

with one word could have ordered them to be put to death for daring to interfere with his pleasure, and beg the lives of the women. How did he receive them? What did he do?—Surely a ray of divine mercy must have shone on his hard heart, when he said to the missionaries' wives, in answer to their request, "Those that are dead, are dead; those that are alive may live!"

But alas! alas! only five were living; ten had already been killed, to satisfy the appetites of the brutal chiefs.

The missionaries' wives returned to their home in Vewa, sorrowful, yet rejoicing; thankful for the lives that had been spared; mourning for those that had been sacrificed.

Mr. Calvert has written to say that they mean to go and live in Bau—heathen Bau. He has sent to England for an iron house, to be put up there; for he says the people are so desperately wicked, that they dare not go, unless they have an iron house to live in.

And now let us, one and all, join in prayer for the missionaries in Fejee.  
—*Juvenile Offering.*

### Ignorance of Hindoo Women.

Mrs. Edward Porter has sent home an interesting account of her labours among the women round Mudanumpilly, in the Teloo-goo country in India. She says that they are very willing to talk with her. They come to her in groups every day. Mrs. Porter writes, "I asked several the other day what God they worshipped. One poor old woman, who seemed to think more than the rest, said, 'Vanketishoordoo.' 'Well,' I said, 'many years you have worshipped him, for you are very old. What has he done for you?' With a look of painful dismay, she replied, 'What has he done? Nothing!' I said, 'What can he do? You see this stone,' (a small block of granite lying near her) 'This is like your God; it cannot help itself; how then can it help you?'

The poor woman turned upon me with a look of anguish I shall never forget, and said, 'Oh! my mother, what can I do? I know no other. But if you will tell me, I will listen, and my joy will be great.' This woman has been here many times since; and as an expression of her regard, has brought a coconut and some sugar, and laid it at my feet."

At another time, a group of Mohammedan women came to Mrs. Porter's bungalow. They looked about at everything, and were especially amused with Mrs. Porter's little girl, who was sitting by her mamma's side, nursing her dolly. There was one noble looking old woman amongst them, in whom Mrs. Porter felt deep interest. She said to her, "What God do you worship?" The old woman replied, "Mohammed." "But," said Mrs. Porter, "Mohammed is not God; he was only a man; you should worship God." "Ah! my mother," said the woman, "many, many years have I lived in this jungle, and no one ever told me about God; how, then, should I know? I eat rice—wear cloth—soon I shall die and be put in the ground—and what then?—I do not know."

Mrs. Porter writes, "There is much that is very encouraging in this mission, and much that is very trying. Prejudices of the strangest kind have to be met. One respectable man said yesterday, 'The reason why Missionaries wish us to embrace their religion is, that they receive *good pay* for every fresh convert.' A few evenings ago I went to a village at a short distance, and thinking the children might be frightened at me, I took some sugar-candy with me, which I knew would soon send away their fears. It did so, and many of the people promised to send their children to school if we would begin one. All were most civil, but one old Brahmin was pleased with nothing about me but my *glasses*. 'Can you see well through those glasses?' he asked. I told him *yes*. 'Well then,' he said, 'I wish you would be so good