The present is a period of events remarkable for their significance. Among these of no small importance is the fact of the oration of Frederick Douglass, at the laying of the corner stone of the new hall at Harper's Ferry on Decoration Day. It seems marvelous that a few years should have wrought such changes that on the spot historic for the murder of John Brown, by ruffianly hands, because of his love for the oppressed,—that here one of freedom's champions, once a hunted slave, should utter burning words of eloquence, and be congratulated by one who aided in condemning the martyred hero. Surely "John Brown's soul is marching on." Truth is triumphing. On earth are "peace and good will to men."

While we are rejoicing in a new and more perfect revision of the New Testament in our English tongue, in which the claims of foreign missions have not been lessened, nor the force and beauty of the Saviour's last command at all diminished, we note with gratitude a significant event which has recently occurred in Japan. It is the translation of the New Testament into the language of that country, thus placing it in the hands of the common people.

The first translation of the Bible into English by Wickliffe,
has wrought wonderful results to the English speaking people, and "in these days of quickened life, when the Word of God runs very swiftly, well may this opening of the New Testament into a language spoken by over thirty millions of people be called as it is by one familiar with Japan, 'a mighty stride of Christianity,' the event not of the year but of the century."

The question of finance often presents exceedingly knotty features, but at no time does it seem so difficult of management as when there is a want of the means in the treasury to meet pledges which have been made, through faith in the willingness and ability of others to sustain these pledges. At such emergencies, to those on whom more immediately rests the responsibility, there come serious questionings, among which is, whether the devotion of the women of the churches to carry the gospel to other women now without it, has been rightly estimated. As regards our ability there can be no query. And, since the opportunities of giving and praying are not diminished, nor the need on the part of the perishing supplied, nor the command of the Saviour abrogated, so when it is considered that the work must be crippled both at present and in future, unless there shall be an increase of contributions, another question most naturally arises: What shall be done? It cannot be that any one will be willing such a thing shall occur as the lessening of the work now undertaken.

Some one has said that it may be hum-drump work for the fireman on a railroad engine to keep throwing wood or coal into the unsatisfied maw of the engine; but without that faithful, constant feeding, the train would come to a standstill. So unless each one keeps steadily and persistently putting her contributions into the treasury, and seeking to influence and help others to do the same, not hindered by indifference, or unkind criticism, or false reasoning, there must come a standstill here.

There was a large deficit in the sum necessary for the last remittance. There is only one more to be made this year. Shall that be still smaller, and there be the necessity of crippling the Society's regularly pledged work. We seem to hear brave hearts answer by scores: "It must not be so."

Will not our friends forward from time to time such items as will help make the Helper just the live, earnest, practical help
it is desired to make it? Ought reports of meetings, plans and methods of work, essays and discussions, to be withheld? How can "brick" be made without such "straw?" And how shall the Bureau do its expected work if you withhold your aid? There are mines of wealth in the hearts and minds of our young women, and older ones, too, which would, if they could be explored, reveal treasures to enrich our missionary literature. Be encouraged to brush away the covering, to break the crust growing hard, perhaps, by want of attention and care; to use if need be, the pick-axe, and dig for ore with which to gladden many and honor the Master.

There is a great waste of papers and books and other literary matters, in all our families, which, with a little care and thought, could be utilized for the benefit of others. We read in an exchange of the Bible class of an active president of a branch whose nineteen members systematically secure religious papers, which have been read by subscribers, and send them to earnest workers in distant parts of our own country, "thus giving to those who are often isolated an inspiration only to be received through the instrumentality of sympathy," and even papers thus establish a bond of sympathy.

If some one in each society or Sabbath school would make it his or her duty to save papers, tracts, books, etc., and forward them to some responsible persons to be distributed, effective service would be done for the Master.

Let us not forget that the *Morning Star*, so dear to us, and which we have been familiar with from our childhood, does not continue to shine into the homes of many who have gone out to plant the standard of the cross in less favored sections. A book now and then for the minister missionary would be often times like a "cup of cold water." Could not some auxiliaries find means to put the names of worthy persons on the subscription list of the *Star* and *Helper*?

*Dr. Phillips* has recently baptized a Brahman family of five persons, at Purna, one of the out-posts of our mission. A copy of *Peep of Day*, given some ten years before, was the means employed to bring these persons to see the light, and to embrace the truth, with a joyful renouncing of the old faith with its weight of superstitions. One cent will buy a *Peep of Day*!
DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

BY MRS. S. B. TITTERINGTON.

THE WAIL OF THE HINDU MOTHER.

Lo, on a hillside a village is sleeping,
While the white moon her fair vigil is keeping,
Gilding alike with her silvery sheen
Temple and cottage with palm-trees between.
But, through the still night air, what sound meets the ear?
A cry full of anguish, of sorrow, and fear!
A poor heathen mother is mourning her child;
For dead is her darling; her wailing is wild.
The breezes are wafting it on to our ear,
O thrice-blessed mothers but listen and hear;
No heaven with its glory, no children's bright home,
No hope for the future, no Christ in the tomb!

"Little one, why did you go away?
For your mother's heart is wild!
When you were here, it was always day,
And the sun shone when you smiled.
But now it is night, a black, black night,
With no sun or moon or star;
For the Nats have taken you out of my sight,
Carried my baby afar.
"I offered my rice and my plantain there,
And I wildly begged for more;
I tore the jewels from out my hair
For the sake of the child I bore.
But, O my baby, my lost, lost dove!
I gave them all, my own,
And plead with the strength of a mother's love;
But the heart of the gods is stone.

"They have taken you, baby, away from me,
Away, I know not where;
And my frightened eyes will fear to see
In the wild beast's stony glare
The glance of your eyes, once tender and sweet,
But lost forever and aye.
My hair I tear, and my breast I beat,
And I call unceasingly.
"O snake, gliding yonder, oh, tell me true!
Did you take my little one's soul?
My offerings were poor, too meagre and few
To purchase a happier goal.
Ah me! I'm a woman, by gods accursed;
They care not for woman's pain;
But, oh, if only, somehow, somewhere,
I might find my baby again!"
SONG OF HOPE OF THE CONVERTED HINDU MOTHER.

Safely at home, my darling,
Safely in Jesus' breast;
The glory of heaven around thee,
And the song of the angels blest.

Here on the earth is weeping,
For thy mother's heart is lone;
The home nest is sad and empty,
For its singing-bird hath flown.

But not in the grave-bed lonely,
My child, do we look for thee;
But beside still, flowing waters,
Thy happy home shall be.

Thank God for the sweet, sweet story
We mothers have come to know;
Of Jesus, who blessed little children
Because He loved them so.

No dread lest the dear little spirit
Must enter the wild beast's form;
And roam in the lonely jungle,
The sport of the cruel storm.

No, baby, though tears are falling,
In my heart there is no gloom;
For our Lord hath passed before thee,
And rended the prison-tomb.

So I lay thee away, my darling,
With a mother's longing pain;
But I know through Jesus, somewhere, some time,
I shall find my baby again.

— The Helping Hand.

A native missionary in India sometime since had the privilege of admitting to the church a blind brahmin. His wife, who is a true helpmeet to him in his missionary work, had the blind convert come into her house every day to commit to memory the Gospel of John. Each day he committed five verses, and was never permitted to be given a new lesson till he showed by repeating the old one that he had thoroughly memorized it. Thus she went on, step by step, in the patience of love, till the man had learned the whole of the Gospel.

He has also taught many hymns and a portion of the Gospel of Matthew in the same way; and now he goes day after day into one of the streets of the town, and taking his stand where many people are passing, repeats passages from these Gospels to all who will listen. What a lesson in patient, persevering effort.
REMINISCENCES.

BY MRS. M. M. H. HILLS.

(SECOND DECADE OF THE F. B. INDIA MISSION.)

DURING the Autumn of 1851, Mr. Phillips saw much to cheer him in his labors in the villages in the neighborhood of Jellasore. He wrote Oct. 2: "A brighter day, I trust, is about to dawn on our feeble mission. We have deeply interesting inquirers in five or six different villages; and now that Abhir has led the way, and as others see that a man can live and have a standing in society, even though he be counted an outcast, they take heart and seem to follow their convictions." In one of these villages, Barjasena, was an interesting inquirer by the name of Sapulset. One day as Mr. Phillips was crossing a river in a boat, he had for a fellow passenger a brahmin (Hindu priest), a neighbor of Sapulset. "What do you know of him?" said Mr. Phillips. "O, he has become wise." "How so?" "O, you have taught him." "Well, what does he do?" "Why, he does nothing; does not obey the gods, and gives nothing to the brahmins." "Do you think he is right or wrong?" "O, he is right. What you teach is true. No one can say anything against it; there is just one drawback; you teach the people not to give to the brahmins. How are we to live if the people do not feed us?" "Work, as other people do." "But we cannot touch a plow or hoe; if we do, we shall lose caste. There is one thing," continued the brahmin, "that Sapulset will not do; he will not tell a lie." "And do you brahmins?" "Yes, we are obliged to sometimes, or we should not be able to fill our stomachs." "He admitted," said Mr. Phillips, "that he had no faith in his gods, but only made use of them in order to procure a support. Confessions of this kind are far from being rare, and they have an influence on the people. The gods are at a great discount now, as they have suffered the rain to be withheld to the almost entire failure of the crops."

Under date of Oct. 31, Mr. Phillips wrote again: "Four families, containing an aggregate of sixteen persons, have thrown off the trammels of caste, and signified their desire to become connected with our Christian community, and others seem on the point of following their example."
Mahandas was the name of an inquirer at Saraping, Abhir's village. Mr. and Mrs. Phillips accepted an invitation to dine with his family. This, of course, spoiled their caste forever. At the request of some of the leading men of the village, Mr. Phillips had started a school, but the day after this event not a heathen child was present. Mahandas' defection from caste had surprised and alarmed them. When Abhir became a Christian, they said he had long read and considered the matter, but Mahandas could not read—why had he become a Christian? The Sahib must have some medicine or some charm by which he bewitches the people. Children will never be safe in his hands. Mr. Phillips closed his letter, asking: "Will our dear brethren help us, both by their prayers and by sending out, at once, more men? I repeat it, now is a time of need with us."

The need of the speedy reinforcement of the mission was at this time imperative from another cause. It was becoming more and more apparent that some of the workers would soon be compelled to leave the field. Under date of July, 1851, Mr. Cooley had written thus to the corresponding secretary:

"O, how much the missionary needs strong faith in God! It is painful to our hearts that in all our denomination there is not one to be found qualified and ready to join us in this work. I can but leave this sheet to seek a place to weep, and ask our Heavenly Father for more laborers in this field. If Bro. Bacheler should go home, as we fear it will be necessary for him to do, leaving all the cares and responsibilities of this important station upon us, with our brief experience in India, and imperfect knowledge of the language, we shall feel more than ever the need of another missionary family at this station. What shall I say? What can I say? Here is a large boarding-school, enough to engross the attention of one missionary family, together with the valuable assistance of our much beloved Sister Crawford; a large bazar, with its thronging multitudes, to whom the missionary can have daily access, and then, outside the station, a large mission field as promising, probably, as any in the province. Are we to be left to toil on, single-handed,
with the cares and responsibilities of all this work upon our hands? If so, we shall try to do what we can for this benighted people, leaving the result with Him who has promised that our labor in the Lord shall not be in vain. The heathen seem not to be weary of worshiping their dumb idols, and spending their time, strength and wealth for naught, and why should we become weary in our efforts to give them the precious gospel? Is not our cause worthy of as much zeal as theirs?"

Mr. Phillips, the pioneer of the mission, had now nine children. He could be but intensely perplexed and anxious in regard to the course parental duty required him to pursue. Several friends, with whom he counseled, advised him to take his children immediately to Christian America, where they could be educated. But how could he leave his work while there was no one to take it in charge? The following extracts from his correspondence with the Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board gives a little glimpse of his severe trial. A year previous to Mr. Cooley's foregoing letter, Mr. Phillips wrote:

"The idea of returning with my family to America has of late much occupied my thoughts. In whatever light I view the subject, it is truly a distressingly painful one. The trials of parting with home and friends to become a missionary bear no comparison with those of my present situation, and these trials are enhanced by the consideration of the embarrassments under which our committee have had to labor and the struggle of the mission to maintain an existence. I console myself, however, with the thought that our committee is composed of Christian men of generous sympathies, and capable of appreciating the tender anxieties of a parent's heart. . . .

Both Mrs. Phillips and myself have all along cherished the fond hope that we should be able to retain our children with us, that we might have the privilege of training them up for God ourselves, and eventually have them to assist us in our great work. A return to America on their account we have been accustomed to look upon as a calamity. But as they have grown older, new and unlooked-for trials arise — trials of which persons in a Christian land can have no adequate conception. The atmosphere in which
our dear children live, and move, and breathe, is one of moral pollution. . . . The idle, lounging, filthy, lying, deceiving, pilfering, and, above all, the abominably unchaste habits of the natives, can but exert a most deleterious influence upon our children. . . . Since it has pleased our Heavenly Father to endow me with such a family, I feel that it would be a sacrifice of all the feelings of our common nature, indeed, an actual sin against God not to rejoice in them and not to exert myself to provide for their future usefulness, respectability and comfort. . . . Nothing would be more pleasing to ourselves than to see them prepared to enter the same field of labor to which our own lives have been devoted; but which of them, if any at all, it will please our Heavenly Father to call to this work, is of course unknown to us. Should any of them become missionaries, they can be far better fitted for that work in America than here, while those who do not would possess advantages for obtaining an honest livelihood in our native land, which they have no right to expect here. As parents, our duty is the same to all." . . . Mr. Phillips then officially requested permission to return to America with his family. The Foreign Missionary Board deeply sympathized with their missionary, but in view of the urgent needs of the mission, they proposed that he send home his eldest sons, James and John, and defer his own return till 1854, when they hoped by that time there might be a new man in the field, prepared by experience in India, and a knowledge of the language to assume his work. This proposition he very cheerfully accepted. As the autumn of 1851 came, the last vestige of hope in regard to Mrs. Bacheler's recovery in India disappeared, and thus ended the suspense in relation to Dr. Bacheler's immediate return to America. Preparations for the voyage were speedily made, and Dec. 21, 1851, found them on board the "Barnham," an English passenger-ship bound for London. Mr. Phillips embraced this favorable opportunity to send home his two oldest children, now nearly twelve years of age. The departure of nine members of the mission, including Dr. Bacheler's five children, made a sad vacancy in the little Christian communities. Mr. and Mrs. Phillips accompanied them to Calcutta. In regard to this separation, Mr. Phillips wrote:

"It was hard parting, I have been longer and more intimately associated with Bro. Bacheler than with any other man, since I left the home of my childhood. My heart clings
to him with the warm and ardent emotions of an intimate, religious friendship—a friendship formed, cemented, and matured, amidst scenes of trial, affliction, and discouragement, of a varied and perplexing character, and, to the praise of God, be it said, also scenes of joy and encouragement, well calculated to try the heart and test the real character. Although we have sometimes differed in our views of the propriety and fitness of various means and measures to be adopted in the prosecution of our great work, our affection for each other, I may safely say, has continued to increase and strengthen to the day of his departure. . . . His return to his native land after his sweet companionship of more than seven years, and the parting of our two boys, who had grown up, as it were, in our bosoms, and entwined themselves like cords around our hearts, have very naturally led me to canvass anew the motives which first induced me to leave home and friends to become a missionary. Constrained as I am to say, that the last parting was, to me, far more painful than the former, the experience of sixteen years in a heathen land has thrown such a flood of light on the subject, that while I am blessed with strength, and allowed the privilege to labor for the salvation of my heathen fellow men, I really seemed to be left no choice in the matter. Most cordially do I rejoice that in the good providence of God the way has at length opened for two of our dear children to be removed to a Christian land, where they may partake of the privileges and blessings of Christian society and we be still permitted to remain at our post and prosecute our great work. Many were the tears shed by the children at parting,

"And I, too, wept, though not to weeping given,"

might each parent say. But while the children consoled themselves with the prospect of meeting again in a few years, and, in the meantime, could write letters to each other, and to ourselves, the thought that we do this for the sake of Jesus and his gospel, was most cheering. Indeed, when I see others making the same and even greater sacrifices for the acquisition of sordid wealth, I am almost ashamed to open my mouth about trials, but out of the abundance of the heart the mouth will speak, yea, and the pen write. You are a father, therefore I need no apologies for this effusion of parental tenderness."
A n A p p e a l f o r H o m e M i s s i o n s.

[By Mrs. L. L. Toothaker, of Wilton, Iowa, read at the Annual Meeting of the Iowa W. M. S. at Masonville.]

Our blessed Saviour, when instructing his disciples in things pertaining to the kingdom of God, tells them that "The field is the world," and also to "Go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

How far this broad command has been obeyed, is not for us at the present time to know, but that it is being done, and the light of the blessed Gospel of Christ is being shed upon the nations that sit in darkness, and the glad tidings of salvation are being heard even to "earth's remotest bounds," are thoughts that should thrill the heart of every lover of Jesus with untold joy. When we hear that the doors of India's zenanas are being thrown open, and that our dark-browed sisters, who for centuries have been bound down by the strong fetters of heathenism, are now catching a glimpse of that light which has been so freely shed upon us, we can truly say, "What hath God wrought!"

But while our souls are being fired with this view, and we are almost wishing for wings that we might fly across the waters to help in a cause so great and good, is there not danger that we may overlook a work which, though not so thrilling in its nature, yet is equally important — work, too, that lies at our own doors, namely: Our Home Missions? What the soil is to vegetation, the Home Mission is to the Foreign Mission. We might just as well expect vegetation to thrive without the nurture of the soil, as for our Foreign Mission to prosper while our Home Mission interests are neglected. Although none too much of our time or money has been expended there, yet too little has been done to keep up our denominational interest at home. "These ought ye to have done and not to have left the other undone."

All over our country are found feeble churches, little bands struggling hard to keep their heads above the waves, while (sad thought) others have given up to discouragements; the doors of the sanctuary are closed, the fires have gone out upon the altar, and even the light of the beautiful Sabbath morning brings no worshipers. Ah! who can tell of the self-denial, the prayers, the heartaches of those who tried long and hard; but sickness and death, removals, or what is far worse, the
tares of discord, have brought about these sad results, while all this time our attention has been too much engrossed with the cares of this life to realize the decay of our home interests which has slowly, yet surely, been undermining our prosperity. And who that has watched the progress of our denomination here in the West, does not know this to be so? But not only are these churches needing help, but new ones are being organized, and often left to die, for want of proper care. How many churches there are all through the West, where brave hearts are struggling, and stretching out their toil-worn hands to us for just a little help, until they can help themselves. And shall we not help them?

Who can read the appeals made in the Star recently, by Mrs. Clark of Kansas, and not have their sympathies aroused for that little band, worshiping in dwelling-houses of but one room (and that often a “dug-out”), many standing about the door unable to get in after having traveled many miles to hear the word of God preached. Think of it, sisters, as you sit in your comfortable churches, and then from your very heart ask yourself, “Is there not some way in which I can help them?”

And right here comes the difficult question, “How shall we do it? We work just as hard as we can, yet we have not the means with which to help as we wish.” True, there has never been a time, we believe, when the women of our country worked harder than they do now, even when they spun and wove with their own hands the clothing for their families. “What, then, can be done?” I answer, we must use self-denial. Ah! that is a hard word; few of us love to hear it, and yet we can but believe that God requires it of his people to give back a portion of what He has given them, even though it may spoil some cherished plan, or take away some coveted pleasure, and it must be done if our home mission is to be successful. “And where are we to begin?” Be not offended, dear sister, when I ask, Are not yards of cloth needlessly used in some of our dresses, and how much money is expended for costly trimmings for the same? If the worth of just these two items were put into the treasury of the Lord, how much good it would do. Oh, what will it matter, when hid away in the silent grave, whether we have been plainly or elaborately dressed? What matter, when our pale lips are closed forever, whether we have supped from silver or clay, if we can but hear the “Inasmuch” from the lips of our divine Lord.
Other denominations foster their home mission interest, and amply does it repay them. Shall we, too, "lengthen our cords and strengthen our stakes? Shall feeble churches be helped before they die? Shall new churches be organized and sustained? Or shall we suffer the work to lag as it has done for the last few years? Dear sisters of the F. W. B. denomination, the solution of these questions depends largely upon our efforts. Our influence is needed, and will we use it? I am glad to know that many warm and true hearts are enlisted, and by the help of our divine Master, may our home mission work go on, until from our own well-tilled fields of labor, there shall go forth to distant lands those who shall bear the joyful news of salvation through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

"THE INDUSTRIAL."

This school, home, or enterprise, is not an ideal thing, but has begun an actual existence. The need of it has become more and more apparent as progress has been made in opening the "Ragged schools." Mrs. Phillips thus speaks in a letter to Mrs. Hills, last December, of the necessity for it, and of the plan which is gradually unfolding to those who are more immediately interested in its establishment:

... "But I caught my pencil to tell you how thankful I am for the money that the blessed, earnest women have decided to send me—or rather us, for Miss Hooper is a very earnest worker. An "Industrial" we must have—indeed, we have had one, with fifteen scholars, for the last three months. Oh! how ignorant and weak I feel about it. But it did seem to me that we must have one. You will remember, Julia wrote you of our visit to a rajah (native king). On that occasion, a very sensible, elderly babu was spokesman, and his remarks went right to my heart and head, and I said, he is more than half right. 'You must teach these poor children some industries, too. Mere reading will never do for those who must work or starve.' Soon after this Miss Hooper had a donation from an old lady, wishing it used for a special purpose, and we began our "Industrial," admitting only those who had advanced to the Second Reader. There is great prejudice still against coming to us every day, for fear of being Christians, but I see no way but to go on and fight the superstitions, our own ignorance and unbelief, and
let the Lord do what we cannot. I am sure we are right in theory and plan. Little schools everywhere, a large school,—embracing a common-school education, and common industries or trades — to graduate from, then the Bible-school for those whom our Father may bring into it.

"I know you will pray for this: $500 will be a blessed sum to begin with, and as soon as the way opens a little more clearly we'll cry for more, so that you will hear us away up among the dear old New Hampshire hills, and they'll echo it round and round till the needful comes." 

In a later letter she speaks of the great want of a school-building, and the appliances necessary to establish on a good basis such an undertaking, and to carry it forward successfully.

The Board has encouraged the enterprise by appropriating four hundred dollars, conditionally, with its being contributed. Only a very small sum has as yet been paid to the treasurer for this object. Here is a rare opportunity for some one to do good — for some dear lady whose hairs are whitened, and whose step is faltering, and who must soon leave her earthly possessions for the "mansion in the Father's house," to let "her works follow her." What dear sister will regard this as a golden opportunity, and remember it with a permanent bequest?

CORRESPONDENCE.

[FROM MRS. BACHELIER.]

MIDNAPORE LIFE. — IN THE ZENANAS.

Jessie's school in Patna bazar goes on well, and fully keeps up its interest. Fourteen is the daily attendance. The rich widow who owns the house has a nearly grown up daughter. This girl has a cousin about her own age, who lives close by. The two mothers are always present and full of interest, first for their daughters, and then for themselves. The mothers read the New Testament.

Half a mile further on, in the neighborhood of a beautiful Mussulman temple, is a handsome establishment, where two ladies read. They are tall, stately, and fine looking, and very intelligent, with a good knowledge of the Persian language. We like these people very much, for they are the nearest approach to European civilization of any of our pupils. Their
Correspondence.

place is Nuzzergunge. Winding round another street, we come to Mear bazar, which the other day I confounded with Mére bazar, and in consequence was taken a long, hot route, to the other side of the city. Here two women are learning, and they like the religious part of their lesson the best.

These streets are full of human life,—men women and children everywhere and everywhere; some bright looking children, but nearly all dirty, with tangled hair, though not generally with dirty clothes. The reason? Guess—you have it. Native shops are frequent and open to the street.

In Mére bazar two ladies are learning English. The family have just moved from Calcutta,—two married brothers and one married sister. The eldest brother is a Christian, and is in the police. The younger brother is a doctor. I asked the doctor why he couldn't speak English as well as his older brother, and was told that their father put them both into the Free Church mission school, but the brother became a Christian, which frightened the father, and he took him away lest he should become one too. They all live together, though the eating is separate. The two ladies wear jackets made of green silk, spangled and edged with gilt, and their dress the same. They read in the Bengali New Testament, as well as in English. It seems plain to me that they are nearly ready to become Christians. This house is not included in the above named teacher's work, as they have never studied English.

Emeline's and Phulla's first house for Monday, Wednesday and Friday, is "Korenell Golah." It is a burning hot-house, where a woman and a young girl are taught. But the work is not to be hurried; for after all the lessons were done, a hopeless dirty stocking, with dropped stitches and sticking needles required attention. Fifteen minutes three times a week is all the time we can give the women to teach them work. Through a crooked road we make our way to a native doctor's house, where his pretty young wife is the pupil, who is dull, but earnest and persevering. From this house we skirted along beside a large tank, and entered a very large compound, at the further end of which was a pretty school of girls and women who came from unknown quarters and sat down, eager and well behaved. Women were standing around. This is a new house and promises to be a good one.

. . . Back again to the garry, and on, almost down to
the Calcutta road, the last house for the day was visited, where a young married woman and her sister are learning.

In all these houses religious instruction is given, and it is a real pleasure to see the interest the pupils take in it.

[From Miss Ida Phillips.]

THE REMNA SCHOOL.

It is a little over a year and a half now, since, as I was driving home from the zenanas one afternoon, a bright looking boy ran up to the carriage and asked me to stop and hear what he had to say. He told me that the people of his village, Remna, four miles from town, had sent him to ask me to come and open a girls' school among them. Here, then, was just the work which I had been looking and longing for; sent to me from a place where I had never thought to look for it.

The question of funds, and a teacher who would leave her home, hindered us for a time, but it was not long before both these obstacles were removed. I first sent out our faithful pioneer zenana worker, Uma, to call on the people and become somewhat acquainted. We find it necessary to move a little carefully in dealing with the wealthier class of natives, lest we offend their ideas of propriety by breaking over some of their time-honored customs of polite, dignified procedure.

Having thus sent one or two deputations before me, I at length ventured to make my first visit. I found myself in a town as old, I fancy, as Balasore itself, which, friends may remember, was a flourishing seaport over two hundred years ago. The buildings in the older part of the town, mostly of brick, were but the sad remains of palmy days long past, when the old land-holders lived like princes upon the taxes extorted from the suffering tenants. English vigilence has abolished a great deal of the old regime, and now the rising homes of the cultivators smile out upon the crumbling ruins of the old-time palaces. The inmates of these mansions had inherited not a little of the pride and politeness of their ancestors, and I was received and shown about through the place with every mark of hospitality and respect. The names of twenty-two girls were given me at once, and two babus offered me the use of their household courts, with broad, shady verandas, for a school-room. I selected the most central one of these two, and promised to send the teacher as soon as possible. The school was finally opened about the 10th of January, 1880. The
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attendance has always been good, and the interest manifested by the parents and friends of the children very encouraging indeed.

The teacher's lodging, and to a great extent her board, have been given to her free of charge. I was most fortunate in securing a good teacher. She has the faculty of making not only the older people her friends, but also every child in the school. In consequence, her school is one of the most orderly and well taught that I have, and there is none that I so much enjoy visiting. The pupils are exceptionally bright, and all seem thoroughly interested in doing well.

Last January, by the aid of friends in the station, and the patrons of the schools, we were able to distribute prizes to all the pupils. This school in Remna being too far away for the children to meet with those of the other schools in town, to receive their rewards, we — Mr. and Mrs. Marshall and I — drove out one morning, examined them, and distributed prizes in their own school-room.

The house was crowded by the relatives and friends of the children, all eager to see how much these long neglected, much maligned little girls had learned in one year. They sang first "Happy Land," in Bengali, to the great delight of all present. Then came spelling down. I assure you, those little Hindu girls stood their ground well. At last, one by one they were conquered, till Sarada, a child of eight, stood alone. Great was her pride and the delight of her parents. The first and second class children could read fluently, write well from dictation, count, write numbers of four digits, and do simple sums in addition. They sang again a song, to the tune of "Yankee Doodle!" Can you imagine it? and in closing, "O, that will be joyful."

At last came the distributing of prizes, very simple prizes, to be sure, but very highly appreciated by their proud little winners.

The babus were all greatly pleased, and after the exercises were over there was much indiscriminate praise poured forth for pupils, teacher, and the supporters of the school.

The great need now is a house. The veranda on which it has always been held is the public sitting-room of the house. The babu who owns the place is quite a land-holder, and has a great many people coming to him on business. All the discussion about deeds and debts, with the attendant
noise and distraction, goes on side by side with the children's studying. I wonder sometimes that they get on half as well as they do.

Would not some band or auxiliary society like to raise the $25 necessary for the purpose of building a house for this school? We would be glad to name the school for the band or society sending the funds.*

The teacher and children have struggled on for over a year, in spite of all obstacles, and so shown that the school is worth saving. The numbers are increasing. Some of the girls are getting so old — about eleven or twelve years of age — that their parents object to sending them to so public a place. They can have but a year more in school, at most, and I am very anxious to make the best possible use of this time ere they are imprisoned for life in the zenanas.

[FROM MRS. J. L. PHILLIPS]

COMPENSATED.

It is a blessed thing to believe in a "law of compensation," a more blessed one to know that it runs through all the little hours and minutes even of every-day life; that every privation and trial has its own complement of abundance and joy. But we forgot all about it, as we sat at the dinner table, saying, "Twenty miles with bullocks in this heat! Oh! for a railroad one hour long; an old-fashioned coach horse, 'trained to catch trains,' or if we could afford coolies; but no,—it's bullocks this time or nothing." So as soon as the heat began to wane a little the bullocks started for Palasbani with us behind them in a rattan palankeen, or kind of long box on wheels. They crept along at their unusually slow pace, till we began to descend a hill, when, thanks to the brevity of the tongue of "our phaeton," the front wheels came bump against the poor creatures, and sent them fairly flying to the bottom, and on and on, Gilpin-like we went, till we began to ascend another hill, and they stopped to catch breath, and we to see the sun just dropping behind a lovely sari grove at the entrance to the jungle. In an instant the whole heavens were glowing with indescribable beauty, and the old jungle bright in the wondrous light, as the tender foliage glinted in the soft rainbow tints; multitudes of little birds were singing their sweet good-byes to the dying day, and a fresh breeze,
Correspondence.

laden with the rich fragrance of the sari flowers, blew in our hot, dusty faces, and we dropped on a stone by the way-side to wonder if heaven could be more enchanting, more soothing to tired mortals.

The weary city, with all its heathen din, was behind us. The jungle in its lovely spring dress, with its blessed quiet, all around us, and spell-bound we sat on the old rock till the stars began to twinkle, and the bullocks had crept well-nigh out of sight, way down the leafy path. Judge ye, who, weary and worn, have longed for the dear old woods with their thousand soul-voices whether we were compensated or not.

Indian twilight, so suggestive of the brevity of all earthly things, was over all too quickly, and we again jogging on our way. We had planned to stop at the half-way bungalow for the night, but on arriving found it unroofed. Another, four miles farther on, but off from the main road, was reached about 10 p. m., but the path and bridge leading to it were broken, and a circuitous route through the bed of a brook and up a perpendicular embankment was the only one by which it could be reached. This was no new experience to us who for fifteen years have “followed the jungle,” and seldom made a trip without some unimaginable “break” to test our patience, endurance and ingenuity too. But none of us knew the way this time. The little village was as silent as a cemetery, and the louder we shouted the deeper the terrible silence seemed, as the dogs howled in reply.

Catching a glimpse of a dim light in a house near by, we rushed toward it, screaming, *“Bukshish! bukshish! if you want any bukshish come out and show us the road to the Bungalow.” Instantly a ghastly old man “from the tombs” appeared. If any human word could raise the dead in India it would be “bukshish.” Several others soon followed, and we were quickly in the bed of the creek with the embankment before us. “Unloose the bullocks, unload the passengers. Pull! push! no flinching now!” No sooner said than done, and shoulder to shoulder, with the shades of men after buckshish, our garry was lifted on to level ground and about midnight we fell asleep, some on an old rickety bed, and some in the garry.

Early the next morning we found our lunch of rolls and eggs had a keen relish they never have at home, and we were again on the highway. The fresh morning air, the

*A present.
gay birds, the beautiful foliage, the soft green along the way, and the drive through the river with our feet "tucked up" to keep them dry, made us forget we were "rather sore" and a little unamiable, and we reached Palasbani much sooner than we expected. This is where our first branch church is located, and we had come to the dedication of the new chapel which the native Christians themselves have just erected.

Grace, one of our orphan girls, and now the wife of one of the principal members of this church, gave us a hearty welcome and enclosed a little shed with impromptu mat walls for our own, and treated us to coarse jungle rice and curry, and sweet milk. Was there ever anything quite so delicious as the plump kernels of the jungle rice and buffalo's milk, or were mortals never so hungry before? While taking our breakfast two schools were waiting patiently on the verandah for examination. Both were found to be progressing. In the afternoon we visited another, among the very poorest classes. Thirty children were writing on the ground with their stone pencils under a kind of straw awning, while the parents and villagers gathered en masse to witness the examination. The enthusiastic teacher, the head now in the Palasbani church, presented his first class, saying: "They have learned their letters in fifteen days." We shook our heads doubtfully. "Fifteen days — why, it takes Midnapore children at least a month; we'd like to tell them what you jungle children do. But this must be proved." Whereupon the crowd gathered around us so closely it seemed as if we should suffocate. But as the pencil went skipping over the Bengali alphabet the answers came very correctly, and if one chanced to hesitate a little, some anxious voices from the crowd called out, "Bala theak! Bala theak! Bhool curie O na!"—"Say it right! Say it right! don't blunder." They came off triumphantly, but it should be said the majority of these "children" were five feet high or more, and had applied themselves as little ones seldom can, though there were a few of the latter in this class. The remainder of the school did the teacher much credit, and he closed his school by singing "There is a happy land." The teacher sang two lines, and then the children sang them, and so on. The first half of each stanza was like 'a dancing jig, too ludicrous for a straight face. The last half died away in wild plaintive notes that went right to our hearts, and the noisy crowd were hushed in perfect silence.
We have examined many of these wild primary schools among the poor both in town, hut and jungle, but never found the teacher, children and parents so enthusiastically in earnest before. Surely that hour in Mudhoo's school compensated us a hundred fold for the lost hours the night before.

Early the next morning the Sabbath services began with a prayer-meeting, then two little girls were baptized in a tank beautifully shaded by palms.

The new chapel was duly dedicated, and the native Christians greatly encouraged. Some children from the new day schools for the poor come to Sabbath school in the afternoon. The first one held in the new chapel numbered fifty. What the teaching and preaching in this same little chapel may do, He alone knows who catches the little words as they drop, and plants them so deeply in the hearts of men, that neither time nor eternity can uproot them, neither sorrow nor sin blight their precious fruitage. From such humble beginnings as this, institutions have arisen that have blessed the world. Hence, let us on with our little schools, chapels and churches till the last idol is ground in the dust.

The recent anniversary of the school was of great interest. The cordial greeting and hearty welcome extended by both teacher and student, prepared us with a home-like feeling, to listen to the various exercises with unusual pleasure.

The musical entertainment given by the New Orleans University Jubilee Singers, was a rich treat. The thrilling spirit of their songs lingers with us still.

The Sabbath was a day of glad experience. We were especially interested in the Sunday school session. The earnestness manifested in studying the sweet truths of the Bible was very gratifying.

The general distribution of Sunday school papers and Stars, furnished by friends in the North, impressed us with the necessity of our churches and societies frequently contributing to their supply.

The exercises of Anniversary day were of a high order. The intellectual culture and independence of thought characterizing the parts of the graduating class would win commendation in many institutions of learning. Christian refinement and general politeness were observed throughout the school. It is a fact worthy of notice, that the entire graduating class, thirteen in number, are active Christians.
The oration, given by the Hon. Frederick Douglass, was a rare, scholarly feast. His venerable appearance represents our ideas of Bible characters, and in imagination we felt ourselves standing in the presence of the patriarchal fathers. The thrilling lecture of the eloquent old man upon the interesting subject, “John Brown,” at the very place where he made his bold strike for the freedom of the slave, was followed by the laying of the corner-stone of Anthony Hall, to be erected for the purpose of educating the race for which he died. Would that many more of the friends of the college might have witnessed these anniversary exercises, for we are confident it would have been profitable both to themselves and the school.

A special appeal is made to the Woman’s Missionary Society to aid in advancing this work. Surely we cannot fail to respond. We have not yet met our pledge, hence an increased responsibility. As we understand it, the $1,000 is to finish the chapel in the new hall. The need of this room is second to none, for the old one is by far too small to accommodate the increasing membership of the school. Will not the secretaries of the various districts present this matter without delay to the churches and societies?

The call is urgent. The time for work is brief. What is needed is to do the duty of to-day. Other imperative calls are at our door. Let us be swift to meet this one. It will serve as a stepping-stone, from which we can hurry on to another goal, which marks our onward way toward the final prize.

The women of Rhode Island district have already interested the friends of the school to engage in more active work in its behalf. Besides some individual offerings, the ladies of the New York City Church have pledged $100, and the Young People’s Society of Roger Williams Church have assumed $500 for the new hall. Other societies and individuals have expressed a readiness, when better informed, to respond to this call.

Is it not important and practicable that the officers and leaders of the different societies and churches, constantly keep before the minds of the people a more definite knowledge of the wants of our various mission fields?

Much intelligent conversation, the coming vacation season, upon the pressing calls for money to advance the Master’s work in its several departments, we venture to predict, would tend to largely fill our depleted treasuries, and help establish
Incidents of Harper's Ferry.

Among the many who came to bid us "good-bye," the morning after anniversary, was a mother with her daughters on their way to the station. The elder of the girls explained that mother was ashamed to come in because she hadn't the money to pay Mr. Brackett what was due on their schooling. She had used the money to come to anniversary to see two of the daughters graduate. Who could blame her? For five years all her earnings (she cooks for fourteen dollars per month) had been used to keep her fatherless girls in school. As we were coming from the station with Fred Douglass anniversary day, a Maryland white man stepped up unbidden to shake hands with him, and, as he walked along by the carriage, said, by way of apology, that for three years he carried the knapsack and musket for his country. "Did you?" said Mr. Douglass; "I always feel like taking my hat off to such a man," and suited the action to the word. I had no hat to take off, but that was the way I felt in the presence of this mother, and always do before those who toil and deny themselves to send their children to school. Is it not a great, a blessed privilege to help them? This mother would pay all that was due as soon as she could earn it, with the help of the girls, for they were all going to work.

I mention this because I thought the ladies would like a little acquaintance with some of those who are benefitted by Myrtle Hall and its conveniences. They are not, most of them, the kind of girls that many of our city teachers have to work for — of such texture as to make one wonder whether they will be more than shadows when they come out of school — but plump, rosy-cheeked, especially these three, with complexions slightly darker than a brunette, beautiful hair and bright eyes, not destitute of the kind of beauty we imagine that
Cleopatra had, needing all the more for that the good home and home care which very few of the mothers can give their daughters, and which we aim to furnish to them. This is true not alone of the fatherless. Even the families that have industrious, thrifty fathers, who have bought them homes, are not so much better off, for many of them are huddled together in such narrow quarters that privacy is almost impossible.

Myrtle Hall has lately been made more homelike and its inmates very happy and gratified by the gift of a beautiful bookcase — so much nicer than anything else we have that we could hardly believe it was for us — and the beginning of a library to which additions will be made — from the auxiliary of the Greenwich Street Church, Providence, R. I. That auxiliary decided a little too late — when they had all been taken — to finish and furnish a room in Myrtle Hall, and this Dexter Library they have presented instead. We desire the study to be also a sitting-room that shall be a model for the homes which we would wish might never seem complete without books. Are there not other auxiliaries disappointed in the same way that can satisfy themselves now by the alternative of doing some work of some kind for our new chapel building? Let none be hindered by the thought that that work is not especially for girls. The same circumstances which make it so necessary for us to furnish a good home for our girls, demands for them a place where they can be under our eye during school hours, when Myrtle Hall is shut and locked; and this is one of the most imperative reasons why we need the new building.

“OUR FIRST DUTY.”

Dear Sisters of the Woman’s Society:

Have you, every one of you, read the article with the above caption in the Star of June 22d? If you have not will you do so at once? Have you seriously thought of these difficulties and frictions? If you have not, just think; think of your obligations as a church member and as a member of the denomination, and see whether you are disregarding them under the name of zeal for the Woman’s Society. Is not Brother W’s suggestion that we adhere to our theory a timely one? There is reason to fear that many auxiliaries are disregarding the theory. The theory is right; let us do right. Are any fearful? Will not God bless the right? Can good come from doing wrong?
"Our First Duty."

Let me tell you what God did for our little Auxiliary. It was not born strong; and did not grow fast. When we were asked for forty dollars per year, for Miss Phillips' salary, we had to strain every nerve to raise it. We came to our next annual meeting with burdened hearts, for we felt we were not doing quite right. Some were paying to our Society who were doing nothing to help the church meet its regular apportionment. So we tremblingly passed a vote, making it a condition of membership that every church member should first pay her dollar for the work of the parent societies.

We were unanimous in feeling this to be the only right way. Many feared it was the death-blow to the Society. But God gave us grace to trust him that He would take care of the right, and though for a few weeks, (only a few) anxious hearts wondered where the forty dollars would come from, it came. The trouble about our church apportionment was righted, and not only that, but behold! the Society gained a wonderful strength. Whereas, before we were wavering between life and death, now we had no thought of dying! The very next year we raised seventy dollars much easier than we had the forty before, and to-day it would be hard to find a more vigorous Society than the Greenville Auxiliary, where every member first pays her dollar a year to the Parent Benevolent Societies. Would that every auxiliary might do likewise. Let us attend to "our first duty." L. D. G.

Auburn.

Helps.—Of the making of many books there is no end, but every lover of missionary intelligence will welcome the multiplying of those volumes which help to a more extended knowledge of the great "harvest-field," and the agencies therein employed. From the Missionary Review we learn that Rev. Wm. E. Blackstone, of Oak Park, Ill., has already issued an edition of a Missionary Directory; that a Manual of F. M. Geography, Statistics and Reading, to include a list of all stations, with latitude and longitude, and a directory of all missionary Societies, by Rev. Frank S. Dobbins, of Philadelphia, is in press.

A third work of this kind is in preparation in New York. The appearance of these volumes, each author undertaking his work without a knowledge of the other, is an evidence of the increase of interest in missionary enterprizes.

"Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world."
Heroines of the Mission Field, by Mrs. Emma Raymond Pitman, contains biographical sketches of women who have been missionaries in various lands among the heathen. Mrs. Mary Moffat, Mrs. Hannah Mullens, Miss Fidelia Fiske, Mrs. Emily C. Judson, and more than twenty others whose memory is sacred today, and fragrant with noble deeds in the service of the Master, are here brought to our attention. The author has rendered a valuable service in giving to the world this volume. It must have a wide circulation, and will be the inspirer of many a heart to help forward the work indicated in its motto, "The Women of all Lands for Jesus." It is published by A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York, at $1.50.

A pamphlet of 192 pages, containing an account of "Woman's Medical Work in Foreign Lands, by the W. F. M. Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church," has been issued recently. It is by Mrs. J. T. Gracey, with an introduction by Bishop Wiley. It can be obtained of the author, Mrs. Gracey, at Rochester, N. Y., for 30 cents.

Sometimes mortifying blunders occur. One was made in the last issue through misapprehension which has brought pain to Miss French's heart. The article "The Missionary's Desire" belonged to the Indian Female Evangelist. We most cheerfully correct and beg pardon.

Notwithstanding so many special objects ask for attention the Board stands pledged to meet the appropriations for its accepted work. To meet the May remittance the treasury was overdrawn nearly five hundred dollars.

The subscribers of the Helper number at present 3,668. This is more than ever before. Of the states, Maine leads the list with 925. Mrs. Porter, of Lowell, Mass., sends more subscribers than any other individual.

From time to time we hear of good words said of this little publication by our brethren, and sometimes of their efforts to secure subscribers by public solicitation. This kindness is by no means unappreciated or lightly estimated.

The following is suggestive of a method of interesting the Sunday School. A week or two before the time for the Concert, the superintendent says: "We will devote our next concert to the subject of missions. Who will promise to find something to say, some item of mission intelligence; some anecdote; a description of a mission school or station; anything that belongs to the mission subject? Let all who will raise a hand."

The Secretary takes the names and gives each name the number by which he or she will be called upon. The superintendent suggests sources of information such as the Morning Star, Helper, Little Star, mission items in newspapers. By persistent, kindly effort a good concert will be the result.
Words from Home Workers.

Maine.

Mrs. Davis reports the first public meeting of the West Buxton Auxiliary held in connection with the Cumberland Quarterly Meeting. Miss Abbie Hanson, the Vice-President, conducted the exercises. The District Secretary, Mrs. V. G. Ramsey, was present and read a valuable essay on "Woman's Work." Mrs. Dr. Coffin read a letter from Mrs. Dr. Phillips and Miss Ollie Flagg made a plea for zenana women. Minnie Phillips Pease (a little girl named for one of our missionaries), recited "Finding Our Work!" The occasion was one of inspiration and profit, and the object desired, the increase of missionary interest seemed to be attained.

Mrs. E. Blake, of Steep Falls, was appointed Q. M. Secretary.

Rhode Island.

The Greenville Auxiliary mourns the loss of another of its members. Mrs. Mary A. Angell died the 29th of last April, aged 63 years. Two weeks previous to her death she met with us at our Annual Meeting. It was remarked by some how cheerful and happy she appeared, and how ready and willing to do her part in the good work. Death came to her suddenly and unexpectedly, but she was ready. Her memory will be pleasant to all who knew her.

At the meeting of the Greenville Auxiliary, June 9, the following resolutions were adopted:

"Whereas, our Heavenly Father has seen fit to call our sister from her earthly labors to the heavenly rest, therefore

Resolved, That we catch an impulse from her faithful life, and consecrate ourselves with renewed zeal to the work of the Master.

Resolved, That the calm, symmetrical character of our sister has been a power for good among us, and the memory of her abiding faith will cheer us in the performance of life's duties.

Resolved, That we tender to the bereaved family of the deceased our heartfelt sympathy for their loss, and knowing they sorrow not as those without hope, we rejoice with them in the glorious immortality she has gained.

Resolved, That the Secretary be requested to place these resolutions on record; also that a copy be sent to the Missionary Helper for publication.

Mrs. L. Mowry,
Miss E. M. Mowry,
Miss I. C. Barnes,

Committee.

The annual meeting of the Rhode Island District was held at the Park Street Church, Providence, May 25, 1881. The meeting was presided over by the District Secretary, Mrs. L. Dexter, of Blackstone, Mass. The opening exercises consisted of singing, Scripture reading and prayer, after which the report of the previous meeting was read and approved. The report of the Finance Committee was presented by the chairman, Mrs. Dexter. Total receipts for the year, $538.87. The report of the Committee on Conventions was presented by the chairman, Mrs.
Brewster. Two conventions had been held, one at Centredale and one at Pawtucket. Both were well attended and the exercises profitable. The following were chosen officers for the coming year: Secretary, Mrs. G. S. Andrews, of Providence; Auditor, Miss P. J. Wood, of Providence. Committee on Finance and Formation of Auxiliaries, Mrs. L. Dexter, of Blackstone; Miss R. R. Leavens, of Providence; Mrs. Lewis Bowen, of Auburn; Mrs. J. L. Tourtellott, of Providence; Miss Amelia Waterman, of Providence. Committee on Conventions, Mrs. J. M. Brewster, of Providence; Mrs. G. S. Andrews, of Providence; Mrs. J. T. Ward, of Georgiaville; Mrs. Dr. Kendall, of Pascoag; Mrs. C. S. Frost, of Pawtucket. Reports from twelve auxiliaries and six bands or young peoples' societies were presented. These were generally encouraging, and several reported having money in the treasury. At the last meeting a resolution expressing sympathy and encouragement for Miss Hattie Phillips, the missionary, supported by the R. I. District, was passed, and a letter in response which had been received from her was read. The "Basis of Work" which had been arranged by the Executive Board of the Woman's Society was presented by Mrs. Brewster. This plan seemed to meet the approval of the ladies, and to help carry it forward one pledge of five dollars was given, and encouragement that one society would assume fifty dollars, the apportionment for the new hall at Harper's Ferry. A plan for a more efficient organization was discussed, and referred to a committee to report at the next convention.

On the following day at two P. M., a public meeting was held, at which time the District Secretary presented her annual report. Papers relating to the school at Harper's Ferry were presented by Miss Kate J. Anthony and Miss P. J. Wood, and one upon Home Missions, written by Mrs. A. T. Salley, was read by Mrs. Sunderland. The meetings were well attended and a good degree of interest manifested.

Mrs. Andrews, Secretary.

Ohio.

Malvina Chase, of Rutland, Ohio, writes Mrs. Griffin, Home Secretary, as follows: "Having read of the good work that is being done by ladies' missionary societies and knowing that our Q. M. is lacking in mission interest, some of us are anxious to have such an organization in this Q. M. Please send us the needed helps and instructions that we may organize.

Mrs. Griffin adds, "Printed constitutions, blanks for reports and the new excellent leaflet for Mission Bands were sent. Who else wants to organize? Let us push the work of missions in the department of Mission Bands. God bless the children while they bring salvation to the lost."

Michigan.

Rev. L. B. Potter, Missionary Treasurer of Michigan, writes that he is most willing to send special funds to Miss DeMeritte, Treasurer of our Board, when requested. He urges that all such funds be sent to him by Q. M. Treasurers, with the regular church and society contributions, that we may have a full account of all moneys raised in the State. Why can not this be done?

Our W. M. Societies of Michigan are now exceedingly prosperous, greatly increasing the interest in missions and the amounts given thereto. Our society funds are sent with those of all the churches and congre-
Words from Home Workers.

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tions, and yet we are supporting woman's work, for our own Michigan girl and successful teacher here, Mrs. Frankie Lawrence, is just as successful with her Girls' Schools in Midnapore, and her salary comes from the general treasury. The Woman's Board gives to all these workers money for teachers and schools, and shall we have no share in this? Miss Hooper writes me: "Can you not help Frankie? She has four nice schools and is doing a good work. She says she must give them up soon for want of funds. I cannot bear the thought of it! Surely she will get help, will she not?" Shall we in Michigan say to her go on with the schools, or stop them? Who will answer? Don't forget her as one you support when you pay your regular dues; don't forget her when you pray; and don't forget to often send money to Bro. Potter for Mrs. Lawrence's native teachers, and he will at once forward to Miss DeMeritte. We help to support Mrs. J. L. Phillips, too, and Mrs. Bacheler, but shall we do nothing for their ragged schools and zenana work? Shall Miss Ida Phillips, our other Hillsdale girl, the children's missionary, be forgotten by our mission bands? Surely not.

Mrs. F. C. Stimson, of the Q. M. W. M. Society, reports continued progress and success. Their collections average about $140 per year.

Libbie Cilley Griffin, Secretary.

The Third Annual Meeting of the Y. M. W. M. Society was held in Greenville on the evening of June 3. Mrs. D. H. Lord, First Vice-President, presiding.

The opening exercises consisted of a missionary anthem by the choir and Scripture reading, from the New Version, and prayer by Mrs. Lord.

The Secretary presented her annual report, from which we deduce the facts that there there has been progress in organization and gains in the amounts paid by the churches for Missions. Her report could not be full, as some secretaries have failed to report to her. More Helpers are taken than ever before, though in some localities it is still scarcely known.

Farther particulars with statistics need not be given now, as they will appear in connection with the annual report of the Home Secretary.

Following the secretaries report was a paper by Mrs. West, on "Work for Auxiliary Mission Societies." Good and practical. Mrs. Church gave an interesting talk on "Mission Work in the Islands of the Pacific." She also exhibited a cabinet of curious articles made and used by the natives of these countries.

Mrs. Koon read an essay on "Giving." By request of the ladies of the society, the papers prepared for this occasion will be forwarded to the Helper for publication.

The exercises of the evening were interspersed with good appropriate music by the choir. The collection was $9.41, falling considerably below the average collections on similar occasions.

M. M. Koon, District Secretary for Michigan Y. M.

Saturday, P. M., 4th inst., a business session convened at the call of the chair. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President, Mrs. D. H. Lord; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. John Thomas, Mrs. F. F. Bailey, Mrs. E. O. Dickenson, and Mrs. E. J. Doyle; Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. M. M. Koon.

"Be ye strong, therefore, and let not your hands be weak; for your work shall be rewarded." 2 Chron. xv., 7.
Children’s Niche.

A CHILD’S QUESTION.

"How many sisters have I, Mamma?"
"Only one, my dear,
You have two little brothers — Charlie and Will —
And baby Katie here."

"Then what did the lady mean to-day,
When she looked right into my face,
And said I had many sisters dear
In some far-off wicked place?

"They could never know of Jesus’ love,
Unless I sent them word;
And that of his wonderful life and death
They never had even heard.

"I guess she must be mistaken though:
For you would surely know
If any such dreadful thing was true,
And have sent them word long ago."

Yes, over the waters our sisters wait;
And well we know it is true,
That many perish for lack of help
That should come from me and you.”

— Heathen Woman’s Friend.

ANNUAL REPORTS.

The time for making the Annual Reports is approaching, and that there may be at least approximate accuracy in representing the condition of the society and its work for the year, much painstaking on the part of the various secretaries seems necessary. The report for last year was more comprehensive than formerly, but improvement would give greater satisfaction to us all.

It would be gratifying if we could have the exact number of auxiliaries and bands with their names, and the number of members and amounts raised. It is desired also that all boxes and barrels, with their estimated values should be furnished. It is true the Lord has noted all these gifts and has blessed both the receiver and the giver, but the very fact that some auxiliaries or societies have done what the members of another may have wished to do, but have hesitated, furnishes just the item of encouragement needed to stir to action, and still others may learn for the first time of such existing need, and be stimulated at once. “No man liveth unto himself.” May there not be expected a complete and well prepared report from each secretary promptly furnished to the Home Secretary as early as September.

H. S.
**Kitty's Missionary Society.**

Kitty's mother went to a missionary meeting, and she wanted to go too. Her mother said:

"Kitty, you had better form a society of your own."

So Kitty went to see Minnie and Fannie and Jennie and Nellie. They said they'd come Wednesday, at three o'clock.

Wednesday came, but Minnie concluded to go skating, the ice was so good, so she didn't come. Fannie's sister's baby came to visit, so she thought she must stay at home and play with it. Jennie believed her head ached, and she'd go next time; besides she had a new story book she wanted to read. Nellie got started but met Madge Gray, and she didn't approve of missionary societies, so they went down town and bought some candy with the penny Nellie was going to take to the society.

Kitty waited, but no one came, so she thought: "Well, I'll be the society." So she read and prayed and sang and took up a collection. The collection was the great thing. Kitty didn't know what to do with it. It amounted to just five cents. Kitty's mother said she thought it better go to India. It might buy a book for some one. So the collection of the "one-member society" went to India. The missionary lady knew Kitty, so she bought a Tamil book, and gave it to a Hindu man. He threw it on the street going home, but another heathen man picked it up and read it, and learned to love Jesus. So Kitty's society was a success. I think a society with one member that does something is much better than a society of one hundred members who never come and don't do anything. What do you think, children? If the other girls won't come, have a one-member society." — The Sunshine.

**Contributions.**

**Contributions from April 1, 1881, to June 1, 1881.**

**Maine.**  
Augusta, Auxiliary for Emeline's salary ........................................... $7 00  
Augusta, Children's Band for Miss I. Phillips' salary .......................... 3 00  
Biddeford, Auxiliary for F. M. ........................................... 5 00  
East Osisfield, Auxiliary ........................................... 3 00  
East Parsonsfield, Auxiliary for F. M. ........................................... 2 00  
Hallowell, Woman's Mission Society for support of Zenaca Teacher ............. 19 00  

Lewiston, Auxiliary Main Street church for Incidental Fund .......................... 4 00  
Lewiston, Seed Sowers, Main Street F. B. church for teacher in India .................. 25 00  
Litchfield Plains, Woman's Missionary Society for support of Tupperie ......... 13 00  
Phillips, Auxiliary for salary of teacher with Miss I. Phillips, ............... 25 00  
Pittsfield, Auxiliary for native teacher ........................................... 4 00
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Contribution</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Portland, Auxiliary for support of Anna Koonjah</td>
<td>20 00</td>
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<td>West Buxton, Woman's Mission Society</td>
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<td>NEW HAMPSHIRE.</td>
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<td>Bristol, Auxiliary towards L. M. of Mrs. J. H. Brown</td>
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<td>Candia Village, Auxiliary</td>
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<td>Danville, Auxiliary</td>
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<td>East Wakefield, Mrs. S. D. Meserve</td>
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<td>Laconia, Ladies' Miss. Band</td>
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<td>New Market, Woman's Miss. Society</td>
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<td>Northwood Ridge, Auxiliary</td>
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<td>VERMONT.</td>
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<td>St. Johnsbury, Auxiliary</td>
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<td>South Strafford, Auxiliary for work at Storer College</td>
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<td>Farnumsville, Church and Society for salary and work of Miss H. Phillips</td>
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<td>Lowell, February and March collections Paige Street Church</td>
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<td>Lowell, Auxiliary Paige St. Ch. for scholarship, three years, in the Industrial School in India</td>
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<td>RHODE ISLAND.</td>
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<td>Olneyville, Auxiliary for salary and work of Miss H. Phillips</td>
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<td>Pascoag, Auxiliary for salary and work of Miss H. Phillips</td>
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<td>PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.</td>
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<td>Stanstead, Band of Willing Workers for Miss Crawford's Orphanage</td>
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<td>Total</td>
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LAURA A. DeMERITTE, Treasurer.