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**The Missionary Helper.**

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**PROVIDENCE, R. I.**

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A note just received from Mrs. Bacherel says: "I had a letter from Dr. Bacherel last evening, written from Port Said. He was on the eve of embarking for Jaffna, for a little run in Palestine, to pursue his journey at the arrival of a steamer at Port Said, in about two weeks. He was well. 'Courage never better.'"

Mrs. Bacherel is engaged in writing the biography of Miss Crawford.

The door into the life beyond is constantly opening, and friends are privileged to pass on before us into its reality. Some weeks since there passed Mrs. Cheney, the wife of the Rev. Dr. Cheney, President of Bates College. She was a most estimable woman, of rare culture of mind and heart,—a woman whom the world with its great aching need could know only to feel the sympathy born of high thought and enduring faith. Missions and mission work she loved. She was an invalid for many years, but

"Patient, unresting, still she wrought
Though life beat fainter and more faint;
And as her joyful soul took flight,
We saw -- the aureole of the saint,"
One of the several questions which came before the India Committee at the recent session of the Yearly Meeting was the recommendation to the Home Board of the removal of the Girls' Orphanage, probably to Balasore. The malarial condition of Jelasore seems to make such a change absolutely necessary.

From the article of Miss Thoburn, taken from the Heathen Woman's Friend, concerning a woman's college in India, it is right to conclude that there is the beginning of a demand for opportunities for the higher education of women in India. Even in our country the answering of this demand has been comparatively recent.

If the advancement shall be on the line of missionary effort it seems all important that the opportunities afforded shall be put upon a Christian basis. Nothing could be more expressive of real progress than the establishment of a Christian college for the women of India.

It seems to us that at the present stage there need not necessarily be a denominational college, though no society is better capable to establish such than that of our Methodist sisters. The number of young women who will prepare will be small for some time to come, and would likely be found in the several mission fields, hence all persons who have means could contribute to its establishment and endowment in the broadest catholic spirit. The heathen mind often asks why so many divisions of the church of the one Lord Jesus Christ.

The Missionary Outlook for February, and also for March, has its opening page occupied with designs for home mission parsonages. These representations seem to indicate houses of convenience and comfort, and presumably are not expensive to build.

Plans and specifications can be supplied for five dollars. The Outlook is published at the Methodist Mission Rooms, Toronto, Canada.
The letters from our friends in India, though long, are of decided interest. Mrs. George's and also Miss Coombs' are given through the kindness of the friends to whom they were addressed. It was a pleasant thought of Miss Phillips to send the good words of her sainted father. They will be read carefully and reverently. The Bible Reading will appear next month. Let the Literature Fund so important and necessary continue to receive attention.

In our school-girl papers used to be written, in a certain Miscellaneous Department, Wanted; after which were mentioned things more imaginary than real. Under this head to-day gather some real things which seem to be very real: First, more system in the giving, more constant avoidance of an empty treasury. Second, active and life members who shall enlist with service as well as money. Third, young women and men who will come rejoicing with their irresistible enthusiasm, and the unquestioning faith of youth; and Fourth, more converts from those who are in the land of darkness, not having their eyes opened to see the great and wonderful things being done in the earth, and who are still repeating what is almost echoless, "I do not believe in missions."

"To be heartily interested in missions we must have an intimate acquaintance with the work, its workers, and its needs, and how can this interest be obtained unless we become intelligent readers," are the thoughts some one has expressed. To supply the news by which information can be had, whereby to make intelligent, is an object of the Literature Fund. For years efficient assistants have helped us put forth such efforts as limited facilities would allow; much thought has been given to this subject, and thousands of pages have been put in circulation. But the need increases for the objects as mentioned in the article in the last number concerning this fund. More money must be had. Were there more capital more printing and publishing could be done, and circulation increased. And with the impulse thus given to our mission literature there would be an increase of interest all along our lines. The address given last month should be Miss Ida E. Gardiner, Saylesville, R. I.
OWN by the brookside, under the mould,
Cozily nestled away from the cold,
Six little snowdrops wait to be told
That spring has come.

God said to the sisters, "Just lie still,
And when it shall be thy Maker's will
He'll call thee a mission to fulfill
When spring has come."

But one little snowdrop restless grew,
Lying so still with nothing to do,
"God has forgotten us, sisters true,
For spring has come."

"God never forgets" — sweet voices say, —
Only be patient; He'll call some day;
He ever knows best; trust him and pray
Till spring has come."

"But," fretted the first, "I want the air;
It's dark down here, I'll climb the stair
To the upper world and pleasures rare,
Sure, spring has come."

The willful snowdrop said, "good-bye";
Though found she naught but a leaden sky,
The brook was ice, no blue birds nigh,
Spring had not come.

She put her frail white blossoms forth,
But a bitter wind came from the north,
And tossed her roughly, as very wroth;
Spring had not come.

"Ah! God knew best!" she shivering sighed.
"And I have his own sweet will defied;"
So drooping earth-ward, the snowdrop died,
Ere spring had come.

In his own good time the Maker's call
Found the five in their prison wall
Right joyful to do His biddings all
Now spring had come.
Snowdrops.

'Tis Easter-day, and the temple grand
Is the sweetest spot in all the land,
With its countless blossoms, its choir band,
For Christ has come.

Vines from columns and arches trail,
Sweet lilies forming a fairy vail,
While hyacinths seem to sing, "All hail!
Again Christ comes."

And in the midst of a crown, pure white,
The snowdrops radiant, fair, and bright,
(From the alcove window's rosy light.)
Sing "Christ has come."

Then, "He is risen," sings the choir,
Yet still the organ notes mount higher,
While hearts all touched with holy fire,
Feel Christ has come.

And the gleaming snowdrops whispered still
"Twas best to await our Father's will,
How sweet a place 'tis ours to fill
Now Christ has come."

Boston, Mass.

There is especial significance in the fact that from four Eastern countries have come women to our medical colleges, self-exiled from home and their country by the conviction of the great need of medical aid for their countrywomen. At the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, there are two students from India, one from Syria, and one from Japan; at the New York College another, and at the Chicago Woman's College there is, or has been a Chinese woman.

Woman's Work for Woman commenting on the fact says: What, think you, is back of the movement of these women, hitherward, from distant lands? Is it not the hand of God leading them thus to manifest that He, the God of our salvation, is in truth the "confidence of all the ends of the earth?" For it is the Christianity, the Christ of this land of ours which makes us what we are, and, "lifted up," draws unto itself.
Sarah Huntington was born in Norwich, Conn., June 18, 1802. From childhood to the hour of her departure from the beautiful town of her nativity for Syria, the history of her brief life was marked by significant steps in progressive benevolence. "Long before she became a subject of divine grace, she took an interest in various objects of benevolence, particularly Sabbath Schools, and exhibited that spirit of enterprise, patience, and perseverance in aiding the efforts of others which constituted so prominent an excellence in her character in the later years of her life."

As soon as she had "joined the precious company of converts, and before Him, angels, and men, had covenanted to be his forever," her ardent soul became at once interested in the conversion of her friends. The spiritual good of her three brothers was her first care. Her female friends, of whom she possessed a large circle, and also her distant relatives and acquaintances, all shared the benefit of her generous efforts. She thought it well always to have a long list of names to be especially remembered in prayer, and constantly endeavored to have her Christian friends consecrate stated seasons for the same purpose. In one of her letters she wrote: "Mary and I have set apart four o'clock every afternoon to pray for Uncle B. We want to get courage to mention it to Aunt Faith, that she may observe the same season. All grandpapa's female descendants of any maturity of age are now pious."

"How trifling these ornamented parlors and drawing-rooms have appeared to me of late!" she exclaims after a season of deep revival interest in her own town. "How missions increase in importance!"

It is no surprise, then, that in 1827, she became interested in the condition of a neglected remnant of the Mohegan Indians, living about six miles from Norwich. From that time she spent her Sabbaths with them, gathering the chil-
dren into the Sunday School, and walking too and fro the six miles every week. And finally with a female friend she spent alternate weeks in missionary labor in their little village. Through her own exertion a church was built from funds collected wholly in Norwich, and from the government at Washington she procured an appropriation of five hundred dollars towards erecting buildings, and four hundred dollars annually for the support of a teacher.

She was interested with a circle of Christian women in making the case of the western tribes threatened with dispersion a subject of special prayer, and had also a plan for the benefit of a remnant of the Pequod tribe of Indians. She was indeed a practical friend of the red man.

But there yet remained one step in advance for this devoted person to take, and as the wife of the Rev. Eli Smith of the American Mission at Beyroot, we must follow her to the distant land of Asia. Here she endured the hardships of early missionary labors with characteristic patience, and applied herself to the study of a new language, and to the uplifting of the native women of Syria, with an intelligent courage.

The letters and journal of Sarah L. Smith make up one of the most interesting volumes in the list of missionary memoir. But her useful life was early cut off. Her labors in Syria included less than two years and four months. She died at the early age of thirty-four years,—

"We praise our God for thee."

Lewiston, Me.

Thanks.

I thank Thee, oh! my Father
For this wondrous Word of Thine,
The promises so precious,
That along its pages shine.

I thank Thee, blessed Saviour,
Who has bled and died for me;
Thou bid'lest Thy disciples
In Thy vineyard work for Thee.

I thank Thee, Holy Spirit,
Guide and Comforter divine;
A willing heart Thou'lt given
To help, in this work of Thine.

Ludlow, VT.

A. F. P. P.
The Missionary Helper.

Hungering for the Bread of Life.

[BY MRS. M. M. H. HILLS.]

The China Island Mission is a very interesting one and has a very interesting history. Miss Evans, one of its missionaries, in a late writing, gave a thrilling account of a meeting she had just been holding. She said, "One very old woman came in this afternoon, and as soon as I saw her my very heart went out to her, for I knew that her days were numbered, so I directed my attention to her especially. I asked her age and a few questions about her future. It was all dense darkness to her; she knew nothing of the future, and was surprised to hear that we knew where we were going after death. I told her that she could also know; this surprised her more, and the dear old woman, all in tatters, listened in deep attention while we spoke to her of Jesus and his great love for poor lost sinners. She looked at me in amazement, when I told her that Jesus loved her. She asked if I was quite sure Jesus had died to save a poor woman like herself. I said I was very sure. "Well, she said, "I will love him and believe in him to save me. We told her that Jesus had gone to heaven to prepare a home for all those who love and believe in him. She looked into my face and asked, 'Has he gone to prepare a place for me?' At my answer she looked so delighted and said, 'That was very good of Jesus.'

She asked me to teach her to pray. I taught her a little prayer which she kept repeating over and over again, and then asked me to get it written for her, as she was afraid she should forget it, and if she had it written out she could get some one to teach her at home. She asked so simply, 'Shall I see you all there? And will the Lord Jesus know me.' We told her the Lord Jesus did know her. Her joy was very great, for no one loved her on earth she said. Just before she went away she asked me if I was quite sure that this great happiness was for her. I assured her that it was, that she had only to believe in the Lord Jesus and accept His offer of pardon. She went away rejoicing, promising to come every day to be taught more about Jesus. I have never seen women so ready to listen to the Gospel. I have often read of people hungering for the 'Bread of Life,' but I have never seen it to the extent I see it here."
The best way to introduce my subject to the readers of the Friend is to tell them how it was introduced to my own mind:

One of our Lucknow school-girls, who has completed the course of study there, has decided to study medicine, and wishes first to pass First Arts examination, without which she cannot get a degree. She may take a medical course of five years and receive a certificate, but an M.D. is only given to those who have had a preparatory college course. If my pupil studies medicine, she has the wise ambition to obtain the privileges and advantages that will come with a degree; and so when I was leaving Lucknow for this visit to Calcutta, I promised her and her mother that I would arrange for her to continue her studies here. I went this morning to the only Christian school where girls have taken a college course, and found that she could not be admitted. The energetic Scotch missionary in charge said, "I can get no sympathy at home for higher education, and cannot maintain a college department without the help of the society."

There is only one other place, and that is non-Christian with a strong Brahmo influence. One of our Cawnpore graduates went there, and when she left her Christian faith was so unsettled that she was only saved from Brahmo errors by the faithful and timely watch care of an elder sister. The mother of my Lucknow girl, Mrs. Chuckerbutty, says, "I wish Shorat could finish her education, but I would rather she never knew anything than to be taught to doubt the truth of Christianity." She is herself a convert from Hinduism, and knows with peaceful assurance in whom she has believed. I wrote to her that I had been disappointed in finding a suitable place for Shorat, and added that I wished we could open a Christian woman's college in Lucknow. By return mail she replied, "If you open a college here, I will be the first contributor towards it, and will give five hundred rupees."

With this encouragement from the school itself, can I do less than ask you, our rich American friends, to follow the example of my pupil and teacher, and make our thought a fact? I have told you of one candidate for higher education;
but there are others, and the number will increase from year to year, especially under the new impetus that has been given to the study of medicine by the "Countess of Dufferin's Fund." A number of medical colleges now admit women. A former pupil of Miss Easton's school is studying here, and another at Madras. But we need thoroughly educated teachers as well as doctors, and we need strong-minded women at the top, in order to lift up the great mass of ignorance below, and there is not a woman's college in all the Empire. Shall we not have the first at Lucknow? Many of you who read this can spare $5,000 as easily as your Indian sister can her five hundred rupees, and I send my plea to you with strong hopes that you will appreciate at its true value this new project and send over money to help us.

Calcutta, Jan. 12, 1886.

Zenana Day at the Lucknow Exhibition.

The arrangements for the visit of the native ladies to the exhibition now being held in Canning College have occupied the time and minds of the missionary ladies of the different churches for some days past. It is a gratification to know that the project was so successful as to surpass the most sanguine expectations of those well enough acquainted with the customs and social life of native ladies to realize how difficult it would be to carry out the scheme. After permission had been granted for a "zenana day," every effort was put forth by the zenana teachers to secure the attendance of their pupils and native ladies under instruction. The result was astonishing even to those most interested in the education and advancement of native women, and is certainly an inspiration for renewed zeal and earnestness in spending strength and life in the uplifting and refining these secluded inmates of the zenana.

The doors of the college were opened early in the day. Mrs. Pirie (formerly Miss Spence, Ed.) stood at the front entrance to welcome and receive all English ladies, while missionary ladies received the native ladies at the rear entrance as they alighted from their closed carriages, palanquins, doolies, and bailies. Within, the scene was unique and interesting. At each stand of displayed wares were stationed
Christian young ladies from the different mission schools taking the places of the usual policemen on ordinary days. Bengali ladies assisted in the escorting of visitors from room to room. The excited and pleased women and girls were very much interested in the curiosities displayed about them.

At eleven o'clock, Lady Dufferin, Lady Lyall, and the Misses Lyall, Kunwarani Harnam Singh, and other distinguished ladies entered the door, and were received by Mrs. Wells and Mrs. Pirie, the band outside playing "God save the Queen." Lady Dufferin walked leisurely through the rooms, examining the beautiful specimens of gold and silver ware, while all eyes were turned toward her, and the whispered words, "There is the Lady sahib," were passed from one native lady to another. Just before her departure Lady Dufferin requested that the native ladies be presented to her. As they filed before her, each received a gracious salam, and now and then her ladyship stooped and touched the forehead of a little child as it tripped along in its gay costume by its mother's side. Mohammedan, Hindu, and Bengali ladies, each wearing her own peculiar costume, and all dressed in their gayest colors, passed by; then came the native Christian women.

To one interested in the souls of the people, the latter class was the most striking. The plain white dress, the neatly arranged chaddar, the absence of tinkling bangles, nose rings, excess of jewelry, the bright, intelligent faces, the clean white teeth, with no pan-stained lips—these all spoke of a change of habit, customs, and heart. As one of the useful and honored of Bible-women was being presented an English lady remarked, "Oh? there is an ayah!" While English ladies were thus deceived by the plain dress of the Christian women, on all sides the native ladies, wrapped in the costly chaddars, and tinkling with their gold and silver ornaments, were gaping astonished as they beheld Lady Dufferin in her plain black costume, and asked in loud whispers, "What! is the plainly dressed woman the Lady, the Viceroy's wife?" Truly, "Man looketh on the outward appearance."

Lady Dufferin lending her gracious presence in her plain dress, smiling on all, her heart filled with sympathy for the millions of India's suffering unhappy women,—
coming near enough to touch them in their need, — is a charming illustration of Christian womanhood, and all earnest Christian women will unite in the prayer already ascending, "God bless her."

The missionary ladies, whose duties were very great all day, were detained until a late hour in dispersing the immense gathering of over two thousand women.

—Heathen Woman's Friend.

"Two Hundred Women."

DEAR MRS. BREWSTER: "Having read the article "Shall they Wear Crowns" in the last Helper, which contains the statement that every Christian woman in the United States has assigned to her the conversion of 200 heathen women, I closed the book to reflect. I said this is a solemn responsibility; how is it to be met.

Nor is this all our work! What woman with a spark of patriotism can forget her own native land.

When we are told of the tide of evil sweeping over our western states, we seem to hear a loud cry to "rescue the perishing" there. And then the cause of the freedmen so emphatically our own claims our efforts, for was it not our denominational fathers who stood in the foremost of the battle for the slave?

One thought came to cheer me, that if we cannot do all we would like to, we may by a little more care gather up some fragments of time, and devote them to mission work in some of the various ways.

I shall never forget a quiet reproof given me by a most earnest worker in our own freedmen's mission. I was perusing a book, one of the popular works of the day. "Have you read this?" I said to her. "No, I've not the time," replied the zealous woman, who was seeking to raise up those long down-trodden.

May there not be many little pleasant things we could give up to do larger deeds for Him who pleased not Himself.

But to return to my two hundred. I'm sad as I think perhaps no part of this is yet accomplished, and sadder still when I reflect that there may not be many years in which to do this work.

MRS. E. O. TRYON.
Correspondence.

[FROM MISS H. P. PHILLIPS.]

MY DEAR MRS. BREWSTER: Inclosed I send you a paper in a handwriting that may be unfamiliar to you, but would be instantly recognized by many of our people as that of my dear sainted father.

How the paper came into my possession I do not know. It was evidently written at least thirty-five years ago, and is but a fragment. But does it not seem like a voice from the unseen shore urging and cheering us on in the great work committed to us? I send it to you, just as it is, for insertion in the Helper if you think best. May it accomplish a mission even greater than it did when first it sounded its plea across the Atlantic. Thank God our cause is stronger than it was then, but how slowly, slowly, we gain strength. Let me quote from a letter just in: "I surely have never seen the people overwhelmed and swallowed up in their own home affairs and churches as they are now. The demands of this nineteenth century are something fearful in civilized lands, and ordinary human strength and wisdom is wholly inadequate to them. Hence, unless a man is fairly up to white heat in interest, and dead in earnest, and materially a Boanerges, he is nowhere, and he and his cause slips into oblivion like the shooting stars, and are seen again about as soon. Just as good people in our denomination as anywhere, and some of the truest, kindest hearts that ever beat, and I verily believe they are making more sacrifices for foreign missions than any of the missionaries themselves. But what can the few do when such a strong current is sweeping on the multitudes? Hope and hold on, and you will receive your reward in due time."

We are gathered together here in Balasore for our Yearly Meeting, and are enjoying it as we always do. We have long been oppressed by the low state of the native churches but begin to hope that a brighter day is dawning.

We held some special meetings previous to the coming of the delegates and tried hard to impress upon our people the uselessness of any extra effort, if it was to be followed by an immediate falling back into the old ways.

The letter is as follows:
Dear Friends: Will you permit us to plead before you, the cause of those who are unable to plead for themselves?

Long and loud has the blessed Saviour called—and still he calls—for laborers to enter his great harvest field. "The field is the world"; the whole world; the entire human family. "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few." Scarcely one-fourth of the human race are in a position to learn anything of Christ crucified, and not more than one in fourteen can be numbered among even nominal Protestants. Nearly ten hundred millions of our fellow beings are at this very moment sitting in heathen darkness, or Mohammedan delusion, while more than two hundred and seventy millions swell the ranks of the Catholic, Greek, and other corrupt churches. A sad picture, this, truly, eighteen hundred and fifty years after the great commissioner had gone forth to disciple all nations!

For a number of centuries after the death of Christ, the promulgation of the Gospel having been enthusiastically taken up, was successfully carried forth, and by the Christian churches. For a season, however, there was a decline in missionary zeal, and the powers of darkness seemed to gain an advantage. But the reverse was only temporary. The leaven of the kingdom still spread and permeated, and signs of spiritual quickening again became manifest. The host of God's elect once more addressed themselves to the work assigned them.

About the close of the last century zeal for the conversion of the heathen was awakened anew and the nineteenth century has witnessed a new departure, so much so, that it has been called, not inappropriately, the missionary century. Evangelical Christians of every name and nationality, as if roused by one common impulse, have come forward and taken hold of this heaven-approved enterprise with zeal and enthusiasm, and most signally have their labors been crowned with success. This, any one may see who will carefully compare the state of the world to-day with what it was one hundred or even fifty years ago. Immense obstacles have been removed, giant difficulties overcome, and the labor of preparation, though onerous, and at times tedious and apparently unproductive, have gone
Correspondence.

steadily on; faith, and patience, and courage have been given the workers, who, though oft weary in the work, have never complained of being tired of it.

Rude languages have been reduced to writing, elementary books, grammars, and dictionaries prepared and published,—the sacred Scriptures translated and published in more than two hundred different languages and dialects, and a vast amount of Christian literature put into circulation in all the leading languages of the earth; and what is still more encouraging, millions of heathen have been led to abandon idolatry and embrace the religion of the Crucified One. During the last half century these changes have been most remarkable. Fifty years ago scarcely more than six thousand heathen converts could be found all told. Now they are numbered by hundreds of thousands, besides the vast multitudes who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. JEREMIAH PHILLIPS.

[FROM MISS COMBS.]

HOW WE TRAVEL.

I begin my letter from Jelasore, this place made sacred by the devotion of those gone to their reward. We speak of it as Jelasore, but the village of Jelasore is two or three miles away, and the real name of this place is Patna, this having taken in some way the name of the larger village. Here it was that Miss Crawford lived and worked; her principal care being the Girls’ Orphanage. For several later years there has been a great deal of malarial fever here, especially after each rainy season, till many of these girls have become injured in their constitutions by repeated attacks of fever. The poison gets into their systems and it is very difficult to get it out. “Ought not the Orphanage to be removed?” is one of the questions to be considered at the coming Yearly Meeting at Balasore. This is a beautiful spot.

Mr. and Mrs. George and their little daughter Vivian and myself left Midnapore to call at several stations, to attend the Yearly Meeting, and afterwards to spend a week or two at Contai in our tents. They cannot talk much yet, and I’m not an old native by any means, but we hope to take a native preacher along with us. This traveling in India is quite a formidable task, for so many things have to be taken
along. There are no hotels in which we may stop "ten minutes for refreshments"; we cannot "take the cars," or the stage; there are no bridges or tunnels, and one must ford rivers or be taken across in clumsy boats that cannot come near the bank without danger of running aground; must take bed and bedding, food and cooking utensils; one's own carriage to be pulled along by horses, bullocks, or men, as one's means or circumstances make it best. You can judge, therefore, something of the plans to be made before hand, and the many things to be thought of by my giving you a running account of how we have come thus far. First the bullocks and gári, and a man with the horse were sent off the day before we start, so that they may be ahead and rested for us when we reach certain points. With them were the various things needed for the trip that we could spare then, and my cook went along so as to have something ready for us to eat.

The next morning Mr. George in his two-wheeled gári drawn by men, and Mrs. George, Vivian, and I in our phaeton gári, drawn by the big black horse, and all sorts of odds and ends left over from the day before, start off and get across the river by Midnapore decently well for the boat can come quite near the shore, and they pull us on to it in the gári. Two men make "a chair" of their hands and take Mr. George on, putting him down with a long-drawn breath and the exclamation, "very heavy!" Then we go on to where our other men are waiting. When we get up to my bullocks some ten miles from Midnapore, I send back my horse, for he is to be at work while I am gone, and Mrs. George, Vivian and I go on in the bullock gári. and Mr. George and his "bearers" go on to the next stopping-place, for there's where he is to find his horse and we our breakfast.

Getting there he dismisses his men. I take off the bullocks, we have breakfast, then he takes his horse and Mrs. George. I take a fresh set of men and leave the bullocks to come on with their driver at their leisure. Oh! there's one of our party I've forgotten; yes, two, what we call a banghy wallah, who swings a box, or kind of trunk, at each end of a pole and carries it across his shoulder, and whom we have passed on the road, with these boxes filled with things which could not be gotten into our gári, and with him Mrs. George's cook.
Nine miles from the place where we took our twelve o'clock breakfast we change again, Mr. George leaving his horse to be led on, and I dismissing my set of men and taking fresh ones (six each time), we all get into one gadri and go on to Dantoon, our stopping-place for the night, arriving there about seven o'clock, having come thirty-seven miles. Here at Dantoon we have no cook to have our dinner ready for us, so we get our own lunch and arrange our beds as soon as possible and prepare to rest our weary limbs. Before we are fairly resting all our party who were coming on behind except the aforesaid banghy wallah and Mrs. George's cook, have come in, and we all have a good night's rest.

We had decided to make a trip over to Santipore to see "Ma" Phillips, and Nellie, and they had sent fifteen men to take us across, for we have to leave the road line and strike across rice fields and rough lands. We put all our things we can spare into the bullock gadri and start them on to wait for us at Jelasore, while we start off for Santipore. Mrs. George and Vivian in a palki, and I in a duli; her's has eight men and mine six, and one man carries our extra bedding and bags, etc. Mr. George walks, for it is only about six miles. We have to cross a river, but it is low enough for the men to wade, and they put my duli on their shoulders so that it shall be high above the water. After they have safely landed me, they go back and bring Mrs. George across in the same way. We get to Santipore about ten o'clock in the forenoon, Tuesday. From there I have come in the same duli and have crossed the same river in the same way, though not in the same place.

Balasore, January 12.

Another mail gone and this letter still here, but I didn't see any way to help it. Shall I go on with the journey? How far had I got? Down to Jelasore. I staid with Mrs. Smith from Thursday afternoon to Friday afternoon, and then Mr. and Mrs. George, Vivian, Mrs. Phillips, and Nellie came on from Santipore in the palki and duli and walking. Oh, yes! meantime I had sent my bullock gadri ahead ten miles or so to wait for us, and had sent my cook on to Balasore. Now here at Jelasore, Mrs. Phillips, Nellie, and I take a garî of theirs and hire a pair of bullocks, and after eating dinner at Mrs. Smith's we go on
across the river that night to a bungalow so as to be ready to start early the next morning. The crossing of the river at night is not the easiest thing imaginable. Nellie and I were walking, and Mrs. Phillips and the valises in the carriage. During the dry season the river becomes very narrow, but there are long stretches of sand to be crossed before reaching it, and after the bullocks got fairly started across this they refused to go any farther, and there we were stuck in the sand, or rather Mrs. Phillips was. By a good use of our lungs we raised four men who lived near by to come and push. The boat comes very near the bank, but not near enough for us to get on without wading a bit, so the boatmen take us as they did Mr. George at Midnapore, we holding on to their necks. Well, we stayed all night at that bungalow, and in the morning continued our journey to this place of meeting.

[FROM MRS. GEORGE.]

VISIT TO CONTAI—COLD SEASON WORK.

I have been delaying my letter writing until now thinking that after I got into camp I should find ample time for such work; but since coming here I have found myself well occupied in going about from house to house with Miss Coombs as she visits the different zenanas of the place. I cannot make myself of much use as yet in talking with the women, still I enjoy going all the same, and it will no doubt prove beneficial to me in my future work.

The Babus seem pleased to have us visit their homes, and with but one exception we have been admitted. This was at the house of a Zemindar. The head man of the house being away, it was contrary to all ideas of propriety that we should be admitted without his lordship’s consent.

We have been surprised and pleased to find that so many of the women can read, besides knowing how to do many kinds of fancy work. Thus missionary influence is making itself felt in various ways, even into the jungles where missionaries themselves are lacking. Oh! these many, many vacant places, and no one to fill them!

In our visits we have found several very interesting women, one especially so, whom we visited yesterday. She has lately come from Calcutta, and had previously been taught by one of the ladies of the American Home. Best
of all she has remembered her teaching, and told us of many things that the missebābā had taught her. On coming away she followed us into the court-yard, and sportively I asked her if she would not come outside with us. You should have seen the look of horror that came over her face at the bare suggestion of such a thing! "Oh, no! no!" she said. "Why, if I should go out all the Babus would see me!" The poor thing probably could not conceive of any greater disgrace that could befall her.

Many of the better educated Babus here speak English, so that Mr. George finds quite a good deal of work in his own native tongue. On Sunday he preached to a large audience, and during the week will no doubt hold several religious services in English.

We left Midnapore nearly a month ago, going first to Santipore, where we had a few days pleasant visit with Mrs. Phillips and Nellie. From there we went on to Jellasore, spending one night with Mrs. Smith, and the next day proceeded directly to Balasore, where it was decided to hold our yearly meeting, Jelasore being considered much too unhealthy because of the fever prevailing there.

Of the meeting I will not tell you as you will no doubt hear of it from other sources. Suffice it to say we younger members of the mission felt it to be a very profitable occasion to us. From Balasore we came here to Contai, feeling that we could spend the short time left for cold season work as profitably here as anywhere. We were surprised to find so large and flourishing a village. Surely this is one of the many places where work should be commenced immediately.

The people have received us gladly, and crowds come about our tents daily to buy books or hear the Word as it is explained to them by Sutchie, the native preacher, whom we have brought with us. We know there is much of curiosity in all this, but we also have every reason to believe that there is a true interest in the hearts of some to learn of the way as it is found in Christ. Many of the better educated have given up the worship of idols and have become either skeptics or Brahmos. The latter we think not a few steps toward the right. The leaven is slowly but surely working. May it not be very long before the whole truth may be known and accepted.

We have all been remarkably well this cold season. I
hope my experience during the last hot season was only in getting acclimated and will not return with the coming months that are almost upon us.

Contai, Jan. 29, 1886.

[FROM MRS. GRIFFIN.]

ANOTHER ENGLISH SCHOOL OPENED.

[These extracts from Mrs. Griffin's interesting letter, are copied from Our Monthly, the letter being addressed to Dr. Ball.]

Our work—how it crowds upon us. Our boy orphanage is a constant care like one's own children who have no "school hours," but are here day and night, sick or well to be fed, clothed, taught, trained, and if possible brought to Christ. We have received application from two more fatherless little ones whose mother cannot properly feed them and cannot possibly send them to school. We shall take one, perhaps both.

Have I written you about my great wish to get an assistant here in the country? If not, let me tell you now. Nellie is past seven, and had no school to go to since we left Midnapore. I could not do otherwise than spend some time each day teaching her. There were some other English children in Balasore not receiving the instruction they needed, and the feeling grew stronger in my mind that an English school might be started here which would give all these a better chance than what they were getting, and that the fees would pay part of the salary of a teacher, whose entire time should not be given to the school, but part of it be spent in helping in other mission work. For some time we have had this in mind, and at last the school is opened, and our teacher, Miss Dessa, is here and at work. There have so far been but eight children present—we expect three or four more in a few days. The number cannot be large, as there are not many children here, but what there are need the school and need to be taught of Christ, and the great work there is to be done for him in this and other lands.

Oh! I hope much in future for India, from India's English and Eurasian workers, as well as from her native workers. All missions are seeing this—some more slowly than others perhaps. Other missions have more or less workers, both
men and women, for whom no outfit, or passage, or return passage are paid. Those that are missionary assistants are on smaller salaries, while some prove so efficient that it is but just to make them missionaries and give them the same pay as other missionaries. We have now in our mission Mrs. Martyn, Mrs. Smith’s assistant, supported by the Women’s Board and Miss Libbie Smith, the teacher of the English school in Midnapore. You will remember I have spoken of the opening of that school. There are a few English, but more high caste native girls in attendance. The government grant we applied for has been given, Rs. 25 per month, and that with the fees pays the English teacher, the Bengali pundit, and the cost of the conveyance that carries the girls from a distance to and from the school. It is a great comfort to me to know that the success of that school, that I established without seeing far ahead, has been secured. Miss Smith is an excellent teacher, and her pupils I hope and believe, will some of them be valuable workers for us in Midnapore, in years to come.

And now one week has gone by since our school here was begun. And here we begin, not knowing just where the money for Miss Dessa will come from, but believing it will come. The fees will pay half, perhaps more. If we get scholars enough we shall apply for a grant here, too. But it usually takes nearly or quite a year to work the thing up, and get the petition for a grant sanctioned, and then really get the money. So we have assumed the responsibility ourselves. Two W. M. Societies in the Central Association have written me, asking to help me, and I have asked them to take $25.00 shares in my assistant’s salary instead of taking a native teacher. Miss Dessa has begun the study of Oriya, and having lived eleven years in Cuttack can already understand and talk it much, though she has never learned to read it. The language she uses the best is Hindustani, the language of the Mohammedans, and that is spoken and understood all over India. English people use that mostly.

Miss Dessa helps me with the boys much. She calls their roll in the morning and sets them to work. She is to take the care of their clothes, and in the evening she will be with them an hour in the school room, while they study their lessons for the next day. I have a little English Sunday School Sunday mornings which Miss Dessa will take, and as
she is with us day by day, we hope that she will become so interested in all our work as to be helpful in many ways that cannot be written. She is a young woman, twenty-three years of age, intelligent, willing, and energetic. Her family were Episcopalians, but her father became a Baptist in Cuttack, and was baptized and united with Dr. Buckley's church there, and though his family went with him, the daughter has not yet been baptized. Her great desire was to do mission work, and she refused a position with better pay, preferring this work to any other. May the Lord grant that she be a valuable worker for him for many years. I should be very glad indeed for any help for Miss Dessa if any would be willing to give.

Balsore, Dec. 1885.

The Needed Response.

Dear Sisters of the Interior: The circular letters that are finding their way to our churches and auxiliaries are sent with earnest prayer for favorable replies. Too many of our churches have no system of mission work, and many of our auxiliaries are living at a dying rate. Will not the earnest sentiments of the letters stir us so thoroughly that an increased and lively interest shall be generally manifest?

In her annual report the secretary of the Ohio Woman's Mission Society expressed the urgent need of some woman who might go from church to church to organize, encourage, and strengthen the work and workers.

Last year a good sister in Canada made effort to secure some one to do like work in the Ontario Association. A few days since a similar plea came from Pennsylvania. At the October anniversaries the plan was acted upon, and our Eastern friends have such a helper to visit the Quarterly Meetings, and without doubt are finding the idea helpful. But to those who live where the plan seems impracticable, let me say, all the greater need of our "mite" of courage, wisdom, zeal, effort, or whatever we possess, that is needed to push the advancement of Christ's cause.

In our numerous country churches there certainly are obstacles to be overcome if organized auxiliaries are sus-
tained. Hearts may be ever so anxious, and sympathies ever so fully enlisted, but "Old Dobbin" must "plow the corn," or "rake the hay" on missionary day as well as any other. Rainy days, muddy, and almost impassable roads, blizzards, etc., all come in their time.

The monthly meetings are thinly attended, and the impossibility of working regularly is seemingly not to be denied. Only a few times during the year do all things work together for success in the uniform way of working.

How can we do more for missions is often asked, and surely oftener felt. There are difficulties to be met in city and village as in the country, but none so formidable as to give honest assurance of being insurmountable. The women of every church may succeed in united effort. The work may be carried on in some way. If it is only once coming together for months, put the responsibility into the hands of those who will see that either the mission pledging cards are circulated and signed, or regular subscriptions pledged. At the end of the quarter give to each signer an envelope with amount due. Public meetings can be held. Letters from the missionaries, reports of the work, its demands and hopefulness, will cause every donor to feel her dollars have helped or must help the spreading of the Gospel. Bring the children in and teach them to love the labor. Read and get others to read missionary literature. Work and stir our neighbors to work, each doing her part.

Be prompt and faithful in sending reports to your Quarterly Meeting secretary. Even though your efforts seem too meagre to mention it will announce life and desire, and stimulate others as feeble.

Moses, slow of speech and not eloquent, with a rod accomplished much, for the Lord was with him.

Bountiful blessings have been showered upon our woman's work during the past years. If any have failed to share the blessing, even now they may enter with the promise. Auxiliaries, continue to pray and labor, increase your interest and strength. Churches without organization, count not your weakness a reasonable excuse longer. Do as much as lies in your power. Organize for that purpose. This is our request. India pleads for our best efforts, and the home demands are as urgent. ANNA P. STOCKWELL.

CLEVELAND, O.
Strength for the Day.

[By Rachel G. Alsop.]

Strength for the day! At early dawn I stand,
Helpless and weak, and with unrested eyes,
Waiting for day. Before its portal lies
A low black cloud,—a heavy iron band.
Slowly the mist is lifted from the land,
And pearl and amber gleam across the skies
Gladdening my upward gaze with sweet surprise!
I own the sign; I know that He whose hand
Hath fringed those sombre clouds with ruby ray,
And changed that iron bar to molten gold,
Will to my wandering steps be guide and stay,
Breathe o'er my wavering heart His rest for aye,
And give my waiting, folded palms to hold
His blessed morning boon,— strength for the day!

Civilization and Hygiene.

[By Mrs. S. A. Porter.]

An eminent physician has said that "the march of civilization and refinement is the cause of the increase of invalid women."

To civilize, Webster says, "is to reclaim from a savage state, to educate, to refine." Then it must follow, if civilization brings in its train weakness, debility, and invalidism, that there is such a thing as wrong reclamation from savage life, bad education, and improper refinement.

Taking this view it becomes a personal matter of responsibility with every true woman to see that she is casting no influence by example or otherwise, into the wrong scale.

None of us are without our circle of influence, large or small. I am inclined to think it is often larger than we dream.

As citizens, neighbors, friends, sisters, and mothers, we
Civilization and Hygiene.

are controlling largely the lives of others in more than in the sense of strict religious living.

Our cleanliness of person in the free use of baths, our appropriation of the pure air of heaven in all our living apartments, our system of daily exercise in the open air, and our sedulous attention to proper and healthful modes of dress are not only safeguards and preventatives from disease to ourselves and our posterity, but are in no small way helping to swell the stream of influence whose waters shall refresh many a worn traveler in this world of human ills.

We have congratulated ourselves and the christian world, that civilization and christianity have joined hands in opening the door of heathenism that true womanhood, crowned with the royal gift of heirship to God and heaven, should pass in and displace the abject wife, mother, and sister, whose menial life has hitherto caught no ray from the illuminated cross of Christ.

To elevate and beautify womanhood in the highest sense is the work of gospel civilization, and shall we as Christian women extend our hands to India, Africa, and the islands of the sea, and say, come, leave your savage modes of life and adopt such as are illustrated in many of our American homes,—those which through improper dress, vitiated air, late hours, irregular habits, unwholesome food, and various other ways court physical, hence moral weakness; or shall we lift up a worthy standard and bid them be Christian in the physical as well as in the spiritual life.

This great question of hygiene is too much akin to pure gospel to be of light moment, and yet, strange to say, with our daily literature abounding in truths relating thereto, many pass on with scarcely a thought of its vital meaning.

"Line upon line and precept upon precept," are still needed, as in all work of reform.

Lake Village, N. H.  

"I've found some wisdom in my quest
   What is richly worth retaining;
I've learned that, when one's done his best,
   There's little harm in failing.

I may not reach what I pursue,
   Yet will I keep pursuing;
Nothing is vain that I can do,
   Since soul growth comes of doing."
Temperance in Rhode Island.

The women of the State of Rhode Island have their hearts and hands full in view of the fact that the present Legislature of the state has permitted the question of the prohibitory constitutional amendment, in response to their repeated petitions, to be submitted to the vote of the people on the first Wednesday in April.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union under the lead of its president, our own Mrs. Burlingame, and her associates, has made preparations for a vigorous campaign. There is trust in Him in whom is the source and supply of strength for this hour. Friday, March 19, was observed by the Union and the friends of temperance as a day of prayer, the seven successive hours of the service held in the First Baptist meeting-house, being led by clergymen of different denominations. Our Dr. Phillips conducted the last hour and said some brave things.

Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, of Iowa, whose experience and ability eminently qualify her, and Miss Willard, the president of the National Women's Christian Temperance Union, whose influence is always strong for the right, are to spend some days in the state. Their presence can not be but helpful in awakening interest, and in stirring to action those in whose hands is the power to make this change. Will not Christian hearts everywhere pray? Let women's prayers as continual incense go up against the mighty wrong of intemperance.

From a late number of the Union Signal, organ of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, published at Chicago, it is learned that the increase in subscriptions to this excellent paper was forty per cent during the months of January and February.

The Woman's Temperance Publication Association now prints seven periodicals. One, the Union Signal, weekly, $1.75 per year, five monthly, and one quarterly. These are for the work of the Union. It also prints The Refuge Journal for the Erring Woman's Refuge, of Chicago. This association publishes immense number of leaflets, tracts, and the like, and has recently made a contract for issuing several choice books.
Selections.

"The mother in her office holds the key
Of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin
Of character, and makes the being who would be a savage
But for her gentle care, a Christian man."—Anon.

The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world.—John Gray.

The mother is the luminary that shines and reigns alone in the early child-life.—A. K. W.

Dr. Tunier, of France, wrote that sixty per cent. of all idiots and inebriates in Europe came from drunken ancestors. Dr. Michet claimed that on the continent a much larger proportion of insane and defective classes came from inebriate parents.—Journal of Heredity.

It is only in our work that we find ourselves. The soldier is found in war; the reformer in times of prevailing error; the nurse in sickness. We can no more realize the nature and strength of our faculties without the proper condition for their development, than the fish can realize the nature and strength of its fins without water, or the bird its wings without air.

The Journal of Education in an article on "Higher Education of Southern Girls," says: There are in the Southern States one hundred and twenty-five schools for young women, with various titles, reported by the United States Commissioner of Education. While none of these have attained the reputation of Smith, Vassar, and Wellesley, and only three of the state universities admit women, yet a great deal of faithful work is going on in this direction, and some of these institutions have a national reputation.

A marked feature in these seminaries is the presence of a large number of women teachers from the leading families of the country. The great overthrow of the war period has driven thousands of the educated women of the South to teaching.

The seminaries are thronged with young women, and the efforts and sacrifices made by the girls and their teachers for an education are one of the most pathetic features of southern life.
Words from Home Workers.

MAINE.

DEAR MRS. BREWSTER: A quilting army was organized at Saco, about a year ago, at the suggestion of our good mother Hutchinson. At present there are thirty-seven members. We have met at different times, and have succeeded in making three quilts, which with other things were presented at our first sale January 19. Quite a large number were present, and a pleasant time was enjoyed. An entertainment consisting of recitations, readings, and singing, was given. The proceeds amounting to $23.00 have been sent to Miss DeMeritte, for the General Fund for woman's work. We shall change our method of working slightly the coming year. The boys are to become members.

ROSA B. LIBBY, Secretary.

In December of 1884, a children's mission band was formed in the Portland Free Baptist Church, called the "Willing Workers." It began with forty-nine members, and now there are seventy-four belonging. We elect our officers once in six months. The officers now are: President, Cora Gardner; Vice-President, Belle Stiles; Secretary, Thaddie Lewis; Treasurer, Grace Hodgkins. We hold our meeting on the fourth Sunday of the month in the afternoon, Once in four months we have a picnic supper Saturday afternoon. We are working for the support of a boy in the Industrial School in Midnapore, whose name is Parbutti. At a recent meeting there were thirty-eight present. The exercises were on Turkey, and there were readings, recitations, and singing, and a pleasant talk from George C. French. Our collections and receipts for the year amount to $17.88.

THADDIE LEWIS.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The Woman's Mission Society of the New Durham Q. M. held its third public meeting with the Epsom Church, Jan. 27, 1886, at two o'clock P. M.

Unpleasant weather prevented many from attending the Q. M. session, and our president felt there was but little material from which to arrange a meeting.

The following programme was given: Singing; reading, selected Scripture, Mrs. C. L. Pinkham; prayer by the Rev. S. Wakeley; singing; letter from Miss West, missionary at Aintab, Turkey, read by the secretary; a letter from our missionary, the Rev. M. J. Coldren, was read by Mrs. E. L. Carr; singing, by Mrs. Randall and the Rev. N. C. Lothrop; select reading, "Mrs. Pickett's Missionary Box," Mrs. N. C. Lothrop; essay, subject, "Mission Work and Its Results," Miss Alida Quimby.

Very stirring five minute talks were given by Revs. C. L. Pinkham and J. B. Davis. Mr. O. T. Hill offered some thoughts and suggestions on raising money for missions.
Collection was taken amounting to $13.75. Singing, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," and the benediction. Judging from the good attention and collection, the above was well and profitably received. Since our last meeting three new auxiliaries have been formed, and we hope "there's more to follow."

ELLA PLACE, Secretary.

MICHIGAN.

A very pleasant, and as we trust, profitable meeting was held by the Woman's Missionary Society in connection with the Cass and Berrien Quarterly Meeting, at the Mason Church, on Saturday evening, December 19th. The meeting was opened by the reading of the Scriptures by the president, Mrs. J. B. Lash; prayer was offered by the Rev. William Taylor, and after the reading of the secretary's report there were select readings by Miss Fannie Tharp; a paper, "Missionary Work for All," by Mrs. H. E. Stevens; an essay, "Are Missions a Failure," by Miss Lola Sutton; a recitation by Miss Grace Banks; a dialogue by four girls, and a letter written by Dr. Phillips read by the president. Pleasing and appropriate remarks were made by Prof. Copp, of Hillsdale, and little master Dean Olds preached to us a short sermon, his subject being, "The Lord Loveth a Cheerful Giver." Appropriate singing helped to make the exercises interesting. The amount of collection taken was $6.32.

LOLA SUTTON, Secretary.

Resolutions concerning the death of Mrs. Robert Hickey, a member of the Woman's Mission Society of the Gilford Church.

Since it has seemed good to the Almighty disposer of events to remove from our midst our loved and esteemed fellow-member, Mrs. Bella Hickey, and

Since the intimate relations held by the deceased with the members of this society render it proper that we should place upon record our appreciation of her services as a Christian worker and a loved neighbor, therefore

Resolved, That we tender to the afflicted husband and relatives our sincere condolence, and our earnest sympathy in their affliction, commending them to Him who hath said: "I will not leave you comfortless."

Resolved, That our memory of her must stimulate us to greater diligence in Christian work.

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing resolutions be transmitted to the afflicted husband, placed upon the records of the Auxiliary, and published in the Missionary Helper.

MRS. R. C. BURROUGHS, Committee.
MRS. M. B. ROSE,

ILLINOIS.

Miss Rose, writing from Prairie City, says: "Our Mission Band numbers about thirty, and we have raised $13.00. One more family in our church has adopted the tithing system."
The Missionary Helper.

WISCONSIN.

The February session of the Honey Creek Woman's Missionary Society, was held with the Honey Creek Church. Although the weather was unfavorable and the audience less than we had hoped for, the meeting proved to be a very successful one financially, and in awakening an interest in missions. A short literary programme was carried out, in which the young people and children of Honey Creek gave very substantial aid. After the regular programme the ministers present were called on for five minute speeches. When they had all spoken, Brother Thomas, of Waterford, was called on, who said he could not understand why he was invited to speak, as he was not a minister, but as they had made five minute speeches he would make a $5.00 speech, and sat down. Mr. Hoyt made another $5.00 talk, and when the collection was taken, it amounted to $25.27. After the benediction the collection was announced, and all joined in singing, "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow."

An auxiliary was organized in the Honey Creek Church with officers as follows: President, Mrs. B. B. Rose; Vice-President, Miss Alice Prout; Secretary, Ollie Hoyt; Treasurer, Miss Della Hoyt.

MINNESOTA.

The annual meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society in connection with the First Free Baptist Church, of Minneapolis, Minn., was held on Sunday evening, the 7th of March. A fair attendance. The exercises of the evening were varied. Dr. Sharp and Mr. Davis addressed the meeting. The secretary's report showed that the society had raised $68.50, and the Busy Bees, a band of little workers in connection with the society, had gathered up the sum of $71.07—in all $139.57. This has nearly all been expended through the year. A zenana teacher has been supported in India; a small sum was sent to Miss DeMeritte for general work; $15.00 was expended for Bible women in India, and $86.90 for a mission in our own city. The coming year has already assumed responsibilities and we have voted $75.00 for our city mission, $50.00 of which we have already raised, and $25.00 for the Wallula Mission. We have done but little, but it will help in the great work now carried on by the Christian women engaged in similar work all over Christendom.

MRS. L. N. SHARP, Secretary.

DEAR HOME WORKERS:—We must tell you that the first edition of Missionary Reminiscences is almost exhausted, but very few copies remaining to be sold. The book has been well received, and the good it is doing cannot be estimated. The author has not yet received any compensation, beyond some simple expenses, for the vast amount which she did, as its author. The printer's, the binder's, the engraver's, the expressman's, and the postage bills must first be paid, she says; and more copies must be sold, for even this. The work on the second edition is begun. Now, who will sell each five copies, in the next two months. Let us send them to you direct from the binder.
Children's Niche.

The Child's Prayer.

And straightway she questioned her mother—
"Well, now, will you please to say,
If I did not think of the black cat,
Who else for its good would pray?"

Ah! Gracie had mastered the lesson
We tardily come to heed;
But always there wait for our footsteps
Earth's lowliest ones in need.

"Who else," if we turn from their pleading
Will unto their rescue spring?
"Who else?" to the feet of the Master
Those sheaves for the harvest bring?

There are sorrowing hearts to cherish,
"Who else" will the tear-drops dry?
"Who else" will be friends to the friendless
While the fleeting years go by?

At last, when our service is ended,
How sweet will his greeting be,
"Forasmuch as for these ye labored,
Ye have done it unto me."—Selected.

Work Among the Balasore Children.

[By Miss Ida O. Phillips.]

In my last letter to the Helper I mentioned
the Sunday School that was being held in
the new school-house. It has been prospering since. Three weeks ago there were
150 children present, the largest number we
have yet had. The good attendance is due
largely to the efforts of the head teacher, a
young man of the priest caste, but belonging
to the now well known Brahmo Somaj. Not quite without opposition, however, have we been able to gather so many
children into an avowedly religious service on the "Christian's Holy Day." Noticing not long ago that the whole of
one division was absent, I learned that our having held services on the previous Sunday, which chanced to be sacred to a Hindu festival, had greatly incensed a leading man of the village. When he saw a number of the children passing he gave the woman in charge of them words of abuse, and finished by declaring that that he would "break her ankles for her" if she dared bring the children that way again to Sunday School. The man knew perfectly well that he could do nothing, but he enjoyed giving vent to his rage. We learned that not all the enemies of the good cause have disappeared yet.

The children all came the next Sunday, as before. Now and then we are conscious of a more persistent, but less noisy opposition. Still the children enjoy coming, and the work moves on.

I wish some of the girls and boys who have contributed to build the house, and others who support the teachers could have been with me that Sunday three weeks ago. I am sure they would have thought it worth while to work for Hindu children.

After the singing the older children recited the texts that had been given out the Sunday before, and the smaller children recited the ten commandments, which they have been learning for some time. Then came the Bible lesson—this we teach by the aid of pictures. This time the review was the parable of the prodigal son. It would have done you good to have heard the prompt, intelligent answers from all parts of the room when I questioned them. Of course there were the slow silent ones. One tiny girl in front was much burdened with a dress that was far too large for her, and spent the most of her time in arranging it. Two others, a little further back fell to discussing the relative merits of I think their brass bracelets with as much freedom as if they had been in a quiet corner in their own home, and nothing but questions addressed to them personally would bring them to realize their situation. Some were uneasy because rather crowded, but the majority paid good attention, and evidently enjoyed the exercises. One little six-year old, very black, very round-faced, and very bright-eyed, always came in with the right thing in the right place, at least so long as the questions related to the story part of the lesson. She knew all about why the prodigal son had on such ragged
clothes, what he had to say to his father when he went back home, and what his father gave him; but if I remember rightly it was the voices of the older girls that I heard when I asked for the meaning of the parable. The story of Abraham sacrificing Isaac is a great favorite with them. There is nothing so easy to teach as these beautiful Bible stories. The hundreds of bright picture cards that home children have sent out are most useful as monthly rewards for attendance and learning texts.

Just a little while ago $5.00 came to me from the Bowdoinham Children's Band, to be spent in furniture for the new house. This, in addition to what they sent for the building fund, will give them quite a large share in the house.

My last supply of large Bible pictures is a present from the native Christian children to the Hindu Sunday School.

Some five months ago I proposed to the children of our Church Sunday School to form a band which should be called: "The Mutual Aid Society." Its object was to encourage them to be helpful to those about them, earn money for themselves, and give their earnings for benevolent purposes. One of the rules required that each member should himself earn and pay into the society treasury two pice each month; a very small sum to be sure, only a little over one cent, but that amount means more to children here than to little folks at home. The boys and girls took up with the idea at once, a good number joined, we had our monthly meetings, and the children, so far, have kept their pledges well. About two months ago there was $75.00 in the treasury, and the children agreed to buy a nice roll of thirty large pictures that my sister had brought down from Calcutta, and give it to the Hindu Sunday School.

So the children this side of the world have taken up the same work that so many faithful little bands at home are doing. I hope the efforts of the Balasore band will help to strengthen the sympathy between the children at home and in India; and that the society here, poorer and less favored than many at home, will be often remembered in your prayers.

In another of my day schools I hope to open a Sunday School very soon. I was considering the matter a short time ago, when the head teacher came to me and said, "I think it would be very nice to have just such a meeting in my school on Sundays as you have over in Mattai," the vil-
lage where the new house is located. “I have inquired about it among the mothers of my girls, and they say they will be glad to attend with their children.”

I was most heartily pleased to have the move made by the teacher and sanctioned by the people before I had mentioned it. This school within a comparatively short time has nearly doubled its numbers, and the interest the scholars take in their work is truly delightful. They sew and knit better than any Hindu children under my care, and thanks to the teacher who sings pretty well herself quite a number of them can really sing hymns. In their regular studies they have done well. The older girls have learned to take an interest in reading outside of their school-books, and are anxious to buy all the books they can now lest when they go to their husband’s homes they may not be allowed to buy any. The place used for a school-room is very small, and the children are badly crowded.

I have in hand money sent me by the ladies of Grand Ledge, Michigan, to build a house for this school. The rainy season, during which building clay walls is all but impossible, and my own absence from home to help in Midnapore for a time have delayed the work. However, in three or four months hence, I hope to see the children rejoicing in a good sized, well ventilated school-room. I wish to induce the village people to do something themselves toward the building. It is to be called the Grand Ledge school-house, and I trust that the generous donors will always be mindful of the little flock that gathers there. Now before I forget it let me ask some of the contributors to the new school-house to propose a name for it. It can’t always be the “New House.” Remember that a number of bands helped build it, and that it is a gift from Christian children to heathen children. I hope some one will write me about it soon, or send a name through the Helper.

January, 1886.

In a Chinese village, during the time of drought, a missionary saw a row of idols put out in the hottest and dustiest part of the road. He inquired the reason, and the natives answered, “We prayed our gods to send us rain, and they won’t; so we’ve put them out to see how they like the heat and dryness.”
## Contributions.

**RECEIPTS FROM FEBRUARY 1 TO MARCH 1, 1886.**

### MAINE.

- Brunswick, Auxiliary, First F. B. Church, for teacher in Ragged School with Miss Coombs... $12.50
- Cumberland, Q. M., Auxiliary... 4.42
- Dixfield, a friend of missions, for F. M... 15.00
- East Parsonsfield, Auxiliary, for F. M... 4.25
- East Otisfield, Auxiliary, for Bible Woman and Gracie in orphanage with Mrs. Smith, and towards L. M. Mrs. J. Flint, of Sweden... 9.00
- East Otisfield, Little Girls’ Sunday School class, for Gracie and on L. M. of Mrs. Flint... 1.76
- East Hebron, Auxiliary, on L. M. Mrs. L. A. W. Towne... 3.75
- East New Sharon, Mr. and Mrs. Z. A. Dyer, one-half each H. M. and F. M., and towards L. M. of M. H. Dyer... 4.00
- Farmington, Mrs. E. M. Vaughn toward L. M. ($5.00 previously paid)... 5.00
- Harrison, Auxiliary, on Minnie's salary and towards L. M. Mrs. F. Gray... 6.25
- Little Falls, Auxiliary... 3.50
- New Portland, Auxiliary, for F. M... 2.00
- North Lebanon, Auxiliary... 8.75
- Richmond Village, Auxiliary, for Miss Coombs' salary... 7.50
- Saco, Quilting Army, for general work... 23.00
- Summer, Auxiliary, for Bible woman with Mrs. Smith and balance L. M. Mrs. H. A. Hollis... 3.00
- Sweden, Auxiliary, for Miss Bache- ler's salary and on L. M. of Mrs. J. Flint... 3.50

### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

- Bristol, Auxiliary... 13.00
- Jefferson, Mrs. Wm. Gray, for Miss H. Phillips' salary... 1.00
- Alexandria, friends... 5.00
- Lancaster, Mrs. Susan Gray, for Miss H. Phillips' salary... 1.00
- Laconia, Mission Band, for Laconia School, Midnapore... 12.00
- Laconia, Auxiliary, ($7.00 balance L. M. Miss Mattie E. Pease, $1.00 on L. M. Mrs. Gardner Cook)... 6.00
- New Durham, Q. M., collection... 13.74
- New Hampton, Missionary Helpers, for Ragged School... 2.33

### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

- Northwood Ridge, Mrs. Bean, for Bible Reader with Mrs. Burkholder... 3.50
- Pittsfield, Mrs. N. Berry, $2.05
- Rochester, Little Girls' primary class, for Miss I. Phillips' work... 1.55
- Whitefield, Auxiliary, for F. M... 1.00
- Wolfboro', Mrs. F. H. Chesley, one-half H. M. and F. M... 1.00
- Strafford, Ladies of the First F. B. Church... 1.50
- Weare, Q. M., Auxiliary... 6.50

### VERMONT.

- Corinth, Q. M., collection in October, for Mrs. D. F. Smith's salary... 3.70
- Corinth, Auxiliary, for Mrs. D. F. Smith's salary... 2.70
- Corinth, Q. M., collection in January... 5.80
- East Brookfield, Rev. A. Shepard, East Randolph, "Cheerful Workers," orphan with Mrs. D. F. Smith... 5.00
- East Randolph, ladies of church, for Mrs. D. F. Smith's salary... 6.25
- New Durham, Q. M., collection... 6.27
- North Tunbridge, Auxiliary, for Mrs. D. F. Smith's salary... 5.55
- Washington, Auxiliary, for Mrs. D. F. Smith's salary... 2.75
- West Topsham, Auxiliary, for Miss D. F. Smith's salary... 5.75
- Williamstown, Auxiliary, for Mrs. D. P. Smith's salary... 4.13
- Wheelock, Q. M., for Mrs. D. F. Smith's salary... 34.89

### MASSACHUSETTS.

- Abington, Mrs. H. K. Pierce... 2.00
- Blackstone, Auxiliary, Miss H. Phillips, $5.00; Miss Franklin, $3.75... 8.75
- Blackstone, "Busy Bees," Miss Franklin, $1.25; Miss I. Phillips' salary, $1.25; Ragged School, $1.25... 3.75
- Waverly, Auxiliary, balance L. M. of Mrs. Glines, and towards L. M. Mrs. A. M. Walker... 15.00
- Lowell, Mrs. B. C. Hill, for F. M... 5.00

### RHODE ISLAND.

- Arlington, Church, Miss H. Phillips' support, $1.25; Miss Franklin's salary, $1.25... 2.50
- Pascoag, Auxiliary, Miss H. Phillips... 12.50
The Missionary Helper.

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<th>Receipts for February.</th>
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<tr>
<td><strong>OHIO.</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Rochester Auxiliary, F. M.</td>
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<td>Lorain Q. M., F. M.</td>
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<td>Kipton Auxiliary, F. M.</td>
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<td>&quot;Cheerful Givers,&quot; Cleveland, F. M.</td>
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<td>Pierpont Church, F. M.</td>
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<td>Ashland Auxiliary, F. M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. Eva A. Steward, Chester Cross Roads, for Nellie Phillips' Industrial, F. M.</td>
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<td>Rio Grande Auxiliary, F. M.</td>
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<td>Milton Church, Jackson, Q. M., F. M.</td>
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<td>Gilboa Church, F. M.</td>
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<td>Mt. Tabor Auxiliary, F. M.</td>
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<td>Gallia Q. M. collection, F. M.</td>
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<td>Rio Grande collection, January 5, F. M.</td>
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<td>Claridon Auxiliary, F. M., $1.95; H. M., $2.48; Ed. Soc., 96c.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Grand Prairie, Auxiliary, F. M., $4.32; H. M., $4.32; Ed. Soc., $2.16</td>
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<td><strong>OHIO ASSOCIATION.</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>W. Oneonta, Auxiliary, for Philomont at Midnapore...</td>
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<td><strong>MICHIGAN.</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Bankers, Auxiliary, F. M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hillsdale, Q. M., Auxiliary, for F. M. (also sent $25.00 to Harper's Ferry for Lincoln Hall)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Holton and White River Q. M., Auxiliary</td>
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<td>Pittsfield, &quot;Friend of Missions,&quot; $30.00 F. M. and $20.00 H. M.</td>
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<td>Quarry, Mrs. A. Pratt, for H. M.</td>
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<td><strong>ILLINOIS.</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Prairie City, Auxiliary, fees</td>
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<td>Prairie City, Mission Band, fees</td>
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<tr>
<td>Prairie City, Mission Band, for Miss Phillips' salary</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>INDIANA.</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>La Grange, Q. M., Auxiliary, for Western work</td>
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<td><strong>MINNESOTA.</strong></td>
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<td>Minneapolis, Auxiliary, First V. B. Church, for zanana teacher at Midnapore</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>CALIFORNIA.</strong></td>
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<td>San Fernando, Emily Vose Wright</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>MISCELLANEOUS.</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Foreign Mission Society, per Treasurer</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>LAURA A. DEMERITTE, Treas.</strong></td>
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<td>Dover, N. H.</td>
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<th><strong>Receipts for February.</strong></th>
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<td><strong>OHIO.</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Green Camp Auxiliary, F. M., 77c; H. M., 77c; Ed. Soc., 39c.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Marion Auxiliary, F. M., soc.; H. M., 80c.; Ed. Soc., 40c.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. Selinda Vickers, Logan, F. M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ashland Q. M., collection, F. M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Second Kyger Auxiliary, F. M., $2.00; H. M., $2.00; Ed. Soc., $1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cleveland, Auxiliary, F. M., 26c.; H. M., 26c.; Ed. Soc., 13c.</td>
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| **PALO.**                 |
| Pageville Auxiliary, F. M. | 1 00 |
| Sparta Auxiliary, F. M., 5 00 |
| Lake Pleasant Auxiliary, F. M. | 2 85 |
| Waterford Auxiliary, F. M. | 6 65 |
| **Total, F. M., $81.47; H. M., $19.19; Ed. Soc., $9.30.** | $109 96 |
| **Mrs. H. J. COE, Treas.** |

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<th><strong>OHIO ASSOCIATION.</strong></th>
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<td>CLEVELAND, O., Feb. 25; 1886.</td>
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- **Emerson's Book of Anthems**, $1.25, or $12.00 per dozen.
- **Gleaner's**, Chadwick, $1.00, or $9.00 per dozen.
- **Hanso**, Henshaw, $1.00, or $9.00 per dozen.
- **Santoral**, Palmer & Trowbridge, $1.00, or $9.00 per dozen.
- **Laus Deo**, Leslie, $1.00, or $9.00 per dozen.

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- **Fall of Jerusalem**, Parkhurst, $1.00, $9.00 per dozen.
- **Holy City**, Paul, $1.00, $9.00 per dozen.
- **91st Psalm**, Ballard, 60 cents, $5.40 per dozen.
- **Out of the Depths**, Darling, 33 cents, $2.88 per dozen.
- **Rhebec**, Hodges, 65 cents, $5.90 per dozen.
- **Herbert and Elsa**, Thayer, 75 cents, $6.75 per dozen.
- **Heroes of '76**, Trowbridge, $1.00, $9.00 per dozen.

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4. The Little Ones' Quarterly, by Mary J. Capron; 16 cents
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