The Woman's Missionary Society

[This Department is in the interests of the W. M. Society. All communications for it should be addressed to Mrs. Jos. McLeod, Fredericton.]

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A LETTER FROM INDIA.

Dear Editor,—Kindly give me a little space in your esteemed paper. I have often thought of writing a letter to the people of Canada for a long time. Before writing I better say a little about my family and myself. I am a native of Santipore, a village 34 miles from Balasore. It is situated on a rivulet and is so close to my mother's house that I could hear its purling sound and recollect, when in the rains, its swelling waters rush down between the high rocky banks and how I enjoyed to swim and jump into its cool water with my playmates. To the north of our village there is a jungle. There are bears and wolves. Mr. Lougher and I once went there a-shooting. I had an old country-made muzzle loading gun. A big bear came out before me but I did not dare shoot him with such a gun, standing on the ground. Santipore was once infested with tigers, elephants and other wild beasts. One night a tiger got into my grandfather's cottage when he was preparing to settle there. It bit my grandmother's head while she was asleep. The brute ran away when she got up. She waked up her husband and he lighted a light and found her bleeding and fainting away. Some of their cattle were taken away by tigers from the cowshed at night and others were killed a few yards from their house in broad day light. They growled and ran about the houses as soon as the sun set. My aunt still remembers and relates the stories of the tigers, to our great curiosity and astonishment.

My grandfather became Christian and was baptized by the lamented Rev. Jeremiah Phillips. I was too young to remember my grandfather when he died. I know my grandmother. She was a very sweet-tempered old lady. In the evening when we went to bed with her she used to tell us stories. She often told us the story of their becoming Christian. They had very hard times with their relatives and friends to get away from them. The landlord also was bitterly against them and threatened to burn them in their mud-built houses. They ran away at night leaving them behind. I think you may not appreciate what gigantic difficulties there are for a Hindu to become Christian. His parents will not talk and eat with him, touch him, not even come near him. He has to be entirely isolated from them and becomes homeless and friendless. My grandfather was a very strong-willed man and nothing could daunt him. So he embraced the Christian religion, which he thought best.

He came with his three children, two sons and a daughter. The life of the elder son was cut off in the prime of youth. The youngest of the daughters married and has a nice home. She is getting old but is always full of life. My father died ten years ago, leaving behind my mother with four children, two sons and two daughters. I am one of them. My father could not afford to give me English education. Mr. and Mrs. Boyer saw my desire to learn it, so they put me into the Mission School where both English and the vernacular were taught. Before I passed the final examination Mr. Boyer died. During this time he tried very hard to establish a mission high school. I wish if the men of the Mission Board in America would name the school after *him* as they have done the Bible school at Midnapore, "Phillip's Bible School."

I was sent to the Balisore Government High School by Mrs. Boyer (now Mrs. Sunder). She paid Bahadur's school fees and mine out of her own pocket. We studied there for two years. Then our high school was opened. It began with three students, Bahadur, Prinath and myself. We all passed from it. Bahadur is now in America. Poor Prinath was a school master, but now is insane. I went to Calcutta to take a higher course, mostly in English, in the London Missionary Society's College. I studied there for two years. Mrs. Sunder helped me with a part of the expenses and the rest I borrowed which I am paying up. Now I teach in the high school, and with Mrs. Burkholder look after the Boy's Orphanage.

I cant go on writing without telling something about Mrs. Sunder. All I know about her is that she is a sweet, loving mother. She had the charge of the Boys' Orphanage and did the work very faithfully, with her whole heart and soul. We lost a good, loving mother in her. She was the fittest person to take charge of such an orphanage. She did lots of good work among our young men in the orphanage and the Christian village. I know of two very bad young men of whom there was no hope, they turned from their wrong course through her sweet, motherly words. I was her boy, and am fruit of her labor. I am proud to say that I had such a mother to bring me up. I wish all could get such mothers in this country.

Neither Mr. Boyer's work became fruitless. The present pastor of our church is a young man who was baptized by him. He was a Brahmin. He became Christian when he was a minor. His father came and took him away forcibly. Mr. Boyer prayed for him unceasingly. The young man was so much taken in by the love of the Lord's man and of our Master that he came away again from home. Mr. Boyer persuaded the wife of the young man to come with him, but she would not; so she was legally separated. Mr. Boyer had a very hard time to do all this. He was willing to do anything for his converts, even to give his life; and he did. So, friends, don't you think that your men and money you send, are spent for nothing! Another fruit of his work is the new Christians in Ujarah, a village twenty miles north of Balasore. The number is increasing every year. The people are very poor and ignorant, but they will gradually rise. To raise them socially and spiritually is to give them high education in English, it is my strong belief.

We hope that some day we will see some such energetic missionaries coming from Canada, to teach the Gospel to our benighted countrymen.

RAJONIC K. JANA.

Balasore, India.

MISSION BAND ENTERTAINMENT.

The Christmas celebration of the Waterloo Street, St. John, Mission Band took the form of a cantata, entitled, The Story of the Star. The committee in charge consisted of Mrs. Fred. Wright, superintendent; Mrs. Hiram Smith, assistant superintendent; and Miss Maida Hoyt, pianist. There were twenty-one members in the cantata, one of the principal of which was the opening chorus, Welcome. An interesting feature was the unveiling of the star, the ceremony being performed by Miss Grace Smith and Miss Ethel McAdoo. Some of the nations of the world were impersonated by several of the children in an effective manner. A solo by Miss Hilda Galley, entitled Beautiful Star, was warmly received. The ladies in charge of the entertainment have every reason to be proud of their efforts to provide an attractive musical evening. The children were given a Christmas treat, and they appreciated it much. Last Thursday evening Mrs. Wright, superintendent, was presented by the Band with a handsome berry set. Miss Hoyt and Mrs. Smith were also remembered by the children of the Band.

THANK YOU.—We have to thank a number of subscribers who have sent new subscribers with their own renewals. We trust their example will be followed by many others. This is a good time to do it.

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