**All Nations Monthly**

"Go Teach All Nations and lo I am with you always even unto the end of the world"

**Vol. X.** ROCKLAND, MAINE; U. S. A., DECEMBER 1908. **No. 105**

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

**FROM MRS. TAYLOR**

On the Red Sea, Monday, Oct. 26

Here on this vessel one meets with new experiences, as on every boat and train. On my way from Port Said to Cairo three veiled Turkish women were in the car with me. They wore a wooden or brass piece on the forehead above the nose. This piece has three sharp rings around it. One woman had three deep gashes in her nose which was much swollen and inflamed. By the aid of three other women speaking French and Arabic, I learned that her husband gave her a blow on the nose because one day she removed her veil.

On this boat all the wine and whiskey anyone wants is furnished freely. At my table at dinner yesterday five people drank eight bottles of wine and each a large goblet of champagne to close with. These five consisted of two young women and three young Catholic priests. There are twelve Catholic priests aboard, and mass is celebrated every morning early. We have six meals a day, coffee when you get up, breakfast at 10.30, lunch at 1.30, tea at 3.30, dinner at 7, and tea again at 9. At dinner everyone appears in full dress if they have it. Everybody seems good natured, but the people are not much like the clear-eyed, bright-witted men and women I am used to at home.

In the second class is Bishop Malone on his way to China and several other missionaries and clergymen with their wives. Cook gave me a first class ticket as sometimes on these boats the second class accommodations are very poor, on this one, however, they are very good.

My visit to the Pyramids was quite satisfactory although I did not go to the top as it was so late in the afternoon.

I will now tell you of the places that I visited at Jerusalem as I promised. In the morning, as had been arranged, we rode out to Bethlehem, a quaint little city where there is nothing to see of great interest except the Place of the Nativity. When we arrived at the church I was much surprised at its warlike appearance. Two Turkish soldiers guarded the entrance. Just inside was a large dark room where the soldiers slept. Every door was guarded and every apartment. "What
are all these soldiers here for?” I inquired. “To keep the Christians from killing each other” replied my guide. On entering I saw that the church was divided into three parts, each separately furnished for worship, one for the Roman Catholics, one for the Greek Catholic and one for the Armenians, all speaking the same language, but each so intensely hating the others that the government has to keep a strong guard there all the time, while at Easter and Christmas as many as a thousand soldiers are required to prevent bloodshed. One side of one room was loaded with dust and covered with cobwebs. About four years ago a conflict arose as to who should dust it, the Romans and Greeks both claiming the privilege. After several bloody affrays, the government at Constantinople was appealed to, and the order came that it be left undusted. I observed empty chains hanging from the ceiling and asked about them. It seems that the Greeks obtained permission from Constantinople to put up some chains for new lamps. When the chains came the Romans took hold and helped put them up in a most fraternal manner, then they triumphantly informed their brethren that the permission did not include the hanging of the lamps. A battle ensued and some were killed, an appeal was sent to Constantinople and the order returned that the lamps should not be put up, so there the empty chains hang. In the Armenian chapel is a three cornered carpet. Part was cut away so that the Roman Catholics should not walk upon it. Down stairs over the so-called place of birth a gilt, little way. Along the dismal, dirty streets, a motley crowd of Jews, Mohammedans and Christians engaged in traffic on each side, the wider ones crowded with camels and donkeys; shouts, jabberings and all sorts of strange noises filling our ears, we carefully picked our way, my guide and I, and visited the principal places of interest to a Christian tourist.

The one place where I felt sure that I was treading where the feet of Jesus had trod, was upon the path leading up the Mount of Olives. There are three paths leading up the Mount and this was the shortest, steepest most direct road, the one a man would naturally take in ascending the hill. Nearly over against the site of the Temple is a place from which one can overlook the city, and it is probable that here Jesus wept over Jerusalem. All other locations are to me more doubtful than these. From the top of the Mount I saw Bethany, the Jericho road, the Dead Sea and the green line of the banks of the River Jordan winding up the valley. The land is dreary barren and desolate, about half the population are Jews of whom there are estimated to be from forty to eighty thousand.

This morning at 8 o’clock, we were safely at the dock here, and Mr. and Mrs. Gordon met me at the boat. Captain Spence wrote to these dear people to meet me and care for me, so they met me at the steamer and brought me home with them. It seems so blessed to be in a family where there is neither liquor nor tobacco, and where a blessing is asked at the table.

How wonderfully the Lord has heard prayer and kept me all the way. Not a minute of sea-
sickness have I had, although the passages have been rough and nearly every woman has been sick, as well as some of the men.

Imagine my surprise when this morning a man boarded our vessel and said, “Do you know who is elected president? Taft.” And election only yesterday! I brought home very near to me. I leave here at 10.30, tonight.

GUINDY, INDIA, Nov. 11.

At 10.30 Thursday evening November 5. I took the train for Madras where after thirty-six hours ride I arrived, and saw the sweet face of Ella Jones looking in at the window. Within two hours we were at Guindy. As we approached the place I was struck with its different appearance from the rest of the country. A cleanliness, a freshness, a Christian atmosphere seemed to pervade the grounds. “What place is that?” I asked.

“Ours,” said Ella, “see they are waiting for us at the gate.” In a minute our team was stopped, the ponies unharnessed and the carriage was drawn by our Vilachari boys through the gate and up the avenue to the house between rows of cheering children. When we alighted I was garlanded and a few words of greeting were tendered to which I responded, my response being translated by Mr. Vedantachari.

My arrival was timely. It was pay day and all our Native Workers were here, so I had the pleasure of meeting them all. The regular monthly teacher’s meeting took place while I breakfasted and changed my clothes, then with the missionaries I sat under the mango tree while the arrangements for my reception were completed, after which, preceded by a band of music (it was quite a primitive one) we marched to the Junior Orphanage to a reception prepared for me by the teachers. A beautifully illustrated “Address of Welcome.” was read and presented to me by Mr. Vedantachari, to which I responded he translating for me. Music, garlands of flowers, and all the customary ceremonies were gone through with, and our teachers were happy because they had rendered due honor to our Board, the President, and our Mission Society, remissness in such matters being considered well-nigh unpardonable, by a native.

Sunday we had Communion, and Mr. Vedantachari preached an able sermon in Tamil. Monday was the King’s birthday, and the girls had their reception for me, the boys having a half holiday and attending. The exercises were fine and think of them as they came to us wild, filthy, covered with sores and vermin, and without an idea of truth, purity or obedience, my soul is overwhelmed with gratitude to God for what He hath wrought.

This brief account of my arrival must suffice now, later I will write more of the details of our work and of India life. My emotions and those of our Missionaries you must imagine. The depths of mingled joy and sorrow, the triumphs the hopes the plans surpass description. I know how Simeon felt as he beheld the infant Jesus.

FROM MISS J. M. SAUNDERS

NAPLES, Nov. 16, 1908.

YOU see I have reached the first stopping place on my journey in safety. I have to report a very comfortable voyage. The passengers were the nicest it has ever been my privilege to travel with, each one tried to make the journey pleasant for someone else.

The weather was calm and beautiful and everyone appeared to be enjoying themselves until Wednesday night the 4th, when we encountered a storm, which the Captain said was the worst one he had known for fifteen years. Then it was that I stayed in my berth, and I was with the majority I assure you. The storm lasted two days and it was a grateful lot of people who made their appearance on deck Saturday morning.

Sunday a Roman Catholic Archbishop who was a passenger held a short service in the dining saloon and the band played “Nearer My God to Thee.” This band consists of the second class stewards, they played every morning from 10 to 11, and every night while the first class passengers were having dinner.

We reached Gibraltar the 12th, at 5 p.m., had a stay of three hours there, this gave the passengers an opportunity of going ashore to have a look at the place.

All the way through the Mediterranean it was very smooth and we were having a quiet lazy time, when one morning a sailor fell overboard. He was about his duties when in some way he lost his balance and went into the water. He was in the water just twenty-five minutes and you can imagine what a relief it was when we saw him safely in the life boat. The Captain said his greatest danger was from sharks. After this little excitement we quieted down again to our usual boardship life, and all went on well the rest of the way to Naples. We arrived here yesterday at 2 p.m.

I forgot to mention that we got the Presidential election returns the next day by macrogram. I am anxious to reach India and the time until I get there cannot pass too quickly for me.

November 24th.

We have been informed that we will arrive at Port Said in about two hours, this will make us twenty-four hours late, we have had a very rough time of it all the way from Naples, shall be so glad to see land again.

My deck chair got completely demolished in the storm, which means I shall have to get another at Port Said. The accommodations on this boat are not at all what they were when I came home on it, it is hard work to get anything that is palatable to eat. There is a young lady missionary and two gentlemen missionaries going to Arabia, if we get in Port Said early enough we are going ashore and get something to eat. We are hoping that our bad times are over and that the rest of the voyage will be pleasant, however that may be, we must take things as they come and be thankful that they are no worse.

I am conscious every moment that the prayers of a good number are following me as I journey.
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FROM THE EASTERN FIELD SECRETARY

November 1, 1908

I STARTED out in active field work October 7, making a direct trip to Rutland, Vt., attending the Hoosick Valley Conference in session in that city. I was very kindly and cordially received, not only by the local church but also by the members of the Conference from other churches. The President, Rev. W. O. Higley gave me an opportunity on Friday evening to speak a few introductory words relative to the mission work and made arrangements for me to occupy one hour or more Sunday afternoon in presenting the work of the W. H. & F. M. S. A good audience was in attendance, and an excellent spirit of response on the part of the hearers.

Sunday evening the Low Hampton church was visited by invitation of the pastor, Rev. L. L. Chase. A goodly company gathered in the little country chapel, precious to many because of its associations with the early Adventist movement under Wm. Miller. A bright, cozy, attractive church home, it certainly is. May the Advent people of America see to it that the light of Adventual preaching never goes out in this sacred spot. The people were kind and receptive, showing a practical interest in the spread of gospel light in other lands.

The next stop was made at Sandy Hill; the visit being unexpected by the people, no arrangements had been made for a meeting. I attended the regular young people's meeting on Tuesday evening and was given a half hour in which to speak of the mission work. We hope to visit that field again, under more favorable conditions.

Wednesday I went to Schenectady. The earnest pastor and his devoted wife made the way easy to bring the mission work before the people at the weekly prayer meeting on Wednesday evening. There is an excellent missionary spirit in this new and struggling church. A local society is in good working order. The financial needs of the church are very great, but the members are reaching out a willing, helping hand to others. The Lord will surely bring richer blessings to their home church because of the broad mission spirit that prevails in it.

Pittsfield, Mass., was next visited enroute to Boston to attend the annual meeting of the A. A. M. S. The pastor, Bro. G. L. Young kindly invited me to present the mission work at the Sunday morning service in place of the regular preaching.

By invitation of the churches your field secretary expects to visit these places again, with stereopticon views of the India missions.

December

In my November letter I left the account of the field work at Pittsfield, Mass., from which place I journeyed, October 19, to Boston to be present at our Board meeting, and also attend the annual meeting of the A. A. M. S. Through the kindness of Secretary A. H. Davis, the stereopticon views we had ordered was in waiting at the Mission office. The week beginning October 25 was spent in Brockton with Miss Saunders, becoming better acquainted with her mission field, and assisting

Rockland, Maine, December, 1908.

We are pleased to state that Miss Mary E. Rowe, the Maine State secretary, has been appointed as superintendent of our "Young People's Auxiliary Mission Societies." In her letter accepting the position she writes, "Unsought work for the Master, I have always felt was sent by Him and that I ought not to refuse it, therefore I feel that I should accept the office." We expect that under her guidance, this branch of our work which is as yet in an undeveloped condition will assume a more prominent position in our organization. She will be pleased to correspond with the societies already formed as well as those who are desirous of forming one or of becoming members at large. Her address is Miss Mary E. Rowe, 35 Frederick St., Portland, Maine.

Mrs. Minnie Young, treasurer of Northern California, in sending a remittance to the office writes: "$10.38 of this is to be sent to Mrs. Allan for the Guindy Sunday School from the Northern California children from the little self-denial purses. We have taken that Sunday School as an 'Alice Spence Memorial' which is to be a work among our children. The children are very much interested since we have taken up to the regular young people's meeting on Tuesday evening and was given a half hour in which to speak of the mission work. We hope to visit that field again, under more favorable conditions.

Mrs. Minnie Young, treasurer of Northern California, in sending a remittance to the office writes: "I am debtor. "I am ready." "I am not ashamed."

The missionary enterprise is not man's work, to be picked up and dropped at will. It is not natural, but supernatural; not a human, but spiritual movement.

We can girld the globe with a zone of light in twenty years if we have men and money.

"I am debtor." "I am ready." "I am not ashamed."
her in the preparation for the journey to India.

It was arranged by the Board (as I had an appointment to present the W. H. & F. M. work at East Norwalk, November 1) that I accompany Miss Saunders to the steamer which would leave the Hoboken pier November 3. Sunday, November 1, was profitably spent with the church at East Norwalk. Miss Saunders explained the views and the field secretary presented the needs of the society. A generous response from the brethren and sisters there was not a surprise, for a spirit of missionary enterprise pervades the atmosphere in the East Norwalk church.

Monday a.m. we went on our way to New York, and in the evening visited the Life and Advent church of Brooklyn, by invitation of the Woman's Mission Society. The sisters in Brooklyn have been practically interested in the India field for several years, and desired to see and hear the returned missionary. The kindness of the Brooklyn people we cannot forget. Everything was done for our help and comfort that was needed.

Tuesday morning with mingled feelings of sadness and joy we watched the steamer move out of sight—the last we saw was like a little black speck on the sound. The prayer is continually in our heart and often on our lips, that our dear sister may be safely landed at the desired haven.

We returned to East Norwalk, Thursday, November 5, where we called on a number of the sisters in the interest of the mission. We feel assured that as soon as the financial burden for the local church has been lifted, that the sisters of East Norwalk will rally to do still more for India. Returning to Torrington for a few days, I presented the stereopticon views to a goodly company in my local church, November 9. The following day started for Rutland, Vt., and spoke of our work two successive evenings in the church. Met many of the sisters in their homes and met with them again in the church November 18, where a local was organized and new impetus gained in the church. There are grand young people in the flock who gave hearty expression to their interest in the cause of Christ. A beautiful spirit of helpfulness again in the church November 18, where a local church has been lifted, that the sisters of East Norwalk will rally to do still more for India. Returning to Torrington for a few days, I presented the stereopticon views to a goodly company in my local church, November 9. The following day started for Rutland, Vt., and spoke of our work two successive evenings in the church. Met many of the sisters in their homes and met with them again in the church November 18, where a local was organized and new impetus gained in the church. There are grand young people in the flock who gave hearty expression to their interest in the cause of Christ. A beautiful spirit of helpfulness again in the church November 18, where a local church has been lifted, that the sisters of East Norwalk will rally to do still more for India.

Sandy Hill, N. Y., was visited, and the interest quickened. There are grand young people in Sandy Hill, whom the Lord can use in the great fields.

The pastor at Schenectady had well advertised the meeting in his church for November 20, and quite a company of strangers as well as members of the flock were in attendance.

Bro. Brock opened the way for a meeting in Hoosick, November 22. A large company nearly filled the chapel—many driving four or more miles. It was a real pleasure to meet the workers.

I spent Sunday, November 29, with the people at North Adams, supplying in the forenoon for the absent pastor, showing our India mission work in the evening to a most appreciative company, who gave hearty expression to their interest in the work. Altho' few in number, they have a local and are supporting an orphan in India. Pittsfield, Mass., was visited December 1. An attentive audience met me. This church is struggling with a large financial problem, but did what it could to help sustain our work.

FROM E. DORA ALLAN

VILLACHARIE, MADRAS,
Nov. 4th, 1908.

The fates are evidently against us and are determined that we should look our worst for Mrs. Taylor. It has rained, and rained, and rained, till all our fine bravery has gone and we are literally as limp as a flag after a soaking. Our buildings are a sorry picture—walls streaked, floors wet, roofs soaked and a host of other troubles consequent upon such conditions. However there is this set-off to it all—we strike a very decided robe of green, such a grateful contrast to the khaki colored wastes our eyes have been accustomed to.

If Mrs. Taylor arrives in Madras on Saturday and we hope she will—she will stumble on a very busy picture at Guindy. It being "Salary Saturday" all our teachers from near and far will be there to receive their salaries and submit their reports. A prayer meeting and Bible study open operations, and an educational class usually conducted by the Government School Inspector closes them. We move fast, scarcely pausing to take breath from 8 o'clock in the morning until 2 in the afternoon. It is usually a day we dread on account of its heavy work, but Mrs. Taylor's arrival will turn it into a true pleasure.

We rise early here, because we must rest in the afternoon, and our early rising is such a virtue as it sounds to Western ears. This has given rise to the expression—"the still insistent pause of an Indian afternoon." We literally buzz like busy bees from 5 to 5.30 in the morning till 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and then we lie down till about 3.30 or 4—often taking a good recuperative nap. This I call our second day. The third is lived between 4 and 9 o'clock. Three days in a day is our way of living.

What Are Your Boys and Girls Reading?

They are bound to read something. They will real trash unless you give them something better that is equally interesting. Try The Youth's Companion. There is plenty of adventure in the stories, and the heroes and heroines are of the real kind, finding in the line of duty opportunity for courage and unselfishness. More than 250 such stories will be published in the 52 issues of the new volume for 1909. There will be fully as many articles, sketches and reminiscences to impart useful information in the most agreeable way, familiarizing the Companion's readers with the best that is known and thought in the world.

Full illustrated Announcement of The Companion for 1909 will be sent to any address free with sample copies of the paper.

The new subscriber who at once sends $1.75 for 1909 (adding 20 cents for extra postage if he lives in Canada) will receive free all the remaining issues of 1908, besides the gift of The Companion's Calendar for 1909, entitled "In Grandmother's Garden," lithographed in 13 colors.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,
144 Berkeley Street, Boston, Mass.

God is not short of money for missions, neither are the bulk of Christians short of money.
FROM M. A. HULBERT

Guindy, Nov. 11.

Dear Mrs. Chadsey:

No doubt you will have all the news that you want. But I am thinking of the dear ones who are sacrificing to support me on the field. I feel that I want them to know that I am appreciating what they are doing. So I must just drop a line or two.

When Mrs. Taylor arrived at Guindy our hearts were deeply moved. I could not keep the tears back. A picture of the homeland came up before me. After we had sung the Doxology we went indoors. Soon after we went to our Orphanage, and there we met our staff of workers. I shall not try to describe this, because no doubt Mrs. Taylor has told you all about it.

Our work is going on about the same as usual. For last two days I have been staying with Mrs. Allan at the Boys' Orphanage. This morning she asked me to go the rounds, and see how things were going, so I went. These boys are like all boys and love to tease. They asked me if Guindy was equal to them on certain lines. I praised them where I could. These boys are really doing fine, and I see much to commend them for.

In both places, we are seeking to teach practical Christianity. We feel, that God has really sent Mrs. Taylor at this time. We thank Him for sending her to us, may His will be done in us all.

The weather is cooler and we are so glad. Now is the time when India is beautiful.

Our dear little black eyed Gada is looking at me. Auntie Jess will be so glad to see her, and I know she will feel paid for all the wakeful hours she spent with her. Our baby boy Felix is also very fine.

FROM ELLA JONES

Guindy, Oct. 27.

I HAVE been having the sport of childhood today; but never dreamed of such sport in my girlhood. Miss Hulbert went home with Mrs. Allan last night, as she was unexpectedly detained here by a call from Dr. and Mrs. McCartha, who presented Miss Spence with the pony that you have all heard about.

This morning Miss Hulbert sent me five hundred little trees and Mrs. Allan sent a native plow.

When I saw all this I said, "Now Jones, make hay while the sun shines" with that I smiled upon Mrs. Allan's two boys, who brought the things and asked them if they had work at Vilacheri. They said, "No," so I said, "Please plow my garden." They were trying their best to do a good job; but the bulls would go every way until they struck a root and broke the plow.

On trust I had sent the boy and horse keeper after plants; as they had not returned I left my half plowed garden and turned my thoughts to the trees; and with the help of the gardener and cook saw one hundred and forty planted before the rain came.

About four o'clock the horse keeper and boy turned up with such a lot of plants; so I called some girls and we went to see about the planting.

The horse keeper, cook, boy, gardener, watchman and garbage man all had a different plan. I never heard the horse keeper talk before, but he waxed warm and became quite fluent.

I laughed and laughed. Of all the gestures you ever saw, I think they could not equal theirs. Just in the nick of time Miss Hulbert's teacher came along and helped me get my crowd to work after a fashion. By half past five we had quite a patch planted.

I was in hopes that it would not rain tonight so that we could finish up in the morning; but I hear the rain now, so guess my garden will have to wait.

We have had such a rain; just in time to save us from famine, yet, half of the crops are gone.

I should explain that we are planting a grove of trees, that will bring us a nice little sum of money in five years. They need care for the first few months, after which they care for themselves.

Our girls' school garden is doing beautifully. They have a few tomatoes, peppers and beans set already, besides their flowers.

And still it rains, I mean pours. The tanks are all full and there is great fear of the banks giving way.

In one of our far villages the people were so frightened some days ago that they all went over the hill in the rain.

Sunday afternoon there was a little clearing, so we three went to Palakarani to see how things fared.

The country was beautiful; on both sides of the road the tanks and low fields looked like good sized seas; and the wind sent little wavelets to the shore with quite a swish.

Our visit revealed work undone, that caused Mrs. Allan to scold. Oh! this scolding; it is the hard part of the work. From the school we went to our little gospel hall and found it high and dry. Our roofs are so soaked by the rain that they are leaking everywhere; I asked the boy, this morning, if the back porch was outdoors or indoors. He held the umbrella over me as I took things from the cupboard and said he thought it was outdoors.

Well, never mind, we are happy as can be.

My sister Miss Hulbert and I were so blessed in our little Sunday service, that the joy bells still ring.

This week will surely bring our dear Mother Taylor to us, we can hardly wait.

There are men and women in the world, born in darkness, living in darkness, and who will pass away in the darkness, if you do not go and tell them of Christ.

I regard the office of the missionary as a most glorious occupation, because the faithful missionary is engaged in a work which is like that of the Lord Jesus Christ; and a missionary who is unfaithful sinks to the lowest of his species in guilt and ignominy.—Judson.
How India Is Being Leavened by Christianity

THE characteristic teaching of our Lord about the way in which the kingdom of heaven would become universal was that it would be through a leavening process. Such a leavening of Christian ideas and principles is taking place in India. Statistics cannot report it. Here are a few illustrations of it.

After an earthquake in North India the Hindus and Mohammedans of Delhi convened a meeting to thank God for preserving that town. Then they asked a Presbyterian missionary to take the chair and an Indian Christian pastor to offer the opening prayer.

A Brahman Mamlatdar, who is the highest Indian official in a county, recently died in the Ahmednagar district. Just before he passed away he asked that some Indian Christian might be brought to him. Our mission does no work in that town, but one of our teachers happened to be there. That day and was called into the house. To the “boxes” gone carrying comfort and good results of Christian truth and life.

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The Hon. G. K. Gokhale, one of the most influential and worthy of the political leaders of India, is most earnest and sincere in seeking the uplift of the neglected low castes, as missionaries have been doing. Caste distinctions are being weakened. The obligation to serve all classes, which is being absorbed as true religion and sound economics, is clearly one of the leavening results of Christian truth and life.

—Missionary Herald.

FROM CALIFORNIA

SISTERS Carson, treasurer of Southern California, in a recent letter writes: “We sent our India box some time ago, there was a little over $100 worth of things in it from Southern California.” Thus from both West and East have the “boxes” gone carrying comfort and good cheer to our workers, and orphans in India.

Names of Those Securing New Subscribers During November

Mrs. Grace Carson, 5
Mrs. E. J. Curtiss, 1
Mrs. W. S. Eckerson, 1
Edu Sharp, 1
Mrs. Annie P. Smith, 9

MONEY RECEIVED

For November 1908

California—Loyal Workers Santa Ana $3, Mrs. W. J. Allen 15, Danbury Local 8.50, Mrs. W. J. Allen 15, Danbury Mission Study Class 7.50, Collection E. Norwalk 507, Collection at Torrington 2.90.
Connecticut—Emily C. Pease $2, Danbury Local 8.50, Wm. Masey 15, Danbury Mission Study Class 7.50, Collection E. Norwalk 507, Collection at Torrington 2.90.
Ivy—Sara Crenshaw 61, J. E. S. 1, Mrs. M. A. 1, L. M. Chase 2, Lottie K. Staples 2, Mrs. Annie Weeks 1, a friend 1, Josephine Smith 2.
Massachusetts—E. L. White $15, U. A. Nickerson 5, Mrs. J. J. Fuller 5, E. M. Staples 10, Mrs. S. J. Hisius 5, Local Fall River 1, Worcester Local 1, Fiskdale Local 50c, Paul Dudley Hill 1, C. Cole 75c, Mrs. M. Gibson 5, North Adams Local 3 60, Collection at Pittsfield 3 52.
Nebraska—Lena Roberts 50c, Philo Warfield 20c, Gwendolyn Gurney 25c, Friends 25c.
New Brunswick—Woodstock Local $7.50.
New Jersey—Life and Advent Mission Society 50.
New York—Mrs. F. J. Curtis 50c, So. Butler A. Church 2.15, Mrs. J. M. B. Ramsey 50c, M. L. Dowell 3.50, Y. P. S. of C. E. Brooklyn 3.50, C. L. Mosely 5.50, Mrs. F. W. Grimoldes 50c, Collection at Brooklyn 8 23, Collection Sandy Hill 4 13, Miss Auna 1, Collection at Schenectady 4 05, Collection at Hoosick 8 57, Mrs. Eva Quackenbush 50c, Mesy A. H. Baker 2.
Oregon—Mrs. H. H. Bradford 1.50, Pleasant Hill Local 5 40.
Quebec—I on Hill Local $5, Q. A. R. 1, H. E. Marston 1.
Rhode Island—A friend 85, Mrs. E. C. Drew 6.25, Providence Local 3 50.
Vermont—Mrs. W. L. Rider 50c, Collection at Rutland 5 52.
Northern Vermont—Morrisville Local $2.10.
Wisconsin—Stella Chase and family 1.50. Mattoon A. C. Church 5, H. E. Stage 3.
State unknown—XXX $2.
Sales $2.35.
Subscriptions $18.11.

TREASURER'S REPORT

For November 1908

Balance on hand November 1 $63.70
Dues, sales and contributions for month 482.83
Subscriptions 18.11
Total receipts $564.64
Expenditures
For India, (deposited) $300.00
Stereopticon 64.00
General Field Secretary 25.00
Business Manager and Treasurer, 41.66
Eastern Field Secretary, (salary and expenses Oct. 19 to Dec. 31) 59.01
Printing “All Nations Monthly” 25.75
Mailing, postage, etc., on “All Nations Monthly” 4.60
Office supplies and work 16.75
Office rent 2.00
Miscellaneous 16.16
Total expenditures $554.93
Balance in treasury 9.71

$564.64

MADE M. CHADSEY, Treasurer.

A CAROL

O brother mine of birth Divine,
Upon this natal day of Thine
Fellowship with a Christian of low origin and con­fess his trustful reverence in Christ.

—James Whitcomb Riley
"HER GIFT."

THE minister's eyes swept with intense searching the apathetic faces of his stylish, worldly congregation. He had made an impassioned appeal for help in the support of a little mission church up among the mountains,—a section where rough men and women knew scarcely anything of God and the religion of Christ. He had hoped to inspire the people with a spirit of giving, to make them feel that it was a sweet, blessed privilege, and he had failed. A sense of deep desolation crept over him. "God help me," his lips murmured mutely. He could not see the bent figure of little crippled Maggie in the rear of the church—a figure that was trembling under the fire of his appeal.

"Lord Jesus," the little one was saying, brokenly, "I ain't got nothin' to give. I want the people in the mountains to hear about my Saviour. O Lord, I ain't got nothin' ter—"

What was it that made the child catch her breath as though a cold hand had taken hold of her heart? "Yes, you have, Maggie," whispered a voice from somewhere; "you have got your crutch, your beautiful crutch that was given to you and is worth a lot of shining dollars. You can give up your best friend, what helps you to get into the park, where the birds sing, and takes you to preaching and makes your life happy."

"Oh, no, Lord," sobbed the child, choking and shivering. "Yes, yes, I will! He gave mor'n that for me."

Blindly she extended the polished crutch and placed it in the hand of the deacon who was taking up the scanty collection. For a moment the man was puzzled, then, comprehending her meaning, he carried her crutch to the front of the church and laid it on the table in front of the old pulpit. The minister stepped down from the platform and held the crutch with trembling hands. The sublimity of the renunciation unnerved him so that he could not speak for a moment.

"Do you see it, my people," he faltered at last, "little crippled Maggie's crutch—all she had to make life comfortable! She has given it to the Lord, and you—"

There was a moment of silence. The people flushed and moved restlessly in their cushioned pews.

"Does any one want to contribute to the mission cause the amount of money this crutch would bring, and give it back to the child who is so helpless without it?" the minister asked, gravely.

"Fifty dollars," came in husky tones from the banker.

"Twenty-five dollars."

"One hundred."

And so the subscription went on, until papers equivalent to six hundred dollars were lightly piled over the crutch on the table.

"Ah! you have found your hearts. Thank God! Let us receive the benediction," almost whispered the minister, as he suddenly extended his hands, which were trembling with emotion. Little Maggie, absorbed in the magnitude of her offering and of the love that prompted it, comprehended nothing that had taken place. She had no thought for the future, of how she would reach her humble home, or of the days that she would sit helpless in her chair, as she had once done. Christ had demanded her all and she had given it with the blind faith of an Abraham.

A woman's arm drew her into close embrace, and soft lips whispered in her ear. "Maggie, dear, your crutch has made six hundred dollars for the mission church among the mountains and has come back to stay with you again. Take it, little one."

Like a flash of light there came a consciousness that in some mysterious way her gift had been accepted of God and returned to her, and with a cry of joy she caught the beloved crutch to her lonely heart. Then, smiling through her tears at the kind faces and reverential eyes she hobbled out of the sanctuary.—Selected.

TO ALL PEOPLE

Not to the shepherds only
Came that sweet message clear,
When with their flocks abiding,
They, wond'ring, roused to hear.
Not to the tribes of Israel
The Gift of gifts was made;
"Which shall be to ALL people,"
The angel gladly said.

"ALL people!" Every nation
Shall hear the tidings glad;
Good news of joy, far greater
Than any ever had.
From east to western waters,
From south to northern pole,
Wherever in the wide world
There dwells a human soul.

No wonder heaven's glory
Flashed forth that Christmas night;
No wonder singing angels
Sped down a pathway bright.
For God, whose loving-kindness
Is great and full and free,
Spoke through them to ALL people,
The shepherds, you, and me.

—Selected

OUR CHRISTMAS PRESENT

The babe born in a manger
Hundreds of years ago,
Our Father's Christmas present,
Has set our hearts aglow.

And so we gladly scatter,
With willing heart and hand,
The joy that it has brought us
To every darkened land.

MRS. MARY B. WINGATE.