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ADDRESS, WOMAN AT WORK, BRATTLEBORO', VT.
The memorial to Her Gracious Majesty, Queen of England and Empress of India, begging for the abolition of child-marriage throughout her dominions, adopted by the Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society, is most timely, and will be most heartily indorsed by every woman who is praying for the abolition of every wrong. The burden of suffering under which our sex exists in heathen lands is appalling. The wider the doors are opened, the farther the light penetrates into heathenism, the more apparent becomes the fact that here are the abodes of cruelty. Let us pray that England's queen, with her mother-heart, may be led to the adoption of such measures as will abrogate this unnatural custom.

During the last decade of missions the progress of zenana work has been most marvelous, as has been the increase of native Christian workers. Ten years ago Bengal had more zenana pupils than all the rest of India; now the northwest provinces have the largest number, according to the statistical report. In 1871 there were 947 "native Christian female agents" engaged in missionary work, and in 1881, 1,944. A writer, commenting on these facts, thinks that there can be no doubt that the successors of Lydia, and Priscilla, and Phebe, and Persis, and the daughters of Philip already out-
number the five hundred and thirty-six men by whom, not many years ago, the title missionary was monopolized.

Our brethren of the Foreign Mission Board are oppressed on account of deficiency in their treasury, and because no person adapted to fill the vacancy soon to be made by the return of Dr. Bacheler has appeared. A dear sister, writing in reference to these facts, says, "Shall we not in this condition of things hear the voice of the Lord saying 'Call upon me and I will answer. Thus saith the Lord God, I will yet be inquired of by the house of Israel to do this for them. I will increase them with men like a flock!' I am truly afraid our people, including us all, have looked more to men than to God for this thing. If so, there is no wonder there is dearth. 'God alone giveth the increase.' Our waiting eyes and the cry of our soul must be unto Him for all."

At the late annual meeting of the Presbyterian Woman's Missionary Society, held at Syracuse, N. Y., which must have been intensely interesting in all its parts, Dr. Jessup, missionary to Syria, in his address referred to the cruel wrongs and pitiful condition of Mohammedan women. These millions of women, degraded, oppressed, regarded as lower than dogs, call for rescue from us, their Christian sisters.

Dr. Ellinwood eloquently pleaded for the five hundred million women still in darkness, and urged that all pledges be redeemed. "He dwelt upon auxiliaries not allowing themselves to be diverted from the work undertaken; using the money for some special object or friend, and leaving the Board unsupplied with funds. Apportion gifts as we feel to be duty; send to extra objects if we must, but when we have undertaken to educate a child, support a teacher, etc., let nothing divert us from fulfilling these promises. Thus the progress of the Board will be with a steady onward movement, deepening, broadening, growing, until the world is converted to our Lord."
The twelfth annual meeting of the Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society was held in Rochester, N. Y., April 18 and 19. At the same time the Society of the West held its annual meeting in St. Louis, Mo. The greeting of these two divisions of the Baptist women enlisted in mission-work was conveyed by telegram from the latter by reference to 2 Cor. xii., 13, and responded to by reference to 2 Thess. ii., 16, 17.

The former society has added to its name during the year the word "Foreign," by amending its charter, the leading object of the Society being the christianization of women in foreign lands. The report indicates that its work in all departments has been prosperous. One, speaking of the record of the work done in the fields, well said: "It was no dry collection of names and dates, but more like bulletins of a successful army on the march." Divisions of this army are at work in Burmah, the land to which Judson went, among the Burmese, Karens, Eurasians, Garos, and Shans; among the Teloogoos, in India; and in China, Japan, Africa, France, and Greece.

Its receipts for the year were $54,301.84, with a balance of $368.37 on hand from the previous year. Its expenditures for the foreign work, including provisions for missionaries in this country, $44,755.03; for the building, furnishing, and expenses of the Home for Missionary Children at Newton Centre, Mass., $6,240.83; and for the expenses of carrying on the work, $4,069.77. The society has a contingent fund of $5,000. During the year 244 persons have been constituted life members, making 2,248 as the number of life members belonging to the society. There has been a small increase of subscriptions to its excellent paper, the Helping Hand, and of the Little Helpers, a juvenile paper, started with January, 1883, seventeen thousand copies are taken, though it is now furnished to subscribers at a mere nominal price, and with loss to the society.

No new missionaries have been appointed or sent out during the year, but one has returned to this country, and two have "gone home." Mrs. Dr. Hovey, after eleven years of faithful and honorable service as corresponding secretary, retires amid universal regret.
The following memorial was unanimously adopted by the convention by a rising vote:

A Memorial to Her Gracious Majesty, Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India, from the Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of United States of America.

There are twenty-one millions of Hindu widows in India! Is it strange that one of their number, in giving an account of the cruel treatment to which for life they are subjected, was led to exclaim, "O God! I pray thee let no more women be born in this land?"

This large number of widows is owing to the cruel custom of child-marriage, and the religious law of the Hindu which forbids a widow to remarry, with the right of every man to have a number of wives.

The cruel practice of child-marriage not only adds to the number of this sad, despairing class, but is considered a greater trial than the suttee. The British government, in their compassion and power, have abolished the suttee; but the greater wrong of child-marriage is passed by unnoticed. We beg to inquire of your Most Gracious Majesty, if this great wrong could not now be removed?

Therefore, we, the Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of the Eastern portion of the United States of America, do most respectfully and earnestly petition Your Gracious Majesty, Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India, whose reign has already brought so many blessings to your subjects, to abolish by law this cruel practice of child-marriage, and thus add another jewel to your crown.

Miss Havergal, in her Marching Orders, says "go" does not mean "send." "Go" does not mean "pray." "Go" means go, simply, and literally. She says: "Suppose the disciples had been content to take His command as most of us take it. Suppose three or four of them had formed a committee, and the rest had said, 'You see if you cannot find a few suitable men to train and send to Rome, and Libya, and Parthia, and we will see what we can do about collecting funds, and anyhow subscribing a penny a week or a pound a year ourselves.' How would the good tidings of great joy and the glorious news of the Resurrection have spread at that rate? But they did not subscribe—they went!"
Weary with homely duties done,
Tired through treading day by day,
Over and over from sun to sun,
One and the same small round alway.
Under her breath I heard her say:

"O! for the sweep of the keen-edged scythe,
O! for the swaths, when the reaping's o'er
Proof of the toil's success. I tithe
Anise and cummin — such petty store!
Cummin and anise — nothing more!

"Only a meagre garden space,
Out of the world so rich and broad —
Only a strip of standing-place,
Only a patch of herb-strewn sod
Given, in which to work for God!

"Yet is my hand as full of care,
Under the shine and frost and rain,
Tending and weeding and watching there,
Even as though I deemed a wain
Were to be piled with sheaves of grain.

"Then, when the work is done, what cheer
Have I to greet me, great or small?
What that shall show how, year by year,
Patient I've wrought at duty's call?
Anise and cummin — that is all!"

Turning, I raised the drooping head,
Just as I heard a sob arise;
"Anise and cummin and mint," I said,
(Kissing her over her aching eyes,)
"Even our Lord doth not despise.

"Think you he looks for headed wheat
Out of your plot of garden-ground?
Think you He counts as incomplete
Service that from such scanty bound
Yields thrice the tithing he has found?

"What are to Him the world's wide plains?
Him, who hath never a need to fill,
Even one garner with our small gains?
Yet, if the plot is yours to till,
Tithe Him the anise and cummin still."

—Woman at Work.
Reminiscences.

[By Mrs. M. M. H. Hills.]

SECOND DECADE OF THE F. B. INDIA MISSION.

Miss Crawford's continuous intense labors had so preyed upon her health that her co-laborers at Balasore became alarmed, and insisted on an immediate change and season of rest. At last she consented and went to Calcutta, where she spent a few days in the Rev. Mr. Leslie's family (Baptist missionaries), to whom she had become most tenderly attached. On her way thither she rested a little time at Jellasore, whence she wrote under date of Nov. 2, 1854:

"I arrived here yesterday morning. Brother Phillips welcomed me with his usual kindness, but I sadly miss the presence of dear Sister Phillips and the music of the playful children. May God bless them where they are, and may the time come when Sister Phillips shall return to this important field. Long have I known that at this station was a most inviting sphere for a missionary woman; but I never before so much realized its great importance as during my present visit. Within a few rods of Brother Phillips' house, in the Christian community, are seven wives and six widows. But what kind of women are these? Such, I am sure, as you never saw. They are weak and ignorant, not precisely like children in your country, for their minds have been, and still are, to a greater or less extent, affected by heathenish influences. Not that we fear they will fall down and worship idols, yet they are tainted and weakened by the vices and superstitions that so universally prevail in an idolatrous country. With few exceptions these women all have children under their care, and how illy they are prepared to discharge the duties of Christian mothers, you can not realize. How shall they who have never been taught, teach others the great obligations resting upon rational immortal beings? A few of these women were school-girls, but many of them were brought up, not only among the heathen, but they were brought up heathen. These women are poor; they are willing to do something for the rice they eat, but what can they do alone? They are now knitting for a lady who resides a long distance away. You would have been amused yesterday could you have seen them bring their stockings to be measured and examined, to see if they were ready for market. We had sent them patterns
from our Balasore school, and I was happy to find that but two of the women had knit so badly as to be under the necessity of taking out their work. Brother Phillips has to look after their temporal matters as well as their spiritual interests, helping them keep their accounts, and being to them as father and mother both; while he, poor man, has plenty to do without turning his hand to woman's work. But aside from the women, there are children enough to give employment to one woman of good abilities. They came up on the verandah yesterday, a sprightly group of twenty-two, half of whom are girls. A native man is teaching them, but who can instruct them so well as a competent female missionary? God has given to women the work—the noble work—of nourishing infancy and instructing the juvenile mind. He has given her the ability to sympathize with childhood in all its little griefs, to discern and check its faults, and at the same time develop and strengthen its virtues. But now to the question, where is the woman that is to labor at Jellasore? We want no sister here who would herself need a mother's care and counsels... I exceedingly regret that Brother Covil is coming out unmarried. It is very important to send a colleague to Brother Covil, and one woman at least to Jellasore, as soon as possible. It seems a mystery to me that I am in India. I can only account for it by thinking that an invisible and all-powerful Arm led and sustained me. Could you be here one month, then you would see and feel what my feeble pen fails to portray—the importance of female laborers at this station. I have said nothing of the wants of Santipore. Eight married women are there, and it is expected there will be more soon... My subject is inexhaustible, and I dismiss it with an aching heart that I can plead for it no better. This afternoon, I pursue my journey toward Calcutta, whither I go to recruit my energies that have been so long incessantly taxed. No doubt, that after reveling a while in the delights of sacred friendship, and resting body and mind, I shall return better prepared for my duties."

Miss Crawford wrote again from Balasore, December 21, regarding her Calcutta trip:

"In due time I arrived at the dwelling of my kind friends, the Leslies, where I met a warm reception and enjoyed a good visit... During my stay, I saw six new laborers and several old ones who have just returned with improved
health, ready for another campaign against the old adversary. The religious meetings were a soul-feast, especially the anniversaries of the London Missionary Society and the Bible Society. It would do your soul good to see and hear what God has already done through feeble instrumentalities. The city mission in Calcutta seems calculated to do much. Col­porteurs are busy visiting and distributing tracts and Bibles, and reading to many poor people. My visit was protracted a little to enable me to attend the Baptist Association held at Suampore. I went on the railway train in company with Mr. Leslie and daughter. Be assured that it was delightful to be once more in a swiftly moving conveyance. A short ride of a few miles brought us to the end of our trip, and we were in Suampore—that memorable place—rendered sacred by the indefatigable labors of Carey, Marshman, and Ward. Mr. Denham met us with his carriage, and conveyed us to his commodious and hospitable dwelling, where we had a happy home as long as we remained. A goodly number of missionaries attended the meeting, and it was a cheering sight to look upon the happy faces of so many devoted servants of God. My heart was grateful for the privilege of seeing and hearing what was being done for the cause among our English brethren. The church letters were very interesting. Let the enemy boast as he will, a great work is progressing in the land where Satan has so long reigned unmolested.

“T nearly forgot to tell you that in Calcutta I visited many places to feast the eye and delight the senses. Among the best were the book-shops and the picture-galleries. I saw a great variety of beautiful paintings and many other articles exceedingly handsome. But the kind friends who took me to see these pleasing sights did not know that I would rather see one dark-faced boy, with his forehead shaded by raven ringlets*, than look upon all the finery of this ‘city of pal­aces.’ But in vain were my eyes strained looking among the natives that thronged the streets and shops. Our lost one was not visible, but God knows where he is, and this is, to me, a great comfort.

“On returning home, I found dear Brother Phillips in such a poor state of health and low spirits, as to nearly destroy all the good effects of my vacation on my own health. Poor man! He has applied himself so closely to intellectual labors.

*Gomannah, the ‘naughty boy,’ who, after having been guilty of theft, ran away from Miss Crawford’s school, it was supposed to Calcutta.
Reminiscences.

during the past year, that now he finds his physical system sadly deranged, and seeking revenge, as it were, by distressing and harassing his mind. Instead of taking recreation and muscular exercise, Brother Phillips has rushed on from one branch of intellectual labor to another, until nature has given out, and now he finds himself nervous and dyspeptic. He is not a man to make recreation for himself, so he has kept himself constantly at work. Phrenologically, he possesses large conscientiousness, hence is greatly afraid of believing or doing something wrong. A miserly dispositioned person, physically affected as he is, would have great fears of coming to want, even though he had bags full of money. I was quite overcome on finding him in such a condition, and had a great aversion to working until three days ago, when he informed me that his mind had become more tranquil. No doubt that returning health and cheerful society will make all right with Brother Phillips. The brethren and sisters recommend his going home this season. He is exceedingly grieved to have to leave so, and certainly it does appear a great affliction not to have him stay one year after Mr. Covil's arrival. Will it always be thus, that as soon as one comes another must go, and go never to return? O this is the hardest of all,—to leave the field forever! God grant that it may not always be so. During my absence, dear Sister Smith took excellent care of the girls. They were, however, quite tired of vacation."

During this year (1854) the Balasore station had been enlarging its work. Mr. Cooley, after several unsuccessful efforts, had at last secured land seven miles west of Balasore, for the location of a christian village, which was designed to be to Balasore what Santipore is to Jellasore, where native christian farmers can support themselves free from the oppression of zemindars or land-owners. Seven acres were already under cultivation, and the digging a tank and building of houses had commenced. This prospective christian village was named Metrapore.

The December Quarterly Meeting session of the churches of the mission was rendered memorable by the ordination of the native preacher, Mahes, and the reception of D. P. Cilley and Elias Hutchins on probation as preachers of the Gospel. Mahes' labors for years had been of much service to the mission. These three were stationed at Santipore.
A while ago some natives, bathing in the Hoogly River a short distance above Calcutta, saw a human body which happened to be floating down the river, apparently trying to move its arms. At once there was a stir, a panic among the knot of Hindu bathers, who declared at once that the thing was a choot—a spook. One Kristo Chunder Chuckerbutty, an educated medical practitioner, coming up, saw with horror the hand of the body push the long hair off its face! He at once appealed to the bystanders to help him save a fellow-creature, but in vain. In vain he offered money to a ferryman to lend him his little boat that he might hasten to the aid of the wretched one perishing in the waters. Fear, prejudice, superstition held them as in a spell. "Far better let the drowning drown, than risk the handling of a corpse, waking a sprite, or disturbing a goblin!" "Even if it were a human being in dire distress, it were plain to be seen the gods were down on him." "Fate had sealed his doom. Why anger the gods who presided over his destiny, and bring their wrath upon our heads?" But the enlightened doctor was not of this mind, and without the assistance of one even, he plunged into the river, and after a long and terrible struggle, brought a young woman, almost dead, and now quite senseless, to the shore. Once she had clutched him, as the drowning sometimes will, and dragged him under with her, nearly suffocating him. Where they went under there was a whirlpool, so common in that river, and twenty-five feet of water, to add to the danger of the attempted rescue; but he struggled up manfully, and brought his strange and unknown charge ashore.

Thus far the heroic. Now for the other side of the story. After restoratives had been applied for three or four hours the woman opened her eyes. For a long time, though urged, she refused to tell her story. At last she said, "I have been saved, let them be saved." She then went on to narrate that she had for a long time been an invalid, that she had been brought to the burning ghat (landing) stupefied, but still not senseless, that the test of fire had been applied to her mouth, as if she were a corpse, and that just as she was being thrust in the water by her family friends, she had strength and sense enough left to clutch the bamboo with which she was being pushed out from the shore into the current that was to bear
her out into the ocean, if the crows and the kites did not first devour, perching upon the body as it floated on the tide, or the jackals seize it while drifting near the shore.

But she floated out only half conscious, and was in a maze of bewilderment when brought to her senses by the restoratives used. She did not know, and could not say, that her friends had intentionally set her afloat in a two-fold sense before her time. Comment is unnecessary. It is thus with Hinduism; with heathenism. The case was carried before the Sessions judge for trial. The prisoners were charged with performing prematurely the obsequies of their kinswoman. The defence was that a mistake had been made; that the people were illiterate, untaught, and only followed the customs of their religion, and the teaching of their spiritual guide, the officiating brahmin, or pundit, who was the family authority, and had received his fee. "The mysteries of nature," said the native pleader for the defence (a Hindu educated for the bar), "are inexplicable to science even; then why blame these poor villagers?" The jury returned a verdict of 'not guilty, and the prisoners were discharged.—Leaflet.

Original Hymn.

SAVIOUR, who Thy life did'st give
That our souls might ransomed be,
Rest we not till all the world
Hears that love, and turns to Thee.

Help us, that we falter not,
Though the fields are white and wide,
And the reapers, sorely pressed,
Call for aid on every side.

Guide us, that, with swifter feet,
We may speed us on our way,
Leading darkened nations forth
Into Thine eternal day.

Sweet the service,—blest the toil,
Thine alone the glory be;
Oh, baptize our souls anew;
Consecrate we all to Thee.

MISS A. D. F. LOCKWOOD.
This hideous goddess is the same in all parts of Asia. Let us accompany a missionary into one of her temples in northern India and look at her for ourselves, or as he saw her, and describes her in a communication to the Star in the East.

"In the centre of the temple stands a figure of the goddess, fourteen feet or so in height. She wears a turban of great magnificence, and over it is stretched the usual hooded snake in all its ugliness. Her feet are resting upon another, and the bodies of both are twined around her form. Over her neck is thrown a necklace of human skulls, and from her nose and ears hang huge glittering rings. Her face wears an expression of pleasure, and her enormous mouth glitters whitely in a laugh. Altogether it is a strange monstrosity, but its horribleness is far eclipsed by two figures, one standing on either side. They are simply awful to look at. They are attenuated female forms seemingly designed to set forth the horrors of famine. They are grossly obscene. To the left of the goddess the figure is that of a Bengali lady. The effects of starvation are shown with great exaggeration. The brow is lofty, and the hair falls over the back in venerable whiteness. The expression on the face is frightful. It is that of horror and supreme grief. She is looking with distended eyes to the figure on the right, and there is unutterable anguish in the whole posture. The form on the right is sickening in the extreme. It is that of a dark-skinned low caste woman. She is holding in her hands the upper half of the body of a child whose skin is of the same hue as that of the lady. Dangling from her mouth is one end of the entrails of the child, the remaining parts being coiled up in its body. The face is fiendish: the mother god of the Hindus between them both, laughing, buoyant, gay, without a spark of a mother's tenderness. There she stands, indifferent alike to unutterable anguish on the one hand, and to horrible crime on the other."

There is not a more popular goddess in all India than Kali or Durga. The annual festival occurs in October, and
is respected even by the English government as a national holiday. For about two weeks government work is suspended and nearly every office and place of business is closed. Ships arriving in port must keep their hatches closed and retain their merchandise and wait for a fresh cargo, no matter what the cost may be. Bank checks must be laid aside, whatever demand there may be for cash, and all the courts of justice are barred against every plea till these days of rest, hilarity, and amusement have ended, and Kali floats off on the passing stream.

In most of the wealthy Hindu households, an image of this blood-thirsty Durga is set up, bedecked in the gaudiest colors, and calls together the scattered members of the family from far and near. Friends and neighbors gather, musicians
are hired, women of the lowest and most abandoned characters are called in to sing and dance before the goddess (for they only of Hindu women sing or dance), and the days are passed in eating, visiting, and various amusements, and the nights witness the most obscene ceremonies and acts of debauchery, so low and utterly vile as to forbid description.

A Hindu gentleman once said to a missionary when speaking of the worship of Kali: "Sahib, whenever I go to these festivals I am so ashamed that I hide behind a pillar when the worst scenes are enacted."

The worship of Kali has been a national and domestic festival for untold ages, and who can compute the force of this overwhelming tide of moral putridity that it has kept in motion and augmented from generation to generation in its downward flow till the present time. And who that knows anything of the strength and lasting power of early impressions, the influence of long-established religious customs and associations, interwoven with every fibre of home life, can wonder at the present blindness and degradation of the Hindus. And who can wonder or be disheartened at the results of the last forty-five years of labor among them. After more than forty years' acquaintance with the Hindus, my wonder is that any have been saved and made meet for the Kingdom of Heaven.

Let us not be disheartened, my sisters, but hold fast to the plow to which we have put our hands, and never take one backward glance till "all India is given to Christ."

DANTOON, INDIA.

[FROM DR. J. L. PHILLIPS.]
"INDEED I SHOULD, SIR."

There came back to me the other day the little book in which I wrote the names of all who helped me raise the endowment fund for the Bible school. How many pleasant memories it has awakened I cannot tell, but I've been living over some of those happy days, and renewing my acquaintance with not a few devoted friends of this foreign mission, whom I met during that last missionary tour in America. In the opening volume of the Helper I wrote a brief sketch entitled "How She Helped Me." It related to a poor, but noble woman who so unselfishly undertook to spur abler ones to duty by her own generous gift to the endowment fund. I
have been wishing to write of another, indeed, several other good women, whose hearty words and cordial help can never be forgotten.

My committees sent me to some strange places. I found that even committee men were not infallible! Still those brethren, east and west, with barely an exception, rendered me invaluable aid. Some places that strike one very unfavorably at first turn out to be not so bad after all. I call to mind one of this sort. It was a week-day appointment, and promised to be weak enough, for the church was without a pastor. The audience-rooms had rather a cheerless look, and the "thin house" that evening didn't particularly cheer the tired speaker who had to hasten from the train to the pulpit. A very kind brother stood by me, and his aid was appreciated. The lecture may have occupied an hour, after which the people were to be personally invited to subscribe to the endowment. The brother took "the men's side" of the house, and as I found no one else for the other side, I went down myself with the inevitable paper and pencil. I quickly decided to go down the wall pews first, then make my way up the body pews. The very first person whom I addressed gave me such a start. For reasons already cited, I was not feeling very confident, and my question — would you like to help our work? — may have betrayed my lack of faith. Fancy my surprise when the good woman looked me squarely in the face and answered: "Indeed I should, sir!" Such a load as that little sentence, lifted off my anxious mind! Down went that woman's name, and over against it fifty dollars. With more faith and courage I addressed the others on that side of the house, nor was it in vain, for several sisters followed the good example set them in the front pew. Two sums in particular subscribed that evening, indicated the same faith as did the first fifty-dollar subscription, and I felt curious. The figure reached on "the women's side" of the house far exceeded that on the other side, and beside the winter fire we fell to talking of some of the chief donors.

The reader should know what I learned about the good woman whose stirring response heads these lines, and the other two women, too, whose generous gifts had cheered me. The three were sisters, and all had made their homes in this western state. But the lessons of childhood and youth had not been forgotten, and among others this one, concerning our duty to the perishing heathen. One of the sisters told
me how in their eastern home they had a faithful pastor, who never forgot the monthly concert of prayer for missions. That church was a Presbyterian one, and that pastor a true and representative one. Would there were many such in every state, east and west. Where he had sown I was permitted to reap. And so in other places, not a few, and in other churches besides our own, I was permitted to reap rich and golden fruit from good seed sown by faithful hands I knew not of. The lesson is plain. Would we have our people responsive, benevolent and active in every good work? We should teach the children and youth concerning the woes and wants of our sinful race, concerning the condition and the claims of millions who are sitting in the region and shadow of death. Here is a lesson for both parent and pastor, and a lesson, too, that it will pay to heed.

Midnapore, India, March 27.

[FROM MRS. MARSHALL]

A GRATIFYING VISIT.

It was my privilege, a little time ago, to attend the tenth annual meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society in connection with the Presbytery held here. Such a large number of earnest, intelligent sister workers it has never before been my privilege to see; young, middle-aged, and old, all seemed equally interested in the work to be done. The heartfelt, earnest petitions offered were enough to enlist the sympathies of every one present, and the exercises so well prepared, both as to subject-matter and manner of presentation, must have rekindled zeal for missions in the hearts of all. We felt that the spirit of the Lord was present with us.

The meeting was opened by devotional exercises in which a good number took part; following this was an address of welcome which showed a great amount of labor in preparation; it was nearly all delivered without the help of a manuscript. The response to this was an able article which reviewed in a general way the work and changes of the past six years (the time since the last Presbytery was held in Hillsdale) which have come to our own and heathen lands. The earnest, touching manner in which those still sitting in darkness were treated, showed that their interests had become one with those of the speaker. Then followed the reading of the minutes of the last meeting, and the appointment of the
meeting for the Board of Managers. After this came all the reports of local societies, called for alphabetically. These included accounts of ways and means for raising funds, amount of work done in the way of boxes of clothing sent to needy families, reading of letters from missionaries in the field in response for help received, number of missionary periodicals taken, and existing interest in the societies.

In the midst of the reports given by the ladies, a boy was called on to give a report of a boys' society. The report, so well prepared, giving evidence of such good work and being a novelty just here, was greeted with joy by all. The boys' society had raised during the past year some $40. It was encouraging to notice that in all the list of societies only one failed to report. Following these reports, special prayer was offered for the future efficiency of the societies. A hymn was sung, followed by a long, carefully prepared treasurer's report. The last figure of this report, which represented moneys and value of boxes given by the local societies, was something over $1,100, a figure they might well be proud of, since this is only one of the six Presbyteries in this state.

Singing and adjournment completed the exercises of the forenoon. I was very sorry not to be able to attend those of the afternoon, also those of the forenoon of the day following. I had seen enough, however, to convince me that our Presbyterian sisters know how to work for missions.

HILLSDALE, Mich.

[FROM MISS COOMBS.]

FIRST WORK.

I am glad I'm here every day, and find no reason for being homesick. I can do a little in the way of help, and have been glad many times for the gift of song. It was in this I could first join my efforts with others. At first I could only keep along with the tune, but now I can sing the words, though I don't know what they mean.

The heathen have very many poojahs, or what we might call days of worship for different gods. They have no Sabbath, of course, as we have, but their worship days amount to as many or more during the year, as our fifty-two Sabbaths. On these days our work is interrupted more or less, according to the importance of the poojah, or the devotedness of those taught.
Mrs. Burkholder is in from Bhimpore with her darling little boy. He tries to talk, and his vocabulary is such a mixture. He says more Santal words than of his "mother tongue." Mrs. Burkholder is not very strong, and as she goes among her work and workers she is almost sure to use what little strength she can spare.

I am at present at Dr. Bacheler's, as Miss Bacheler is away at Darjeeling trying to get some color back to her cheeks and strength to her muscles. My work is in connection with hers, and though I can't fill her place, I can rattle around in it, and it will not seem quite so empty. Mrs. Bacheler tried to do her work and Mary's too, which was too much for her strength. The first of the month Miss Bacheler examined all the different zenanas where her native teachers go, which I am attempting to do this month. I cannot do this as she can, nor give them the nice little sermons she can, but I am getting experience.

Midnapore, April 14.

[FROM MISS FRANKLIN.]

ANNIVERSARY DAY.

That was a happy thought which led our trustees to fix upon May 30th — the day set apart over all the land as Decoration Day — for our anniversary day. Next to scattering flowers over the graves of our martyred heroes there can be, it seems to me, no more fitting tribute than to devote this day to the exercises which testify to some of the privileges which their life-blood gave to my race.

You will think this a universal sentiment as you stand with us on Camp Hill, and watch the incoming crowds. Among them is the mother who sent her two daughters to the school in the fall, not knowing if she could afford to keep them all the year through, but who is now overcome with joy at the fact that she was not only able to do so, but to come herself, twenty miles over a rough road in a jolting old wagon, to hear them "speak their pieces."

We turn from her to receive a hearty hand-shake and grateful thanks from a man who brought his boy at the beginning of the term, with the remark, in the lad's presence, too, that he hoped we could manage him, though he was "mighty afraid we couldn't. That boy left off swearing months ago, and we are sure he no longer uses the filthy weed with which
his teeth were stained and his breath was tainted. We are greeted in turn by the “sisters, and the cousins, and the aunts,” and it seems as if all Storer’s children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren had come to this annual festival. Some of them we should like to introduce to you. They could tell you pitiful tales of the dark days of slavery, and the blessed ones of the days of freedom. But you do not wish to miss the exercises, and you would prefer to sit crowded into a seat now occupied by more than it was designed to accommodate, than to stand in the aisles which are so full that the marshal and his aids find it difficult to keep order.

We listen to the usual devotional exercises, and then follow the prize declamations. You are anxious that the speakers do well? If one of these pupils should make a failure not a teacher among us but would feel personal suffering. The parts are creditably done.

Next come the exercises of the graduating class, which includes twelve as nice appearing—excuse our vanity—and as good young persons as are found anywhere. Whispered commendations are heard in the audience, and once in a while some listener more enthusiastic than others forgets to whisper, and utters audibly his praises of the school, its teachers and pupils:

The graduates, after their parts are all rendered, form in a semi-circle, and receive their diplomas from the hands of Dr. Northup, who at the same time gives them a stirring and practical address.

In the afternoon it is a great pleasure to listen to an eloquent address by the Rev. C. F. Penney, of Maine. A thought comes now and then of the absent ones that we wish might hear it with us. When the time for speech-making comes, we are greatly disappointed because our munificent but modest benefactor, Mr. L. W. Anthony, will be silent, but are somewhat conciliated when his son speaks in so graceful, cordial and sympathetic manner. Our eyes are full with grateful tears when he is done.

The audience is enthusiastic now, and as the son takes his seat the father in spite of himself is brought almost forcibly to the front of the platform, where he is obliged to listen to three cheers, which in honor to him echo and reecho along the walls of Anthony Hall.

The exercises of the evening close much earlier than usual, and quiet soon reigns.
For the Young People.

Mission Work Sixty Years Ago.

[BY MRS. C. F. SPAULDING.]

When I returned home from our last meeting, going into my mother's room, I said, "Mother, the ladies of the missionary society wish me to prepare something to read at their next meeting. I am sure they know more about missions than I do. I felt like refusing, but as Mrs. Langdon proposed me I did not like to do so, and after I spoke the thought flashed across my mind, why not ask my mother how they carried on mission work when she was young? Will you not tell me what you did to help the missionaries?"

For a few moments she was quiet, and a shadow of sadness passed over her face. I was almost sorry I asked, for she had been very ill, and I knew she was looking back through a vista of fifty years, with its lights and shadows, to her girlhood's home. Then brightening, she said, "Yes indeed, I will. It seems but yesterday since we gathered in Colonel Totten's parlor to organize our society. I left New York when I was fifteen years old and went to live in the city of B——, then a mere village. The First Presbyterian Church was a small wooden building.

"At that time the civilized world was becoming aroused in the cause of missions, and 'preach the gospel to every creature' was heard from all our Christian pulpits. In our own land, Mr. and Mrs. Newell and Mr. and Mrs. Judson had bid farewell to home and friends. After waiting long months, we heard that the Newells were not allowed to remain where they had intended to make their home, but had been obliged to remove to an island near the main land, and also of the persecutions of the Judsons, and we remembered the words of our Lord: 'Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.' The work of our society was in making outfits for missionaries, home and foreign."

I said, "Most of the ladies of our society are interested in all departments of the work, and would like, I think, to hear what you did. I suppose the missionaries required a great amount of work done for them?"

"Yes; their journeys were often long, and a large quantity
of clothing was needed. To obtain funds for material the society sewed for the families of many of its members. Sewing-machines were unknown, and in those days people were expected to sew nicely. Many a shudder must have passed over the older members as a fine linen garment was handed to a group of laughing girls, and often a quiet afternoon was spent in picking out their stitches. Of course the girls never knew how much trouble they made, but Mrs. Totten called this home mission work.

"At last our first outfit was ready to be packed; it was for a young missionary and his wife who were going to India. What a busy afternoon we had as we put garment after garment into the box, and many a little article was added for the toilet — articles of use and beauty that would gladden the young wife's heart in that distant land. Because she had chosen to leave home and friends to work for the Master, that was surely no reason why she should give up everything that makes life beautiful.

"When the packing was finished and we stood around the box, all were silent for a moment; then Mrs. Butler, our president, said, 'Let us ask God's blessing.' It was the first public prayer that had been offered in our society, and amid profound silence the timid woman asked God to bless those who would wear those garments, and to bless our efforts. Her voice often faltered, some of the words we did not hear, but He, who knew what a struggle it was for her to kneel at His feet in public, heard it all and did bless us.

"As our society grew in numbers, we took under our care two children in the Cattaraugus mission, naming one of them Joseph Hanford for our minister, the other Anna Hanford for his wife, who came to us a bride; she stayed a few months, then God took her, leaving us very sad and his home very desolate.

"The society of B — was composed chiefly of families coming from New York, of New England origin (as was my mother), and, like their Puritan ancestors, they were firm of purpose; having once put their hands to the plow, there was no turning back."

"I suppose," I said, "your father and brothers would scarcely have thought you capable of organizing a society and managing it in all its details as women do now?"

"I do not know what they thought; but woman was always the power behind the throne, and I am glad to have
lived to see the day when a gifted woman can speak to other women in public without being condemned, as she would have been less than fifty years ago. But she must be careful not to abuse her power. Step by step, she is going higher, and as long as the gentleness and modesty of her home life characterize her public life, all will be well.

"I can better illustrate how the seed sown in our little society took root by telling of an incident that took place in the life of one of those merry girls who attended our meetings.

"Madge Marvin was full of life, making sunshine out of everything, Madge was to be married to a young army officer. Ah! well I remember Madge as she stood under the chandelier, with its soft wax lights, surrounded by beautiful women and a brilliant array of officers in full dress. Madge's heart was light, and as she passed a group of friends, in which were some of the ladies of our society, she said, 'There is a mission station near the fort; I'll watch them for you,' then added with a laugh, 'Perhaps, if it is very lonely, I may get converted myself.' Words lightly spoken, but how prophetic!"

"She left us, and by and by we heard of her, and from her, how she carried her brightness out into that lonely place, enjoying everything, seemingly as happy as ever. A year passed, a little child was given her, beautiful, and the darling of all. One morning, in midwinter, word came to the mission station that Lieutenant Dayton's baby was dying. They went to the house, and there, over the cradle, was Madge trying to awaken her darling, who was asleep in death. Then the missionaries that Madge proposed to watch, were watching her. For a time her life hung by a thread, and at last, as the blossoms came out, she grew better and returned home. Shortly after she united with the church, and when she returned to the West she went to work nobly. She treated the Indians like men and women, and they learned to love her, and in the poetic language of their race named her the 'Weeping Willow,' after seeing her bending over her baby's grave. But Madge did not give her life to sadness; her brightness came back, and when we met her in after years we saw a new beauty in her face — the beauty of holiness. Many letters our society received from her, telling of her work, and thanking us for clothing and books sent."

— _Woman's Work for Woman._
Rest Enforced.

The idea of erecting a cottage among the hills as a resort for exhausted toilers in India is happily proving the precursor of something much better.

Those who have prayed and contributed for this object will see the answer to their prayers in a movement, already inaugurated, to make annual vacations the rule for our missionaries. The first official step in this direction was taken at the recent meeting in Boston, of the Free Baptist Foreign Mission Board.

It will readily be seen that making it obligatory upon our workers in India to take, every year, a few weeks of rest, must prevent much of that utter prostration, that has made them long for a retreat in the bracing air of the hills, where lost vitality could be recuperated. This plan will secure to them rest before it is forced upon them by loss of health, and while it can be that natural, healthy relaxation and reinvigoration that our blessed Lord desired his disciples to have, when he bade them “come apart and rest awhile.”

The money that has been contributed for a “sanitarium” will doubtless, if contributors do not object, be devoted to the carrying out of this better plan. And it is pleasant to be able to announce that the “willing offerings” of those whose “hearts” have “stirred them up” to give for this rest are now “enough for the service of the work.” “So the people were restrained from bringing.”

Mrs. A. C. Hayes.

A Training-School.—A young contributor in the Heathen Woman’s Friend thus describes a “Mission League”: “Our society has been organized several years, comprising our own family. First papa and mamma, then five children ranging in age from fourteen years old to three weeks. The dues are apportioned according to age and ability, and aggregate forty-one cents per month, which is collected at our monthly meeting. Since February we have published a paper called the Mission Gleaner, with myself as editor, for the benefit of the League. We all enjoy the work very much.”

The editor of the Friend well says that this letter carries its own moral, and suggests “Go and do thou likewise.” There might be just such a missionary training-school in thousands of families.
Missionary Literature.

Knowledge is of two kinds. We know a thing ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it.—Dr. Samuel Johnson.

Home Missionary Convention. The Congregationalist, Boston, June 14, 1883.
Aborigines of India. The Missionary Review, for May—June, 1883.
A Strange but True Story. Leaflet of the Presbyterian W. F. Society. 8 cents per dozen. 1334 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Penn.
At Home in Fiji. By Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming; illustrated with map. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York City. The author of this volume was associated with the family of Hon. Arthur H. Gordon, first governor of Fiji, and writes from close personal observation. The book has large popularity.

Topic for Monthly Meeting.

"But when the fruit is brought forth, immediately he putteth in the sickle, because the harvest is come."—Mark iv., 26-27.
"Therefore said he unto them, The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few."—Luke xi., 1, 2.

A Faithful Giver.—For a score of years or more the late Wm. E. Dodge gave $10,000 every year to the American Board of Foreign Missions.
Those who defer their gifts to their death-bed do as good as to say, "Lord, I will give thee something when I can keep it no longer." Happy is the man who is his own executor.—Bishop Hall.

At a recent marriage in England, the marriage of the Rev. J. C. Hoare and Miss A. J. Patterson, daughter of the rector of Thorpe, a collection for the China Mission was proposed after the breakfast, and $2,250 were at once raised. — The Missionary Review.
Words from Home Workers.

RHODE ISLAND.

The Woman's Missionary Society of the R. I. District held a public meeting in connection with the annual meeting of the R. I. Association, Tuesday, May 23, at 3 o'clock, Mrs. J. M. Brewster, one of the vice-presidents, presiding. After singing and devotional exercises, a selection, "The Gift that is in Thee," was read by Miss P. J. Wood.

The president, Mrs. L. Dexter, addressed the meeting, referring to the origin and development of the Woman's Society, especially in the R. I. District. Five years ago the support of Miss Hattie Phillips was assumed, and three years later, the salary of Miss Franklin, one of the teachers at Storer College. These, with shares in other objects, make the present "Basis of Work" for the district $1,050.

More churches are engaged in the work this year than ever before, and a better understanding of details develops more interested and efficient workers.

Enthusiasm was awakened by the earnest address of the Rev. F. D. George, and the Rev. E. N. Fernald added to the interest by a few well-chosen words. Mrs. Brewster presented the claims of the Missionary Helper, and earnestly solicited an increased subscription. While the women of Rhode Island are thus caring for their own society, they are not neglectful of their obligations to the parent societies.

MRS. E. S. ANDREWS, Sec.

OHIO.

The Woman's Missionary Society of Ohio rejoices in a new Q. M. Auxiliary. This was organized at the last session of the Geauga and Portage Q. M., which was held with the Orange church, May 19. Mrs. E. Robinson, of Auburn, was chosen president. One vice-president was appointed from each church. These were Mrs. Arnold, of Orange; Miss I. Renwee, of Auburn; Mrs. King, of Chester; Mrs. Warner, of Chagrin Falls; and Mrs. Wilson of Rapids. Mrs. Laura Webster, of Auburn, was chosen secretary. A collection was taken, half of which is to be used for the salary of Dr. Nellie Phillips, and half for Home Mission work.

MRS. H. J. COE.

The May session of the Woman's Missionary Society took place Sunday, May 20, 1883, at the Baseline church. On account of rain Saturday evening their meeting was postponed until Sunday. The president, Mrs. Huffman, opened the exercises with prayer, which was followed by Scriptural reading by Mrs. Russell, and singing by the choir, "Come over and help us." The secretary and treasurer's reports were presented, and an interesting essay by Mrs. Walker, of Attica, was read. The choir sang, "Good news comes over the sea." There was a recitation by Icedore Huffman, and a letter from Dr. Nellie Phillips was read by Nettie Carpenter. An eloquent address was made by the Rev. Mr. Ashley, of Hillsdale, Mich., which was followed by Rev. Brother Dimm, of New Haven, Ohio. The collection amounted to $7.30.

MRS. J. W. HUFFMAN, Secretary.
IOWA.

Mrs. Dyer, writing from Iowa, sends kind words and says: "I would gladly send you a long list of subscribers, but this is not a Free Baptist community. I am a lone one here. I know of no church of our denomination within thirty miles. I work with the Methodists, believing it the duty of all Christians to do what they can to build up Christ's cause wherever their lot may be cast. As a New England woman and of Free Baptist education, I have an interest in whatever pertains to denominational progress and work, and I long for money with which to help the toiling ones in India, as well as the earnest workers in our own land. How I would like to build that sanitarium among the mountains. But the silver and the gold are the Lord's. We can only do our duty, and trust God for the results."

MISSOURI.

At the May session of the Eldorado Spring Quarterly Meeting, the Sabbath collection was taken for the interests of Foreign Missions. Some threadbare objections were raised, however, but the desire to remember the whole of the command of the Lord Jesus prevailed. The York Center church has a pastor interested in the spread of the Gospel. May the number of such be multiplied.

CAPE SABLE ISLAND.

While making a pastoral call recently on a family in my parish, I spoke of our duty to send the Gospel to the heathen, and in response to a remark of mine the lady of the house, who is a member of my church, replied, "I do not think we ever suffer through giving for foreign missions. Let me relate a little incident that occurred in my own history. Several years ago, when my children were all small, my husband was so unfortunate as to have his entire property taken from him to pay a note he had indorsed for another man, and we were for a few years in very straitened circumstances. Not long after we lost our property, a lady who was collecting money for foreign missions. All the money in my possession was thirty cents, which I had carefully laid by to buy one of my little girls a calico dress, of which she was very much in need. It needed ten cents more to purchase the cloth, but I hoped to get a few eggs that could be spared for that purpose. I told the lady about the thirty cents, but she thought I could not be expected to give that, and took her leave. I did not feel right about it, however, and ere she was out of hearing I called her back and gave her one half of the money, and told her I believed the Lord would provide. This was in the month of April. The September before, I lost, either in our garden or between the house and the garden, a twenty-five cent piece; but although I searched carefully I could not find it, nor could my children, who were told that the one who found it should have it. After giving the lady the fifteen cents I immediately started to go down to the garden, but I never once thought of the money which I lost seven months before. As I was passing down the path I saw something bright at one side, in the grass, and stooping down I picked up my lost quarter. The missionary agent was not out of hearing, and I called to her and told her that I had enough to get my child the dress."

L. W. G.
A Sudra boy by the wayside lay,
Moaning with hunger and pain.
The son of a brahmin came that way,
Merry, and haughty, and vain.
He turned his eyes from the child who cried,
And quickly passed on the other side.

He'd scorn to bring, for a Sudra's sake,
A drink from the nearest spring;
And the Sudra would not dare to take
From his hand the smallest thing.
So the sick boy waited there to die:
Are not Sudras low, and brahmans high?

O pride of false teaching! pride of caste!—
Wild tares in the vineyard sown!
Will the Lord of the Harvest find at last,
Ye were all in India grown?
Does a Christian's child, in heart e'er cry,
"My neighbor is low, and I am high?"

Such was the story Miss Teachwell told
To the girls in her mission band enrolled,
As they sat with her one day to sew.

She called it "A Tale of Weeds that grow
In a Precious Garden." When 'twas done:
They pitied the Sudra, every one,
And blamed the brahmin, and said that they
Could not have acted in such a way.
Susie and Caroline guessed at last,
"Hearts are like gardens, and pride makes caste,
In every country, its weeds will start
To choke love's flowers from the human heart."
But I think Katie a lesson caught
Deep in her mind, from the story short;
For she looked no more, with scornful curl
Of her lips, at Amy, the stranger girl,
But gently told her, as they went home,
"I'll lend you patterns, when next you come."

I was glad for this, and thought 'twas plain
That the heathen children o'er the main
Had a true friend in a child who tried
From her heart-garden to weed out pride.

—Josephine Tyler, in Little Helpers.

Hindu Girls and their Dolls.

Once a year, just before the Dasserah festival, the little Hindu girls destroy their dolls. The girls dress themselves in the brightest colors, and march through the busy bazars of the city, and along roads shaded by overhanging mango
or sissoo trees, till they come to water — probably a tank built by some pious Hindu. A crowd of men and women follow them. Round the tank are feathery bamboos, plantains with their broad, hanging leaves, and mango trees, and on every side are flights of steps leading down to the water. Down the steps the little bare feet go, and, taking a last look at their favorite dolls, they toss them into the water. No Hindu girl has such a family of dolls as many of our readers have in this country. But her dolls cost very little, and so the last one is easily replaced. They are made of rags, or more generally of mud or clay, dried in the sun, or baked in an oven, and rudely daubed with paint. An English doll is a marvel to a Hindu girl. The fair hair, blue eyes, pretty face, and the clothes that come off and on, fill her with wonder. In some of the mission schools the scholars get presents at Christmas, and the girls get dolls, to their great delight.—The Missionary Outlook.

"Hari, Krishna; hari, hari; Krishna, Krishna; hari, hari; hari, Krishna; hari, hari; Krishna, Krishna; hari, hari." These words mean nothing to us; and they mean very little to the people of India, who use them thousands of times as a form of prayer. Each repetition of the name of God is supposed to be a merit; and so the Hindus sometimes teach parrots to pronounce the name of the god, thus saving themselves the trouble of going even through the form of prayer, while they get all the merit. How little merit that is, they know who read the Saviour's words, "When ye pray use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do."—Missionary Herald.

Little Helpers.

Little hearts will happy be,
If little eyes will always see
That little hands do work for Thee,
Our God and King.

Little feet can swiftly go,
Little lips let others know
That all can love to Jesus show,
By work and prayer.

Then hearts and hands together blend,
And never rest till we can send
The message of our Saviour Friend
To every shore.

—Mrs. Cavalier, in Mission Dayspring.
THE RAGGED SCHOOLS OF MIDNAPORE,
INDIA.

ROV. xix., 17. "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will He pay him again."

1. Bible reading upon the word "poor."
3. Although previous to 1879, much had been done for the children of the zenanas and the jungles, the vast field of labor among the neglected children of the poorest classes was untouched. Each one of these filthy little ones had within him a jewel of priceless worth, an imperishable soul, and when Mrs. Mary R. Phillips returned to India, her great mother-heart determined to lift up these dwarfed and darkened souls into the light. By July 1, 1879, she had established four schools. In May and August, 1880, she writes to the Woman's Board: "More than three hundred children from your 'Ragged Schools,' wave their little black hands in gratitude for the letters and hymns they have learned and for the hope you have awakened in their little hearts. These schools are in twelve different parts of the city, and in one of them the high caste children sit side by side with those of low caste, and recite with them. We induce the babus to give us houses, and the children buy their own books." In the report for 1882, 553 scholars had been gathered in, and the Industrial numbered 60, twelve of whom were girls.
5. Questions:
   (1.) Where did the first two Ragged Schools in Midnapore meet?
   Ans. In a barber's shop and under a tamarind tree.
   (2.) How much money is needed to support one a year?
   Ans. Fifty dollars.
   (3.) How much did it cost Mrs. Phillips to keep ten schools in session six months?
   Ans. About one hundred and fifty-five dollars.
   (4.) Give a description of one of these from Mrs. Phillips' letter in HELPER, 1880, p. 112.
   (5.) Describe manner of teaching in them from the letter of the late Mrs. Lawrence, in HELPER, 1880, p. 124.
   (6.) How long does it take these ragged little ones to learn their letters?
   Ans. A month.
   (7.) What is the next step for them after having learned to read and write?
   Ans. Into the Industrial School, where they are taught the common industries and trades.
   (8.) And the next step?
   Ans. Into the Bible School, where they are transformed into teachers and ministers.
   (9.) Who assists Mrs. Phillips in the care of these schools?
   Ans. Miss Jessie B. Hooper and Miss Millar.
   (10.) What can you do to assist besides giving your pennies?
   Ans. We can dress dolls for prizes, baste patchwork for them to sew, and send pictures cut out of papers.
6. Read aloud Miss Jessie Hooper's letter in HELPER, 1883, p. 78.

MRS. E. D. JORDAN.
"He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass: as showers that water the earth. He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth." — Psalms LXXII., 5, 7.

**Contributions**

**FROM MAY 1, 1883, TO JUNE 1, 1883.**

**Correction.**—The five dollars sent by the Ellsworth Q. M. Woman's Missionary Society should have been credited to the Industrial School building.

**MAINE.**

Augusta, Auxiliary, for Emeline, toward constituting Mrs. Plum­mer life member.................. $13 00

Bowdoinham, Auxiliary, for Sirlah, and to complete Mrs. M. H. White life member................. 6 25

Brunswick, First church, Auxilia­risty, for native teacher, Oma... 6 25

Canton, Auxiliary, toward constit­uting Mrs. S. Kemp life member........................................ 2 00

Corinna, Auxiliary.................. 5 00

Dexter, Auxiliary.......................... 2 25

East Parsonsfield, Auxiliary, for Miss M. Batcheler's support.. 3 00

East Corinth, Auxiliary.............. 10 00

Mrs. A. C. Clark, for the Indus­trial School building.................. 1 00

East Otisfield, Auxiliary, toward constituting Mrs. S. Kemp life member........................................ 4 79

Farmington, Q. M. Society............ 14 00

Hallowell, Auxiliary, for support of Eva, with Mrs. J. L. Phil­lips.......................... 25 00

Lewiston, Lois Thompson, $1.50; Etta Thompson, $1.50; Ora Brown, $1.00; Nellie Graves, $1.00; and toward constit­uting Miss Lois Thompson life member........................................ 5 00

Litchfield Plains, Auxiliary, for Tipperie.................. 13 00

Lisbon Falls, Auxiliary, for Miss Coombs' support.................. 10 00

Limerick, Mrs. J. L. Holland, $2.00; and Mrs. N. D. Bur­bank, $1.00.......................... 3 00

North Lebanon, Auxiliary............. 6 00

South Parsonsfield, Auxiliary, for Gouri, and toward life mem­bership of Mrs. J. Q. Adams... 5 00

Southport, for foreign missions... 1 00

Sumner, Auxiliary, toward constit­uting Mrs. S. Kemp life member........................................ 5 00

Sweden, Auxiliary, toward constit­uting Mrs. S. Kemp life member.......................... 1 00

West Bowdoin, Auxiliary, for sup­port of zenana teacher.............. 11 00

West Lebanon, Auxiliary, for foreign missions.................. 6 36

**NEW HAMPSHIRE.**

Alexandria, $1.04 each from Mrs. C. W. Griffin, Mrs. L. C. Brown, Mrs. C. S. Akerman, and Mrs. E. R. Berry, and $4 cents for general work.......................... 5 00

Bristol, for Miss Brackett's salary, $9.00; for foreign missions, $7.00.......................... 12 00

Danville, Auxiliary.................. 10 00

Dover, Washington Street church, for Miss Brackett's salary...... 5 00

Auxiliary, Washington Street, for Industrial School building..... 11 25

Auxiliary, Washington Street, for regular work.......................... 5 00

Meredith Village, Aux. .................. 5 20

"Earnest Workers," for Mrs. D. F. Smith.......................... 6 07

West Wakefield, Mrs. S. D. Meserve.......................... 5 00

Milton and Acton, church.................. 10 00

New Hampton, Young Ladies' Mis­sionary Society.................. 15 00

North Sandwich, Auxiliary, for Miss Brackett's salary.............. 5 00

Q. M. collection at Woman's meeting.......................... 11 00

Raymond, Mrs. Sarah Gilf, $1.00; Mrs. Caroline Kimbell, $1.00; Mrs. Sarah F. Roberts, $1.00; Carrie Edgerly, 25 cents; Frank F. Roberts, 25 cents; all for foreign missions.......................... 3 50

Strafford, by Mrs. F. Reed, from estate of deceased sister, for Harper's Ferry.......................... 15 00

**VERMONT.**

Corinth, Q. M. W. M. meeting collection, for Mrs. D. F. Smith.......................... 2 10

Q. M. W. M. meeting collection, for Mrs. D. F. Smith.......................... 6 00

East Williamston, Auxiliary, for Mrs. D. F. Smith.......................... 2 00
Contributions.

Massachusetts.

Abington, Mrs. K. R. Peirce, $2.00 for Harper’s Ferry, and $3.00 for foreign missions. 2 00
Blackstone, Auxiliary, for Miss Hattie Phillips, $6.25; and General Fund, $1.00. 7 25
Auxiliary, for Miss Franklin’s salary, $3.75; and Literature and Incidental Fund, 25 cents. 4 00
Busy Bees, Ragged Schools, $1.25; and Miss Franklin’s salary, $1.25. 2 50
Busy Bees, Miss Ida Phillips’ salary. 1 25
Miss Ella Page, for Miss Hattie Phillips. 5 00
Miss Franklin’s salary. 2 50
The Blackstone receipts are to constitute Mrs. J. T. Ashworth, of Amesbury, Mass., life member.
Farnumsville, church, for Miss Hattie Phillips’ support. 1 52
Taunton, Mr. James T. Bassett, for Mrs. Burkholder. 2 50
Mr. James T. Bassett, for Miss Hattie Phillips. 2 50
Rhode Island.

Arlington, church, for Miss Hattie Phillips’ support. 1 50
Church, for Miss Franklin’s salary. 1 50
Block Island, church, for Miss Hattie Phillips’ support. 10 00
Georgiaville, church, for Miss Hattie Phillips’ support. 15 00
Church, for Miss Franklin’s salary, $4.50; and Literature and Incidental Fund, 75 cents. 5 25
North Scituate, from friends, for Miss H. Phillips’ support. 1 50
Olneyville, Auxiliary, for Miss Hattie Phillips’ support. 15 00
Pawtucket, Auxiliary, for Miss Hattie Phillips’ support. 12 50

Providence, Mrs. A. R. Bradbury, for Miss Hattie Phillips’ support. 5 00
Mrs. A. Winsor, for Miss Hattie Phillips’ support. 1 00
A friend, for Miss Hattie Phillips’ support. 1 25
Greenwich Street Mission, May Biabco, for Miss Hattie Phillips. 1 25
Park Street, Auxiliary, for Miss Hattie Phillips, $6.25;
General Fund, $3.00. 9 25
Park Street, Auxiliary, for Miss Franklin’s salary, $8.00;
Literature and Incidental Fund, 50 cents. 8 50
Park Street, Little Helpers, Industrial School, 10 00
Park Street, Little Helpers, for Miss Hattie Phillips. 5 00

New York.

Poland, Auxiliary, for Ambie. 7 50
Stephentown Centre, Auxiliary. 3 00
West Stephentown, Auxiliary. 14 00
Ohio.

Huron and Seneca, Auxiliary, $7.12; Q. M. collection, $7.43. 14 55
Illinois.

Bloomington, A. R. Hemenover, for Industrial School building. 2 00
Wisconsin.

Grand Prairie, $6.47 for Harper’s Ferry, and $6.48 for home missions. 12 95
Richmond, Mrs. Alice L. Hulce, for foreign missions. 1 50
Minnesota.

Sauk Rapids, Miss J. E. Hicks, for Industrial School building. 1 00
Total. .............................. $490 79
Miss L. A. DeMerritte, Treas.,” per Mrs. M. S. Waterman,”
Dover, N. H., Assistant Treas.

Benevolent Societies.

F. M.  H. M.  Ed. Soc.
Receipts for May.......................................... $1,291 57  $452 93  $113 75
Moses B. Smith, Treasurer.

Concord, N. H., CENTRAL ASSOCIATION.

F. M.  H. M.  Ed. Soc.
Receipts for May.......................................... $46 44  $323 30  $10 17
J. C. Steele, Treas.

Dale, N. Y.
Helps for Auxiliaries.

A list of the leaflets published by the Woman's Missionary Society is here given, to which have been added a few books and pamphlets which are of special value. They will be forwarded on receipt of price stated. Those under head of miscellaneous are for gratuitous distribution, but contributions are desired for the Literature Fund, by means of which they are printed. From time to time others will be added.

**Miscellaneous.**
- Constitution for Quarterly Meeting Societies.
- Hints and Helps for Q. M. Societies.
- Constitution for Auxiliaries, including Hints for Organization, and other valuable items. 4 pages.
- Constitution for Mission Bands, including valuable suggestions.

**Readings.**

**Dialogues.**

**Books and Pamphlets.**
- "Historical Sketches of Woman's Missionary Societies in America and England," by Mrs. Daggett. 75 cts.
- "My Missionary Box and I." 10 cts.
- "A Grain of Mustard Seed, or the District Secretary's Letter." 10 cts.
- "Missionary Exercises," a collection of Bible Readings, Dialogues, Poems, etc., including postage. 35 cts.
- "Uncle Ben's Bag." 2 cts.

**Envelopes for Collectors.** 25 cts. per hundred.

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**Midnapore.**—Dr. O. R. Bacheler, Mrs. Bacheler, Miss M. E. Bacheler, Rev. T. W. Burkholder, Mrs. Burkholder, Miss Jessie J. Hooper, Dr. J. L. Phillips, Mrs. Phillips, Miss L. C. Coombs.

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