“So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.” This prayer of the Psalmist is impressed upon us as we note the passing season. The closing year has been crowded full of significant events; the march of truth has been grandly onward, and its increasing light has made the darkness of sin more visible.

Naturally the mind turns back to review the little part which we have borne, and how utterly insignificant do the efforts of the most zealous appear in the retrospective; the more so in view of the glorious future of the church of Christ. Fortunate will it be, if we do not linger at the backward glance, but, grasping the truth that Christ’s teaching of love and good-will is to be known in all the earth, and “forgetting the steps already trod, onward press our way,” with a new sense of being called to increased activity, to a deeper faith, and a more liberal hope.

The review of the work of the Society may not give the satisfaction of some former years. There may have been greater anxiety and some faltering, yet there has not been the appearance of defeat. Each year makes us richer in plans and purposes, and in overcoming obstacles which develop resources. Putting aside our worldly reasoning, let us be very jealous of his honor, who has pledged his word in the promises, “Ask, and ye shall receive,” and “according to your faith be it unto you.” So shall we come to know of the
The secret of self-forgetfulness for the good of others, and some measure of that wisdom which is pure and imparts restful assurance.

There comes pressing home such a burden of work and responsibility on some who have been called to stand near the front, and whose duty it is to inquire into the needs of those who are battling strong and brave, as well as of others who are weary and faint from exhaustion, that the anxious thought is, how are those now indifferent to be enlisted, whom the Lord surely wants in this branch of service. In a letter from a friend whose sacrifices and labors reach almost to "the losing of life," literally, are these thoughts that are worthy of attention: "I could long for three or four bodies, as you find yourself tempted to do, there is so much to be done, so many things which a few more willing workers might easily accomplish, and which surely if not done, will leave blame at somebody's door. For the Lord must want them done; for instance, the raising of the money for . . . . I can see that the whole sum might easily be raised by correspondence if there were only a pen with a heart behind it; nay, but there must needs also be a hand not already filled, to hold the pen. . . . How can any one let anything blunt their sensibility to these facts, that millions of women and children are waiting for the Gospel at our hands, and that the surest, strongest, and most expeditious way of carrying it to them, is by uniting in one solid phalanx for this very purpose. How can any one that loves Jesus and has any sense of what his Gospel is worth to her, help longing to join, yes, gladly joining (for any one can who will), in the best way of carrying this Gospel to the ends of the earth!

"The trouble is,—it cannot be otherwise,—that hearts are preoccupied with their own affairs, so there is not room for that spirit of Jesus that would lose life, if need be, to save others. Alas! alas! and we are all guilty of a large share of this indifference. This admonition has often come to me, 'Thou art inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou art who judgest, for wherein thou judgest another thou condemnest thyself. For thou also that judgest doest the same things.'

"It may not be under the same circumstances, it may not be in the same degree, God only can see that; but 'the same things thou doest.' And so let us tenderly help each other to arise more and more to self-forgetful service. This we must every one do, or we shall grieve our Lord."
Reminiscences.

REMINISCENCES.

BY MRS. M. M. H. HILLS.

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

Immediately after Mr. Phillips' return from the embarkation of his sons, early in January, 1852, he resumed his missionary excursions, accompanied by Rama, and a portion of the time by Elias, the Santal preacher. In not a few of the villages they found evidences that the truth was beginning to leaven the community. True, as yet, real conversions had been few and far between, but the three great strongholds of Hinduism — brahmins, shasters, and caste — were fast losing their power over the people, and many of its revolting rites had become among the things that were.

In these excursions, as in former ones, they freely distributed tracts and portions of the Scriptures, which in some places were most eagerly sought for, not only by the rabble, but by the brahmins and respectable Hindus. At one place, Mr. Phillips found it impracticable to make a judicious distribution among all the classes able to read. He thus described the scene: "January 12 we preached the 'Glad tidings' to crowds at the great bathing jattra at Sarsangka. The people thronged and rushed upon me so as to carry me along with them quite at their mercy. The free use of my riding-whip — to which no exceptions were taken — would keep them at bay for a moment, but the instant my hand was withdrawn to reach out a tract, fifty hands would be upraised ready to snatch it, with deafening cries: 'O Sahib, give me a book!' 'I can read, give me a book!' 'Give me Jesus Christ's book!' 'I will worship him!' 'I have got none!' 'You give to those who can't read. I can read, but you give me none!' 'Just give me a book!' 'I'll show you I can read!' etc., etc. After becoming fatigued, I retired about three p. m., to my tent, and rested till the people began to disperse. Then mounting my horse, which I had a man lead while another walked by my side with a covered basket of books, I succeeded much better in placing a tract or a gospel in the hands of those able
to read. In this way I went around the large tank in which the people bathed, and gave away hundreds of tracts and Gospels. . . . The same willingness to hear and discuss the truths of the Gospel, and eagerness to obtain books, were manifest at Olmara as well as at Sarsangka. Christianity and native Christians are subjects which have come to be realities no longer to be turned off with a sneer. Notwithstanding people are said to become beside themselves on hearing us preach, the matter must be discussed and understood, and so the facts of the Gospel are listened to with interest."

At Raibania, the collector of the village heard the Gospel with much attention. He told Mr. Phillips that while recently passing a stone goddess, he first threw a clod of earth on the head, then finding that he received no harm, he applied his foot and kicked her over,—still the goddess said nothing. At the same place, a native doctor called for books who gave Mr. Phillips a very interesting relation of his father's death, which occurred about three years previously. "The old man," said Mr. Phillips, "had read our books, had entirely renounced idolatry, and when about to die, solemnly charged his son to make no feast for the brahmins after his death, according to Hindu custom, but to meditate on God, and then he would meet him in another world. The son obeyed his father's injunctions, but with much ado to keep his caste. Who can say that such a man died far from the kingdom of Heaven?" In another village he called on a naib or land agent, whom he found reading the New Testament in course, and who expressed an anxious desire to possess the whole Bible. His references proved him to be a careful student. He thought, however, this going from place to place, making a few converts here and there, exposing them to persecution, and perhaps starvation, was not the better way. His plan was to obtain a government order for all to become Christians, and the work would be done at once. "But," said Mr. Phillips, "so thought not the Man of Sorrows. Disciple, not compel all nations." At Bazarsene, also, he met much encouragement. Bhagabat, a barber and a man of influence, he deemed, was not far from the kingdom. He found there a boishnob, exorcist, fortune teller, etc.,
—an old man,—who had long been the terror of his neighbors, whom they had named *kendua*, or wolf. Bhagabat had directed his attention to the Gospel, and supplied him with books. The old man, after listening a while to Mr. Phillips, denounced Hinduism as a system of lies, useful only to the brahmins, who contrived by means of it to sponge a living from the people. Addressing his neighbors, he asked, "Which of your incarnations ever imparted salvation? What have they done to provide deliverance from sin? Destroy life, they do, but save none. You, brahmins, give life to blocks of wood and stone! Let them once raise the dead—a son or father whom they love." Subsequently he visited Mr. Phillips in his tent, and seemed to drink in the truths of the Gospel with a ready appreciation. Other visitors at the tent said, "We never saw things in this light before."

In one of these towns Mr. Phillips labored four days at a large annual jattra among the Santals at Sebastra-ling, about fifteen miles from Jellasore. He said: "No people, perhaps, are more fascinated with music and dancing than are the Santals. Equipped with drums, flutes, feathers, and a few fantastic gewgaws, they seem in raptures, and men, women, and children dance, it may be, a whole twenty-four hours. My tent was pitched under a tree near the edge of a field. Dancing commenced at evening, and continued all night and the next day, till the sun went down... I was forcibly struck with the artless simplicity of this people over whom my heart yearns. I like to visit them in their jungle hamlets, and listen to their social chat, and I never do it without having my heart stirred within me, and grieving that I can do so little to save their precious souls. Most ardently have I prayed and longed for salvation to come to this long-neglected, long-oppressed, but deeply interesting people." It was impossible for Mr. Phillips, in connection with his other mission duties, to follow up any system of direct efforts for their evangelization. His plan of receiving Santal lads into the boarding-school at his station, and allowing them to retain caste, had not worked well. Of the twenty-five he had thus taken, most of them, after learning to read and write, had left the mission. Two of them, Elias Hutchins
and Daniel P. Gilley, had become valuable assistants, not only in Mr. Phillips' tours among their people, but in the preparation of a school literature for their future use. An *Introduction to the Santal Language*, comprising a grammar, reading lessons, and a dictionary of nearly 5000 words, a volume of 190 pages, had been published the past year. He had previously issued a Santal primer and a sequel, also translations of two of the gospels. These efforts had attracted the notice of the editor of the *Friend of India*, J. C. Marshman, Esq., and brought to Mr. Phillips a letter containing the following extract: "The Santals are a most interesting people, and it is not unlikely that they may furnish as many churches as the Karens. . . . You have made the Santals the peculiar object of your solicitude, and you should address your society on the subject, and prepare them to follow up your efforts, and lay themselves out for a Santal mission. You ought to have two or three missionaries in the most favorable localities." Said Mr. Phillips, in a letter to the secretary: "It still remains for our society to take the lead and make a beginning in this good work. Has not God in his providence called us to this very thing? . . . Shall we then be faint-hearted, and still hold back and allow the Santals to perish in their blindness, or suffer some other society to step in and take our crown? Can we be thus recreant, and not incur a fearful amount of guilt? Or can we expect God's blessing to attend us when we thus disregard a manifestly divine call? Must the plea of the poor Santals always be heard in vain?"

At the expiration of Mr. Phillips' cold season labors, he found a pressure of duties at his station requiring attention. He had baptized and added to his church three native women, two of whom were Abhir's sisters. He said: Could I have a colleague, it would be a great advantage to our work. But I have so long waited and hoped for the happiness of being joined by a fellow-laborer at my own station, that to indulge such a hope longer seems like hoping against hope. The will of the Lord be done."

Venomous serpents in great numbers exist in India, and many are their victims each year. Miss Crawford wrote, June 22, 1852. . . . "I have a sad narrative to write you this
month. On Friday, the 11th inst., I dismissed my pupils as usual. All seemed in excellent health and remarkably happy, excepting some who were weighed down under a sense of guilt before a holy God. Among the gay, Elizabeth was the gayest, and her merry laugh was often heard above all the others. . . . Just as the next morning was dawning, I was awakened by the calling of the girls. Hastening to them, I found Elizabeth standing, supported on either side by other girls, the tears flowing down her burning cheeks. She extended her arms towards me most imploringly, rapidly repeating my name. I sent immediately for our native doctor, and Bro. Cooley, and soon learned that she had been bitten by a serpent. Remedies were administered, but in vain. Her hearing was nearly gone, and she seemed choking to death. Her struggles were violent and terrible, but life was fast waning, and when the bell struck eight, she was still and cold in death. As nearly as we could learn, she was bitten about four o'clock. The girls were sleeping on their veranda, as they often do in the hot season. Elizabeth was lying about the middle of the veranda, with many others on either side. Louisa, a dear little saint, lying close to her, was awakened by feeling a snake crawling over her bare arms and bosom. Springing up, she threw him off and sounded the alarm. All were awakened. Elizabeth, who had been sleeping very soundly, accused the girls of having pinched her knee. They denied it; still she did not suspect that she had been bitten till she was seized with violent pain. Shocking as were her physical sufferings, they were nothing to her agony of dying without hope. She had been brought up in the school at Jellasore, had received much religious instruction, but we fear that she had never believed to the saving of her soul. On the evening preceding her death, while the girls were having prayer, she disturbed them with her laughing and play. At the close of the service, Lydia, a very pious young woman, reprovingly asked her if she did not know that she might die before morning. She replied, O, no; she had many years to live; she should become an old woman. The sad death of poor Elizabeth made a very solemn impression on our little community. All day her corpse remained in the school-house, the girls watching her remains in mournful silence, broken at times by sobs, and by the inquiry, 'Where is her spirit now?' . . . On one side of me, below, were the weeping ones with the remains of
their late gay companion; on the other, lay a pilgrim on the veranda, lame and much emaciated by his long traveling towards Pooree, to catch a sight of his god, groaning and calling 'J-u-g-g-e-r-n-a-th! J-u-g-g-e-r-n-a-th!' . . . When the sun was nearly down, we followed our dead to the grave. . . . I pray I may never see another such day. My mind had been so much excited that at evening I seemed to hear snakes in every stirring leaf. I could see no way of escape, no possibility of saving myself — did not lie down to sleep until I felt quite willing to die by the bite of a snake, should it be the Lord's will. At last I fell asleep in a very peaceful frame of mind. . . . I used to go about a great deal in the dark, and nearly always came from Bro. Cooley's, after tea, without a light. I would not venture thus into the public road, but thought there was no danger in our cross-path, concluding the snakes would run away at my approach, should there be any in the path. I shall probably now go to the other extreme and be overmuch cautious. I am usually able to look about for snakes with as much composure as I would look in the garden for a beautiful flower. From the one hundred and twenty-first Psalm I derive much comfort."

The religious interest, deepened by the sad death of Elizabeth, continued for several of the following months. In September, Mrs. Cooley, in writing of the spirit of deep seriousness that had for some time pervaded their boarding-school, said, "Three have been baptized, others are requesting baptism whom we trust are heirs of God, while still many others are seeking the Saviour. We are greatly encouraged while we see those who but recently were bowing down to idol gods, also those set apart for human sacrifices, now bowing the knee to Jesus. The Khunds say, if they had remained in their own country they should never have heard of the way of salvation, and their souls would have been lost — forever lost. They express a great aversion to returning to their own country and again mingling with the heathen, though we hope some of them will yet go back as teachers, when they become fitted for the work."

A Japanese girl from the élite circle of Japanese society is leader of the classes in Vassar Collège.
Do you know the story of Kothahbyu Memorial Hall at Bassien, Burmah? How it cost thirty thousand dollars, the gift of the Christian Karens of this district for the education of their children, and as a memorial of that first convert from their tribe, Kothahbyn? It is a beautiful structure, and would grace any city in our own land. The sweet bell in the tower, given by Sabbath school children of one of the New York City churches, had summoned us, along with the groups of bright-faced intelligent Karen girls and boys, to the school. We had listened in the class-rooms to various recitations which would do credit to even New England boys and girls, had been thrilled by the gospel singing in the spacious auditorium or general hall of the building, and had watched these same earnest students under the wise leadership of the missionary teachers, sweeping, digging and paddy-husking, just as busy with their hands as at other times with their brains. But do you say how does all this talk of a busy school-hive have anything to do with the subject at the heading? Wait a bit—the rats come in by and by. By the kind arrangement of these richly blessed missionaries, to whom the Karens owe an immense debt of gratitude, Rev. and Mrs. Carpenter, we were to visit among the homes of some of these school children, and in order to do so we were to go with them by native boat through the winding, twisting creeks of that district, reaching as many of the Christian villages as possible in a few days' time. But it was not all accomplished by boat. No! we had one experience of riding several miles on elephants. Native Christians left their work and came down to the creek at one point with their elephants, so that the teachers and American friends might go up to their village.

It was too swampy for the huge beast to kneel; then how was I to mount? From the little boat deck I must step on a log, and then climb a tree far enough up to step off on to the great head and drop into the howdah. Does your imagination put a scarlet-lined, cushioned, gilt-edged affair on to that elephant's back, into which one could luxuriously rest as the animal gracefully meandered off?

Then your imagination is altogether astray. Instead, I dropped into a rough, wooden, saw-horse style of seat, lined
The native driver astride of his head in front of me, with bare toes behind the huge flapping ears, guided the creature. The toes were the reins, and a large Burman knife or dah, with which the interloping branches and vines were cleared away, served also as a whip.

The native struck the animal's head with blade or handle as occasion required. Well! I must say the novelty was very pleasant at first, but wait before you become too enthusiastic over the delights of such missionary work. After the first mile one begins to wonder how far away the village is, and how long it takes to get there, and of how good a pillow would feel, and of whether one's limbs could ever get so sound asleep they would never wake up, and of how much racking ones vertebrae will endure and not break in two. Well! elephant-riding may look charming in a menagerie, or round the lake at Kensington Gardens, London, but do not put it down as one of the most delightful experiences of lady missionaries. However, it might be worse. To reach some of the homes we must needs walk over intervening creeks on a teetering bridge of bamboo poles, with only a shaky bamboo for a hand rail, and again we had no rail, and in order to cross, we, who had never taken lessons of Blondin or other performers on tightrope, must crawl over on hands and knees.

But we are among the homes! Look in with us and shake hands with some of these brothers and sisters in Christ Jesus. See how these generous people live who have built Kothahbyu Hall, and commenced its endowment with the amount already raised of fifteen thousand dollars, and support their pastors and educate their children. There is no cellar or foundation stone to this native home; it rests on posts, five or six feet high, which are set securely in the ground. This elevation is a necessity in this climate, with its long rainy season. The front entrance is that notched pole yonder. This is the pastor's home, he motions us to climb up, and we will call on his family. This verandah is the general eating place. In that little room is a sort of brick trough covered with ashes on which a fire is made, and where the rice is cooked when the rain prevents them from cooking on the ground beyond the house. The roof is thickly thatched, and the sides and partitions are of coarse bamboo mats. There are but two rooms besides this open verandah, but a curtain hung up at night divides off the bed-rooms. These people are not troub-
led with drapery, and lambrequins, and pillow-shams, and carpets. Their beds are easily made and unmade, being simply a mat laid on the bamboo floor. The strong odor of the place is from that jar of n'gapee, a condiment made of rotten fish. It is the favorite help to their curry and rice. The clothing of the family can easily hang from the splints stuck into the mat wall. There are a few dried fish on the wall yonder, and in the corner, near the rice chatties, a few dishes and a pain-killer bottle. A few books on that low table is the pastor's study. The chickens are cackling under the house, and the pastor's wife urges the teacher to accept a basket of fresh eggs. Do you say such people as these could never raise anything toward that beautiful memorial hall and its endowment? Yes! the whole amount was raised by just such as these. But we must go on, for you are getting impatient to know how the rats come in. We reach a village, the houses of which are poorer, the bamboo mats need replacing, some of the thatch is very thin. The pastor greets us cordially, and others of this little Christian village of perhaps a dozen houses hasten out to welcome the missionaries. We climb the bamboo ladder into the little chapel, and up the notched pole into some of the homes, and as we turn away to our boats, the deacon takes from the breast of his worn and faded jacket, ten silver rupees (five dollars). We had not supposed the village contained so much. We see the tears start as the missionary shakes his head, "No! No!" We cannot understand the words. It is a pantomime, the explanation of which we learn later, and it is this: Several years ago the people of this village whose paddy (rice) fields are near by, began to be troubled by rats, which came out of the jungle and ate their crop. The next year they increased and ate still more of the rice before it could be gathered. The villagers tried to poison the rats, but at last they were forced to try trapping and spearing so that they might eat them. At last this enemy had so increased, that they must abandon their fields and move away. The village was soon to scatter, whither they hardly knew. They were indeed very poor. Now hark! ye Christians of America, in your comfortable homes, your luxurious, artistic dwellings, and who give too often grudgingly, sparingly from your abundance. Listen to the conversation between these Karen brothers, whom you will some day meet among the redeemed, and our missionary host. "This is our collection for foreign missions," says the
deacon holding out the silver. "We wish it were more, our hearts yearn after the wild tribes at the North. We want the Ka-Khyens to learn of Jesus." The missionary meanwhile shakes his head, "No, No, I cannot take it," he says with emotion, "your pastor needs it, he has only rice for a few days longer, you are all very poor, the preacher at the North will be supported. I cannot take this. Give it to the poor of your own church." "No!" was that Karen's reply, "No! teacher, it is the Lord's money, for His work! We can eat rats, but the Ka-Khyens can't live without the Gospel."

WARWICK, R. I.

IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. C. F. PENNEY.

Heaven could not have been new and strange to her! She seemed so near to it in those long-ago days when we were girls together in dear old Maine State Seminary, the chrysalis of Bates College,—so endued with "the wisdom that is from above, . . . first pure then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy." When our youthful eyes could see before the rest of the class a long journey to the goal, it seemed as if she were close to heaven, so she would only need to part the invisible veil and enter in.

Later visits to her model home have left the same impression, and now, with no view of the closing scenes to dispel the illusion, it really seems as if there could have been for her no passing over "dark waters," no "walk through the valley of the shadow of death;" and we love to think of her (do we not, dear classmates, and all her friends?), not transformed into an angel, as most of the world would need to be, but in the midst of the heavenly hosts her very self—her sweet face unchanged except to be rid of the expression of care which had come with maternal duties,—the spiritual body like the old, but free from weight and weariness and pain,—so well had nature molded her.

With grief that we were to have no more sweet converse with her in this world came the feeling—shared no doubt by all the workers in distant parts of the Lord's vineyard, whose means of usefulness must depend on missionary labors at
home — that we had lost one of our chief supports. In this department of pastoral work she quite relieved her husband of care; and, like many another woman in inconspicuous positions, without taking any credit to herself, richly deserved such praise as it has been fashionable to accord to the wives of public men for rendering their husbands the assistance they could.

Without waiting till their church was strong, even while it was aided by the Home Missionary Society, she made collections for missionary purposes of which the aggregate was so large that she was herself surprised, and almost afraid to have the people know, lest they should think they had given too much when, as a church, they were so poor. The prosperous condition of the Augusta church furnishes good evidence of the efficacy of such activity in promoting healthy growth, for all, I am sure, will agree that without that, the rare eloquence and other excellent qualities of their pastor could not have secured such results.

Though unusually timid and retiring, this dear sister allowed herself to shrink from no task which appeared to be a duty. Her "well done" needs no qualifications. In order to be appropriate for her, our Saviour's commendation of Mary should be so changed as to lose its apologetic tone, and to comprehend a whole life of well-doing, from which neither Mary's nor Martha's nor Dorcas' "good works" were omitted: "She hath done all she could."

May "a double portion of" her "spirit be upon" the members of the F. B. Woman's Missionary Society, that the Lord's work may not suffer from our great loss. A Classmate.

Gone Home! there is a sound of resting,
As weary lips pronounce the word,—
Forever shielded from earth's tumult,
Forever "present with the Lord."

Gone Home! the battle-strife is ended,
The arms are grounded at His feet;
Another victor waits the morning
When God's great host shall be complete.

Gone Home! while we still watch and wonder,
So prompt the message sent for thee;
We had no time to learn its meaning,
Ere thy bright spirit was set free.

Gone Home! while yet fond hearts were waiting
To hear more words of life and love
From lips that often told the story
Of Jesus and his home above.
Oh, who shall tell the glad surprises,
The joyous greetings waiting there,
From rescued ones who first beheld thee
In earth's sad scenes of grief and care!

Bravely we'll speed thy homeward going:
Though eyes must weep, yet hearts can sing,
While angel-voices give thee welcome,
Safe in the presence of the King.

C. P., in "Service for the King."

CORRESPONDENCE.

A VERY GOOD SIGN OF THE TIMES.

While in Calcutta the other day one of the Scotch missionary ladies showed me several numbers of the Khristiya Mohita, a monthly magazine of twenty-four pages, edited by native Christian women in Calcutta. This is its first year, and it has by no means a large circulation. Indeed it may be denominated by some a mere venture in journalism. To me it seems to be something far more significant, and with all my heart I wish it a successful career. My American sisters will, I feel sure, heartily second this wish of mine.

As this beautiful Bengali magazine, with its clear, inviting type and pretty pink cover cannot take its place among your exchanges, I may tell the readers of the Helper a thing or two about it. Five numbers have come to my table, and I have experienced uncommon pleasure in looking them over. Let me point out some features of its character. The table of contents indicates taste and thought. Some of the topics are suggestive, as the writers are all young women of the native church. The name Khristiya Mohita means Christian Woman, and this name fitly sets forth the object and aims of the magazine. Among others, I find papers on "Helping Others," "Progress in the Education of Women," "Bengal Widows," "Social Improvement," "Independence." So far as I have read, these articles are written in a clear and simple style, and contain real food for thought. The young women have made an excellent beginning.

This magazine heralds a brighter day for the women of India. One needs no prophetic discernment to read on its pages the proclamation of liberty to the imprisoned, oppressed
Correspondence.

and suffering women of this pagan land. Their more favored sisters, who have come into the light and liberty of the Gospel, have begun an agitation which will end only when all are likewise free. Every true woman in Christendom will wish them God-speed, and pray for their success. Though suttee and infanticide be now known only in history (save in solitary, secret cases), very much remains to be done for the elevation of the women of these Eastern lands. Hard, patient work, and much of it, must be done before the female mind is freed from the fetters forged and fastened centuries ago by the power of superstitions more cruel than death. The Christian Woman has heavy blows to deal, strong bars to burst and bolts to break, and the dark dungeon of ignorance to cleanse and light, ere her work is done. There is indeed a "great door and effectual" for her to enter, but there are "many adversaries."

But not for her heathen sisters alone does the Christian Woman put forth her helping hand. Her sisters in the church need her help as well, and for their cheer and edification she will be able to do much. Our Christian women have much to learn in Bengal. Even those who have been under Christian culture from childhood, such as the daughters of our native Christian families, and the orphan girls in missionary schools, call for just such an organ as this magazine. The corps of contributors will, we hope, gradually increase, and comprise the most gifted in all the Bengal missions. Live topics, bearing upon every-day experiences will be brought before an ever-increasing circle of appreciative readers. Our Christian women will learn to think, to work for others, to express themselves correctly in their own language, to gather facts concerning other lands and races, and so to become wiser, better and happier themselves. Success, then, to the little pink-covered magazine. May it carry light, love, hope to many a dark household, and may it bring joy, strength, comfort to many a Christian home in this land of darkness. God bless it.

Midnapore.

Midnapore Life.

Midnapore is a curiously put together place,— I mean the native part of it. There are three principal streets which have names, Burra Bazar, School Bazar, and Marneekpore Road. These run about parallel with each other, and all open into the Calcutta and Bombay road. The town is full of local
names, and it is often hard to find out just how much space one of these names covers. The three streets are connected together by a few narrow roads and also by numerous lanes, gullies, and winding paths, where are huddled together buildings of many kinds and sizes. Sometimes large, handsome establishments are hemmed in and choked by squalid mud houses, old broken walls, heaps of ill-smelling debris, and offal of different kinds. Putrid tanks are here and there, and seem as if they were squeezed into the smallest limits possible. They are often surrounded and almost embowered by trees. Houses are sometimes on their very banks.

One of the houses in which we teach is situated on one of these old tanks. Tall, slender bamboos lean over the foul water, and even kiss its green, slimy face. The banana, cocoanut, and palm also luxuriate here.

The willow-like foliage of the bamboo, the three-yards-long, shiny leaves of the banana, with its heavy clusters of luscious fruit, and the thick, immense leaves of the cocoanut and palm with their fruit, all get their beauty and fruitage from the loathsome decay.

This ever fresh and vigorous life, feeding and flourishing on what is poison to human beings, is the sanitary item that keeps these many people as well as they are, yet ever holds his baneful revels and carries off his victims. In this house mentioned, there is almost always one or more down with fever. The house is damp and has a kind of suffocating feeling, and we are always glad when the lessons are done.

If we look sharp all around in the neighborhood of any one of these tanks, two or three significant things are pretty sure to be found. An idol temple of elaborate architecture, often, indeed, broken and nearly destroyed by the irrepressible peepul tree, so that, in a way, the sacred tree perpetuates the sacred temple. Close by are broken walls, remains of apartments, large stables, etc.

All these show that in the olden times the wealthy people lived here, and apparently expected never to be removed. The tank was excavated, the family temple for the residence of their gods was built without stint of money or labor. Each of these dwelling-places had a family name. In time people came in all around them, and one estate was connected with its neighbor. But that was long ago. Most of those families have either removed or died, the names and tanks alone remaining — doubtful legacies.
I have been speaking of the centre of the town. There are wings and branches in all directions, miniatures of what has been described. The European portion of the town is altogether different,— spacious enclosures, spacious houses, and plenty of breathing-room. These are the necessary conditions to a foreigner's life. We feel that this is true after a three hours' pull in the bazars.

July 30.

[Died in Midnapore, India, Sept. 10, 1881, of remittent fever, Frankie Millard, wife of Richard M. Lawrence.]

"He giveth his beloved sleep."

Three brief years have scarcely slipped away since we gathered in a pretty little western room to loop the bride's dress with rose-buds and ferns, and as we dropped the bridal veil over the rosy face, we thought only of her loveliness and youthful joy. Day before yesterday we closed the blinds in the same little room, and again brought her sweet favorite flowers, but they lay unclasped in her cold fingers, and the same veil fell over a marble brow, for our "Frankie" is sleeping the blessed sleep that "He giveth his beloved." Life's fitful fever is over, and the still face in its snowy whiteness, glowing with heavenly peace, is more beautiful in death even, than in life.

Twenty-seven days ago Mrs. Lawrence was prostrated with remittent fever, which daily increased in violence. During the first few days her sufferings were intense, after which she was much of the time delirious and apparently unconscious of pain. She spoke much of death, and seemed to be searching her heart to its very depths and testing the reasons of her hope. Once when we were alone she said, "I tell you, it is one thing to be a professor of religion, and quite another to meet the Lord face to face. Oh! how I long to be near him, even in his arms, He seems so far away." We tried to tell her of his blessed willingness to receive his own child just then, but how impotent were any words of ours. Still she said "Do tell me again, say it once more, how can I get very near to Him?" and we whispered "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," which she instantly caught, and sang the whole verse through in a clear, almost triumphant voice. From that time she never expressed a shadow of a doubt, or fear of death, either in her conscious or delirious moments, but often longed to go, and frequently seemed to be in close communion with her Saviour. She fancied He was passing by, and asked most beseechingly if He would not take her along, too.
Her longings for her dear old western home, and father and brother, were at first very intense, and she would cheerfully take anything offered her, if we said “I hope this will make you well, so you can go home.” She frequently, and most tenderly, called her dear brother Spencer, for whom she seemed to have a kind of motherly care. Her patience, sweet submission, and care for others, were very remarkable, often when her temperature was 106, and her pulse 144, urging us to go out and get the fresh air, and thanking us so gratefully for staying by her. There was a strange fascination about her sick and dying bed, that made us vie with one another in doing most for her. Dr. Bachelier was often with her for hours, by day and night, and both he and the station physician were in season and out of season, fairly exhausting every possible remedy, but there was never one little break in the fever; like an unquenchable fire it burned higher and higher. The day before her death she was taken to our house, as the physician hoped a change of air might break the fever, as it frequently does in India. All that day her face was one of the most joyous ones we ever saw. She seemed to see the great Unseen, and to be reaching upward and welcoming its blessed realities. Once during the day she called her husband, and after speaking very tenderly to him, referred joyfully to death as being near. About ten in the evening she sang a few strains of a dear old hymn, the last intelligible words she ever uttered. At twenty minutes past seven the next morning she fell asleep, as sweetly as an infant in its mother’s arms.

Her very great love for children made her little schools very precious to her, which she looked after with a zealous care. The genuine tears her teachers shed as they looked at her silent face told us how lovingly she had helped them. But for the repeated, almost series of illnesses that have prostrated her time and again, how gladly would she have labored more for all. But her earthly work is early finished, and we have laid her to rest under a beautiful neem tree in our compound. Yesterday was her first Sabbath in heaven. Oh! the blessedness of the triumphant hope beyond the grave. Let us who cherish it, raise the earnest prayer that the bereaved husband, father, and brother, may see a heavenly Father’s loving hand in this sudden sorrow, and be led onward and upward to the pearly gate that their loved one “has left ajar” for them. 

Mary R. Phillips.
Glasgow, Oct. 6, 1881.

My Dear Mrs. Brewster:

I am sure that you and all the other friends of the mission will be glad to know that we reached this place on the afternoon of the 4th inst. in safety, having made the trip in a little less than eleven days. During the greater share of the time the weather was cold, and the sea just rough enough to oblige quite a number of the passengers to pay the usual but unwilling tribute to old Neptune, and dear Nellie did not wholly escape. Unfortunately, on the morning of our arrival I stepped on something which caused my foot to slip, and the fall wrenched my back so that I am obliged to keep close in the house at present.

We had about forty passengers, the most of whom were Christians, and all very kind and agreeable. Rev. Mr. Roberts is returning to Burmah, and with him Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Cronkite and Miss Garton for the same mission. Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Duplisses and son, from Cape Colony, are taking a vacation for rest and health. They are God’s chosen ones, and their kind and helpful words and deeds and their pleasant cheerful faces did us much good, and will long be remembered. May God bless and keep them for many years, even though their locks are already whitening.

Just before coming ashore we learned that the steamer for Bombay had sailed the previous day for Liverpool, and would leave that port on the 5th. To catch the boat we must leave all of our baggage except our trunks, and start at once for Liverpool. But this would bring our baggage a fortnight behind us, and probably subject us to much trouble and more expense than waiting for the next steamer, and we might lose a part of it, hence we decided to remain. The next steamer will sail from Glasgow on the 15th, and from Liverpool on the 20th. This unexpected detention is a great disappointment, but I am sure there must have been some “need be,” or we should not have been subjected to this trial.

Among our fellow-passengers were three Swedish Free Baptist men, who are active Christian workers, two of whom I think are members of Mr. Moody’s church, in Chicago. They made many inquiries about our mission, and expressed a wish to aid in the good work, but their people have no organization through which to reach a heathen people.

Mr. Rylander and Mr. Bergstrom propose to send money to me for the support of a native preacher. Mr. Rylander is
part owner of a Swedish religious paper, published in Chicago, and he intends to give his readers an account of his passage and of what he has learned respecting our mission. Mr. Bergstrom is editor of a paper published in Arboga, Sweden, and both are equally anxious to know more of our India mission. Mr. R. has subscribed for the Helper. Affectionately, Mrs. H. C. Phillips.

OPENING OF THE NORMAL SCHOOL.

As has been the case for several years, we can report a larger number of pupils at the opening than ever before. Thirty-two the first day, forty-five the first Monday, and sixty-one this, the seventh day of school, might seem a very irregular beginning to those who are accustomed to see people make their preparations beforehand and enter school promptly; but to us who can look back not many years to the time when almost every body was "coming after Christmas," it is very encouraging. Some in the country are kept away now because every body is "seeding," — the wheat here is sowed in the fall,— and they cannot get horses to bring them. I wish, for their sakes, we didn’t have to confess that there are those within walking distance that are coming to-morrow, or next week, with no apparent cause to hinder their being in the first day.

The entirely new feature of our school this fall is the students that bring us letters in large official envelopes, containing certificates that they are appointed to receive free instruction and normal training in Storer College under the agreement made between said school and the State of West Virginia. The Legislature for the first time provided that the colored people should have the advantage of the appropriation for the training of teachers, and there will be eighteen in all whose tuition and room and book-rent will be paid by the State. The State Superintendent, the Hon. B. L. Butcher, whose interest and conduct in the matter are all any body can desire, has also asked and received permission to appoint eighteen others to whom we give tuition and room-rent. We could not have received these students but for the promise which our new walls give of more room. It is for the Lord’s stewards to prove this is not a false promise, by sending promptly of his treasures, of which we have not enough on hand to pay for the lumber we are now hauling that is de-
To Our Agents.

signed to make these walls habitable. These appointments are from all parts of the State, and are something for which to be very grateful, since by them the influence of the school will be extended to parts where the people had never heard of it, or only as a goal beyond their reach.

Among our students is a promising young man, though in school for the first time, from New Orleans. We feel to give a special welcome to those from the far South. Of course we hope that when they return to their people it will be with a missionary spirit that shall convey from this border-land to those darker regions some ray of light from the higher civilization, and more enlightened religion of the North. B.

Harper’s Ferry, W. Va., Oct. 12, 1881.

To Our Agents.

This number of the Helper comes to you with its last message for 1881. The year has gone by very quickly. Some of you have been hoping to increase the size of your club all the year, and have been troubled because it was not larger. If you did your best you deserve the “Well done,” and we are grateful for your efforts to increase the number of readers of what missionary intelligence the Helper has been the medium of conveying.

Another year is before us. We all enter upon it with hope. We earnestly ask you to make greater efforts to increase the list of subscribers. Begin at once with your club, and be sure to pass no one by. Some person near you may never have been asked to take it. The price is so small, do not let it be an objection. It can be saved so easily by a little planning, if need be. Will you not take up the work once more with cheerful alacrity, and feel you are doing effective work for the Master in this way.

Already we anticipate your orders, and are planning to meet them, promising our best endeavor to make the publication worthy of your patronage.

To Subscribers.—No doubt some of you have failed to receive all your copies of the Helper for the year, and you have thought we were in fault. Perhaps we have been, but we have tried to attend faithfully to your orders so far as we
have understood them. Unless you shall tell us you do not receive your copies regularly how can we know that you do not? If there is failure we are most willing to do what we can to make it good. If there is imperfection in any way we desire that you will promptly inform us.

It is always best that packages should be sent to persons who will care for their distribution. There are back numbers for 1880 and 1881, which can be had to make these volumes unbroken.

We invite you to send early a renewal of your subscription, and, if you can, another name with yours. Please send full name with address, Mrs., Miss, or Mr., and the pay, if in stamps, of one and three cent denomination; larger denominations are not desired.

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**OUR FINANCIAL WORK.**

Every one is glad that the appropriations for the last year were met, so far as actually pledged. On the one thousand dollars for Harper's Ferry conditionally pledged, it will be seen from the treasurer's report that not quite one-half was contributed, and also only a small part of the four hundred for the Industrial School at Midnapore. No doubt there is general regret that these sums were not completed, since each day and each year as well, has its own claims, and what is omitted in its proper place, fails to receive the attention, or give us the degree of pleasure it otherwise would.

The hope of the Board is that every one will do a little more than last year. Then will all the work undertaken be cared for, and there be a possibility of enlargement at points where there is great need. The number of the objects is such that if any auxiliary or person wishes to select one for special care, it can easily be done by consulting with the district secretaries, each of whom has a schedule of the objects and the sum desired to be raised in her district. Consider the appropriations carefully, and think if this is all we ought to undertake. Do not let us be content with the little we are doing when such possibilities are before us, and let us not "put off until to-morrow what can be done to-day." There is no need of presenting the claims of these objects in an apologetic way to the churches. Hearts filled with joy in the Holy Spirit do expand in love toward all for whom Christ died.
ATTENTION is called to the reports which supplement this number of the Helper, and a careful reading of them is invited. The summarizing of the year's work in its various departments, though it gives but a mere outline, is a means of better acquaintance with the Society and its operations. The first part presents but a glimpse of the workers and the work in the fields to which our contributions are sent. The laborers tell us so modestly of what they are doing that we fail to get a full idea of the magnitude of the work in hand, but we can realize that it has burdens and anxieties, and now and then its fragrant blossoms, and we do feel that in some way we are linked to them and they to us. The Home Secretary's report sounds a note of assurance of the final triumph of Christ's kingdom, while it presents a brief statement of the means through which the force is supplied which helps to send strength and encouragement to those who represent us "out in the noonday sun." Some new sympathizers have been won to a participation in this grandest work of the age, while others, we fear, may have become indifferent.

As much as can be reported seems very small compared with what might have been done, and this becomes more emphatic as the treasurer's report is mastered. The appropriations were met, but the sum contributed seems very small, when the whole number of the women in the churches is considered, and how much more than two cents a week some of us could have spared, and been the richer therefor. Of the sum total, no doubt there are offerings made with sacrifice, and the Lord has noted such; but does any one feel she has done more than she could, when the demands are so great and the needs so pressing!

One feature is noticeable — the legacy left by Mrs. Shipman, of Vermont. It was an offering unto the Lord. We are persuaded that if these reports are read, it will lead to thankfulness for what has been done, and to efforts for greater and better things in the year to come, for every one who has borne, even the least part, in things pertaining to the spread of the Gospel in these days of advancement, will wish for enlargement at every possible point, and will pray for labor as well as laborers.
WORDS FROM HOME WORKERS.

MAINE.

A children's band, called the "East Otisfield Mission Band," consisting of fifty-one members, was organized last June by our pastor, Rev. W. J. Twort. It has the following officers: Nettie Crooker, President; Josie Lunt, Vice-President; Nellie Reed, Treasurer; John Barrows, Secretary; and Maurice Bowker, Collector. They hold their meetings on Saturday afternoons, and appear to be very much interested. This mission band is now connected with our mission society, and in working together we expect to accomplish much.

The September session of the "Otisfield Quarterly Meeting" was held at East Otisfield. The Mission Band, under the direction of the W. M. Society, gave a missionary concert on Wednesday evening of this session. The following exercises were conducted by the President, Miss Estelle Knight, and were listened to by a large and attentive audience: Singing, "To the Work;" Reading of the 67th Psalm, by Miss Annie Durell; Prayer, by Rev. W. J. Twort; reading of report by the Secretary, Miss Annie Durell; Singing; Recitation, "The Hindu Sacrifice, and Song of the Converted Hindu Mother," by Miss Nettie Crooker and Miss Nellie Reed; Declamation, "Take the Cross," by John Barrows; Recitation, "What Will You Give," by six little girls; Singing; Recitation, "Out on the Prairie," by Daisy Twort; Recitation, "Sowing Light," by ten members of the Mission Band; Recitation, "Hindu Girl's Lament," by Nettie Kemp and Villa Wardwell; Singing; Recitation, "Our Work for Jesus," by Alice Twort. Remarks by the president and singing closed the exercises of this pleasant hour.

Annie F. Durell.

The following Resolutions were passed by the Woman's Missionary Society of the Augusta Church, Oct. 9, 1881:

WHEREAS, in His wisdom and love which we can trust but cannot understand, it has pleased God to remove from us our beloved president, Mrs. C. F. Penney; therefore

(1) Resolved, That we remember with gratitude her faithful Christian life, her love for all the interests of the church, and especially her unflagging devotion to this society, whose very existence is due to her efforts.

(2) Resolved, That we emulate her earnestness in the missionary cause, and that we, individually and collectively, will endeavor to carry on the work which she has laid down.

(3) Resolved, That our sympathies be tendered to our dear pastor, her husband, and to her children in this great affliction.

(4) Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to her family, also one to the Missionary Helper for publication.

Mrs. G. B. Files, Committee
Mrs. E. S. Fogg, on
Mrs. J. M. Plummer, Resolutions.
The Litchfield Plains Woman's Missionary Society held its second public meeting in June. The exercises consisted of reading the Scriptures, prayer, recitations, an essay by our president, reading selections, and a dialogue, "The Field is the World;" also several letters from our foreign missionaries were read. The whole was interspersed with singing, and a few timely remarks by our pastor made our meeting very interesting to all. At the close a collection was taken up, which amounted to about seven dollars ($7.00). During the year we have had several additions to our society, and no member has been called away by death. We support a native teacher in India, and hope to do something more through the year.

J. R. S., Cor. Sec.

The Ladies' Mission Society in connection with the Sebec Quarterly Meeting, held a public meeting at the September session which convened with the LaGrange church, Sept. 17. Mrs. E. D. Wade is the president.

The exercises were opened by singing, and prayer by Rev. J. W. Gowen. Miss Nellie Wade read a paper on mission work, which was of a most interesting character, and could not fail to awaken a deep interest for the cause. Excellent remarks were made by Brothers Gowen, Palmer and Cook, which inspired the audience with new zeal.

The most pleasing feature was the collection, amounting to eighteen dollars and ten cents, cheering the hearts of all mission workers, and encouraging them to go forward.

Annie E. Bryant, Sec.

The Woman's Missionary Society of the Penobscot Yearly Meeting met in annual session at Rockland, Sept. 29, 1881. The meeting was conducted by the district secretary. The opening exercises consisted of singing by congregation, "There's a work for me and a work for you," followed by prayer by the president, Mrs. C. Harding. Report of the last meeting was then read, and several auxiliaries were also reported. A solo, "Consider the lilies," was finely sung by Miss Hattie Bird, the recitation of a missionary poem by Miss Angie Eastman, and reading of letter from Mrs. Mary R. Phillips, India, by Mrs. E. D. Wade, followed. Several little girls united in singing "Far out upon the Prairie," accompanied by Miss Mary Bird, organist. After the music by the "Birds" and the children, a paper, "A Plea for Harper's Ferry," written by Mrs. L. Dexter, of Mass., was read by Mrs. R. L. Howard, of Bangor. The audience showed their interest by close attention, and the ministering brethren cheered us by their sympathy, words, and works. A collection was taken, amounting to twenty-two dollars and eleven cents. Our hearts went up in thankfulness to the good Father for his spirit which was manifest, and the increasing interest in missionary work in our district.

M. E. W.

VERMONT.

At the recent session of our Y. M. which convened at Tunbridge, a Woman's Mission service was held on Saturday evening, and was one of the best we have ever enjoyed. What privilege is more enjoyable than to meet with our dear sisters from the different Q. M.'s who are earnest workers for the cause of Christ! Our meeting consisted of devotional exercises, reports from the Q. M.'s and Auxiliaries, which showed an increased interest during the past year. An urgent appeal was made for the inter-
ests of the mission work in Vermont. There was an essay by Mrs. A. M. Freeman, of Tunbridge, and short, pithy addresses were made by sisters from different sections, followed by the presentation of a pair of gold-bowed spectacles (being the last offering of Sister Major Smith of Tunbridge, not long since deceased), to the Woman's Missionary Society. She was deeply interested in its success. These spectacles were given her by her children on her 50th wedding anniversary. Brother Freeman held them up to the audience, at the same time making remarks full of sympathy and interest. Brothers Kagee from Stanstead, and Smythers from Stafford spoke of the interests of our mission, and a collection was then taken amounting to $16.00. A good brother, Cole from Lebanon, N.H., came forward, laid down $10.00, and took the spectacles. Singing ended an enjoyable meeting, and may the result be lasting.

Mrs. F. P. Eaton, District Secretary.

The Corinth Auxiliary mourns the loss of another of its members. Our dear sister, Miss Augusta B. Dearborn, died Sept. 4th, aged 56 years. She was usually with us at our meetings, cheerful and happy, always ready to do her part in any good work. Death came unexpectedly, yet she was ready to meet it. According to her request, $50.00 (fifty dollars), in due time, will be forwarded to the treasury for the work at Harper's Ferry. In behalf of our society, the following resolutions have been adopted:

Whereas, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove by death our dear friend and sister in Christ, Miss A. B. Dearborn, therefore

Resolved, That, remembering her tenderly, we express our deep sorrow at her death, and tender to the afflicted friends our heartfelt sympathy in their bereavement.

Resolved, That by her death, our society has lost an efficient helper, and a faithful advocate, and the mission cause a sincere friend.

Resolved, That though we miss her kindly presence and words of love, we will not murmur at God's will, knowing that while we toil a little longer here for the Master, she sweetly rests in Heaven.

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

Mrs. A. J. Dutton, Susan Smith, Susan McHugh. Committee.

Rhode Island.

Brother Morrell, writing from Chepachet, reports encouraging items in regard to the interest in missions in his church and Sabbath School. A missionary concert, under the care of Mrs. Sprague, was recently held at 5 o'clock on Sabbath afternoon. He says that the children and other members of the school gave missionary intelligence and sang cheerful songs, to a full house, and it was felt that the best of impressions were left upon the audience, which was much larger than usual at the regular Sabbath service. The collection amounted to seven dollars, with the promise of being made up to ten. This, with sums previously raised, will make twenty dollars for Foreign Missions for the year just closing. The Helper was of value in preparing the concert.

At the last session of the Western Rhode Island Quarterly Meeting, held at East Killingly, Conn., Aug. 31 and Sept. 1, an especial effort was
made by Mrs. L. Fenner to give the mission cause more prominence in the Q. M. She had obtained the assistance of Mrs. L. Dexter and Mrs. J. L. Tourtellot, and as Rev. A. H. Morrell was present, spirited meetings were held during the session.

One hundred dollars in money and pledges was raised during the session, and previously in the churches, for the work of the Woman's Missionary Society. A part of this sum was for foreign missions, and a part for Storer College To give greater permanence to the interest now existing, Mrs. Fenner was appointed Q. M. Secretary, and it is desired that reports shall be made to her of what is being done in this work in each church of this section. She has a valuable helper in Mrs. S. B. Young, who was chosen Recording Secretary.

New York.

The Jefferson Q. M. W. M. Society is an efficient organization. Its meetings are held Saturday evening of each Q. M. session, and are an encouragement and practical help.

The Philadelphia auxiliary was the first one organized in the Q. M. It began work nearly two years ago, and has held regular meetings, though the attendance has sometimes been small. They use the card system, and have averaged over $10.00 a quarter. Membership, 35. Business promptly done.

The auxiliary at Keenville has taken new courage of late. It is doing good work in holding meetings, paying well, and reporting and remitting promptly. Eighteen members.

At Depeauville the interest is deepening. Present membership, 22.

At Harrisburgh the little society is struggling on. May the faithful ones never give up, and others be added to their number.

Little York auxiliary was organized last June with 16 members. A good number to begin with, and now by their works we shall know them.

At Lowville and Three Miles Bay the work of organization is not yet done. May it not be long delayed.

I visited this Q. M. nearly two years ago and organized the first auxiliaries at Philadelphia and Keenville. I am more thankful than I can express to report that the work still goes on and increases. Mrs. B. F. Brown, the Q. M. Secretary, is the right woman in the right place.

Libbie C. Griffin.

Minnesota.

At the September session of the Hennepin Q. M., held at Elk River, the Woman's Missionary Society held a meeting, Mrs. C. L. Russell in the chair. It being the annual meeting, new officers were elected for the coming year, viz.; Mrs. Bradbury, President; Mrs. Croswell, Secretary and Treasurer. The Vice-Presidents elected were Mrs. Livingstone, Castle Rock; Mrs. Leighton, Minneapolis; Miss Dean, Mazeppa; Mrs. Bisbee, Crystal Lake; Mrs. Russell, Champlin.

A resolution was passed asking the general society to appropriate $100 for our Y. M. work, the ladies of our society assuming $50 of the sum. After the business meeting and reading of reports, several selections were read by different ladies, which, with singing, etc., made a very enjoyable meeting, and we hope profitable, as well. A collection of $5.00 was taken. We had reports from four of the churches, and as all of them, I think, closed with the same sentiment I will also close my report with
quoting the words of one of them: "We expect to offer you, at our next Q. M., a more hopeful record of what we have tried to do."

Mrs. H. L. Croswell, Sec.

Nova Scotia.

The sixth annual meeting of the Woman's Foreign Mission Society was held at the Bethel, Barrington, Sept. 9, 1881. The meeting was presided over by Vice-President Mrs. Royal. The opening exercises consisted of singing, Scripture reading, and prayer. The corresponding secretary gave a full report of the work done in the societies during the year. The amount raised is $370.37.

The reports of Mrs. Wm. Downey and Mrs. Shaw, of N. B., were read, and Miss Weyman followed in a brief address, showing that work done for the good of others often comes back with blessing to ourselves. A letter from Mrs. Burkholder was read by Miss Debbie Crowell. A recitation entitled "The months before harvest," followed, by Miss Georgia Nickerson. Singing. Mrs. B. B. Woodworth spoke especially to the children present, urging them early in life to interest themselves in missions. Miss E. Hilton next gave an address, taking for her subject, "An appeal for the heathen." She reviewed the position of the heathen, both past and present; how in the past, as in the present, they had inquired, "Who will show us any good?" She showed that such an inquiry had sounded the depths of philosophy, both ancient and modern, but without a satisfactory answer. The only satisfactory answer was found in the cross of Christ. The cross was the centre to-day of the world's attraction and the only real and abiding agency for the redemption of heathendom. Prayer was spoken of as being infinite, while our work was finite. Prayer placed us in the hands of our infinite God, and by prayer we became possessors in our work of infinite help.

Singing. A recitation entitled "Missionary Music to the Children," was excellently rendered by Misses Sadie and Annie Hopkins, after which a collection was taken, amounting to $15.45. "Gospel Bells," was sung, and the Rev. J. I. Porter pronounced the benediction.

During the business session a resolution was passed expressing our appreciation of the Missionary Helper, and the able manner in which it is conducted.

Mrs. R. H. Crowell.

At the close of this volume, The Helper has 3,602 subscribers, distributed as follows: Maine, 902; New Hampshire, 394; Rhode Island, 372; New York, 325; Massachusetts, 268; Michigan, 268; Ohio, 203; Vermont, 190; Nova Scotia, 114; Minnesota, 96; Illinois, 79; Wisconsin, 65; New Brunswick, 65; Iowa, 63; Pennsylvania, 48; Virginia and West Virginia, 28; exchange list, 22; India, 21; Province of Quebec, 19; Indiana, 17; Connecticut, 11; Kansas, 7; New Jersey, 6; Missouri, 4; California, 4; Nebraska, 3; Ontario, 3; Maryland, 1; Dakotah, 1; Nevada, 1; Colorado, 1; Texas, 1.

Just as we go to press we receive the sad intelligence of the death of Mrs. Lawrence, but we are glad to be able to make room for the communication of Mrs. Phillips.
Children’s Niche.

A LITTLE SEED.

A child a penny gave;  The fruit of this small seed,
   With it one tract was bought.  Eternity must tell.
By this a heathen chief  When every little hand
   Was to the Saviour brought.  Shall sow the gospel seed,
A little church he built;  And every little heart
   Men turned from idols cold,  Shall pray for those in need,
Till many hundred souls  When every little life
   Were gathered in its fold.  Such fair, bright record shows
How many they shall lead  Then shall the desert bud
   In joy with Christ to dwell  And blossom, like the rose.

—Good Times.

OFFERING RICE TO A JAPANESE GOD.

Mrs. True writes from the country where she was spending her vacation: “We arise at 6 o’clock and prepare for the morning walk. We take breakfast, and afterward as we kneel for united prayer, the burden of our petition is, ‘Lord, open the eyes of the blind and bring the dead to life!’ But we must hasten if we are in time to see and hear what will be done at the temple, and if we miss it this morning we shall not see it at all, for they offer rice to the god only three times a month, and we must leave here before the next day comes around. We feel stronger as we step out into the fresh, pure air of the lovely morning, and looking around upon the beauties of nature we dread to enter the gloomy temple, and see what will surely cause our hearts to sink like lead. But here we are, and the guide assures us that the music will soon begin, and wishes us to enter and be ready to appreciate it. As we hesitate a moment, some of the priests who are to take part pass us in robes of green, white, yellow, and black, and all have very queer looking head-gear which I cannot describe.

“We enter and sit down on our feet, for there are no seats, and notice that in the first room in a row by the partition are seven priests, and in a line in the inner room are five others of higher order. Each one of the former has a musical instrument in his hand, and soon they begin a most dirge-like wailing, to which the others respond by bowing and receiving
each in turn a small table with a dish of food, which he hands to the first one from the door of the sacred room, where the god is supposed to receive the rice. Then he passes it into that room, and so on, until twelve tables are taken in and all the time the wailing goes on. Then there is a pause in the music, and one of the priests performs various ceremonies in that mysterious inner room, only one of which we can see; that consists in waving the goheii (an offering from the Mikado, made of heavy gilt paper) repeatedly before a looking-glass, or rather a bright metal used for that purpose, and bowing many times. Another priest then kneels before the mirror and pours forth a most impassioned strain of praise, and adoration, recounting the deeds of valor, and the wonderful glory of his name, because of what he had done for his country. This was to me the most touching and soul-stirring thing seen or heard in all heathendom. He used the same form of prayer which we use, that is the same style of language, and his tones were different from those heard in ordinary Buddhist prayers, for this is Shinto worship, and the place is quiet, and the listeners seemed devout, and yet this was a man praying to a — what? not even a living man, not a dead soul, but to a living creature put in the place of the Creator in their blind imaginings! — *Children’s Work for Children.*

**CONTRIBUTIONS**

**RECEIVED BY THE**

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

**FROM AUGUST 1, 1881, TO OCT. 1, 1881.**

**MAINE.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location</th>
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<tr>
<td>Augusta, Auxiliary, for Emeline</td>
<td>$6.00</td>
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<td>Bath, Aux., North St. Ch., for</td>
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<tr>
<td>teacher, Marilla, for Harper’s</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ferry</td>
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<td>Doughty’s Falls, Auxiliary</td>
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<td>East Corinth, Busy Bees</td>
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<td>East Dixfield, Aux., one-half</td>
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<tr>
<td>each, H. M. and F. M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>East New Sharon, Aux., one-half</td>
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<td>Ellsworth, Q. M., Auxiliary</td>
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<td>Ellsworth, Mrs. C. Harding</td>
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<td>Ellsworth, Rev. E. Harding</td>
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<td>Farmington Village, Aux., for F.</td>
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<td>M</td>
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<td>Farmington Falls, Aux., for F. M.</td>
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<td>Gardiner, Auxiliary</td>
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<td>Lewiston, Aux., Main St. Church,</td>
<td>$1.75, incidental Fund</td>
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*The Missionary Helper.*
Contributions.

Lewiston, a Friend, Pine St. F. B. Church, $1.00 Anthony Hall, $2.00 H. M., $2.00 F. M., Limerick, Little Helpers, for Miss L. Phillips' salary... 1 50
Limerick, Mrs. J. Hollard, for Mrs. A. Cobb, Mrs. M. D. Burbank, Mrs. A. M. Davis, Mrs. M. B. Bean, each $1.00
New Portland, Aux., 1st Church, $5.00, F. M., and $1.00 Anthony Hall, and Mrs. E. Carville, $1.00 for Anthony Hall, all towards L. M. of Mrs. E. H. Butts... 7 00
North Anson, Auxiliary, for Harper's Ferry, and towards constituting Mrs. S. Bunker L. M.
North Berwick, Auxiliary, First Church...
North Berwick, Neildie J. Brown, for Anthony Hall...
Ocean Park, Collection at Woman's Missionary Meeting...
Presque Isle, Auxiliary, for Jessie Saco, Mrs. H. B. Hutchinson, towards constituting herself L. M.
Saco, Auxiliary, for Mrs. J. L. Phillips' Ragged Schools...
Steam Falls, Auxiliary...
West Buxton, Auxiliary...
West Falmouth, Helping Hands, for Miss I. Phillips' salary...
West Falmouth, D. P. Small, for F. M.

$191 87

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Alexandria, a Friend, for Anthony Hall...
Belmont, Mrs. John A. Ladd, for Anthony Hall...
Bristol, a Friend, for Anthony Hall...
Dauville, Auxiliary...
Danville, Mrs. J. A. Lowell, for Anthony Hall...
Dover, Mrs. I. D. Stewart, for working capital...
Dover, Frieda May Mosher, for Anthony Hall...
Dover, Auxiliary, Washington St. Church, and constituting Mrs. Wm. Burr L. M.
Dover, Bessee Stewart Mosher, for Anthony Hall...
Dover, J. A. Demerite, for working capital, and towards constituting Miss Lura Brackett L. M...
Laconia, Mrs. G. C. Waterman, for Miss Brackett's salary...
Laconia, Auxiliary, for Miss L. Brackett's salary, and to constitute Mrs. Dr. T. S. Foster L. M...
Lake Village, J. L. and O. E. Sinclair...

New Hampton, Auxiliary, native teacher with Mrs. Bachelet.
Tamworth Iron Works, collected by Mrs. Runnels...
Whitfield, Auxiliary, for H. M., Wolfboro, Mrs. E. J. Jenness...
Water Village, Miss S. Beacham, for working capital...

$198 75

VERMONT.

Corinth, Auxiliary, and F. B. Church, $1.50 for Harper's Ferry, $1.50 general work...
East Orange, Auxiliary...
East Williamstown, Auxiliary, of which $1.00 from Miss E. W. Flint...
Ludlow, Mrs. E. H. Pinney...
North Tunbridge, Auxiliary...
Royalton, Mrs. M. C. Russ, for Anthony Hall...
Johnsbury, Children's Band...
Strafford, Auxiliary, for zenana work...
Strafford, Q. M., collection Woman's Missionary Society meeting...
Vermont Y. M., collection $16.00, from sale of a pair of spectacles bequeathed by Mrs. Major Smith, $10.00, all for Mrs. Lawrence's work in India...
Bequest of Mrs. Lydia Shipman, paid by executor O. L. Watson, West Topsham, Vt., one-half each H. M. and F. M.

$430 75

MASSACHUSETTS.

Abington, Mrs. H. K. Peirce, one-half each, H. M. and F. M...
Blackstone, Auxiliary, for Miss H. Phillips' work and salary...
Farnumsdale, Church, for Miss H. Phillips' salary and work...
Lowell, collection for July, $10.00 of which from Mrs. A. J. Gould, one-half each, H. M. and F. M...
Wellesley, Olive S. Bean, $3.00 for F. M. and $2.00 Anthony Hall...

$35 14

RHODE ISLAND.

Auburn, Ladies of Church, for Miss H. Phillips' work and salary...
Auburn, Sunday School, for Miss H. Phillips' salary...
Crane, Mrs. R. J. Lockwood, for F. M...
Foster, Union Church, for Miss H. Phillips' work and salary...

$5 37

$2 50

$2 00

$1 75
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<th>Location</th>
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<td>Georgiaville, Church, for Miss H. Phillips' salary and work</td>
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<td>New Shoreham, Church, for Miss I. Phillips' salary</td>
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<td>North Foster, for Anthony Hall, and constituting Mrs. I. Paine L. M.</td>
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<td>Olneyville, Auxiliary, for Miss H. Phillips' salary and work</td>
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<td>Pawtucket, Auxiliary, for Miss H. Phillips' salary and work</td>
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<td>Providence, Greenwich St., Auxiliary, for Miss H. Phillips' salary and work</td>
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<td>Providence, Greenwich St., Mrs. M. A. Stone, for Miss H. Phillips' salary and work</td>
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<td>Providence, Auxiliary, Park St., $6.35 for F. M., $1.00 for Incidental Fund</td>
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<td>Providence, Little Helpers, Park St., for Miss I. Phillips' salary</td>
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<td>Providence, Auxiliary, Roger Williams Church, for Miss H. Phillips' salary and work</td>
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<td>Providence, Young People's Society, Roger Williams Church, for Anthony Hall, towards fitting up Roger Williams Library</td>
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<td>Providence, Mrs. J. L. Tourtellott, for Anthony Hall</td>
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<td>Providence, Mrs. A. R. Bradbury, for Anthony Hall</td>
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<td>Providence, Mrs. M. A. Stone, for Anthony Hall</td>
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<tr>
<td>Providence, a Friend, for Anthony Hall</td>
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<tr>
<td>Tiverton, Ladies of the Church, for Miss Franklin's salary</td>
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<td>Tiverton, Mrs. W. A. Nealey, for Anthony Hall</td>
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<tr>
<td>Tiverton, Ladies of the Church, for Miss H. Phillips' salary and work</td>
<td>$5 00</td>
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<td>Woonsocket, Miss Ella Paine, for F. M.</td>
<td>$5 00</td>
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<td>West Scituate, Church, $5.00 Miss H. Phillips' salary, and $2.00 H. M., and $1.00 F. M.</td>
<td>$8 00</td>
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<td>Mrs. T. G. Wilder, $50, Mrs. A. H. Millman, $50, both for Anthony Hall</td>
<td>$1 00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. E. A. Angell, C. T. Child, E. A. Slater, each $3.00, Henry Williams, $3.00, for Anthony Hall</td>
<td>$5 00</td>
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**CONNECTICUT.**

<table>
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<tr>
<td>East Killingly, Ladies of Church, for Miss H. Phillips' salary and work</td>
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**NEW YORK.**

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<tr>
<td>Cowlesville, A. M. Richardson, proceeds of pictures, for Anthony Hall</td>
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<tr>
<td>New York City, Ladies of F. B. Church, for Anthony Hall</td>
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<tr>
<td>West Bethany, Woman's Missionary Society, for Anthony Hall</td>
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$113 58

**ILLINOIS.**

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<tr>
<td>Walnut Creek, Q. M., Woman's Missionary Society, for Anthony Hall</td>
<td>$5 00</td>
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**IOWA.**

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<tr>
<td>Edgewood, Woman's Missionary Society for Miss Brackett's salary</td>
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<tr>
<td>Riceville, Mrs. Lavinia Fox, for Anthony Hall</td>
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<td>Wilton, Missionary Society, for F. M.</td>
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$20 60

**PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.**

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<td>Bulwer, Mrs. P. Coats, for F. M.</td>
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<td>Stanstead, Auxiliary, for general work $19.00, for support of teacher with Miss H. Phillips $7.60</td>
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$27 35

**NOVA SCOTIA.**

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<tr>
<td>Caledonia, Juvenile Society, for native teacher with Mrs. Burkholder</td>
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**MISCELLANEOUS.**

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<tr>
<td>A Friend, for F. M.</td>
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<td>Myrtle Try Class, $13.32 for Poma, $5.38 Myrtle Hall, and $3.00 for Miss Crawford</td>
<td>$20 70</td>
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$51 70

Total | $1301 64

**LAURA A. Dameraitte, Treasurer.**