A Bird's Ministry

By Mrs. Emily Chubbuck Judson (Fanny Forrester)

From his home in an Eastern bungalow
In sight of the everlasting snow
Of the grand Himalayas, row on row,
Thus wrote my friend: "I had traveled far
From the Afghan towers of Candahar,
Through the sand-white plains of Sinda-Sagar;"
And once when the daily march was o'er,
As tired I sat in my tented door,
Hope failed me, as never it failed before,
In swarming city, at wayside fane,
By the Indus' bank, on the scorching plain,
I had taught, and my teaching all seemed vain.
"No glimmer of light," I sighed, "appears;
The Moslem's 'fate' and the Buddhist's fears
Have gloomed their worship this thousand years.
For Christ and His truth I stand alone
In the midst of millions—a sand grain blown
Against yon temple of ancient stone
As soon may level it." Faith forsook
My soul, as I turned on the pile to look,
Then rising, my saddened way I took
To its lofty roof for the cooler air.
I gazed and marveled: how crumbled were
The walls I had deemed so firm and fair!
For, wedged in a rift of the massive stone,
Most plainly rent by its roots alone,
A beautiful peepul tree had grown;
Whose gradual stress would still expand
The crevice, and topple upon the strand
The temple, while o'er its wreck should stand
The tree in its living verdure. Who
Could compass the thought? The bird that flew
Hitherward, dropping a seed that grew,
Did more to shiver this ancient wall
Than earthquake, war, simoom, or all
The centuries in their lapse and fall.
Then I knelt by the riven granite there,
And my soul shook off its weight of care,
As my voice rose clear on the tropic air:
The living seeds I have dropped remain
In the cleft; Lord, quicken with dew and rain,
Then temple and mosque shall be rent in twain."

—Selected.
**AFTER MANY DAYS.**

**Ella L. Jones.**

**DURING** the first years of our mission work, an ambitious father in Palakarani, wrote a letter to the mission asking for a school to be opened in his little cherry; after due investigation a thatch was erected and our faithful Devargan was installed as head-master, having as an under teacher the son of the man who had asked for the school.

Father and son afterwards left the village and were lost sight of by ti. missionaries, as are many who come for a time under the influence of our schools, preaching, or zenana work. A short time ago we found the young man again; but in a very different condition.

While visiting in the cherry, the teachers told us of a family that had recently come from Madras to breathe the fresh village air, because of the husband's failing health. We called at their humble home and found a very bright woman busy with preparing the evening meal. The expression on her face and the sound of her voice told us she was one of India's educated women.

The teacher pointed to a form stretched out in the corner and said, "There is the husband who is dying of heart trouble." He made no move to speak to us, so with a few "words of life" to the wife, we went on our way.

The next Sunday, the teachers took the wife to the service in our little gospel hall. It was a communion service so Brother Hudson was present. The little woman was blessed and told Brother Hudson of her long desire to follow Christ in baptism, and of her burden for her husband, who would not yield to Christ. He held the position, that if Christ would heal him, he would follow Him.

The following week the husband was some better and we were all seated in a cozy corner with testimonies opened to Romans six, but we were speaking about other things, for the husband had found in Mr. Zachariah, an old friend and wanted to talk of the past. Others were interested too, for it was just at this time that we found out that the sick man was our old boy teacher. We were recalled to the Bible by the little wife who said, "Now let us talk." We had such a good Bible reading. You know how deep and searching that chapter is. Noticing that the husband was very weary with listening we left them promising to return. When we called again we found all ready for us. The little eager woman came very close and said, "Let us talk." We turned to John fourteen. All our hearts throbbed as we read and talked over these precious promises.

The little woman then told us how she had been thrown on God as her only support. "We Indians are taught to worship our husbands as gods, but I have had to support my husband. It has taken all my jewels to get him food and medicine. I know that God is my all." When it became necessary to take her husband to the hospital she had not an anna, but in answer to her prayer God sent her a little sewing to do. This work brought her one rupee and eight annas. With this she hired a cart and took him to the General Hospital. Here for a long time he lay between life and death.

Some thought it would be a good thing for him to go to Palakarani, his native village, but the city wife dreaded to go where she knew there would be no church. In a dream a baby said, "Go and have no fear. God will provide you a church." So she came and found our little church and satisfaction.

I must say here that unlike her husband she has never been an idol worshiper, but belongs to the Brahmo-Samaj, a sect that worships God. The happy woman who has been taught of God and has found in the cross of Christ her satisfaction.

While she was telling us these little bits of her life the husband turned to John fourteen and sat reading it aloud, each verse seemed to be sinking into his soul, and he yielded himself fully to God.

They pleaded so earnestly to be baptized at once that before we left it was all planned that they should go with Christ into the watery grave on Easter day morning. She appeared before the board on Saturday for their acceptance.

Easter morning their little home was radiant with joy and light. The husband told of a bad attack that was coming on but how it passed off when he prayed, "Jesus Christ I am following you today and must not have a bad attack this morning." She said "This is such a happy day. Was not Christ raised today? And we are going to be baptized."

The baptism took place in a beautiful little tank of water surrounded by trees. It was all peaceful and beautiful. From here we all went to the gospel hall and joined in a sweet communion service, after which a number gave short talks, and pleaded with God for His blessing on our newly found brother and sister.

**THE EMANCIPATION OF INDIA'S WOMEN.**

At Delhi, during "the first meeting of the English Queen with the women of India"—to use her gracious majesty's own phrase, the Queen-Empress remarked, "I have learned with deep satisfaction of the evolution which is gradually but surely taking place among the inmates of the purdah," and in her touching speech to "the sisterhood of the great Empire," her Majesty assured the women of India of her "ever-increasing solicitude for the happiness and welfare of all who live within the walls." No more notable proof that the emancipation of Indian womanhood is advancing can be adduced than some recent proceedings in Bombay. At a meeting held in support of a bill to legalize marriages between Hindus of different castes and persons of different creeds, before an audience largely composed of men, three Hindu women of social eminence, Lady Chandavarkar, Mrs. Ramade and Mrs. Mahipatram, were among the speakers. The rigidity of caste customs is too well known to need demonstration. It is significant indeed that Indian women's own fingers should be requisitioned to their country to unloose their yoke from their shoulders.—Missionary Review.
OUR JOURNEY TO THE HILLS.

ANNA B. HUDSON.

W E left Madras for the Hills Monday night, and after traveling all night arrived in Ootocamund at 3 p.m. the next day. It wasn't a very pleasant trip up for we had to separate and go into different compartments. I in a four berth compartment with two other European ladies as companions, which was very pleasant after we became acquainted; but Mr. Hudson had to put up with Mohammedans and Hindus passing in and out all night. After making our change at Metapalayan about 9 a.m. we took the mountain train up the Ghant. This train was very comfortable, and open similar to a trolley car and was pushed in the rear by a ponderous engine. The scenery all the way up was magnificent, looking down onto the sweltering plains in many places, crossing frail looking bridges over deep ravines hundred of feet to the bottom, and round the edges of precipices until one fairly trembled on looking down. After crossing several of these single track bridges we got used to the feeling of being suspended in air, and I quite enjoyed looking down into the valley below.

Miss Jones had put up a lunch for us and we enjoyed it very much while being slowly pushed up the mountains. In the same seat with us were five little children traveling with an uncle. They also seemed to enjoy the lunch.

Ootocamund is at the very end of the mountain railway and is a climb of over seven thousand feet. The air is very cold and bracing, the temperature averaging about sixty degrees at this time of year. It is monsoon time here, so we are having plenty of rain, but it doesn't rain steadily and we have managed to get out for a good walk every day so far. It does seem nice to walk along the streets and meet so many white faces and the next moment the young man who had made the plea for raising funds for foreign missions arose. "We have raised five hundred dollars to redeem the brooch," he said, joyfully. And then he stepped out of the pulpit, and fastened it once more on the plain, white-haired little woman's gown. "Your sacrifice has broken the ice," he said, huskily. "God bless you!"

And then, inspired by one frail, small woman's willingness to give her best toward the cause she loved, the great audience went to work, and the real meaning of the convention was made plain.—Epworth Herald.

A VALUABLE CATCH

While dragging the river with his nets a Brazilian fisherman pulled out a book, water soaked and mud stained. He was about to throw it away, since he could not read, but a bystander asked for it, took it home, carefully cleaned and dried it, and gave it to a relative, who passed it on to a friend who could read. The friend read the mud-stained book carefully, gathering his neighbors about him while he read to them. The book was a bible, and so eagerly was it welcomed that several people were ready for baptism when the first missionary came.—Selected.

A WONDERFUL ESCAPE

E. DORA ALLEN

T HE outstanding fact of the present is our wonderful escape from a deadly cobra, that crawled in amongst the girls one evening when they were taking the air in lazy fashion on the drill ground just in front of the Mango tree. It came with hood inflated and meant fight, but God worked for us and the deadly reptile was killed. That night as I realized that I might have had a dozen corpses all laid out for burial I understood what God had so lovingly averted.
The present occupant of headquarters appreciates this thoughtfulness on the part of the Hartford sisters very much; and feels sure that whoever may be in charge will; for it is no small problem for an individual with a small family to furnish bedding for four or five extra beds, from their personal supply. And we hereby convey the thanks of the Society to the thoughtful sisters at Hartford.

FIFTEENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION

The fifteenth annual convention of the Women's Home and Foreign Mission Society will be held at Alton Bay, N. H., August 13, 1912.

PROGRAM

Opening Hymn
Devotional Exercises
Appointment of Committees
Introductions
Roll-call of States and Locals
Reports of General and State Officers
Reports from the Field
Noontide Prayer
Bible Reading
Unfinished Business
Amending Constitution
Election of Officers
New Business
Reports of Committees
Reading of Minutes
Adjournment

Address by Rev. Z. Chas. Beals
Special Music

Executive and Advisory Board Meeting

There will be a meeting of the Executive and Advisory Boards at Alton Bay Headquarters, Wednesday, August 14, at 8 a.m. That it may be clear as to who compose the Advisory Board, and the duties of the same, we give the sections of Article VI of the By-Laws which relate to it.

Sec. 6. A President shall be elected in each State or Province by the local societies of such State or Province. These State Presidents, together with heads of department and officers appointed by the Executive Board, shall constitute an Advisory Board.

Sec. 7. The Executive Board shall direct the affairs of the Society, and have full charge of the expenditure of all moneys to carry out the joint action of the Executive and Advisory Boards.

Sec. 8. The Executive Board, together with the Advisory Board, shall determine the opening and closing of all missions or mission work, the appointing of additional officials and other expenditures.

HE TAUGHT HIS MASTER.

How did you first hear of Christ? a missionary asked of a well-to-do Hindu farmer who came to ask more about the gospel.

"I had a servant on my farm, and he prayed as he worked. One day I heard him praying as he cut the fodder and asked him for what he was praying. 'That God may bless your cattle with this fodder,' he said. I want to know more about a religion like that."—Selected.
M R. BEALS presented his report of the investigation of the charges made against the W. H. & F. M. work in India, at a Joint Board meeting of the A. C. P.: A. E. M.; and W. H. & F. M. societies, July 16th. To this meeting Mrs. Taylor and her board were invited, and four of them were present.

After the report had been read, and many questions asked Mr. Beals, a vote was taken to publish a condensed form of the same in all our denominational papers, and to give the full report into the hands of the W. H. & F. M. Society, who will publish it in pamphlet form, if there is sufficient demand for the same. Therefore, if anyone desires the full report, a copy should be sent to the W. H. & F. M. office, 5 Whiting St., Boston, Mass., stating the fact that they may know.

The following is the condensed report of Mr. Beals, as arranged by the committee appointed for that purpose:

While preparing for going home via Japan and the Pacific I received a letter asking me to go by the way of India and investigate the charges brought against the missionaries there. I accepted the responsibility, but with a heavy heart, for I had heard that there was trouble there of some kind between the W. H. & F. M. S. and Mrs. Taylor's new mission, and being a friend of both parties I almost refused to take the responsibility, for I felt sure one or both parties were in the wrong, and I did not care to hurt the feelings of any one. However, as I prayed over it, I came to see that it was my duty to my denomination to go, so I sailed from Shanghai April 27, for India.

When I reached Guindy, I found letters waiting me from Mrs. Taylor and my old friend Mr. Wentworth, a member of the Bible Faith Mission, asking me to visit their work and get acquainted with their workers. A cablegram also came from Mr. Wentworth asking me to count Mr. Vedantachar's library. I also received a pamphlet entitled, "A True but Partial History of The Woman's Home and Foreign Mission Society of The Advent Christian Denomination." This revealed to me the story of The Woman's Home and Foreign Mission Society of W. H. & F. M. office, 5 Whiting St., Boston, Mass., stating the fact that they may know.

Mr. and Mrs. Hudson. As I quietly questioned them they all, with one accord, said they were perfectly happy. Even Jacob, who the B. F. M. people claimed was so cruelly beaten by Mr. Hudson, said "I am very happy." On questioning Mr. Hudson, he said, "Yes, I whipped him, he deserved it, and Jacob is glad I did rather than turn him out." The cause of the trouble was with one of the other boys. Jacob got very angry and cursed with the most obscene language, which for a moment could not be tolerated in any institution.

Regarding Mr. Patoncean, I should judge him to be a quiet, inoffensive man. He does not deny that he punished the boys by whipping, but in no way cruelly. It is stated in Mrs. Taylor's pamphlet that he beat the boys for hours at a time.

I then asked Mr. Vedantachari if he thought things like that, which were printed in the pamphlet, "A True but Partial History," even if true, were necessary. He said, "No, that is far too overdrawn." Then I asked, "Why did you let this kind of testimony go on to America?" He said, "I did not at all, it isn't true." This satisfied me as far as this case went, that the report was untrue about fainting and bleeding. Then I went with Miss Saunders to see the baby orphans. I said to myself, "now if there is fear here they will hang back." But judge my surprise when the whole lot of little tots came tripping out and rushed for "Auntie Jess" with a cry of glee, and while we were going over the buildings they were leading her by the hands or pulling her by the skirt. "You are not terrible," I said to her, "for if you were, these kiddies would not be so fond of you." As I met the children I could see and know they were very fond of all the missionaries.

Drinking

The second day at Guindy one of the B. F. M. teachers, who had written the report of the drinking to Mrs. Taylor, came to Mrs. Allan and then to me, saying how sorry he was that he had lied about drinking and asked forgiveness. He was greatly forgiven and he said he would, and he did so, and his written testimony completely exonerates the missionaries from the charge of intemperance.

Cruelty at Vilacharie

As I went over the work at Vilacharie, seeing the boys at their work, watching their happy faces, hearing them sing their joyful songs. I came to the conclusion there wasn't any fear here of Mr. and Mrs. Hudson. As I quietly questioned them they all, with one accord, said they were perfectly happy. Even Jacob, who the B. F. M. people claimed was so cruelly beaten by Mr. Hudson, said "I am very happy." On questioning Mr. Hudson, he said, "Yes, I whipped him, he deserved it, and Jacob is glad I did rather than turn him out." The cause of the trouble was with one of the other boys. Jacob got very angry and cursed with the most obscene language, which for a moment could not be tolerated in any institution.

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them they were working,” too hard and too serious, and must lighten up a bit, or if not their work in India would be shortened.

I very carefully tried to find out the mind of people both foreign and native regarding the status of the work and workers of the W. H. & F. M. I was told the same story. “They are doing a grand work, and their discipline is not severe.”

I called on the native Judge, the one who tried the case of the seven boys. I asked him about the 217 witnesses against the mission. He said, “Oh, you can get any number of witnesses to testify against you for 100 per cent each. The mission was lucky to have only 217. I had over 2,000 names down to testify against me once which was proven false. This is a common thing here in India. We have hard work to get a true testimony from a native.”

The Work, and Workers, of the B. F. M.

Right here let me say, I have met Mr. Vedantachari a number of times; we had many talks on Indian affairs and Bible truths. He is a good-looking, intelligent man. I also visited their work and went to two of their services. I found their work located exactly in the district where Mr. Vedantachari used to work while under the W. H. & F. M. S., with only one exception. I said, “Why do you work here in this old work district? Why don’t you go out to the country beyond that is not worked?” He said, “That is our idea, when money enough comes, I would like to clear out and preach to those who have never heard, some day.” There is surely no crying need in this district by his testimony, and also the testimony of workers under the Wesleyans and Society of Propagation of the Gospel, who also share this district with the W. H. & F. M. The workers of the B. F. M. seemed to be bright, earnest Christian workers, which speaks well for the missionaries of the W. H. & F. M. who trained almost all of them.

In trying to get at the reasons why the present B. F. M. workers should want to leave the work of the W. H. & F. M. S. and go to the B. F. M., I found the salary question cut a large figure. Mrs. Taylor gives larger pay than was given by the W. H. & F. M. or the Government scale. As I have found out in China, and I feel sure the same is true in India, as conditions and temperament are the same, a rise in salary is a great temptation for natives to leave their positions and go to others who give more.

I called on a leading Hindu gentleman of Madras, a graduate of Edinburgh, Scotland, and Sarsaca, New York, universities. Both he and his father are among the best known and best read men in Southern India. He favors Indian control, but he says the time is not yet. Probably in twenty-five to fifty years, and then only when the Indian conscience is truly formed and their own money given and not foreign.

The split can result in nothing but evil, while a giving up of the policy of Indian control advocated by Mrs. Taylor, which she surely must now know to be wrong, and dropping into the regular work, would glorify God and be a blessing to many in India.

FROM OUR WORKERS

The members of the W. H. & F. M. society of Dover, N. H., have been making a special effort to build up their society, and by request gladly give a report of their efforts for the benefit and encouragement of other locals:

We have always found it difficult to obtain new members, or to interest many in the church in mission work, at our regular meeting in March we decided to make a special effort along this line, after discussing it together, it was voted to have a membership campaign to last three months. The members were divided into two sides, the “Reds” and the “Blues,” with a leader appointed for each side, each member wore a little red or blue ribbon how to show which side they were on. It was also voted that the side bringing in the most new members, at the end of the contest should be given a supper and entertainment by the other side, at

the home of one of its members. This made the contest quite exciting and nearly all the members became enthusiastic and anxious for their side to win, thus causing a pleasant rivalry between the two sides. According to agreement the “Reds” were royally entertained by the “Blues” at the home of one of its members, on the afternoon and evening of June 14th. Supper was served on the lawn to about ninety of the church people. In the evening a fine literary and musical programme was carried out with appropriate remarks by our pastor.

Through this effort many in our church and congregation, who have always hesitated and held back from uniting with our society, have come in with us, altogether we have taken in sixty-six (66) new members.

We feel that the Lord has blessed our efforts and good has come from it in many ways. We would recommend this plan to other locals who desire to build up their society.

Secretary

ANNUAL MEETING.

The W. H. & F. M. Societies of Connecticut will hold their annual meeting on the Plainville Campground, Thursday, August 20th at 1 p.m. Let every society plan to have a delegation at this meeting.

MRS. RICHARD BLAND, Pres.
MRS. H. H. FULLER, Sec.

NOTICE

The annual meeting of the New Hampshire W. H. & F. M. society will be held in the Lowell chapel, Alton Bay, N. H., August 21, 1912, at 4 o’clock p.m. All New Hampshire sisters on the grounds are urgently requested to attend.

IDA W. MURPHY, Pres.
NELLIE J. JENNESS, Sec.
OUR FIVE EVANGELISTS

C. H. HUDSON.

Read ing from left to right: standing, Mr. Arokiaswami, Mr. Zacheriah; sitting, Mr. Gnanapragason, Mr. Raju, Mr. Manasseh. These are our five evangelists and we wish to introduce them to you at this time.

Mr. Arokiaswami was for a number of years a worker in the press. He was brought to see the truths we teach through Mr. Zacheriah. We knew him to be staunch to the truth and so asked him to take up the work of evangelist and colporteur. He began this work this year and has given satisfaction in it.

Mr. Zacheriah is the oldest worker in the Mission, having been in it for more than twenty years. He was converted from Hinduism when quite a young man, and soon after came in contact with Mr. Massalimoni. He worked under Capt. Spence as colporteur and is now known as the Capt. Spence memorial worker. He enjoys talking doctrine as much as a hungry man does a good meal. His special place of work is along the Canal.

Mr. Gnanapragason has only been with us a short time. He was for years an officer in the Salvation Army. He has had good experience in open-air preaching and is not afraid to preach Christ to the people as their only Saviour. His father was a preacher and a close friend of Mr. Massalimoni’s. When he preached on conditional immortality in his church, he was criticised very severely by some of the Madras papers.

Mr. Raju was for many years connected with the American Methodist Episcopal Mission in Madras. He has been with us for one year and a half. He is in charge of our Saidapet reading room and does evangelistic work in that and the surrounding places.

Mr. Manasseh was formerly a worker in the London Mission. He is now in charge of the Jeldenpet dispensary and does evangelistic work in that circuit.

Only two of these men are fully supported. Will not those who are interested in the preaching of the Word and tract distribution here in India, take up the support of the other three? We believe that these are all doing good work and are worthy of support.

(The average salary of these workers is sixty dollars a year.—Editor.)

“PLEASE LEAD ME.”

A member of our Bible-school was sent by a minister to visit certain members of the church who had been very irregular in attendance. In one home the young woman was absent, and the grandmother of about sixty years invited her to come in. Very soon the conversation was turned to the subject of religion, and the old lady said she was a Buddhist. They talked of both religions, comparing special points, until the old lady became very much interested and said: “Your God sent you to talk to me to-day. You are not like other people. You look different.” She saw what we see in the face of Christians, and begged the student to come again, saying, “Please lead me to your religion.”—Clara Alward, in The Missionary Link.

A SMALL BOY’S THREAT.

A small missionary tells this story:

In the Thoburn family was one little fellow who enjoyed sitting in the church gallery with other missionary boys. The floor was bare, and small boots made considerable noise. So the mother said, “If you are noisy you must not sit there.”

Another trial was given, and there was still “motion” enough to disturb the listening mother. Her verdict was, “You must sit in the pew with me hereafter.”

Silence followed, in which a threat terrible enough to meet the emergency grew in the boy’s brain. “If you don’t let me sit up there, I’ll—I’ll worship idols when I grow big!”—Children’s Missionary Friend.

TREASURER’S REPORT

The treasurer’s report has been omitted this month, because of the press of the camp-meeting work added to the fact, that in order to get our paper out before the annual convention, we must have all the copy in the printer’s hands, several days earlier than usual, made it impossible for us to prepare the treasurer’s report in time. We would say, however, that our receipts have been very light this month, and ask that our supporters generously remember us during August, for we shall need more than the usual amount this month as we have to meet the extra expense of Miss Keeney’s transit; and shall need, at least $1,500 for August. The monies received for both July and August will be given in the September paper. Maude M. Chadsey, Treasurer.
A TALK WITH THE JUNIORS

Most of you, boys and girls, know that the King of England is ruler over Canada and also over India. He is called the Emperor of India and the queen is called Empress of India.

If King George should say to some man or woman in England, I have some children in Canada who are in needy circumstances; in fact, they are half-starved. They are ignorant, naked, and suffering; and do not know anything about me and how much I care for them. Now I want you to go over there and find those children and take care of them for me. Feed and clothe them, and if any are sick treat them properly until they are well, then teach them about me and the rules of my kingdom. Tell them I am coming to see them some day, and I want them to be ready to meet me. You may find it rather hard at first for they have never heard of me and may not believe all you say and they may not use you very well; but don’t you be afraid, I will take care of you. If you need anything, you ask for it and I will give it to you, and I will supply the money for their education.

If such a thing should happen how quickly and willingly that person would prepare for his journey. He would feel that he had been highly honored and would tell his friends, the king has chosen me to find his lost children and I am going to start on the next steamship that sails. His friends would be glad for him and would help him get ready, and be anxious for him to succeed, for if he did this work well the king might give him another position with greater honors.

Now a good many years ago, King Jesus said to some men, “Go ye” into all the world and tell the people how I love them and want them to love me. If any are hungry feed them, clothe them if they need clothing, and minister to them when they are sick. Tell them if they will love me and do as I want them to that when I come back they shall live with me forever in my beautiful home.

Jesus knew those men would have a hard time so he told them not to be afraid but to trust Him and He would take care of them. Sometimes they were treated very badly but they were brave and loved Jesus so they did not stop but told everyone they could about Jesus and his great love for them.

Some of the people believed and then they wanted to tell others about Jesus. It is that way now for we who love Jesus and are going to have a home with him in his beautiful kingdom want to tell others so they can know about Jesus and what he will do for all who love Him.

Some years ago King Jesus spoke to some women here in America, saying, I have some children over in India who are in a lost and dying condition. I want you to rescue them, feed and clothe them, and have them get ready to live with me for I am coming soon. He made them the same promises he did those men so many years ago. They believed his promises and very soon found some of those children and began taking care of them. Now we want to learn about those children for this same message has come to us, and we are going to work for King Jesus.

M. E. Rowe

THE IRON DONKEY.

Bicycles are very strange things in Africa. The children chase after missionaries who ride them, shrieking with delight. Amid yells of laughter they cry, “Look at the iron donkey!” Some of them call it “the road engine,” “the ghost,” or “the bird.” Often the people will follow the missionary, as he rides along. When they reach the mission house or some shady tree, he will get off and talk to them about the love of their Heavenly Father. So you see the “Iron Donkey” helps to spread the good news.—Selected.

CRADLE ROLL

Allen Theodore Witter, Brawley, California, 1908.
Grace Myrtle Witter, Brawley, California, 1910.
Florence Ethel Witter, Brawley, California, 1912.
Cavilla DeBlois, Brawley, California, 1909.
Edna DeBlois, Brawley, California, 1911.
Ruth Catherine Welcome, Westmoreland, California, 1911.
Helen Louise Woodworth, Bear River, N. S., June 30, 1906.
Wilbur Obadiah Parker, Bear River, N. S., March 6, 1908.
Evelyn Lee Stewart, Bear River, N. S., June 12, 1910.
Beatrice Roberta Read, Bear River, N. S., July 7, 1909.
Mildred Joyce Videts, Bear River, N. S., January 2, 1909.