may not be able, as yet, to tell when that time will come. The axe of the Gospel, with a handle out of the tree of Hinduism itself, wielded by native agencies, will bring about this fall as the thoughtful Hindus now already perceive and openly confess. 'After all, what did the Mohammedans do?' said a Hindu to a missionary. 'They broke down a few bricks from the top of the house; these men (the missionaries) undermine its foundation by preaching and teaching, and when once a great rain comes the whole building will come down with a crash.' . . . As a system, Hinduism is becoming more and more of a relic.'

In connection with the above, and still further indicating the progress of Christian work, we take pleasure in quoting from The American Missionary these hopeful words: "The work before us is great — greater than ever. We are called most encouragingly to stand on our Western shores, and in the name of Christ to welcome the Chinaman. We bear good tidings amidst ice and snow in the Northland to the American Indian. Kansas utters a voice for her freedmen refugees; while the sunny South, we believe, has almost passed its winter of discontent. Seed-time, with more favoring skies, is right upon us; and Africa — land of shadows, land of trouble and wrong — from her vast domains is stretching out her hand for our freedmen to come over and help. The millennial year rushes close on to our view. It is a question of progress — a question of sacrifice and thanksgiving — a question of the patience of hope and the labor of love. God grant us a preparation for the hour and all its possibilities."

It is but twenty years since the doors were opened for work among the secluded women of Oriental zenanas and harems, and there are now twenty-one women's missionary societies in America and Great Britain, besides one in Berlin, whose combined annual receipts represent about three million dollars. A native official said recently of zenana missionaries: "They are doing more than any one else to elevate the people of this country."
THE HEART OF A MISSIONARY.

BY Ida Hazleton.

Glancing along the shelves of the library, in search of some Sunday afternoon reading, my eye was attracted by this modest announcement on the binding of a book way up on the top shelf: "Memoir of Sarah Smith." So I took down the book, removed the dust of neglect from its covers, and opened it, and did not close it until the shadows of the early winter evening fell across its pages.

And now, in these days when the subject of missions has become one of universal interest, when it enters so largely into the heart and plans of every true Christian, perhaps it may not be uninteresting to glance back to the life of this noble lady, who years ago went out as a foreign missionary.

The most attractive reminiscence of this fascinating book is that it has given us the heart-life of a missionary; and the leaves of this woman's journal, with the confessions of her private letters, show that she possessed the same human heart in common with all womankind. She was not "born good," — indeed, her early traits of character were of such a prominent nature as to cause her friends to say: "She will make either a very good or a very bad person." She was early attracted to the Christian life, yet hesitated for years on its very threshold. At this period, she writes to a Christian friend: "The idea at times arises in my mind, that it is wrong for me to attempt to pray; that it is mockery to pray without the Spirit, for surely my prayers would be answered if I prayed aright. But what would be my feelings to abandon this duty! Oh, I never can!" Her conversion, which followed soon after, in answer to these prayers, was the same experience which every Christian heart would record in the memoir of its own life.

The true missionary spirit revealed itself first in her life among the home-circle, and she took upon her soul the care
of her unconverted brothers, and all her beloved friends. Then, as she saw these objects of her anxiety coming, one after another, into the Christian fold in answer to her fervent prayers and personal efforts, her heart widened and deepened in its capacity for Christian labor, and sought others not so closely allied to her own sphere of life. A poor and neglected remnant of Indians, the "Last of the Mohegans," huddled in a little tribe a few miles from her Connecticut home, attracted her warm sympathies, and ere long we find her establishing a little school among them, and directing these savage minds to a Saviour. And now it is but a deeper breath of human sympathy, and a broader stretch of Christian view, which directs her gaze across the seas, and influences her to accept the offered hand of a missionary on Eastern shores, who leads her to the foot of Mount Lebanon, to toil among the degraded women of Syria.

But among all these scenes of intense Christian activities, she still carries a heart bravely battling against its own human weakness. She will not allow herself to be overcome, however, but rises above every conflict victoriously. "I detected my own heart a few evenings since, rather unexpectedly," she writes of some little circumstance connected with her Mohegan mission. But as it usually happens with so watchful a person, she detected it in season to perform the duty from which she shrank. Again she writes: "I have seldom had much enjoyment at the communion-table, because I have usually been too exclusive and personal in my desires, looking for some especial token of the Saviour's love for me. I trust that yesterday I was enabled to throw off those shackles, and that hereafter it will be a season in which I shall feel my obligations to a dying world." She often wrote from Syria of the perplexities of a missionary experience. "I thought I was farther advanced in sanctification than I have found myself to be; and the effort necessary to maintain a warfare against sin is increased four-fold," she writes. And again: "My feelings and religious exercises in this country are very different from what they were in America. . . . The Saviour's offices and mediation are magnified in my estimation; and yet I do not enjoy that sensible communion
with Him which I have before experienced. I sometimes think that the Holy Spirit cannot dwell in this wicked land; but,

'Like a peaceful dove,  
Flies from the realms of noise and strife.'"

Although her journal and letters abound in expressions of triumphant faith, and a happy enthusiasm in her work, I have only given a few of those which prove that she still possessed a human heart. "God forbid that I, a woman, should ever become a stoic. Let no one ask or expect it of a missionary as an essential qualification." she exclaims. Her love for her friends in distant America was such as almost to overcome her at times, and these confessions of her weakness in her letters show that she could never be content with a cold sense of duty toward her Saviour, and that while she was engaged in His service she was constantly watchful of her heart, lest it should grow cold in its devotion. How she prepared this heart for its great work, and how she was enabled to leave her home and its circle of loving friends, can be best told in her own words, in a letter to a friend who was also preparing for missionary labor:

"Although I am very far from setting myself as a standard — on the contrary, am constantly lamenting my deficiencies, — yet I can say that if I have any heart for my work. I look back upon the hours of retirement and devotion which, before I knew my destination, were spent in my own chamber, when the beautiful stars of the morning were my only light — as the means of obtaining this heart. I have also found great profit from whole days of fasting and prayer. You must not only take a few minutes for prayer at regular seasons, but you must secure some of your most valuable hours, and so occupy yourself in them as to get near to God, and so as to bring eternal things near to you, that you may throw your entire self into the work which engages His infinite mind, and that everything beside may dwindle to a point."

I have thus given a glimpse of the heart of a missionary in its more human aspect, if, indeed, it be not the braver, in order the better to present it to the sympathies of Christian hearts, and to show why missionaries so often petition the church for prayers, not only for their work but for themselves personally; and sometime I would like to recall the life of Sarah Smith, as she was enabled to perfect it through the grace of a Higher Power.
Mrs. Bachelet, during her stay in Calcutta for medical treatment, visited Serampore, ever memorable as the scene of the labors of the first modern missionaries. The physician had prescribed a trip up the Ganges. Subsequently she wrote, "I was glad to hear Serampore named as one of the places where we might stop. We left with the afternoon tide. The scenery was enchantingly beautiful. The splendid palace-like buildings, with their snowy white pillars, contrasted beautifully with the lovely green foliage, in which were mingled the hues of gorgeous eastern flowers; but the sight of a bloated, unseemly corpse floating by, drew my heart and eyes away from all outward beauty, and I remembered that I was on the Ganges, the great idol river. How strange it seemed! The sight of the river on the map, when I was a school-girl, used to thrill me, and forgetting my lesson, I often sat thinking of idolatrous India,—and now I was riding upon its waters.

As our little boat anchored at Serampore—the birth-place of Indian missions—my heart thrilled with emotion, and it was with a kind of reverential awe that I ascended the steps of the Ghat, and walked over the ground once hallowed by the footsteps of Harriet Newell, Ann Hazeltine Judson, Henry Martin, and others, whose names are written in Heaven. Here they came, after having been persecuted from place to place, some of them hunted like public criminals, others in poverty and want, but all with hearts burning with zeal for God, and longing to spend and be spent for the perishing millions around them. Earthly powers were against them, and by nominally Christian rulers they were forbidden to preach Christ to the dying heathen. . . . We thankfully accepted the kind invitation of Rev. Mr. Denham (Baptist Missionary), to take up our abode in his family during our stay. The house was built by Dr. Carey, and is the one in which he died. It is a very large building with upper rooms,—the lower part designed for college students, and the upper for his own family. The room in which the eminent missionary breathed
his last is now Mr. Denham's study. He showed me the spot where the bed stood, and the direction in which the head was placed. I cannot tell you what I felt as I stood in that room and looked around it. In one corner were his crutches, and in different parts of the room were various other articles he was accustomed to use. All seemed precious in Mr. Denham's eyes. He gave me a paper-weight, once the property of Dr. Carey, and which he used in making his translations. It is a plain, polished piece of marble, somewhat ink-stained, and the knob broken off. I prize it very highly. Mr. Denham has a great veneration for the memory of missionaries, and preserves with care any relic he can obtain which was once their property. He showed me the lamp by which Swartz made his translations of the Bible. 'O that midnight lamp!' he said, with watery eyes. The spirit of his illustrious predecessors, Carey, Marshman, and Ward seems to have fallen upon him. . . . He dares and attempts great things,—things at which his missionary brethren tremble and stand aloof, and in which the Society that sent him out, do not assist him. You are aware that Dr. Carey founded a college at Serampore. After his death it went down. This Mr. Denham has revived, and it is now in splendid operation. He has expended 1,000 rupees in repairs, on his own responsibility, all of which I think he has had the good fortune to raise in this country. One object of the college is to educate the sons and grandsons of missionaries not otherwise provided for, and in this department he has labored most faithfully, like a tender father seeking out the lost and friendless, bringing them into the bosom of his own family, and watching over them with a parent's care.

We were invited to dine one evening with Mr. John Marshman, the only remaining son of the great missionary, a privilege for which I shall ever be thankful. He is said to possess the greatest influence of any man in the country, not excepting the Governor-General of India. He has been editor and proprietor of the Friend of India for many years, a standard periodical, and his expressed views on Indian affairs . . . are had in high estimation by the ruling powers . . . We visited the graveyard of the missionaries—a sweet and solemn spot. There rest the ashes of Carey, Marshman, Ward, Mack,* and many others. The inscription on the tomb-

* Rev. J. Phillips' second wife, the mother of Dr. James L. and John Phillips, was the adopted daughter of Mr. Mack.
stone of Dr. Carey is affecting, as it is a never-dying testimony of the humility of the living man. It was his own request that his bare name should be written, with his age and these words:

'A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall.'

My feelings became indescribable while calling to mind, in that hallowed spot, the works, and trials, and triumphs of these men of God. Now they rest from their labors, white robes and golden harps are theirs in Heaven, and on earth the savor of a good name.'

During the cold season of 1850-1851 Mr. Phillips, with his staff of native preachers, made two missionary tours, occupying a month each, in which he met much that was encouraging. Dr. Bacheler joined him when the care of his station and his sick family permitted. Mr. Phillips, in a pleasant letter to Mr. Noyes, his old missionary colleague, dated Feb. 4, 1851, thus refers to those excursions: "Either I am very much deceived, or a great change in the views and feelings of the people in our vicinity has taken place since we came here, eleven years ago. Besides the strong, general impression that the Gospel is both true and excellent, and destined to take the place of their cruel system of fooleries, there are those who may justly be called interesting inquirers, in at least six or seven villages known to us. They seem to hold Hinduism in utter contempt, are convicted of their need of something better, — which something they profess to find in the Gospel, — but at the same time they lack the courage to face the opposition inevitable to a public profession. Numbers have come just to this point, and there they stop. O, for the overpowering influences of the Holy Spirit to break the slumber of ages, and show them to themselves in a true light.

Of the inquirers alluded to, one — Abhir, a silversmith, in comfortable worldly circumstances — has come out boldly, and last Saturday put on Christ by baptism. As it had been now more than two years since his attachment to Christianity became known, the people seemed prepared for the step he was about to take. Indeed, numbers of his friends really appeared more to envy him than to bear him ill-will. The ordinance, by his special request, was administered in his own village, about six miles distant from my home. Nine or ten of our people
accompanied me. My little tent was pitched in the shade of a tamarind tree in Abhir’s enclosure, around which a goodly company gathered. We sang and prayed, and I examined Abhir in the presence of his neighbors, before whom he was anxious to witness a good profession. We then repaired to a small pool around which about a hundred assembled, who appeared to look on, not only with admiration and wonder, but with approbation. Abhir came up out of the water with a glad heart. Numbers on whom I pressed the inquiry, ‘Shall Abhir go to Heaven alone?’ replied, ‘Let him go on alone, and we will think of the matter.’ A few, I think, promised to follow. . . . We were invited to dinner, and to dinner we went. The smooth, broad plantain leaves supplied the place of plates, fingers that of knives, forks, and spoons, and as for tables and chairs — why, you know, these are luxuries, not necessaries. We had neither beef nor pork, so that our meat need offend neither Hindu nor Mussulman, but we had a generous supply of pulse and rice. . . . Abhir sat at meat, while his two sisters served. His modest wife had not the courage to show her face, though I believe that, like Sarah of old, she had prepared for her guests with her own hands. Need I tell you, dear brother, that that was a happy hour, a joyful meal to me, yea, a season far more precious than one of banqueting with princes? Abhir has two widowed sisters, a wife, and a niece, all of whom have broken caste, and are happily of one mind with himself. Thus the Lord is enlarging our borders. O, that we had the means and grace to go up and possess the land!”

Miss Lovina Crawford, a student of Whitestown Seminary, N. Y., and a native of Villanovia, Chautauqua Co., sailed from Boston to join the mission Oct. 17, 1850, in the ship “Soldan,” having for fellow-passengers Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, Baptist missionaries. The day before her embarkation she closed a brief farewell address to her western friends with the following characteristic words: “I expect to leave my native land to-morrow morning, and in all probability shall never return. I hope soon to hear that some of the wicked laws of this land are abolished.* I should blush to tell the heathen that I came from a land of slave-holders and slave-catchers.” After a passage of almost five months, she

* The Fugitive Slave Bill had just been passed.
landed in Calcutta. In a letter from that city, addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Hutchins, and bearing date March 20, 1851, she wrote: . . . "It seems but a few days since I left you in Boston. I can still see how tired Brother Hutchins looked, running about to get everything in order for my departure. Probably when you hear that Dr. Sutton arrived here before me, you will wish that I had waited for the "Townsend."* Do not wish so, for it appears to me that a wise Providence has directed all my steps. I believe at the end of my passage I had more faith and confidence in my Heavenly Father than ever before. I had a delightful time for reading, and the quiet and rest I had on board the good "Soldan," I hope never to forget. I have seen several of the missionaries who sailed in July on the "Washington Allston." They had a very disagreeable passage,—were constantly in each other's way, or in each other's light. Was I not thankful that they refused me a passage?

I did not experience such ecstasies of joy while sailing up the Hoogly as many have spoken of. Much of the scenery was very beautiful. I was walking on the deck to enjoy it, but soon my eyes were dimmed with tears. The sight of the natives that swarmed upon the banks was enough to melt any heart not harder than adamant. There is much to please the eye in this city. Many live like princes. I am stopping at Mr. Leslie's. (Baptist missionary.) He has a very interesting, intelligent family. He has a nice chapel that will seat about three hundred. I never saw a more attentive, and apparently, devout congregation than his. With the children of the audience I am perfectly charmed. They watch every word of the minister as closely as though they were a committee appointed to watch lest anything unchristian should be said.

Brother Phillips is here, and at the expiration of a week I expected to accompany him to Jellasore in company with Brother Sutton and wife. If it be the Lord's will, I hope to live many years, and so labor that you will not regret having sent me to this dark land. My heart aches when I think how few are willing to leave America for India."

* Dr. and Mrs. Sutton (who were in England, on furlough), in compliance with the invitation of our Foreign Mission Board, had been spending a few months among our churches, and as they were about to return to India, it was expected that Miss C. would accompany them, but an opportunity offering for her passage before Dr. Sutton was ready, it was deemed better not to wait.
The Master stood in his garden
Among the lilies fair,
Which his own right hand had planted
And trained with tenderest care.
He looked at their snowy blossoms,
And marked with observant eye
That his flowers were sadly drooping,
For their leaves were parched and dry.
"My lilies need to be watered,"
The Heavenly Master said:
"Wherein shall I draw it for them,
And raise each drooping head?"
Close to his feet, on the pathway,
Empty and frail and small,
An earthen vessel was lying,
Which seemed of no use at all.
But the Master saw, and raised it
From the dust in which it lay,
And smiled as He gently whispered,
"This shall do my work to-day.
"It is but an earthen vessel,
But it lay so close to me:
It is small, but it is empty,
And that is all it needs to be."
So to the fountain he took it,
And filled it full to the brim:
How glad was the earthen vessel
To be of some use to Him!
He poured forth the living water
Over his lilies fair,
Until the vessel was empty,
And again He filled it there.
He watered the drooping lilies
Until they revived again;
And the Master saw, with pleasure,
That his labor had not been in vain.
His own hand had drawn the water
Which refreshed the thirsty flowers,
But He used the earthen vessel
To convey the living showers.
And to itself it whispered,
As He laid it aside once more,
"Still will I lie in his pathway,
Just where I did before.
"Close would I keep to the Master,
Empty would I remain,
And perhaps some day He may use me
To water his flowers again."
A TRUE PICTURE.

May I take the intelligent, cultivated, and sympathetic ladies who read the Helper on a flying trip to Kansas? It is a new part of the State; the beautiful rolling prairies have but recently yielded their rich soil to the plow, under the direction of earnest men fresh from more eastern homes. It is a chilly day, late in the fall, and the cold wind of the morning grows colder, and snow fills the air and drifts the roads. But notwithstanding the weather, as evening approaches, persons are seen on foot, horseback, and in lumber-wagons, slowly wending their way towards a light on the side-hill. It is a feeble flickering from a "dug-out" where a Q. M. is to be held. What a church! Mother Earth furnishes the only shelter from the wind. No steeple, no pulpit, no chairs, no organ, no choir! But singing is not wanting, for voices sound with heartfelt joy the praises of their King, who had "not where to lay His head;" but "went about doing good." And preaching is not lacking, for quivering lips tell of rich experience in Christian faith, and with swimming eyes quote from Him who "spake as never man spake." That gentleman who leans upon his stick, whose head bends low over his trembling hands, tells of sermons he heard long years ago from David Marks, in New York State. We wonder no longer, as we listen to his earnest words, that he walked through the snow with no shoes on his feet, to attend the meeting. His heart is full of love for the Master, and he says he shall have "but a short time to enjoy such blessed privileges." "Privileges!" Would we consider it a blessed privilege to go with scanty clothing, through sleet and snow, to a low, small room with naught but the ground for carpet; with hard boards with no backs, for seats? But bare feet and ragged clothes, dark rooms and hard seats do not keep away the Lord Jesus.

He blesses the meeting with His presence, and gives the discouraged ones a brighter hope. Dear friends, this is a true picture.

Shall we go still further, and follow the worshipers to their humble homes? Watch the bright eyes and thoughtful faces of the children. Remember these are to be citizens in a few short years. Are they being trained in common branches of education and classics and literature, in principles of government and religious doctrines? With sadness comes
the answer, No! They have not the means to pay tuition, they have not the clothes to wear to school, and they must help in the work of the farm. Ministers are few, and too busy with earning support to be able to watch the growing minds.

And alas! if these are not fancy pictures, neither is the companion-piece — that picture of the Sabbath in the town near by — cards, tobacco and liquor, coarse jokes and profane words.

When shall the time come when ministers shall be supported as well as bar-keepers? When the Sabbath shall be a day of worship instead of recreation? When the coming generation in new places shall be protected from vice, assisted to education, and converted to God? Shall we not pray, and labor, and give, to send salvation to the struggling homes on the frontier, to the rising towns of the West?

H. A. D.

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Saving and Giving.

Economy in all things is one of the first among the demands of the present time. Economy is not parsimony. It is thrifty management, whether of time, or strength, or talent, or money. It should be systematic, that it may yield the best results. Mr. Emerson, in his essay on wealth, says, "Spend for your expense, and retrench for the expense that is not yours." And anything may be called "our expense" that tends to enlarge our nobler powers or to improve the condition of our fellow-men. It is not economy to hoard our means that we may have more to spend on the low planes of sensual gratification. That is selfishness. But when we retrench in the direction of all habits of self-indulgence, that we may have more to spend upon education and religion, and the bettering of man's estate, we are practicing the truest economy.

As to the matter of system in our economy, there is probably no better advice than St. Paul gave to his Corinthian converts in making up their contributions for the poor saints at Jerusalem: "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him." If this view of economy could prevail among all Christian people, and if the apostle's advice could be followed by all, what success would attend the carrying out of Christian enterprises.

— Selected.
The Missionary Helper.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[FROM MISS H. F. PHILLIPS.]

TRAINING TEACHERS — DANTOON.

In the latter part of April, while going my usual round of work here, a letter came from my brother in Midnapore, saying, "When you come up to Quarterly Meeting leave things in such shape that, if necessary, you can remain and take charge of the women connected with the Bible school."

My two little schools were never in better condition; I was hoping soon to take on two more; my zenana pupils, though few, were making commendable progress, and for these reasons I was very sorry to leave. But a respite from the morbid, fossilizing influence of the well-nigh solitary life I had been leading for a year was not to be deplored. With this, the conviction that no work could be more important than the training of native teachers, and the fact that for some months I had been looking rather covetously toward this very work, reconciled me, in part, to a temporary suspension in my department of work in Dantoon. Leaving the native preacher in charge and taking my teachers with me, I went. During the Quarterly Meeting above mentioned, most of the women employed as teachers in Midnapore and Bhimpore, with my two girls, were subjected to a test examination on the first two chapters of John, and the rudiments of geography and arithmetic, together with reading and spelling. The intention is to make the examination of quarterly occurrence, and to include in it all women employed as teachers in our Q. M. It was a cheering sight — those twenty women, half of them wives and mothers, bending eagerly over their slates. How we wished the sisters at home might see them. Their preparation for the ordeal had been slight, but all kept up good spirits, and did themselves credit.

Immediately after Q. M. I began my work, which, with two weeks' intermission, continued until the end of October. I had sixteen pupils, all of whom were engaged during a part or the whole of the time in teaching in the Ragged Schools.

Starting out early in the morning, they walked long distances, here and there a mother carrying her child, gathered together the neglected little ones, and after teaching them some two hours, returned home to their household duties. At two
TRAVELLING WAGONS.
o'clock they came to me for about two and a half hours' continuous recitation. With so much on their hands, rapid progress was hardly to be expected from brains grown sluggish by centuries of neglect. Still, at the close of the six months' term, most of them passed a satisfactory examination. Prizes of different grades were won by six of them. The leader of the class, a daughter of one of our early and most valued preachers, Mahes, reached an average of 95, in a scale of 100. She is studying English in the same class with her husband, a bright Santal, who is a member of the highest class in the Bible school. She not only studies with him, but keeps pace with him, and each seems proud of the other. What a glorious sight for this dark land of female oppression! The term brought to us many cheering, some very sad experiences. Of the latter I will say nothing; of the former, let me give a single instance. A warm-hearted, impulsive, hence impetuous girl, of perhaps twenty-three, had been disrespectful in class. Some time afterward, I called her to my room, and, showing her her fault, said: "You dishonored me before all the girls; be very careful, or I may find it necessary to reprove you before them all." When dismissed, she lingered behind my chair till I asked, "Well, Radhi?" "Missebaba, I was disrespectful to you before all the girls; I will beg your pardon before them all;" and she did it.

How many of our school-girls at home would have the courage to volunteer such a step?

Since the close of the school I have returned to the old post and visited some of my former pupils. I cannot tell you how hard it is to meet their pleadings for my return to teach them, with a hopeless "No—I can't stay, and I don't know anything about when a teacher can come to you." Before the final decision was made last week by the Mission Committee to locate me at Midnapore, one bright little woman, who tells me she has read her Bible nearly every day during my absence, said over and again, "But you'll try to come back, won't you?" The native preacher tells me of new calls to teach zenana women; poor women on the street, whose faces, even, I do not know, ask when I am going to open my school again; the babus are dissatisfied with the school kept by a pundit for their little girls during my absence, and beg for their old teacher, whom I took with me. Our visit to Contai last season was a continued repetition of this same experience; of being forced to say time and time again, "No, we can't; we
want to stay, we want to teach you, we want to send you a teacher, but we can't." Dear friends at home, how long must this continue to be true?

At Contai, much as it is needed, we have no station; but here, at an expense of several thousand rupees, land has been taken up, a commodious bungalow and other buildings erected. Must the place remain unoccupied, while the people around starve for the bread of life we owe them? The prospect now is, that at the end of another two years at least six of our present number will leave the field. Where are the men and women who should be on the ground now preparing to fill the vacant places? Speak, friends, and let India hear your answer.

DANTOON, November, 1880.

[FROM MRS. J. L. PHILLIPS.]

ENCOURAGING.

The Centennial is past — our Yearly Meeting too. You met under the shadow of the solemn mountains, in the very bosom of the loveliest scenery, and feasted your eyes on the purple sunsets, and the sparkling lakes mirroring the lingering beauty of sky and mountain.

We saw the sun drop suddenly behind the graceful bamboo plumes, and its rosy rays glimmer bewitchingly through the green lace-work, and the day was done; for we have comparatively no twilight in India. We were on a Bengal plain, stretching far away on one side in a dead level, waving with golden grain, surrounded on every other by jungle alive with Bengal tigers, bears, panthers, leopards, hyenas and jackals, that make the night hideous with their wild howls, and the day terrible to him who crosses their boundary lines.

At Weirs you numbered yourselves by thousands; we were ten, beside the nine merry little ones that are fast creeping into our places. You listened to trained, cultured thoughts; we to the rude eloquence of native teachers, preachers, and men and women just stepping from heathen ignorance and superstition. You wandered along the old mountain-paths to the sweet music of the merry waterfalls and the wild birds. Oh! how distinctly I hear them still, way down in the past. We went down to the "Bund," or the only waterfall we have ever seen in India; there the water dashes merrily over rocks and flows in a fresh, full stream below, far out into
the thirsty rice fields, carrying life to those depending upon them. The refreshing coolness of this one stream, only the burning plains and parched lips of fiery Bengal can tell.

On and on it flows, a living memorial of him who so providently turned this little stream into daily bread for his flock, while he untiringly led it to the “living waters.”

You stood in sacred reverence by the grave of the founder of the denomination. The drooping flowers, vacant home, little chapel, and shepherdless flock, reminded us of another grave far over the ocean, and the freed spirit seemed ever and anon in our very midst. Especially during the two Sabbaths that we were there, as nineteen of those for whom he had labored were added to the church. Special meetings, held two weeks previous, resulted in the quickening of the faith of church members, and in leading nineteen others to join their band. This must cheer the hearts of home-workers who have been prayerfully watching the growth of a native church under the care of a native pastor, striving to support itself.

The exercises of the Yearly Meeting were, in the main, very encouraging. The papers read by native preachers and their discussions were spirited, and in advance of former years.

The reports of the missionaries from the different stations, and their plans for enlarging the work were so superior to those of any previous year, we could but praise Him who has permitted us not only to see the dawn of a blessed day, but the morning sun in all its glory. One of the most encouraging features was the advancement native women in our own communities are making. Several of our teachers,— some orphan girls, others wives and daughters of our native Christians,— were present, and we had a lively meeting with them, bringing up many subjects touching upon their personal improvement and work.

On our way home we stopped at Dantoon. We had scarcely reached the door, when Purna, the native preacher stationed here, met us, saying, “Sahib, you must go at once to visit a family about ten miles from here. They are all ready to make a public profession of their faith, and that right in the midst of their heathen neighbors, and they are a family of a good deal of influence.”

On reaching them it was found that just ten years ago the son, who is now twenty years old, had bought a Peep of Day of one of the missionaries who was selling books in the village where he was at school. The date carelessly pencilled
Correspondence.

by the seller was still clear. The simple gospel truths in this
inimitable book were the first rays of light in that dark
home; and to-day the whole family, save the father, are walk­
ing in the "path that groweth brighter and brighter." They
were baptized in the heart of a heathen village, and since our
return another family is asking for admission to this new
Christian circle.

Our native preachers are greatly cheered, and how is our
faith rebuked which sometimes shrinks so fearfully upon these
imaginary brinks of earthly woe.

Truly, we entered Midnapore with a fuller determination
than ever before to sow beside all waters, and to teach all in our
power to read, and then to put the Word of Life in their hands,
leaving it to do its own mighty work. Our hearts were deeply
grateful as we read the increased appropriations made to the
different stations for the blessed work of carrying the living
truths to every home and every heart. We are glad that new
subscribers are reading the Helper, and "helping those
women" who so courageously are sustaining the Woman's
Society.

May you each and every one remember the little Peep of
Day in a dark home, and may you have sure visions of that
bright day foretold, and believe it has dawned.

Midnapore, December, 1880.

[FROM MISS BRACKETT.]

HARPER'S FERRY.

The channels for work are widening. We dare to attempt
many things now that in the past have seemed impossible.
The winter term, which opened Jan. 3, brought the usual
throng of live young people, anxious to make the best use of
their time. With perhaps a sigh over their more favored
classmates who, in consequence of beginning the school-year
in October, have gone by them in their studies, they have set
themselves to the task of putting the work of four or six
months into three. Very early in the year a precious spirit
settled upon the school, touching every heart and moving
many to repentance and faith, while others were quick­
ened to a renewed consecration of themselves to the ser­
ice of the Master. There are many experiences of deep
interest connected with those days. I will relate one. When
the revival had been in progress a few days, and the interest
seemed to be principally among the young men, there was
a literary entertainment in the chapel. The exercise came when many would have been glad of a prayer-meeting instead, but as arrangements had been made previously, it was thought best to let it go on. So with a prayer-meeting of an hour in the morning and another hour after school, the desires of the most zealous were satisfied. At 7 o'clock teachers, and perhaps four-fifths of the pupils, met in the chapel. Of those left in Myrtle Hall, one Christian said to another, "Come into my room and talk to my room-mate; she is serious." The talk was followed by prayers for the penitent one, another quiet talk followed, when the three were joined by another who, listening awhile, burst into tears and begged them to pray for her. Another season of prayer followed, when the group were surprised by the entrance of another, and still another, until that little room contained eleven girls seeking forgiveness of sins. Meanwhile, attracted by the sound of voices in prayer and exhortation, two other Christians appeared,—all there were in the house,—and the meeting went on. But One was there filling the mouths of His servants with words of counsel, and above all giving them a spirit of earnest prayer. Before the close of the meeting two were converted. Who shall say that Myrtle Hall has not been rededicated? Said one of the four to me, "I felt as I expect to in Africa,—for I hope to go there when I leave school." That informal prayer-meeting was the beginning of many similar ones in both halls, where, without announcement, many would be found of "one accord in one place."

We have welcomed new pupils and many of previous years. Some have not yet returned who went away last spring intending to do so. Inquiry has often shown that the seeming failure is not their fault. I know of one whose savings for the entire summer, were cheerfully given to make out a payment on her mother's house; thus saving the home to a large family of younger brothers and sisters. Sickness and a heavy doctor's bill interfered with the plans of another.

The Teachers' Convention was well attended and interesting, although the weather was intensely cold. The life of a teacher in the country schools has few attractions.

Many write bravely and hopefully. A letter is before me now, from one of our graduates, a young lady who has been three years in one of the "dark corners," at work in day and Sunday School. She says, "There has been no service in the church for seven weeks. I have to walk through the
snow and rain, which the doctor says is not good for me. I might ride, but there is no way to get to the school-house with a horse.

I am very lonely, but the grandmother now and then tells me a story of her young days. She calls me 'sis.' She says, 'O, sis, when I was a gal, we darkies were not allowed to have books, and now, sis, I am so glad the poor darkies have a chance to learn to read and write. If I could have learned to read when I was young, I would not be lonesome now.'

MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.
BY MRS. V. G. RAMSEY.

If Christ is our King, we have an interest in the past history and in the present condition of His kingdom,—if Christ is our Captain, we are a part of the great army which He is leading forward to the conquest of the world; and it is not enough for us to hold the post where we are placed; we ought to watch the conflict all along the line of the great battle-field, and the thrill of triumph should reach us when victory crowns the most remote division. We ought to be like soldiers who hold the fort, and watching from afar the advancing columns, answer with shouts of joy the signals that the standard of their Commander is moving in triumph. How is it, then, that so many Christians are satisfied to live in ignorance of the great work that is now going forward in the world,—that all other reading is eagerly sought, and that which brings us intelligence of the most vital importance is neglected?

I want to call the attention of every one who reads these pages to the importance of more information on the great work of missions. If we love our Lord Jesus Christ so that His honor is dearer to us than any earthly good,—if we love our fellow-men with something of that love which moved Him to give His life for the perishing, shall we be indifferent to the advancement of His kingdom which is the salvation of the world? Or shall we be contented in ignorance of the great movements that are now affecting the destiny of our race?

There are invaluable sources of information open to us. To us Free Baptists, it would seem that the Star and the Helper, the Little Star and Myrtle, would be indispensable. We ought to know what we are doing among ourselves, and these publications will keep us informed. They ought to be
in the hands of every member of our churches. But these are not enough. We ought to know what other denominations are doing. Many are feeling the need of this wider information, and I take pleasure in recommending to all such persons *The Gospel in All Lands*, published by Eugene R. Smith, 64 Bible House, New York, price $2.50 a year—to clergymen, $2.00. Also, *The Missionary Review*, published by Rev. R. G. Wilder, Princeton, N. J., price $1.50.

I would earnestly urge the Auxiliary and Mission Bands to supply themselves with one or both of these publications, which will bring to them a great amount of interesting and valuable information that can be used in their public meetings. Our Presbyterian and Congregational sisters are earnest and wise in their work. In many of their auxiliaries they have missionary libraries. Each member—or as many as can afford to do so—buys a book, and these books are circulated and read. Would it not be well for us to profit by their example?

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**More Suggestions.**

*By Mrs. B. S. Burlingame.*

How to keep up the interest in our meetings, is a matter of vital importance with all our auxiliaries. Valuable suggestions on this subject were given in the last number of the *Helper*.

The R. W. Auxiliary has been accustomed to appoint a reader each month to present missionary intelligence at the next meeting. As many of the articles read have been of the most indefinite character, the knowledge of our own mission-work has not been increased thereby. In order to remedy this, a committee of one is now appointed at each meeting; who is expected to present, at the next meeting; a summary of denominational missionary intelligence, as gained from the *Morning Star*, *Helper*, and other available sources.

This will bring the *Star* and *Helper* prominently to the notice of the ladies, besides keeping them informed of movements in the mission fields. As many members of our auxiliaries have a very indefinite idea of what they are working for, we believe such a committee would be helpful in many places.

The auxiliary above referred to finds that the interest in its meetings is increased by spending the time while together
in sewing. A committee on work is appointed, which arranges for something that will be useful at Harper's Ferry, or the Theological School, or plans useful things for a "sale" by which the treasury can be replenished. Any lady desiring to carry her own work is at liberty to do so. Having work promotes sociability. Missionary intelligence is discussed all the more freely, when the hands are busy with missionary work.

The Women's Societies of other denominations do much towards assisting home missionary work on the frontier by making and collecting clothing and sending to persons working under the auspices of their respective Home Missionary societies. Can we not do something of this work without neglecting other branches? We commend these suggestions to auxiliaries that are asking, "What can we do to keep up the interest in our meetings?"

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"The King's Daughters."

REV. DR. HOPKINS, President of the American Board, recently sent the following letter to a mission band in Racine, Wis. The expressive name which the band have adopted is the King's Young Daughters.

"I am much pleased to learn that so many of the young ladies of Racine have identified themselves with the cause of Christ in bringing the world back to Him. It is the only cause worth living for, and will prevail. I am also pleased with the name they have chosen, remembering that the king's daughters spoken of in Psalms were all glorious within. This indicates that their first work will be to build up in themselves a beautiful and symmetrical Christian character, and then do what they can to lead others in this and other lands to do the same.

As to the clothing of wrought gold, the other characteristic of the king's daughters mentioned in the Psalms, I have only to say that that was under the old dispensation, when there was no need of money for missions, and that if they will make themselves glorious within, they may dress as they please.

Sincerely yours,

MARK HOPKINS."

The Q. M. Secretary for Springfield, Me., is Mrs. S. A. Graves, and not Mrs. S. M. Haggett, as printed in the Report.
WILL not the members of the Auxiliaries, and all interested in the success of the "Bureau of Missionary Intelligence and Exchange," look about them and see if it be not possible to aid in stocking the "Bureau." Contributions come in very slowly, and the demand, though not yet extensive, is fast exceeding the supply. Certainly there must be a goodly amount of material scattered through the denomination valuable for use here — but how shall we gather it in? This can be done, and the Department rendered efficient, only by individual thoughtfulness and effort in preserving and forwarding everything that may help in the work. Even though you may not be sure an article is appropriate, if there is any probability, send it to the Committee; it may be just what is needed. A feeling of delicacy in putting forth one's own production may withhold much of value. Do not allow this feeling to impede the success of the enterprise. Another cause of detention may be the idea that an article familiar to this or that society is doubtless already in the "Bureau:" — even should this be the case, what was sent could not fail to be a help, since many copies of each are necessary. If all will do what they can, success is assured.

Committee for Essays, Poems, and Dialogues, Miss Kate J. Anthony, 40 Summer St., Providence, R. I. Committee for Letters from Missionaries, Mrs. G. S. Andrews, 11 Hudson St., Providence, R. I.

DEFICIENT TREASURY.

The time for making the second remittance to India is at hand. Before you will read this the check for six hundred and eighteen dollars should be on its way across the ocean. In order for this every woman who is in the habit of paying money into our treasury should have paid at least half of her annual contribution. But has it been done? The treasurer sends us word that the deficiency is three hundred and fifty-five dollars. Does not this indicate a great lack of appreciation of obligation to the cause and the toilers?

The words of a lady who has just returned from a visit to numerous mission stations are: "It is simply cruel to send
our representatives down into the pit of heathenism, and then hold the rope with a slack hand; to pat our consciences and feel that we have done well, and all that is required of us, when we have given our dollar and offered a few general prayers for the conversion of the heathen world.” Shall the women of this society be found wanting at this important hour? Are any of us at ease, resting beside “our post,” thinking some one else will attend to this matter? Every individual treasurer should see that payments are collected promptly on the the first of each quarter, beginning with October and following with January, April, and July, and let the response be as the “Lord has prospered.”

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**Words from Home Workers.**

**Massachusetts.**

“S” very modestly reports a very interesting missionary meeting held at the Paige Street Church, Lowell, in January. There was a general exercise by members of the society, the president, Mrs. Porter, asking the questions, to which answers of Scripture were given. The choir sang from *Mission Songs*, and letters were read from Miss Crawford and Miss Bacheler. Addresses were made by Messrs. W. H. Smith and A. C. Russell. The exercises closed with singing grand old “Coronation,” and the benediction by Rev. G. W. Howe.

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**New York.**

“The package of *Helpers* sent — to have been sent to me at this, my new home, and so I fear no one there will take them this year. No machine runs itself, and even missionary work must be urged if it wins anywhere. We have a Q. M. Society, and a meeting of much interest each session.”

Mrs. Hyatt reports a Woman’s Society recently organized under her care at Dale. It has had an interesting public meeting. (Think of a minister’s wife with four children at home to care for, and three away at school, taking an active interest in the progress of Christ’s kingdom, ye who are “at ease in Zion.” Is not the call unto you?)

Mrs. Cooper, of Philadelphia, writes thus encouragingly of experience in their work. “We have an auxiliary that was organized a year ago. We have raised some over $43.00 and expect to do more this year. “This Q. M. comprises five churches, but only two of them are carrying out system in giving for missions. I firmly believe that if all our churches were at work as they should be, we should not have so many weak and pastorless churches. I know it has been a means of strength and courage to our little church to do something for the cause of missions, and I trust all our churches will see the importance of arising to their duty in this work.”
INDIANA.

Miss Jacquith, Secretary for Indiana District, is trying to accomplish something in organization. Scattered churches and a "hard struggle to pay the ministers" seem to forbid doing much for missions. But if ministers and people will unite in doing the little, if little it must be, the aggregate will be strength to them, and perhaps life to many lost ones. Such "struggles" will be fewer, will they not, when all our churches give as many do, "hoping for nothing again." — S. L. C.

MICHIGAN.

Miss Cilley sends the following, which contains one or two pertinent subjects of thought: "This report of a faithful missionary society will interest many. Who will answer its question? Do you know of any woman to whom we could write? Is there any sister, East or West, with nothing to do, save in her own neighborhood, for Christ or missions?

"Now, as we have summed up, as far as possible, the work of the year, it seems fitting to give you a little account of our work, and tell you how thankful we are that you came among us. The interest and membership in our little society has steadily increased, until we have thirty-four names and a large attendance at many of our meetings. We have forwarded fifty-two dollars, and take eleven numbers of the Helper, besides making several bedquilts for the poor about us. Our greatest difficulty is with the public meetings.

"Do you think you could come to us? If not, do you know of any woman to whom we could write? We are anxious to cultivate a good healthy growth in missionary feeling, and not an excitement, after which will come reaction. We want faith and works, not 'fancy work and fairs.'"

The marriage of Miss Nellie Dunn, and her removal to Scranton, Penn., as Mrs. Dr. Gates, and the going to Cleveland, Ohio, of Miss Anna Stockwell, to teach, left the Hillsdale Q. M. W. M. Society without President or Secretary and Treasurer. These offices have been filled respectively by the election of Miss Maria Mills and Mrs. Van Ostram. We hope that other societies where these efficient workers have gone may reap profit from our much-felt loss.

Our Q. M. W. M. Society has lost a faithful officer, and the cause of missions a true friend, by the death of Mrs. Rev. Geo. Howard, of Ortonville. Mrs. Howard aided in the organization of the society, and remained one of its Vice-Presidents till her death. True to her home, faithful to her church, she forgot not the world. Richer than graven marble, and more beautiful, by far, are monuments of inspiration, lives made free and true by the influence of such a woman. — S. L. C.

The W. M. Society of Ortonville was organized in 1876, and now has a membership of 37. It has adopted and is supporting a boy in India, giving him the name of A. A. Myers. Our work has been sadly interrupted by the death of our pastor's wife, Mrs. Howard, who was entirely converted to the mission cause, and was a faithful worker. We are led to ask why are such taken from us. But the Lord knows, and we will submit to His will. — E. M. Brosius.
Mrs. Taylor, Secretary of the Arbela Woman's Society, reports encouragingly of their prospects, and refers to a very interesting meeting recently held, in which Good Times and the Helper were useful in obtaining the programme. With the aid and encouragement which the pastor gives them, this little band of workers are going to persevere, and hope for greater results.

In the Missionary Outlook are found the following hints in regard to organization and work:

1. Do not wait for someone else to do something, but go to work and do it.
2. Consult your pastor, and ask him to bring the matter before the ladies of the congregation.
3. Do not wait to do some great thing, but organize with three members, if you cannot secure more.
4. Arrange for occasional meetings, especially meetings for prayer.
5. If a better way of beginning does not strike you, give a Social; this will afford a fine opportunity to talk with other ladies of the congregation, and get them interested in the project.

The January number of Gospel in All Lands is devoted to the American Indians and missionary work among them, and the February number to Protestant Missions in Papal Europe, general articles, missionary news, etc. Its table of contents is varied, and intensely interesting and instructive, and its illustrations varied and educative.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of those desiring help for Sunday School concerts, mission bands, and children's entertainments, to two little works by Mrs. Slade, the editor of Good Times. These are Sunday School Entertainments, and The Children's Hour. Price 50 cents each. The former will be more especially helpful. It is sufficient to say of them that they are by Mrs. Slade, and published by Henry A. Young & Co., Boston, Mass.

"I will, just to help the work," was the response of a woman who cannot see to read, but who heard the words, "Too few of us take the missionary paper." What a rebuke to those who have sight and yet are blind to the opportunities of learning of God's ways in the earth. M.

Envelopes.—We have on hand a good supply of collector's envelopes, which we shall be glad to furnish to all societies which can make them useful. They are especially helpful where collections are made quarterly, the collector placing on each of the four envelopes given to the contributor the date at which the money should be paid to her.
I had learned my geography lesson,
Teacher said I had done very well.
I could say all the capes and the rivers,
All the capital towns I could tell.

I knew all the countries of Asia,
From the sea to the distant Japan,
And the isles of the Indian Ocean,
Sunny Persia and rich Hindostan.

I had learned of the tea and the spices,
Of the bread-fruit and wide-spreading palm,
Where the song of the bulbul rises
From the cinnamon groves and the balm.

But in thought all the time I went farther,
All the while I was wanting to know
How those dark-visaged children to me
Would appear,
Should I ever to their countries go.

So I asked my mamma in the evening,
As she held me a while on her knee;
I shall never forget the sweet lesson
That she taught in the twilight to me.

She told me those people were heathen,
Degraded and sinful and vile,
Going on through the bondage of darkness
To the judgment of God, all the while.

We are trying to send them the Gospel,
For they sit in the shadow of night;
We are asking the dear Lord to help them,
And to lead them out into the light.

For you know the dear Lord has commanded
That we send this pure Gospel to all;
Has promised His help and His presence
And His love to the great and the small.

She said, in a little time longer,
All those who now labor to save,
All those who are spreading the Gospel,
Will lie down to sleep in the grave.

The girls, who so soon will be women,
Must take up the cross and prevail,
Must labor and pray for the heathen,
Or the work in those countries will fail.

Then mamma knelt down in the twilight;
She was weeping, I plainly could see,
And prayed that the spirit of Jesus,
On all the dear children might be,—

Upon all of the dear little children,
Till they grew to be women and men;
And I prayed in my heart, "Jesus, help me!"
And I said at the ending, "Amen."

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WHAT A PAIR OF SLIPPERS DID FOR INDIA.

A TRUE STORY.

It was a sultry afternoon in India. The wife of a missionary sits quietly plying her needle with busy fingers, quietly bringing to completion a pair of slippers she is working for her husband. Although the pattern is so intricate and the execution so skillful that they would seem to demand all her attention, her mind is rather occupied with thoughts about the multitude of high-born women in that land of roses, whose
condition is worse than that of convicts in our own state prisons. Many and many a time has she endeavored to do something for them, but as often has she been repulsed. She had hoped that when the young men who had been educated in the mission schools grew up, she might have influence with them, and through them gain her end. The force of what she urged upon them they acknowledged. They felt that it was desirable for their wives to be educated, but they were powerless to help them. The iron chains of ancient custom, the grinding tyranny of religious superstition, the machinery of a red-tapeism, thwarted their efforts and destroyed their hopes, and now, almost despairing of ever accomplishing her noble desire, she had committed their interests to the God she loved and served, praying to Him to open a door for the relief of these domestic captives.

And so she sits busily working, fast completing the gift she designs for him she loves; rejoicing and thanking God that her lot has been so blessed, that she is enabled to aid her husband in his work—that she is permitted to stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ makes His people free, untrammeled by false religion and social propriety.

The last stitch is taken, and she is resting with a quiet contentment in regard to her own condition, and in fancy dwelling on the comfort her little gift will afford her husband, when the door opens, and in walks a babu, or native gentleman, one of her former pupils. He picks up the slippers and is lost in admiration. He had never seen the like before. A woman made them, worked them out stitch by stitch, and did it with that marvelous, magical instrument, the needle!

"Babu, would you not like your wife to learn how to make you a pair of slippers?" The thought flashes through her mind like an inspiration from on high. "If you will let me, I will come and teach her."

The idea takes him. She lends him the slippers, and he hurries away home. They are shown from one to another. The story is told of their being made by a woman, and by means of a little instrument they have never seen, and of whose virtues they were utterly ignorant. Curiosity gets the better of superstition, ambition of custom. "Could they learn? Was it possible for them to make anything so beautiful? Why not let the despised Christian woman come to them? The pollution they could efface by the appropriate ceremonies, and how pleasant it would be for them to have
something to occupy their time,— something beautiful in itself."

So they talk it over; this one's mother-in-law with that one's mother-in-law, and so on until the consent of all has been gained, even of the wife of the old patriarch of the family, whose will is the ultimate law respecting everything that transpires in the zenana, or woman's apartment. The missionary lady is invited to come and teach the ladies in that home, and soon they have become familiar with the powers and mysteries of the wonderful needle. Quick to learn, they soon have achieved results which do credit to their teaching and their skill.

Babu So-and-So takes the pair of slippers his wife has embroidered, and shows them with justifiable pride to Babu Thus-and-So. He in turn shows them to the ladies in his house, and they know they can learn just as well as the ladies in the Babu So-and-So's zenana, so why not let the missionary lady come and teach them? She is invited; she comes; they learn quickly; and so the work spreads. A pair of slippers opened the doors upon the most heart-grinding captivity practiced in the world. A pair of slippers has been the instrument of letting in a ray of light upon thousands, who for ages had been sitting in the darkness of the shadow of death. — *Gospel in All Lands.*

One of the dear little girls in our own Sabbath School brought us, a few days since, some missionary money which she had earned knitting dish-cloths. Bertha's face beamed with smiles as she placed it in our hand. She had found it a pleasant thing to do something to help others. How many other little brains and hands are busy with loving service?

The "Helping Hands," children's band, at Attica, have realized fourteen dollars on an album quilt which they have made, by means of the 268 names which were written on the 20 blocks. The money is to be used for Miss Lovett's salary, and the quilt is to be sent to the Boarding Hall for her enjoyment while there. The children found much pleasure in this enterprise.

The Mission Band of Waterloo, Iowa, are going forward and winning favor to the cause they represent. A few Sunday evenings since, they gave a concert. The church was crowded, although a storm had piled the snow-drifts three and four feet high. One who calls himself a "Stranger" writes of this concert: "It was a grand success. The
Contributions.

singing was well selected, the dialogues were well chosen and rendered with credit to each participant. The first proclaimed the wholesome idea of Christian work,—each one to do his part,—while the last gave in acceptable form the condition and religion, and what the Bible may do for the fallen of India. The exercises closed with a mission chart lesson, which presented in living form the work of missions for the lands which sit in the shadow of sin and death. The appreciation of the exercises was sealed by a good round collection, gathered up by little girls in baskets, which had its magic to inspire the Mission Band to more work, and Miss Champlin to 'weary not in well doing.' Indeed the exercise, all in all, declared the tact and love of the band and church for the work, for, in spite of the absence of the pastor, all seemed to know the inspiration of the command 'go forward.'"


"I thank the goodness and the grace Which on my birth have smiled, And made me, in this Christian land, A happy Christian child."

CONTRIBUTIONS

RECEIVED BY THE

Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society.

FROM DEC. 1, 1880, TO FEB. 1, 1881.

MAINE.

Atkinson, Auxiliary .......................... 2.00
Augusta, Aux., for Chapel Hall ........ 10.00
Brunswick, Auxiliary, 1st Church, for Chapel Hall ...... 10.00
Brunswick, Miss Mary J. Adams, for Chapel Hall .......... 1.00
Charleston, Auxiliary, $1.00 for Aujanee, and $2.00 for general work .................. 3.00
Dover and Foxcroft, Auxiliary .... 3.50
East Dixfield, Auxiliary, $10.00 for Working Capital; $2.50 each H. M. and F. M. .... 12.50
East Otisfield, Auxiliary ................ 10.00
Farmington, Q. M., Auxiliary, $2.00 for H. M., $10.00 for general work ................ 12.00
Fort Fairfield, Aux., for teacher with Mrs. J. L. Phillips .... 25.00
Gardiner, Aux., one-half each H. M. and F. M. .... 6.00
Gardiner, Mrs. C. Bridge, for Chapel Hall .......... 10.00
Gorham, Miss H. A. Deering, for Mrs. Phillips' school .......... 5.00
Lagrange, Church .......................... 57
Lawton, contributed for Incidental Fund .................. 61
Lawton, Miss Eva Boker, $2.00; Mrs. O. G. Douglass, Dea. J. Given, J. B. Jordan, Esq., Mrs. Banks, Rev. and Mrs. L. Brackett, each $1.00, and six each 25 cts.; Friends, 50 cts., all of Pine Street, for Chapel Hall ............... 10.00
Limerick, Ladies of Ch., for F. M. .... 3.00
North Berwick, Aux., 1st Church, .... 2.00
Richmond Village, Auxiliary ........ 6.71
Saco, Auxiliary, for Miss Crawford's work .......... 16.00
Saco, Auxiliary, for native teacher with Mrs. J. L. Phillips .... 10.00
Sangerville, Aux., 1st Church .... 2.50
West Buxton, C. E. C., $3.00 for zenana work, and $2.00 for H. M. .......... 5.00
Wilton, Mrs. H. Gould, for Incidental Fund ................. 30

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<td>Danville, Auxiliary</td>
<td></td>
<td>10 00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dover, Auxiliary, Washington St. Church</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Madison, Social Circle, for F. M. Milton Mills, Mission Band, for Harper's Ferry</td>
<td>4 00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Whitefield, Aux., for Chapel Hall</td>
<td></td>
<td>5 00</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>VERMONT.</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Corinth, Auxiliary, 2d Church</td>
<td></td>
<td>3 25</td>
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<tr>
<td>East Randolph, Mrs. E. C. Jenness, for Chapel Hall</td>
<td>10 00</td>
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<tr>
<td>St. Johnsbury, Auxiliary</td>
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<tr>
<td>St. Johnsbury, Children's Band</td>
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<tr>
<td>South Strafford, Friends, for Incidental Fund</td>
<td>40</td>
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<tr>
<td>South Strafford, Mrs. M. E. Hayes, $5.00; a Friend, $1.50; Friends, $1.50, for Working Capital</td>
<td>8 00</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>MASSACHUSETTS.</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Lowell, Little Missionary Helpers, Mt. Vernon Church, for Miss I. Phillips' salary</td>
<td>5 00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Taunton, Church, for Miss H. Phillips' salary</td>
<td>5 00</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Lyman, Auxiliary</td>
<td></td>
<td>2 40</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lyman, Mrs. Eva Smith</td>
<td></td>
<td>.60</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>RHODE ISLAND.</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Greenville, Mission Band, for salary of Miss Phillips</td>
<td>13 00</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>CONNECTICUT.</strong></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>New Haven, Mrs. L. L. Gove, for Incidental Fund</td>
<td>.30</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>NEW YORK.</strong></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Lowville, Mrs. Dr. M. H. Bronson, $1.35; Mrs. George Galway, $1.00; Mrs. Mary Wood, $1.00, for Chapel Hall</td>
<td>3 35</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Martinsburg, Warren Arthur, 65 cts.; Mary A. Salmon, $1.00, for Chapel Hall</td>
<td>1 65</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>PENNSYLVANIA.</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Canton, B. H. Stevens, for Incidental Fund</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>OHIO.</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Cleveland, Anna P. Stockwell, and Lou M. P. Durgin, each $1.25, for Chapel Hall</td>
<td>2 50</td>
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<tr>
<td>Maineville, Church, 1-2 each H. M. and F. M</td>
<td>2 00</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>ILLINOIS.</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Prairie City, Susan and Annie Record, each $1.00</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>MICHIGAN.</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Hillsdale, Mrs. A. E. Balcom's class, for salary of Mrs. Annie</td>
<td>5 00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hillsdale, Mrs. M. A. Northrop's class, for salary of Mrs. Annie</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hillsdale, Class O. F. E. S. S., for Miss Ida Phillips' salary</td>
<td>5 00</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Hillsdale, Class I. F. R. S. S., for Miss I. Phillips' salary</td>
<td>5 00</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>IOWA.</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Agency City, Aux., for F. M.</td>
<td>4 00</td>
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<td>Numa, Mrs. H. B. Stiles, for F. M.</td>
<td>1 00</td>
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<td><strong>WISCONSIN.</strong></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Colorado Springs, Mrs. L. M. Taylor, for a teacher at Harper's Ferry, $2.00, and Chapel Hall</td>
<td>3 00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Kilbourn City, Miss A. T. Augir, for teacher at Harper's Ferry, $2.00, and Chapel Hall</td>
<td>3 00</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Kilbourn City, D. Stillwell, for Chapel Hall</td>
<td>1 00</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Kilbourn City, M. N. Stillwell, for teacher at H. Ferry</td>
<td>1 00</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Osceola Mills, C. H. Staples, for a zenana teacher</td>
<td>3 00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Yearly Meeting, Woman's Miss. Soc., for a zenana teacher</td>
<td>3 50</td>
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<td><strong>MINNESOTA.</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Lake City, Mrs. Olevia Rogers</td>
<td>1 00</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.</strong></td>
<td></td>
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<td>Bulwer, Church, for F. M.</td>
<td>.50</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Compton, Aux., for H. M.</td>
<td>5 00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Stanstead, Aux., for teacher with Miss H. Phillips</td>
<td>2 50</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>MISCELLANEOUS.</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Try Class, For Pomo, $1.82, Myrtle Hall, $6.50, Miss I. Phillips, $2.25, Miss Crawford, $2.10</td>
<td>29 08</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>TOTAL</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>349 21</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Laura A. DeMerritte, Treasurer.