THE VILACHERIE BUNGALOW

We are pleased to give this month a cut of the bungalow which Bro. Hudson has built at Vilacherie. Bro. and Sister Hudson have been living in it since June last, and a fine description of the building was given by Sister Hudson in the October paper, a portion of which we reprint, believing that our readers will be interested to read it again in connection with the picture.

"The house is built somewhat different from the manner of Indian bungalows, for we desired to make it as much like our houses at home as possible, therefore we have a hall which is seldom seen in India. On the left of the hall extends our drawing room, dining-room, and kitchen in a row, back of the hall are the stairs to the roof and the bath-room. On the right of the hall is Mr. Hudson's office and the bedroom. A lovely roomy veranda runs around two sides of the house, which being the sunniest sides, protects the rooms from the heat. From the veranda we get a very nice view straight across the paddy fields to the Palavaram hills in the distance, and it is across this big open plain that our lovely breezes come.

"By degrees we have had the jungle, that was all about the house, cleared out and already Mr. Hudson has arranged and had set out some plants which give the place a more homey look. They were very kind at Guindy, when transplanting their house plants they sent us an abundant share of them.

"We sleep up on the open roof, and it is a delight to enjoy the open air all night. There is a roof over the section where our beds are so we are nicely protected when it rains. It is so arranged that if ever the occasion arises rooms can easily be partitioned off up there. We have cement floors all over the house and veranda, and they are very sanitary and proof against white ants.

"Altogether we are very happy and satisfied with our home and feel that God has indeed been good in giving it to us to live in. Our health is fifty per cent better here than while we were in the press room, and we feel sure that we will be able to do more efficient work because of it."
I HAVE just returned (Jan. 22) from a ten-
days' trip that took me from Madras on the
eastern side of the peninsula to British
Malabar and Cochin on the south-western
side. The trip was undertaken primarily for
the purpose of introducing and disposing of the
first Malayalam edition of Jesus is Coming,
by W. E. Blackstone, although at the same time we
were enabled to visit our work on that coast,
and dispose of considerable other literature.

Our party was made up of Zachariah, an or-
phanage boy and myself, and we took with us
1200 books and a large number of tracts. We
had planned to visit every town on the Malabar
coast, from Mangalore in the north to the most
southern part of Tranvancore, the field of that
most self-sacrificing of Jesuit missionaries, Fran-
cis Xavier, thinking that if we sold twelve or
twenty books in each place, on such a subject, we
would do well.

Our first stopping place was Pazhanji, here
we started out, Zachariah with five books, the
boy with four and I with six, resolved with God's
help to dispose of that many in that village.
They were all gone in a few minutes and we were
back for more. Instead of visiting about twenty
towns we visited only five and our Malayalam
stock was exhausted. The boy went south with
the remaining Tamil literature, and Zachariah
and I returned home. A large part of our trav-
eling was done nights in bullock carts, so as to
give us the days free for work.

The traveling expenses of the trip, which were
rather heavy on account of the distances traveled
and the inconveniences in reaching some out-of
the-way places, were met by Mr. Blackstone.
Instead of having to take along a party to help
in singing, I had with me the very latest thing
out in talking machines, a pathephone, a hornless
machine, very compact and powerful, with a
good selection of hymns. This I was enabled
to procure through the generosity of our good
friend, Bro. D. A. Davis. It proved to be the
thing for drawing the people, after which the
message could be delivered. It is out this week
as an assistant to Miss Saunders and Miss Jones.

In most of the villages visited the majority of
the people are Syrian Christians and have for a
long time been in a very dead condition, but evi-
dences of a revival among them are manifest,
one was the readiness with which they bought
our literature. The book, Jesus is Coming, was
sold for one anna a copy (two cents). That
may not sound much to you but it represents
a quarter of a day's salary for a large portion
of the population of India. Of these books,
alone, we sold nearly one thousand copies and
could have sold many more but were compelled
to refuse several who wanted large numbers for
distribution. That such a thing could be pos-
sible many would not have believed and I can
attribute it to nothing else but the hand of God
moving among the people and stirring them up
to the fact of Christ's near coming.

Captain Spence and his helpers have worked
this field in the past. The seed sown was suf-
ficient to make the people hungry and thirsty
after like teaching. Now it is our duty to sat-
ify the need created. This we are not at present
doing. Instead of printing books and tracts by
the thousand we should be printing them by the
ten thousand. Many of the people on the Mal-
abar coast, in their desire for the truth, are wading
through books printed by our people in England
and America, which are written in a strange
tongue to them. This, I think, is the first at-
tempt to give them anything in book form of
this nature in their own tongue. The reason
we have not done it before is because the funds
have not been forthcoming. I have asked for
this before but there has been no response, per-
haps my appeal has not met the eye of the right
party, or I may have failed to make the need
plain. At present our monthly allowance is
not sufficient to meet our running expenses, we
make up the deficit with money we earn. This
I think will make the position plain. If it stirs
up some one to give us fifty or one hundred dol-
ars to put a good work before the people or re-
print some that are nearly exhausted, my object
for writing this article will have been achieved.

Our friend, Mr. Blackstone, has done nobly
by us, allowed us to change his work to suit the
views of our body and then paid the expense of
publishing and distributing the same.

I can give particulars to any who desire to
help us in putting out a good tract or book in any
one of the south Indian languages or in English.
Those who cannot help us financially in this,
please make this work a definite object of your
prayers.

Knowing our people's readiness to respond to
a need when made known, I am waiting in faith.
BUSY DAYS
Bertha E. Keeney

A MONTH has gone since I last wrote. Although there is much sameness to every day, time seems to fly faster than at home. I once read that English people like India because the climate is so bright and cheerful, compared with England, and probably that is why time does not drag.

We celebrated Miss Jones’ birthday Saturday, January 4th, by all from Guindy going to the beach. Mrs. Allan plans for the girls to go once a year and decided on that day. Bullock carts were provided to take the children; when we passed them, in the carriage, they were all singing happily. Most of the girls went in bathing and the others played hop-scotch. We started at four o’clock and had supper on the sand. Joseph made Miss Jones a birthday cake.

When you read the English letters, notice the one from Jevurathananam. (These English letters are the ones that have been written by the girls to their supporters in America.—Editor.) I have always liked her because she is kind, gentle and appreciative, and was pleased to see the originality in her letter, although she has studied English only two years and it is as confusing to her as Tamil is to us. I teach the three older classes English one period a day and have eighteen in the class.

Last Saturday we held our annual church business meeting for the election of officers and committees. I was received as a member and then surprised by being elected church treasurer.

It is still comfortably cool here and everything is green and thrifty. All have been remarkably well so far this year.

THE STORY OF A SILENT PARTNER

The following account of large giving is told by Rev. J. Campell White:—

A German friend said to me: “I am now in a very good position in business, but I have seen other days than these. When a boy of fourteen years, my father died. I remember one sleepless night when I did not know where to find daily bread for my mother and four younger sisters and brother, and I do not yet understand how we all got through.

I started in business with a school friend with a small capital, and through great ups and downs, after a dozen years we were about as far along as at the beginning. After that I alone continued the business, which improved slowly.

“Once in a downward period I was in great anxiety lest a ship might be wrecked, and in my anxiety I promised that if my great invisible Friend would once more save me from the storm, I would spend five per cent of my further income for benevolent purposes.

“The danger passed by, and I remember how my wife, who did not know of this vow, was very happy when she remarked that I never said no when she asked me if she might spend still more money for such or such good purposes. When at last I revealed to her the plan of that five per cent, she enjoyed doubly the weeks before Christmas, when she could supply almost every modest need of her women friends among the poor people of our city.

“Then a time came when business began to flourish in a surprising way. In one year my capital grew to more than half as much as it had increased in the thirty years before. The blessing was so great that I really got a little startled. A strange thought began to come into my mind. I had heard often of men who, having grown rich, had become hard-hearted, and I began to fear lest I might submit to such influences of wealth and become avaricious. This thought really frightened me. I began a little to fear to grow rich! To get peace of mind about it, I devised the following plan: taking a sheet of paper, I roughly sketched a kind of vow that if my property should ever reach a certain amount, I would divide any surplus beyond that, putting half of it upon an extra account, and considering this account as not belonging to myself, but to manage it so that the interest it gained should be exclusively spent for God’s purposes in the world.

“I made the further conditions that those gifts that in a certain way are morally forced upon us, and cannot very well be avoided, also should be given by myself and not by the new account.

“From what I had experienced the last ten or fifteen years, I calculated and dared to hope that the fixed limit for the beginning of this secret partnership might be reached in ten or twelve years.

“Again the flood rushed in, and in such a way that within three years my capital was nearly tripled, and I was obliged to open the new account, which I called ‘Account II,’ opening it with an amount equal to more than half of that which the first thirty years of my work had brought to me.

“In occasional hard times I should have been in great embarrassment without my secret account, in order to continue certain yearly gifts that were expected by my friends for needy work, but now, being only the steward, I can give freely. I remember many a day when the only transaction in business that really gave me satisfaction was a gift from ‘Account II.’

“I may say that I am thankful for having the ‘silent partner’ who knows how to make money for both of us, and gives me unspeakable joy as his steward.”—Friends’ Missionary Advocate.
THE two articles, from the pen of Bro. Hudson, which are found in this issue, will, we hope, inspire our readers to contribute to the literary, or tract department as it is called, of our work. For as will be seen by the articles referred to, our output of literature falls far short of the demand for it. The question will naturally arise as to why we do not increase this department of our work. The answer is very clear. Simply because we have not the funds to do it with. Our work consists of several different departments, evangelistic, orphanage, zenana, school, literary, etc. Gifts are made by our supporters to carry on each of these different departments some receiving more and others less support. We have tried to fairly divide our income according to the needs of the different departments and to allow each one a certain amount every month with which to carry on its work, making up what is lacking, in special contributions, from the gifts that are sent in without signifying for what they are to be used; which, together with our membership dues, make up our general fund. We allow for the literary department fifty dollars a month, and this has to be taken almost wholly from our general fund. For as will be seen by the articles referred to, our output of literature falls far short of the demand for it. The question is naturally to arise as to why we do not increase this department of our work. The answer is very clear.

No matter how small our wee talent may be, It is bound to increase, if we work faithfully.

Other envelopes bore this inscription:

"It is only a dime,
A mere pittance I know,
But it's bound to increase
If we to work straight I go."

Our sisters surely did go straight to work with their talents, and the results were more than we had dared to hope.

After the usual opening exercises of songs, prayers, Scripture lesson, etc., each sister, in turn, told of the different ways in which she had improved upon her talent. Some of the ways were quite amusing and showed that our loyal band did not scorn any labor that was honorable and within their power to perform. One dear sister who does her housework and works in the shop as well, outdid all the rest, bringing in $4.50. Her washing that she usually sent to the laundry, she did evenings at home.
She popped corn and sold to the girls in the shop and to her neighbors. She also did other things which required time and strength. We all felt that every penny of that offering was sacred for it meant sacrifice. We are sure that the One who, centuries ago, beheld a poor woman cast her two mites into the treasury, looked upon our dear sister with the same approving smile.

The seventeen dimes that were given out in talents a few weeks ago returned, multiplied many fold, our treasurer receiving from them $20.50 and as yet they are not quite all in.

After the experiences were given one sister read a spicy little article entitled, "A Missionary Box that Scandalized the Neighborhood." Letters from some of our missionaries were also read. A social hour followed and light refreshments were served. Before going home, all joined heartily in singing, "Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow," for we felt that we surely had been blessed in our efforts.

Lois M. Ellinwood.

THE Woman's Home and Foreign Mission Society of the Advent Christian Church, Beers Street, New Haven, Conn., was organized March 7th, 1907 with a membership of nine ladies. Since that time up to the close of the year 1912, nearly five years, good work has been done, especially during the past year in which we have had only six working members. We have paid into our church work since the year 1912, nearly five years, good work has been done, especially during the past year in which we have had only six working members.

We have raised since our organization $545.25. As a special work we support a child in India.

Mrs. L. W. Brown, Treasurer.

THE following is taken from a personal letter from the president of the Providence, R. I. local:

"We are to have a Livingstone evening March 19th. Our local society is holding Ladies' prayer meetings each Wednesday afternoon at the homes of the sick and shut ins. I am not able to have a study class, our middle aged women are so busy. The younger ones have a student class and have studies on missionary life and work in connection with their Bible studies so you see we are all quite alive as a church on mission subjects.

B. S. Hazard, President.

The president of the Arena, N. Y., local writes as follows regarding their society.

Those of our readers, who have visited Arena, and know the long distance these members live from each other will realize that it requires considerable effort to get together for a meeting:

We had a mission meeting here in our home January 30. There were about a dozen ladies present. All seemed interested, and it was very encouraging to me. We made two quilts which we will send to you to dispose of as you think best. Will send them when we send box for your next India shipment. We have seventeen on our list now as members.

Olive Braisland, President.

THE W. H. & F. M. societies of the Southern Mass. district will have charge of the meeting Thursday evening, March 27th, at New Bedford, in connection with the Southern district conference. A Livingstone evening is being planned we understand.

NOTICE

THE annual meeting of the Rhode Island and Eastern Connecticut W. H. & F. Mission society will be held March 27th, at 2 p.m., at the Dexter St. A. C. Church, Providence, R. I., when the annual reports will be given and the election of officers will take place. The business session will be followed by an address by Mrs. Maude M. Chadsey.

SOME INTERESTING MEETINGS

Anna B. Hudson

OUR Christmas was indeed a delight, but the weeks and days leading up to it had been strenuous with all kinds of duties, so we felt as if we would just love to run away for a day or two for rest and change.

A canal trip was proposed for as many of us as could go. Later this was considered inadvisable, so a few days by the sea was planned. Miss Jones, Mr. Hudson and I were the ones who finally decided to go, and Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 1st, found us ploughing through the deep sand to Nilengeiri beach and school house.

It being vacation time it made the going of about twenty of our boys possible.

The school house at Nilengeiri was blown over during the last monsoon, so the present one is new, and while building it a room was added on to one end for camping purposes. It has already proved a boon to our missionaries who have to tour that section in zenana and village school work. As the sand is so deep, no foundation for a building is possible, so posts are set up, upon which thick tightly woven mats are tied for walls. The floor being the clean beach sand. The roof is thatched with palmyra leaves, like a native hut.

We arrived about dark, and about an hour after came the bullock cart with the "samaan." It was soon unloaded and Joseph hastily prepared us a light supper. Cot beds were put up, and as we were tired, nine o'clock found us sleeping with the strong sea breeze whistling around us. The boys stowed themselves comfortably away in the school room.

Mr. Hudson took along his new pathephone, which he was enabled to purchase through the generous gift of friends, and next day played it for the villagers. The way they crowded and
packed that building made me hold my breath at times for its safety. The room was filled until not another one could find space, then every window and crack large enough to admit an eye was covered. The pushing, chattering, slapping over seeing space was most amusing. Inside it was stifling, with smells as well as heat, but the quiet and opened-mouthed attention while the pathephone played was wonderful. Mr. Hudson would run off a couple of selections then while they were nice and still some one would get in a two- or three-minute talk to them. When they began to get noisy again more music would quiet them. For hours this kept up, then they were sent away and in the evening it was repeated until ten o'clock.

It was impossible to count the crowds, but each time it was estimated that between two and three hundred people were in and around that little building.

One morning we sent around asking only women and girls to come. They were given room inside, while the men and boys were forcibly kept to the rear and outside. This seemed a strange procedure to them, for never are the women shown any attention, to speak of, while they themselves will instinctively give place to the men every time. They enjoyed it greatly, and at one time nearly two hundred women and girls were counted inside, while there were many outside who could not come in. Of course, all the babies had to come with the women and consequently this meeting was more noisy and harder to manage than the other, but all the while the music was going they would keep as still as could be, but it was hard work to get talks in between. It certainly was good to see so many women together at once, and we could only do our best by giving them a few words of the Gospel, leaving the results with God.

In between the meetings we strolled on the beach, Mr. Hudson and the boys bathed, and all thoroughly enjoyed themselves. One morning we rose early to see the fishermen launch out in their clumsy catamarans and rope tied boats. The surf is always so rough that they have a long time getting beyond the breakers, being often upset and washed back to shore only to try it over again. Little tiny boys went out with their fathers and it was wonderful to see how clever they were in keeping their place on those crude narrow logs. Two or three old fishermen were very anxious to have one of us go out a little way with them, promising not to upset us and to bring us back safely, but we all thought it quite exciting enough to watch them, without venturing into that boiling surf on so frail a craft.

**Christianity as Revealed by the Census**

_The London Times_ gives an analysis of the completed figures of the last census taken by the British government, which is brim full of encouragement. "There are 3,574,000 native Christians in India—apart from Eurasian Christians. The Roman Catholics still have first place, with 1,394,000 adherents, but the advance of Roman Catholicism in the decade is surprisingly small compared with Protestant progress. In the ten years the Protestant Christians have increased by nearly half a million, compared with the 272,000 increase among Catholics. The Baptists have grown in numbers from 217,000 to 331,000 and are now only a few hundreds behind the Anglicans, who take first place with 332,000—an increase of 26,000 in the period. Congregationalists have made very marked numerical progress, especially in Southern India, and they now have 134,000—an increase of 97,000 in ten years. The Presbyterians have added 120,000, and the Methodists 96,000. The total Christian population of India is now nearly four millions, or about one in every eighty of the 315,000,000 living in the great Dependency."—Missionary Review.

**EVERY impulse and stroke of missionary power on earth is from the heart of Christ. He sows and there is a harvest. He touches nations, and there arises a brotherhood, not only civilized by His light, but sanctified by His love. The isles of the ocean wait for Him. He spreads His net and gathers of every kind, and lo! the burden of the sea is not only fishes but fishermen, who go and gather and come again. If there are activity, free giving, ready going, a full treasury, able men who say, "Here am I, send me," it is because through all the organization Christ lives, and His personal Spirit works. There is no other possible spring for that enthusiasm."—Bishop Huntington.
IMPORTANCE OF LITERARY WORK

C. H. Hudson

THE great need that exists in India for a press, that dispenses truth that is in accordance with God's Word, is emphasized by the following translation from the literature, printed and circulated by a Protestant Society, that does most of the literary work for the Missions of So. India.

"There is a hell below in the lower world, where there are evil spirits, devils and goblins. Satan the prince of the devils rules that place with an iron rod. That hell is a world of utter darkness. It is a wretched place full of sin. There neither happiness, friendship or joy exists. It is called an ocean of fire. Those that go there become eternal slaves to the devils who will torment them. They will be subject to never ending punishment without finding any happiness. There they will be forever and ever, sobbing, weeping, beating their breasts and grinding their teeth. The miseries of that world of hell are beyond the reach of our description or conception."

When the beautiful truths of Christianity are presented to the people in this way is it not a wonder that it makes the progress that it does? Truly it has been said that some of Christ's friends seeing this will have a desire to help in the literary work that our denomination is doing here. There are many ways you can do this.

First—We are greatly in need of several little things that do not cost much, but which would help us greatly in putting out the work. Fuller particulars will be given to anyone desiring to help in this direction.

Second—Some may desire to pay for the translating and re-printing of a good tract, that is turned out by one of our publishing houses at home. If so this can be easily arranged, a few dollars in this direction go a long way in this country.

Third—Last but not least, we need the prayers of God's people for each worker in every department of this great work.

IN BUSINESS FOR GOD

WILLIS R. HOTCHKISS mentions a friend who has a business amounting to a quarter of a million dollars. He devotes two hours a day to business, and the rest of his time to the interests of the Kingdom of God. Some one asked him how it was that he could spend so much time away from business and he said: "It is like this—I have a Partner in my business, and we have an understanding that when I am away on His business He takes care of mine."—Exchange.

TREASURER'S REPORT

Receipts for February, 1913

California—M. C. Clothier, 75 cts.; Mrs. Darius Gillette, 75 cts.; Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Davis, $100; San Francisco local, $5; Napa local, $2.50; Santa Cruz local, $2.50; Oakland local, $1.50.

Connecticut—Danbury Tithe Class, $13; Hartford local, $5; Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Green, $15.

Florida—E. E. Ellis, 50 cts.; V. P. Simmons, $2.48; S. J. Powell, $3.60.

Maine—Auburn local, $8.50; Mrs. R. J. Bickford, $1.25; Harriet Bennet, 20 cts.; Biddeford local, $7; Minerva Jordan, $1.

Massachusetts—Boston church, $1.50; C. W. Burlingame, $3; Mrs. F. R. Sawtelle, 75 cts.; Springfield local, $11; rent, $19; E. G. Hall, $1; Plymouth local, $5; New Bedford local, $11; Somerville local, $28; Worcester local, $10; Lowell S. S., $5; Mary E. Hinckley, $1; Eva May Woodward, 20 cts., L. Welch's S. S. class, $1.77; Boston local, $10; Boston Y. W. A., $28; Taunton local, $2; Mrs. A. M. Thompson, $3; Augustus White, $10; Acushnet and Braley Station local, 50 cts.; M. M. C., $5.

New Hampshire—I. M. Currie, $15; Belmont Y. W. A., $1; Annie Kirkby, $1; Olive A. Johnson, 50 cts.; Alice E. Bledgett, 50 cts.; Danbury Y. W. A., $1.25; Concord local, $11; Pittsfield local, $6.50; Belmont local, $5.50; Northwood Narrows local, $2.50; Mary A. Elliott, $1; a New Hampshire friend, $100.

New York—Hoosick local, $3; E. M. Van Dyke, $1; Rochester church, $3; Penfield church, $4.05; springwater church, $3.50; Wayland church, $2; South Butler church, $2.57; Massena church, $5.50; A. B. Saxton, 55 cts.; Mrs. M. E. Eckok, 50 cts.

North Carolina—C. A. Durant, $10.

Ontario—Toronto local, $5.75; Toronto church, $9.09.

Oregon—Portland local, $25.

Quebec and Northern Vermont—St. Johnsbury local, $5; Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Heath, $8.55; Eva I. McKenna, $3; Mrs. E. J. Adams, $1; Mrs. E. J. Bedard, $1.50.

Rhode Island—Rocky Brook mission society, $3; Mrs. C. S. Chappell's S. S. class, $1; Claris Langworthy, $1; Providence local, $2; Treasurer of R. I. and E. Ct., $15; Joanna C. Sherman, $1; Frank J. Davis, $1.

Vermont—P. M. Lord, $10; Jessie S. Towne, $16.75.

Washington—Nooksack local, $9; Eva Luce, 75 cts.; Manchester church, $16.75.

Wisconsin—La Valle Sunday school and Loyal Workers, $11.

Sales, $72: All Nations subscriptions, $44.53; total receipts, $712.03.

Aurora College Fund.
Amount desired $500.00
Previously reported $432.92
Received this month 15.00 447.92

Balance needed $52.08

Maude M. Chadsey, Treasurer.
JOSEPH'S TOMB
O Joseph's tomb, blest rock-bound grave,
Thou royal burialplace!
Whence Jesus rose with power to save,
Through Resurrection grace.

Hall, empty vault of Palestine!
Unfailing pledge to man;
That all whom death doth yet confine
Shall surely rise again.

E. B. A.

PATHS OR WEEDS — WHICH?
By a Junior Leader

I was feeling just a little discouraged with the Mission Workers. It was not that the meetings were poorly attended, for the numbers had kept up a respectable average from month to month. Nor was it that the programs had been a failure. I reviewed them mentally. It was true they had not been ideal; and Conscience declared with suspicious promptness that I had not been quite as faithful in their preparation as was desirable. Still they had interested the children—"which certainly is the main point," I argued emphatically, adding (though with the precaution of first shutting Conscience into my dark closet), "And anyway I have been too busy to do them any better!"

What had been the trouble then? Half the year had passed, you see, and it was the time of my semi-annual stock-taking. I always make a rather formal inventory of past mistakes and successes, of obligations met or still pending, of assets and of liabilities in every department of my living, when the year is partly over. It's a habit I learned years ago from my grandmother who was thought the wisest woman in two counties. She used to say that her "plan of life" needed setting to rights at least twice a year, quite as much as her bureau drawers!

But to go back to my Mission Workers, I could not seem to find and tag any definite reason for my feeling of discouragement. There was certainly something wrong in the atmosphere of that band and yet I couldn't lay my finger on it. Afterward I thought that perhaps if Conscience hadn't been penned up quite so closely I might have been more clear-eyed! But however that may be, it was not until evening, while I was reading, that the puzzle was solved. Suddenly my answer stared straight up at me from the page of my book. Here are the exact words, —"When Dr. Paton would be absent for many months from the New Hebrides he could always tell the state of the native Christians by the path that led up to the prayer house, and he would look at this to see whether it was grown with grass and weeds."

It came to me then, as plain as day, that the "path to my prayer house" might reveal a good deal about the "state" of that mission band with its troublesome atmospheric difficulty,— and I fell to counting the weeds. Truth to tell, however, I didn't need to count, to know that the path was pretty well overgrown!

"What a ridiculous spectacle you are, Susan Briggs," I finally thought to myself after working my mind into a great whirl with trying to recall how long it was since I had purposely walked down that path for even so much as a ten-minute talk with God about the Mission Workers. "It would be just as sensible to make your bread without yeast and then feel discouraged because it wouldn't rise, as to think you can run a mission band for God without more prayer than your path shows! A nice presumptuous person you are, to be sure!"

So then I set to work trampling down another weed and teaching the children to wear clear paths to their prayer houses too. "Be it resolved," said I, writing it out on paper to make it more emphatic, "Be it resolved that I take a special trip for the Mission Workers down my prayer path every single day as long as I am leader." —Life and Light.

JUNIOR SOCIETY
Massena, N. Y., Superintendent, Mrs. L. D. Buro; President, Merritt Buro; Vice-President, Rosa James; Secretary, Beatrice James; Treasurer, Mabel Easton.

CRADLE ROLL
Harriet Bennett, January 27, 1913, Freeport, Maine.