The Lord giveth the word, the women that publish the tiding are a great host. — Ps. 68:11, R. V.

He gives the most who bravely lends a hand
To help his brother in the hour of need.
God keeps the record—He can understand,
And of our slightest service will take heed.

WIDOWHOOD IN INDIA.

"WIDOWHOOD," says Pundita Ramabai, "is regarded as a punishment for sins committed by the woman in her former existence on earth; and that sin is described as disobedience or disloyalty to the husband, or murdering him in some former existence. If the woman be the mother of sons, she is not usually an object of pity. Although she is a sinner, yet social abuse and hatred are mitigated by the fact that she is the mother of superior beings."

A widow whose children are only girls does not fare so well. But it is on the child-widow, or childless young widow, that the abuse and hatred falls, for "a husband having died sonless has no right to enter heaven or immortality. There is no place for a man destitute of male offspring."

Of the young widow what shall we say? If she is a mere child, the cloud passes over her head and for several years leaves no shadow. She is, in her happy, innocent glee, unconscious of what has happened. She romps and plays, and makes "mud-pies," nestles by her mother's side, or clammers up on her father's knees as confidingly as any other child; though she may live to know the bitter truth that, some day, custom and religious faith will have a stronger hold on them than parental love. Now and then, some one says some bitter thing or pushes her away as if her touch was defiling. It jars her child-heart, but childhood is full of spring and it may soon be forgotten in some absorbing game. Some day, childlike, she runs to some scene of neighborly festivity only to be sent away, as a widow is a bad omen. She does not understand why she should go, and hence, says Mr. Raganathrao, she "is removed by force. She cries and is rewarded by her parents with a blow accompanied by such words as these: 'You were a most sinful being in your previous birth, and you have therefore been widowed. Instead of hiding your shame in a corner of the house, you go and injure others.' It begins to dawn on her that she is different from other girls. She cannot bathe as they do; if a priest comes around she may be shaven and dressed in widow's garb and stood before him. She often asks why these things are done to her. During the earlier part of her life she is appeased with some story or other. Later, such devices fail and the truth breaks fully upon her mind."

At fifteen or sixteen her beautiful glossy wealth of hair must be shorn; her bright clothes removed; no ornaments allowed her; she must eat but one meal a day; she must fast twice a month; and must never join in the family feasts or jubilees. She is frequently the family drudge; must never think of remarriage; must bear the taunts and suspicions of others and be guarded lest she bring upon the family disgrace by some improper step; she is never to wear the bright red paint on her forehead that other women wear; she has no right to be bright and happy; and if she weeps much, she may be taunted that she is crying for another husband.—The Wrongs of Indian Womanhood.

FROM COLTON, CALIFORNIA.

A real missionary spirit has seemed to have possession of California for the past few years, ever since our Japanese brother had a desire to carry the gospel to his family and friends. It has been found that by a comparatively small outlay meetings can be held where there are willing listeners.

Just now we are having the rare privilege of having with us in our different churches—the national president of the Woman's Home and Foreign Mission Society, Sister Sarah K. Taylor, who tells of the work in India with so much interest that everyone who listens partakes of the missionary spirit. The work has been so signally blessed of God that confidence is inspired at once, and the opportunity for doing good is so manifest that some others are willing to help carry the gospel. One young lady from the Pomona church is expecting to sail soon, and it seems now that this gospel of the Kingdom is going to 'all the world for a witness.' May the Lord help us to be faithful to our trust.

ABIGAIL BUTLER.
A SNAP SHOT AT MODERN INDIA.

He mail steamer lay at the wharf at Brindisi. As we leaned against the railing of the upper deck, we saw a young Indian gentleman dressed in a bicycle suit, trundling his wheel up the plank that reached from the shore to the ship. When we went down to luncheon, we found the steward had seated him at our table. He told us he had been in England for several years pursuing a course of studies, and before coming on shipboard, had just completed a tour of the continent. An indolent father had supplied him with all the money he had needed without murmuring or question, which had enabled him to live while abroad like a gentleman. Now he was returning home. He had evidently had a royal time.

One afternoon on deck he said to us: ‘I have written a pamphlet on the freedom of women; when I have published it, I will send you a copy.’ And as he talked on of his hopes for his sisters, we got a glimpse of how the beautiful English ponies he had been in had affected him, and saw that he had felt the influence of refined and cultured ladies... He had seen real homes and families, but those of the men and their friends; while the women’s apartments are in the rear. There will ‘be no happy family, but the mother and sisters will stand and wait upon the home as that is regarded in the Western sense of the word. The front part of the house may be furnished comfortably, even in English style, but it does not contain the apartments of the family, but those of the men and their friends, while the women’s apartments are in the rear. There will be no happy family gathering at the first meal. The traveller will not offer his arm to his mother and escort her to the table; and though the son has been gone so long, yet the father will not help mother first to food, and then the sisters before he helps the son. Oh, no! but the mother and sisters will stand and wait upon the men until they have finished before they eat.—The Wrongs of Indian Womanhood.

DONATIONS RECEIVED FOR WORK IN INDIA.

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SOME PERTINENT QUESTIONS.

We protest against the social position given to widows in India—the ban that is put upon them for widowhood.

If a plain dress is considered becoming to a woman as a widow, why should it be of a coarser texture than that of her sisters? Why must she fast and other women not? Why should she not share freely in the comforts and pleasures of the family? Why should she be not allowed a part in the religious portion of any family festivity? Why should widows be made to eat by themselves at weddings and other feasts? Why must they shrink guiltily back as they cross some one's path, for fear of being a bad omen to him? Why should the widow be so often an object of suspicion and solicitude for fear she bring disgrace upon the family? Why should men treat her as they dare treat no married woman? Would a man be willing to live under such a ban? Never! Is it strange, then if many widows lose heart and ambition; or that this very ban increases temptation for them? They lose self respect, and men more often respect them less than other women.

If it is true that treatment of the widow is for her spiritual exaltation, as has been claimed, then why must the ban follow her even after death; for if a widow dies without children, she is not allowed a religious ceremony at her funeral?—Mrs. M. B. Fuller.

A PLEASANT RECEPTION.

In a recent letter, Mrs. Taylor speaks of a very delightful reception given in her honor in San Francisco. There was a large attendance of those wishing to greet their president from the Eastern coast.

A very pretty and suggestive feature of the decorations was a beautiful motto, “God Speed Thee,” in green and gold.
EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 15, 1900.

The November Quarterly came as a very pleasant surprise and is a very interesting paper. I think our work is growing very fast and is quite wonderful for the time it has been in progress. I surely think it is of the Lord and it will prosper.

I think the work Miss Spence is doing is wonderful for one so young, and what a blessing and help the other missionaries will be to her when they get there.

With love and faith in the word,

ETTA N. VAN DIKE.

WILMINGTON, N. C., Dec 1, 1900.

My continual prayer is that we may enter the new year with our whole hearts in the cause of the blessed Savior, and be more earnest and zealous than ever before, that if the Savior comes before the close of the year, there will be nothing wanting in us, and we shall hear the dear Savior welcome us into His glorious kingdom where all our trials and labors will be over.

Your sister in the work,

ELIZA J. KING.

PART OF A LETTER

This work of the Advent women reminds me of the old story of the pebble thrown in the pond. It seemed small, but it has sunk deep, and the ripples are ever widening and, I believe, will, until time ends and we will not need to teach our neighbor; but every one, great and small, will know the Lord. I am glad to fill in my part, and remember in the most beautiful mosaic a tiny stone fills a place, and adds more beauty many a time, than a larger or more brilliant one would do. I often compare in my mind our work to a lovely Persian rug—we, not brilliant perhaps, but patient workers, and having the dullest material to work with, yet following out the Master's pattern, who sees the end from the beginning. At last will appear the finished work Master and servant, co-workers together, have wrought out, something more beautiful than the heart of man can conceive (but the Spirit hath revealed it), a redeemed world. Oh! ought we not to feel honored to be chosen to do even the smallest part of such a work?

SARAH L. SUTCLIFFE.

The Youth's Companion in 1901.

The end of the earth will be laid under tribute for the 1901 volume of THE YOUTH'S COMPANION. Statesmen, Diplomats, Travellers, Trappers, Indian Fighters, Cow-Punchers and Self-Made Men and Women of Many Vocations will contribute to the entertainment of young and old in Companion homes. Theodore Roosevelt will write upon "The Essence of Heroism." The Secretary of the Treasury will answer the question, "What is Money?" Frank T. Bullen, the old sailor who spins fascinating yarns of life at sea, will contribute a story. W. D. Howells will describe the relations between "Young Contributors and Editors." Paul Leicester Ford will write about "The Man of the Dictionary"—Noah Webster. There is not space here to begin to tell of the good things already provided for readers of the new volume of THE YOUTH'S COMPANION—interesting, instructive, inspiring—from the pens of famous men and women.

Illustrated Announcement of the 1901 volume and sample copies of the paper sent free to any address.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION.

BOSTON, MASS.

Mrs. Marcus B. Fuller's new book, "Worongs of Indian Womanhood," published by the Fleming H. Revell Co., gives a vivid picture of the sufferings borne by the women and little girls in that country, where to be a woman is to be an outcast. This book should have a place in every Christian home, and be read and appreciated in order that our hearts may be opened to the great needs of that country.

OUR NEIGHBORS.

Somebody near you is struggling alone.

Over life's desert sand;

Faith, hope and courage together are gone;

Reach him a helping hand;

Turn on his darkness a beam of your light;

Kindle, to guide him, a beacon-fire bright;

Cheer his discouragement, soothe his anguish,

Lovingly help him to stand.

Somebody near you is hungry and cold;

Send him some aid today;

Somebody near you is feeble and old,

Left without human stay.

Under his burden put hands kind and strong;

Speak to him tenderly, sing him a song;

Haste to do something to help him along.

Over his weary way.

Dear one, be busy, for time fleeting fast;

Soon it will all be gone,

Soon will our season of service be past,

Soon will our day be done.

Somebody near you needs now a kind word;

Someone needs help such as you can afford;

Haste to assist in the name of the Lord,

There may be a soul to be won.

—Selected.
ALL NATIONS QUARTERLY

NATIVE WORKERS.

Women doctors can be supported with much less expense than English or American missionaries. We employ several teachers, Bible women, workers in our orphanage, etc., about a dozen in all, and every new school we open employs one or more native teachers. But the last fifty years' work in India has proved that satisfactory work cannot be obtained from native teachers without English or American supervision. Some mission societies have been so discouraged by results that they have ceased to employ natives, and now use only American or English missionaries. Our brief experience has shown that with good supervision excellent results can be obtained from native workers, but it is useless to open more schools than we can supervise. We expect the Lord is going to send the help we need at this time in India. "The harvest truly is plenteous but the laborers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth laborers into His harvest."

WOMEN DOCTORS FOR INDIA

Women doctors are much needed. Women are tender and loving by the constitution of their natures, and are fit for sympathizing and tender offices. They are the ministering angels, and their hands are capable of doing wonders which no man with his stern nature would dream of. The females of Ceylon are shy and bashful, and not easily accessible to any but their own sex. I know a Brahmin lady of good circumstances, who in childbirth preferred death to being treated by male doctors. So there are many instances among the Tami people, as well as among the Mohammedans. A similar case occurred at Ernuvil within the precincts of the compound, where now the present Woman's Hospital rises. A healthy and respectable woman was put to death most unreasonably by the untainted quacks of that place. With tears of joy I thank God and rejoice that he has selected for you a spot in the heart of Jaffna, from which the circulation of Christian life will reach all the ends of Jaffna. May God bless your efforts and make the influence felt far and wide. May God bless the Hospital, and cause it to stand as a monument of his love. — Rev. S. Elsteady, in Child Wives and Widows of India.

HISTORY OF MISSIONS.

The history of missions not only reveals miracles—it is itself a miracle. It is at once a demonstration and an illustration, that high above and far beyond all human actors on the stage is a divine Director and Controller, who shifts the changing scenery to suit every new act in the drama of the ages, and changes both the positions and persons of the actors. When He wills, and when the work demands it, and His time has fully come, they enter and take up their part; and, as surely, when He wills it, and His time has fully come, they leave the stage and give place to others. "God buries His workmen, but He carries on it for the W. H. & F. M. S." Particulars will be given later.
MRS. ABBIE LEE BUTTON.

Mrs. Abbie Lee Button, the subject of this sketch, spent her early life on an Illinois farm. Early converted to the Adventist faith and ever feeling, even through high school life, that God's truth was more than anything the world could offer, she used her influence all through youth to create Christian faith in her associates, and early commenced to work against the evil of tobacco, inducing a goodly number to give up the habit permanently. She was married to Elder Geo. M. Button at the age of twenty-one, and together worked with him in the Master's service until his death, twelve years later. At one period the Lord opened a way of usefulness as a school teacher, giving her a strong and lasting influence for good over her scholars in the different places where she taught, both in Wisconsin and Illinois.

After going to California, the first four years were spent in the work of the W. C. T. U., being county president of San Bernardino County. Her deep spiritual earnestness seemed to win the hearts of all the workers so that the work of the county was greatly advanced in the four years. About this time there came into her life an even more earnest desire for a consecrated life which God answered by setting her more fully apart for mission or gospel service, since which time there has been a joy and satisfaction in her work not known before. On account of so much special work and her readiness to fill almost any vacant place in meetings, even to speaking in pulpits when necessary, the Advent conference of Southern California issued her a license.

The establishing and building up of her home church in Colton has always been upon her heart, not as a burden but as an object of great love and care. A number of years she was secretary of the conference and now holds the office of State Recording Secretary of the Southern California W. C. T. U., and also State President of the Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society of Southern California. She is a woman of strong faith and confidence in God and realizes that whatever is accomplished is by Him.

"What though unmarked the happy workman toil, And break unthanked of man the stubborn clod? It is enough, for sacred is the soil, Dear are the hills of God." —Jean Ingelow.
LETTERS FROM INDIA.

MY DEAR SISTER:

I am glad that the selection of the workers is still going on. We often have some fierce looking men come up and threaten us. We had a nice open air preaching the other day, but had rather as I said to my friend Mr. Taylor, if I had been on the lookout for a new pony for a long time, as the one I have now is very old and of no value whatever. I am so glad you approve of my plan of evangelizing Adyar. We can open a school there as soon as possible, and I will be able to send you real life pictures which will be most interesting and instructive.

Your sister in Christ,

A. G. Spence.

GUINDY, October 30, 1900.

MY DEAREST SISTERS TAYLOR:

LETTERS FROM INDIA.

I am glad that the selection of the workers is still going on. Oh, how glad I shall be to have a fellow worker and companion, some one similar in tastes and thoughts to me and some one about my own age with whom I can converse freely. I feel so alone sometimes and often wish I had some one near me. I am even deprived of my own home, and sometimes it seems so hard to act and think for one's self. It will be so nice, too, to have a house to ourselves and then we can suit the time of our meals to our work; but this cannot be done when one is boarding in a private family.

You will be sorry to hear that we are having quite a depressing time at Velacheri. A wave of cholera is passing over the place and many are dying, and many more are panic stricken. None of our children have been attacked, but other members of their families have died, or have been seized with it and are now convalescent. I had fears that I would have to close the school for a fortnight or so, but I have not done so. I was afraid it would be a pretext for some of the children to stop away altogether, and this would reduce our numbers considerably. On the other hand, we have our annual inspection in a week and it would have been folly to close. We have taken every precaution, and with God's mercy we hope to keep this dire pestilence from us. We have not lost one of our children by this dire disease, and I have not closed school for a single day. Surely you will be glad to hear this.

We had a nice open air preaching the other day, but had rather as I said to my friend Mr. Taylor, if I had been on the lookout for a new pony for a long time, as the one I have now is very old and of no value whatever. I am so glad you approve of my plan of evangelizing Adyar. We can open a school there as soon as possible, and I will be able to send you real life pictures which will be most interesting and instructive.

Your sister in Christ,

A. G. Spence.

GUINDY, October 17, 1900.

MY DEAREST SISTERS TAYLOR:

EVERYTHING does work for good, as we have seen it hitherto. I am glad you approve of my plan of evangelizing Adyar. We can open a school there as soon as possible, and also another one at Pala-Tanya if we have the means and workers. I think it would be nice to keep two workers here and open out work in Bangalore with two European workers there too. Of course this can only be done if we are sent three workers from America.

Your letters are a means of great encouragement and help to me, my dear sister, and thank you so much for all the faith you have in my dealings. I am sure I do in all good faith and with a single eye to His glory.

Our children are beginning to look forward to Christmas already. I have all the toys you sent in the last box and some of the made up garments and cloth also. I am very glad you are sending me a camera. It will increase interest in America and I will be able to send you real life pictures which will be most interesting and instructive.

Your very lovingly,

A. G. Spence.

GUINDY, November 8, 1900.

MY DEAREST SISTERS TAYLOR:

THE pamphlet and photos to hand by this mail. Thanks for both. I have had no time to read "Hild Wives of India," but will do so in a day or two.

When I wrote last Thursday, I was very much exercised in mind about the cholera epidemic, and had been persuaded by many persons to close the school for a week or fortnight, and I really thought I should have to; but thank God that since Sunday we have had no attacks nor deaths, and the place is nearly free from it. All our Ransom Home orphans are in perfect health and strength. We have not lost one of our children by this dire disease, and I have not closed school for a single day. Surely we should praise the Lord, for he is good and his mercy endures forever.

You will be glad also to learn that I have been presented with a new pony by a friend of mine in Barma. He is a little beauty, so strong and fat, capable of doing any amount of work. I had been on the lookout for a new pony for a long time, as the one I have now is very old and of no value whatever. I am so glad of this, as it will save the necessity of buying one. I mean to sell the old one as soon as I can get any reasonable offer for him.

I had a most interesting talk with a native parish woman the other day, a woman not more than twenty years old, bright, intelligent and most attractive. She had a child fifteen months old, but it did not look more than six months old. I asked her why the baby was in such a poor state. She said she had no rice for it, for she had just gone to the temple and laid on its altar all the money she possessed in order that the sickness in the village might be stayed or averted. This meant of course that she was appealing the anger of the gods. I then told her how I looked upon the visitation. I said it was one of God's judgments. She had been speaking through his servants in that village and they had turned a deaf ear to His voice. I also told her that we were praying to our God in Heaven who hears and answers prayer, to avert the epidemic. I then asked her if her god could or would do anything for her; and she admitted that he could not, but that it was the custom of her people to believe their creeds. I then went on to prove how our God is the only true and living God, and that the world lay in such sin that He sent a Saviour into it to redeem us by his own blood. She listened most attentively, and it was touching to see the tears in her eyes when I told her of the love and sufferings of Christ. I then asked her to believe in Jesus and pray to Him always. She has promised to do anything for her; and she admitted that she could not, but that it was the custom of her people to believe their creeds. I then went on to prove how our God is the only true and living God, and that the world lay in such sin that He sent a Saviour into it to redeem us by his own blood. She listened most attentively, and it was touching to see the tears in her eyes when I told her of the love and sufferings of Christ. I then asked her to believe in Jesus and pray to Him always. She has promised to come to the Sunday services. In fact, she said to me, "Misery, if I had no husband I would come and learn in your school and be a Christian." We can only pray that the seed sown may bring forth fruit to His glory, and so one by one we may gather them into His fold.

Let us praise God for all that He hath done for us and trust Him more in the future.

Your sister in Christ,

A. G. Spence.
REPORT OF STATE PRESIDENT
OF CALIFORNIA.

The past year ending September, 1900, has been one of work, unexpected blessing and considerable success to the locals of the Woman's Home and Foreign Mission Societies in California. In the southern part of the state the women have been very busy. The Los Angeles society pledged and paid over $100 on the church debt. The Pomona society have worked and saved till they have about $30 on hand to help send a missionary to India. Colton has given very liberally to the destitute and afflicted at home and abroad. Saticoy, though the least of them all, has not come behind in her gift, and Pasadena has no mean report to bring. This fall at their annual gathering they took advanced ground and voted to support a home missionary. Miss Myrtle Wellcome was duly elected to that position. It was also thought best to divide the state and have state officers in the south as well as in the north. Mrs. Abbie Lee Button was elected president, and Mrs. G. T. Wellcome, secretary and treasurer. Some one has well said that the missionary spirit at the Southern conference was at "boiling heat." Everyone was interested. Three dozen of "Child Wives and Widows of India" went so quick we were fairly amazed.

The same spirit characterized the Northern meeting. Miss Carrie Ellis' report—The evangelist of the California W. H. & F. M. Society—was really inspiring to our zeal and faith. The spirit of devotion and giving ran through our meeting like fire, and under these circumstances it was no trouble to raise money. Nearly $35 came in so quickly we hardly had time to take the names. Two dozen "Child Wives" (all we had) were sold just at sight. Two orphans were adopted by a sister and her daughters, and also one by "The Loyal Workers' Union." Without asking for any collection, about $35 was handed to the president at these meetings for the work in India. An invitation was extended to Miss Carrie Ellis to work with us for another year, which she accepted. At her request it was voted to give her a "helper," if a suitable person could be found. It was also voted to give the workers $30 per month, besides whatever collections and donations they might receive where they labored.

Besides all this, and undoubtedly that for which we should be most thankful, was the missionary spirit which has fallen upon our young people. Two in the southern part of the state have been particularly called to this work. One has now entered a medical school preparatory to going as a medical missionary, and the other is preparing to leave us this fall for that far off home in India. May God bless these girls.

The president's report for the year was briefly this: Traveled about 1,100 miles in the interest of the work. Held eight meetings with local societies besides addressing as many congregations. Received and paid to national treasurer during the year nearly $150. Preached at three state meetings of the societies. Had the pleasure of entertaining the two missionaries to China, Miss Burke and Miss Dow, and conducting farewell meetings for them, with the assistance of Mrs. T. H. Ogan and Miss Carrie Ellis. Examined two girls for foreign work. $185.82 was received by the treasurer of Northern California for home mission work. $146 of that was paid to our home missionary.

Miss Carrie Ellis, our home missionary, reported for the year as follows: Traveled 1,363 miles by land, 989 miles by water. Visited 25 towns, 381 families. Held 174 meetings, distributed 3,900 tracts. Have seen nine persons soundly converted, and a number brought into the blessed light of Christ's coming and kindred truths.

MRS. NINA L. MCFADYEN.
Sec'y W. H. & F. M. S., Northern California.

MRS. MCFADYEN.

MRS. NINA L. MCFADYEN.

Mrs. Nina L. McFadyen was born in Portland, Maine, March 25, 1865. For over thirty years her home has been in Southern California. She was converted at the age of fourteen. Baptized August 24, 1879. Was married April 25, 1885, to M. McFadyen, a minister of the gospel, who has found in her a true helper. Was ordained August 24, 1899. She is a very enthusiastic worker in the Master's vineyard. It was through her efforts that the "Loyal Workers" of California became interested in mission work in China and Japan. Hearing of the organization of a Home and Foreign mission society among the women of the Advent churches in Maine, she became deeply interested and immediately wrote to the president, Mrs. S. K. Taylor, for information. After organizing several societies, she was elected state president and has filled that position acceptably for two years. As a result of her labors we now have twelve societies in good working order.

MRS. ANNA STEPHENSON,
Sec'y W. H. & F. M. S., Northern California.

THE CALL FROM MACEDON.

Through midnight gloom from Macedonia
The cry of myriads as of one,
The voiceful silence of despair,
Is eloquent in awful prayer:
"Help ye the dying, lest ye die."

How mournfully it echoes on!
For half the earth is Macedonia;
These brethren to their brethren call,
And by the love which loved them all,
And by the whole world's life they cry,
"O, ye that live, behold—we die!"
But with that cry from Macedonia
The very car of Christ rolls on;
"I come; who would abide my day,
And by the love which loved them all,
And by the whole world's life they cry,
"O, ye that live, behold—we die!"

MRS. NINA L. MCFADYEN,
State President of California.
**SAVING FOUR HUNDRED LIVES.**

He was now as poor as the poorest in all the village, but he had saved four hundred lives.— *Youth's Companion*.

**WHAT A FOUR YEAR OLD BOY DID.**

I MUST tell you a story of a little boy only four years old, who wanted to do something for the famine sufferers, and what he did. He heard his mamma telling of the poor little children who had neither food nor clothing, and his little heart was touched. All through the day he would go to them, asking some question, especially about the clothing. Early the next morning he asked his mamma if he might go where some men were chopping wood. She asked him why.

"I want to tell them about the poor children and ask them for money to buy them some clothing," he said.

She said he might go, so he went and told them. They gave him a few pennies, supposing he would spend them for candy; but, no, he saved them. A short time after he went again with his papa. The men said, "Well, Sammy, how about the poor children?"

He said, "I am saving all my money to buy them clothes."

His papa said this was true; so they gave him some more. He is very fond of bananas, and his mamma usually bought some for him when she went to town. As she was going one morning, he called after her, saying, "Don't forget— then stopped short. "Oh, nothin," he said.

She knew what he meant, so she told the storekeeper, and he gave her some bananas for him and twenty-five cents. Friends heard of it and gave him five or ten cents, and so his store grew, he never spending a cent for himself, until when it was time to send it, he had between four and five dollars.

This is a true story, and the little boy's name is Sammy Dix.

S. L. S., Portland, Oregon.

**DEAR MRS. TAYLOR:**

Mamma takes your paper, and my brother Eugene and I like to read it and look at the pictures of the boys and girls; and we are sorry for them because they haven't any home—no papa and mamma to love them. It is sad to be like that. We are going to send you all the money we can get to help them, because Jesus loves everybody and we want to help a little. Here is 25 cents. This is all we could get. We hope it will do a little good.

Love to you and all the boys and girls.

PERCY O. COATES.

EUGENE G. COATES.