

PERSONS AFFLICTED, however slightly, with any weakness of the Chest or Throat, involving either the Larynx, Trachea, Bronchial Tubes, or the Lungs themselves, should, on the first symptom, commence with Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, &c.

After reading Mr. Carpenter's "Tour among the Karens of Siam," we shall be no less interested to learn from the Native Preachers who accompanied him how they fared on their return.

NG'POK'S NARRATIVE.

BY REV. C. H. CARPENTER.

In our tour among the Siamese Karens, we were assisted by four Karen preachers. After two months of pleasant association in labor and hardships, it became necessary for them to return.

(TRANSLATION.)

"My grace rest upon the dear teacher and mama. I send this love letter to the teacher and mama who love me, and whom I love.

"I wish to tell you what happened to teacher Sah-p-h and me after we separated from you. After leaving the boat in the morning, we walked all day till evening. We asked to sleep in a Siamese house, but they directed us to sleep in the yang which the king had built on the way beyond the village.

"Tuesday morning early we got them to ferry us across the river, and we went on all day until night overtook us in the midst of a great plain far from any habitation. We slept there, the mosquitoes biting us dreadfully.

"One word about the Karens in Siam. Between the Sa-sa-wat and Red-stone rivers, they tell us that there are thousands of Pwos and Sgaus. To the northeast, clear to Northern Laos, there are Sgau Karens, but the villages which we passed through on our return are mostly Pwos.

It may be added that they were obliged to hasten in their journey, owing to the approach of the rainy season, and the beginning of school in Bassein where Ng Pok was engaged to teach.

back, and we cooked and ate again. Because the Lord's Day had come, we must needs sleep there by the muddy water two nights.

"Monday morning we bought a bamboo joint of the Siamese, and filled it with the muddy water to carry with us. It lasted till noon. About three o'clock we became very thirsty again, and prayed as before, and at evening we came to a Siamese man watching buffaloes. He guided us to a Laos village.

"Tuesday we walked all day without water, and arrived at Paibat. We cooked rice and slept again on the premises of a priest. In the morning we begged a tam-tam of the priest, and carried water. At evening we reached Mau Kai, where we slept.

"Dear teacher, although our journey back was very hard, our hearts never failed. We were happy continually. Even at the hardest times we said to each other, 'For Christ's sake, we suffer willingly and cheerfully. If we compare this our hardness with what the disciples have suffered, it is nothing. Moreover Christ has suffered for us more than ten thousand times more than this which we suffer.'

"Then I tell her of Christ and the wonderful plan of salvation, and show her how much better and more secure is our religion than that of Gaudama. She listens very well, but says at last with a sigh, 'Oh! I can't forsake the ways of my ancestors.'

"Your ancestors! I say, as I take hold of her jacket, which is a Bengalee jacket; whenever did your ancestors wear that kind of a jacket?"

It seems such a long, long while since you and I crossed in the moon-light from Dartmouth to the North Baptist prayer meeting, one pleasant evening that saw me for the last time among you for many days; I attended but one meeting after that, in Nova Scotia; the last one was down at Clementsport—the last meeting of the Western Baptist Association.

(From the Missionary Magazine, Feb., 1873.)

BURMAH.

LETTER FROM MR. GEORGE.

Progress—Henthada, Oct. 19, 1872.—The work still goes on. Three more were baptized on the 15th inst., making our number thirty-nine since last convention; and the inquirers are very many.

We are all well, and stand the heat very nicely, but it is very hot. There are many English and half-caste that would read good tracts if they could get them. Could you not send me by next ship a few hundred Baptist Publication Tracts? I do not want milk and water, or poor skim-milk; send me sincere milk of truth, please.

LETTER FROM MISS ADAMS.

In the letter from which these extracts are taken, dated Aug. 27, 1872, Miss Adams gives an account of an excursion which she made to a neighboring town, to talk to the women, and to call into her school some little girls who would not come without her personal efforts.

"The preacher, as soon as he sees us, strikes the gong, which is the signal for all the Christians to come together; and in a little while, even before we can change our wet clothes, we are surrounded by men, women and children, who have come to give us a greeting.

"We go to visit an old woman, a relative of one of the Christians. They have no chair, not even a box to sit on, and it is impossible to sit on the floor with these muddy boots. I will sit on the edge of the verandah, by the side of the old woman.

"Yes, daughter, he will come soon, I know." "A d willyu go?" "Oh, yes, when he calls none can stay behind."

"These people delight in figures of speech, so I ask her what she would think of a man who was going along the road, and somebody should ask him where he was going, and he should reply, 'On a journey, but where are you going?' 'Oh, I don't know.'

"The house full of people are listening, and they take the figure at once, and a general burst of laughter shows that they would think the man a fool. They say, 'There, she has hit you good, grandmother. She takes it good-natur'dly. In fact, these people do not seem to care where the rub is; they always enjoy a joke.'

"Then I tell her of Christ and the wonderful plan of salvation, and show her how much better and more secure is our religion than that of Gaudama. She listens very well, but says at last with a sigh, 'Oh! I can't forsake the ways of my ancestors.'

"Your ancestors! I say, as I take hold of her jacket, which is a Bengalee jacket; whenever did your ancestors wear that kind of a jacket?"

"So the poor old heart remains hardened, I beg her to come to the service: but no, she is very far from that. We can do nothing more than pray for her."

I beg her to come to the service: but no, she is very far from that. We can do nothing more than pray for her.

"After the service we must go out to talk to an old woman whom I met here last year, and who seemed very interesting. After a long walk and much hunting, we are told to go to a certain house, where there is a Burman school, and that the woman lives there.

"The old woman at last comes; and at a glance I see she is not the one I wanted to see; but she is a human being nevertheless, and I will try to hide my disappointment, and greet her pleasantly with, —

"Oh, yes, daughter, I am glad you did; I remember you very well."

"I say, Very well. I have come to ask if you remember what I told you."

"After talking some time to her, I ask the old man about his school, and ask the children to read to me; and as he seems pleased with the little attention, I ask him to come and see us to-morrow morning. Early next morning he comes with his whole school to visit us. They read, and then our girls read; for them, sing some Sunday-school hymns, recite the multiplication table in song, and show their fancy work.

"In the afternoon the girls, with the native preacher, take the boat and go off for another little girl, who was in my school for a few months last year; but her father falling into sin and being dismissed from the church, could not be induced to give up his girl. But now, with all this company of girls to coax her, and the preacher to talk to the father, the girl is gained; and it seems very pleasant to see her little face with us again.

"I think of you and your work, and grow strong even in my weakness, when I think of the noble band of praying sisters and mothers at home. May the God of grace keep you, and direct you in all your plans."

Correspondence.

The following letter from Miss Norris to the Secretary of the Central Board will be read with interest by the members of the W. M. A. Societies:—

LETTER FROM MISS NORRIS.

MAULMAIN, Nov. 21, 1872.

My Dear Mrs. Selden.— It seems such a long, long while since you and I crossed in the moon-light from

Dartmouth to the North Baptist prayer meeting, one pleasant evening that saw me for the last time among you for many days; I attended but one meeting after that, in Nova Scotia; the last one was down at Clementsport—the last meeting of the Western Baptist Association. Both of these evenings are clearly graven on my memory. I wonder how many silent changes have passed over those I knew. Ah! well, life is the harvest time, and we must not expect to see the face of the field unchanging.

I am indeed a bird of passage even here in Burma. I scarcely can tell myself how, but I find myself in Maulmain, waiting for the Tevo Steamer to take me to my new home on the borders of Siam. I have with me a faithful band of Karens, and am going to the birth-place of Karen Missions, in which I hope, to be able to strengthen the interest in schools among them, and encourage and exhort their women to make beautiful and happy christian homes in every corner of these jungle depths; I cannot do much, but I can "help these women."

I send you the photographs of the two girls who accompany me. Nau Maitha is from Bassein, and is supported by the women of the Bassein district, who have already placed over two hundred rupees in my hands for her use. She is a self-reliant, capable christian woman, and has been teaching many years, always seeking work among the heathen, and has left every thing that makes life dear behind her, to follow me to the heathen woman and children of Siam.

The other one is my Ruth—her name is Nau Nau, but from her persistence in following me I named her Ruth. She is from Henthada, a very intelligent girl, and the daughter of one of the first men ever ordained among the Karens. I had no means of support for her, and thought I could not possibly take her, but she was determined to come with me, and her quiet pleading prevailed. I knew she was capable of doing good among either heathen or christian Karens, and would be a great comfort to me personally; more than this, when I told her I could not promise her anything at all, on'y that I would try and provide enough for her to eat, she said she had clothes for the present, and was quite willing to go without any provision for her; so she came, and I trust the Lord will provide for her, though I thought I had as many with me as I could provide for before. She is very quiet and reserved, but remarkably apt, intelligent and affectionate, and I trust the Lord brings her.

So you see I have one representative from Bassein, and one from Henthada. Besides these, I have two staunch Karen preachers, both married men, one of them a pastor of some years standing, and next month Dr. Binney of Rangoon is to send me one of his staff of Professors from the Seminary, so that I may have efficient help, for the station to which I go has no American Missionary there at present. It is the station which Mr. Norris was obliged to leave about a year ago, and consequently they have no one to keep up their schools, or to encourage them in any way.

Mr. Rand of Maulmain, under whose superintendence the Convention have placed me, accompanies his sister and myself to Dong Yan to-morrow; that you may remember was the scene of Miss Macomber's labors, and is yielding noble fruit to-day. God blesses the labors of all who cleave to him, and I believe His hand holds me, and His eye guides me every day.

I continually remember the Women's Societies in my prayers. I have seen many similar Women's Meetings spring up in the Bassein jungles, but I hope they will not outstrip their American sisters, it ought not so to be. Yet I can assure my sisters at home, that in comparison with their respective capabilities of giving, they have not much to boast of above Karens that had not heard Christ's name twenty years ago. And I doubt of the scale would not turn in their favour, for I have reason to think they give as much or more than they keep sometimes. On the other hand it must be remembered that they lead simple lives, and have fewer wants than we, and so can afford to give. They give to Missions and live on rice and rotten fish. They like nice things to eat as well as anybody; one of their pastors told me, "but they cannot buy niceeties and give to God too." They cultivate their rice fields in this intense heat, not to eat of the surplus themselves, but to support their schools, and to give to Home and Foreign Missions. Do you not think that the Master smiles down often on poor toiling Karens at work among their paddy?

Ever yours &c.,

H. M. NORRIS.