A Son of the King.

He stood in the palace courtyard, straight as a poplar, and fair
As the golden glow of the sunlight that shone on the marble there.

With a look of proud disdaining, he saw at his feet crouched low
An old and fear-struck beggar, bent to avoid the blow.

Burning with angry passion, the prince's voice rang free:
"How cam'st thou here in the courtyard, where beggars may not be?"

"Some guardsman must have nodded, that thou within should'st slip;
The guard shall rue his folly, and thou shalt taste the whip!"

Trembling and panting with terror, the old man raised his head;
"Yea, strike your blow," he murmured, "what matter if I be dead?"

"Gone is the kingdom's glory if thou canst do the thing—
Thou, the Prince of the people! Thou the son of the King!"

The whip fell from his fingers, the Prince bowed low his head;
He raised upright the aged form, in humble accents said:

"Well may the kingdom tremble when I forget and bring
Dishonor on my knighthood and my royal sire the King!"

"'Tis well that thou, the humblest, to me this lesson bring—
I dare not be ignoble, I am the son of the King!"

Long, long ago the palace with age was darkened gray,
And long the Prince and beggar have slept the years away.

To us the message cometh still true and wondrous clear,
And stronger grows and sweeter, as year succeedeth year.

We dare not be ignoble! We must be true and great;
We dare not be unworthy of our royal, high estate.

Guard, guard each word and action, lest ye forget and bring
Dishonor on your knighthood, on your royal sire, the King.

For know ye not your station? Then ask each living thing
And hear: "Ye are God's children, the children of the King!"

—Isabella R. Hess, in Jewish Messenger.
FAREWELL TO THE EAST

Ella L. Jones

THE warm, hearty spirit of friendship and Christian love that has greeted me at each turn of the way during my travels through the East, has filled the first months of my home coming with joy. My life has been so enriched by new friendships, and my horizon broadened by contact with God's noble men and women, that indeed, though I travelled to add interest to the work, I have been the gainer; and find that it is ever true; that real pleasure comes in line with service.

The inspiration of consecrated lives, joying in the Lord, here in the homeland, will be an inspiration to me when once more the long, hard pull begins in India. A card message from one of the new friends seems so good for the time:

"Birds of passage, you and I,
Flying now together.
Then, apart, our pathways lie,
God directing whither.
But no matter where He leads,
Or how pathways sever,
We shall meet again, one day
In the great Forever."

And so farewell, dear ones, of the East, till the bright day when Jesus ushers in the glad Forever.

SCRAPS

Bertha E. Keeney

SEPTEMBER is a very trying month as the nights are hot, as well as the days. The thermometer has been going from 88 to 96, from midnight to mid-day, for so many weeks, it almost gets on to one's nerves.

In spite of the heat this month, colds, fever, and rheumatism attack nearly every one. Two teachers, the cook, some of the girls and I have had it this week.

This month also, tiny flies come, which cause sore eyes, if one is not very careful. The quickest remedy is a solution of nitrate of silver, and it hurts dreadfully. I have given out quite a few prunes to the little ones who tried to be brave, when I had to put it in. When I do anything like this for the children, I feel that I am doing it for the children of the Adventist people of America.

While Miss Saunders is having her vacation at Bangalore, a Bible woman and one of the girls sleep on the verandah with me. It is comical to see them every night poking the frogs out of the flower pots and driving them away, because they make so much noise.

"Amah, if you and the Thorai (a white man, her husband) will come to our village and teach only our caste people, we will build you a better house than the Mission House, and give you more money than the Mission gives you."

"Dear people, we cannot do so. It would displease God. He told us to teach all."

"Then we cannot become Christians. We cannot follow after our servants, and the out-caste people."

I heard a lady tell this a few weeks ago. It shows how clear the dividing lines are yet, in spite of Government education, between the different castes.

INCIDENTS BY THE WAY

C. H. Hudson

THIS little incident will give you some idea of the position held by women in India. I was asking a recent convert, who had changed his name from that of a Hindu god to a Christian name, if his friends were addressing him by it. He said some were and some were not. "Does your wife?" I asked. "A wife cannot speak her husband's name," was the reply. "If you were in the field and she needed you, what would she call?" "Sir, or Master," was the answer. On referring to my companions I was told that such was the case, but Christians were now addressing each other by their names as is the custom of missionaries and others. To prove this, in conversation the next day with a married girl of ten years only, I asked her what her husband's name was. Instead of replying she hung her head and smiled, but would not mention his name. This poor little thing had married her uncle, a man older than her own mother, who had thereby become her sister-in-law; and her grandmother her mother-in-law. He could not
read, but they were allowing her, though mar-
ried, to attend school. What some of these
poor little girls suffer, God alone knows.

While entering the village, next to where the
above mentioned little girl lives, I heard the loud
screams of a woman. Running to the house
from which they came I saw a man beating a
woman with all the fury of a mad man. His
clothes were flying from him through the
violence of his actions and the money tied up in
his belt was scattered on the ground, some
of which he never found. My intervention saved
her from further beating and the subject was
made the text for a very homely sermon deliv­
ered to a very homely crowd which had gathered.
By the time we were through the culprit began
to show some sorrow, probably brought about
in a measure by the loss of his money, which I
told him was a part of the punishment due for
his sin.

Another effort put forth in a village where
half of the people seemed filled with “toddy”
finished that day’s work, and was of a nature
that caused one to look up and thank God for the
hope of a new earth where such things will not be.

HOSPITAL PATIENTS
Anna N. Hudson

“Is this the place?” “Yes, this is the place,
come on.” I looked up to see four well-
dressed women apparently looking for some
one or some place, and rightly concluded they
had heard that the “Durai-sonnie” was again
giving “marunthoo” (medicine) from the mis­
dispensary; and the hospital was at that
moment the place in question.

They entered the little, enclosed veranda;
which was at one time my dining room, sitting
room and veranda combined; and which, since
our removal into the bungalow, has been utilized
as our mission hospital and dispensary.

They were well decked out in jewels and
beads, silk sarees with plenty of sandal wood
scent sprinkled on, bright colored ravakies
(jackets) and pretty yellow flowers in their hair.

Their anklets and toe rings made a sweet tinkling
sound, that is quite bewitching to the Oriental
ear, as they came up the path; and their pretty
brown faces and well combed, freshly oiled hair
made indeed a pretty picture as they stood at
the entrance.

One glimpse of them was enough to assure
me that they had come from the caste side of
our village. That fact surprised me somewhat
for not often do the caste women venture out
without at least an escort of their men relatives;
but these four were unattended. They asked
if I was the one who gave treatment for sick­nesses and upon receiving an affirmative reply
and a question as to what sickness there was,
they pushed forward the smallest of the four, a
young girl, who had up to this time hid her face
behind one of the others. As soon as I saw her

I needed to ask no more questions for her eyes
were in a very bad inflamed condition.

I gave her the necessary treatment, talked
with the women, gave them some tracts, and
told them to bring the girl again next morning.

As they were passing out another patient was
entering; a woman from the cheri side with a
large abscess on her finger which I had been
treating for several days. At once the caste
women drew aside their skirts and made a very
hasty departure. It had been so nice to meet
them; to talk to them and inquire who they
were and where they lived; but the look on their
faces and the instantaneous, instinctive shrink­
ing away from that poor cheri woman brought
back with a rush a fresh realization of the ter­rible gulf that exists between the people on the
one side of our compound and those on the
other.

We hope, however, that as both sides have
learned to come to us for succor in their sick­nesses and troubles, that they may listen to our
story of the Christ and accept Him; and then be
willing to break down this awful barrier.

AN AMUSING INCIDENT
Bertha E. Keeney

A n amusing incident occurred one Sunday
morning lately. A stranger came into
church wearing his customary clothes, a cloth
about the waist and a large cloth wound into a
turban on his head. As soon as he sat down one
of our Christian men told him he must take off
his turban in church. As soon as he had done
this, another man told him he should wear a
shirt or coat to church. He was quite ill at
case, but the Christian suggested that he un­
wind his turban and put it around his shoulders.
Thus in half a minute he was dressed quite
properly, but before another Sunday he had
obtained a white shirt.

THE FIFTY MILLION OUTCASTS OF
INDIA

“Is It Nothing to You?”

The next few years must decide whether the
50,000,000 outcasts of India are to be
evangelized, or are allowed to be absorbed
by Brahminism.

“Is It Nothing to You?”

In India there are more people than in Africa
and South America combined.

More than the whole of Europe exclusive of
Russia.

Ten times more than England, sixty times
more than Australia. A fifth of the whole race.

“An ounce of cheerfulness is worth a pound
of sadness to serve God with.”
THIS week, the first week in November, is the week set aside at our annual convention, as 'self-denial week' which has been mentioned in the last two issues of our paper. We trust that all through our ranks, it is being observed, and that many prayers will be offered for the work in General, and the Boston Bible School Home in particular. We are looking for, as a result of the week, a good round sum to apply upon the mortgage on the Home. We have recently heard from one local which is to have a special meeting, when a paper on the school and a brief history of how the Home was secured, will be given, and an offering for the same taken. If any one failed to observe the first week in November, it will be much better to observe another week, than to let it pass by altogether.

MISS Jones left Boston, Tuesday evening, October 28th. She spent the following day in Montreal, where she was entertained by members of the Montreal local. Thursday evening she spoke at Massena, N. Y., Sunday, November 2nd, at Toronto, Ontario, Wednesday the 5th at Buffalo, N. Y., and has appointments for Tuesday the 8th at Detroit, Monday the 9th at Nashville and Wednesday the 12th at Sylvester, Michigan. She is to assist in the dedication of the W. H. & F. M. room in Aurora College, Sunday the 16th. Sister Alford, President of the Helpers' Union, who is also our Central vice-president, will arrange the appointments for Miss Jones through the Middle West and we trust there will be many open doors. Any one in that section desiring to have Miss Jones visit their church, should communicate with Mrs. Agnes Alford, Auburn, Ill.

We are pleased to note the interest that is being taken in securing shares in the schools, taken up as State work, which was referred to last month. Mrs. Jenness reports thirteen more shares taken, which makes forty-four shares which have been taken in the N. H. school. Miss Rowe reports twelve more shares taken, which makes forty-eight shares for the Maine school. We have not heard from Northern Vermont and Quebec. This gives Maine the lead. Good for Maine.

SPLendid reports come to us regarding the work being done by Sister Nina L. Mac-Fadyen, as field worker on the Pacific Coast. She has organized three new locals, greatly strengthened those already organized, secured several new subscribers for All Nations, and sold quite a number of Leaves Worth Turning. We feel truly to thank God for such a well qualified, consecrated, able worker. She will be in the vicinity of Portland, Ore., until the latter part of the month.

THE picture of the general president is given this month as requests have been received that it be printed in the All Nations. These requests have come, for the most part from those in sections of the country that the president has not had the privilege of visiting.

We are sorry to be obliged to report a shortage of funds for October, in fact although we needed $1300, we only received $681.39; but little more than half the amount needed. Therefore, we were not able to send the check for $700 to India November 1st, which was the date it should have gone. We shall need some generous gifts this month in order to meet the demands on the treasury. We believe that our readers are interested that our work go on, and
that they will come to our assistance by sending
in their gifts at this time. If you can only send
one dollar, do so, and if you can send one
hundred or a thousand, send it along.

WE have recently received several complaints
from Southern California, that the paper is
not being received regularly; and Sister Mac-
Fayden informs us that all along the Coast there
are those who do not receive it regularly. We cer-
tainly send the papers from this office and are
unable to tell where the trouble is; but in order
that we may definitely inquire into the matter,
we request that those who are thus troubled, if
they receive this copy, will send us a card telling
us of the fact, and we will take up the matter
with the Postal Authorities.

THANKSGIVING AND PETITIONING

LIST

WE are thankful:

That Miss Jones was able to visit so many
churches in the East; and thus increase the
interest in the work.

That three new locals have been added to our
ranks through the labors of Sister MacFayden.

That the reports from the field show an
increased interest on the part of the village girls
and women.

That some funds have already been promised
for the type needed.

We desire especially to pray:

That there may be an especial outpouring of
the Holy Spirit upon our village workers, and
that many, who now have an intellectual knowl-
edge of Christ, may accept Him as their per-
sonal Saviour.

That the funds may come in so that the new
type may be purchased before the New Year.

That sufficient may come into our treasury
this month to meet all demands upon it.

That Miss Jones may be kept in health, and
given an especial spiritual uplift, as she visits
the churches in the interests of the work.

BOSTON BIBLE SCHOOL HOME

THE following list of articles have been
received at the Boston Bible School Home:

One box containing one double blanket, one
comforter, towels, soap and groceries, from the
Westfield Local.

One dozen table napkins, from Mrs. A. E.
Bradley, Putnam, Conn. This lady is seventy-
four years of age.

Two bed spreads from Mrs. Minnie Foss,
Boston, Mass.

One barrel of potatoes and one barrel of apples,
from Rev. H. W. Davis, Alton, N. Y.

One barrel of potatoes and one barrel of
pumpkin and squash, from Mr. Patch, Morris-
sville, Vt.

One barrel of canned fruit, from "Willing
Workers," Alton, N. Y.

One barrel of apples, from Mr. James A.
Norton, Bristol, Conn.

One box of soap, from Mr. Medbery, Providence,
R. I.

We are glad the friends are remembering the
needs of the school. There is always a need of
vegetables and groceries, especially potatoes and
apples. If some one could collect in their com-
munity enough fresh eggs from different ones to
make up a case and send, it would be greatly
appreciated. The Home is well supplied with
bedding for the present.

The School has opened with excellent pros-
tpects. There are fifteen students. Let us ever
remember the work at the throne of grace.

Mrs. F. G. C.

THE annual meeting of the Middle District
W. H. & F. M. Society of Massachusetts
was held with the A. C. Church, Worces-
ter, September 14, 1913. Devotional exercises
conducted by the pastor, Rev. I. M. Blanchard.

An address was given by Miss Ella L. Jones,
on the work in India, which was very interesting
and much enjoyed by all. Miss Jones gave a
talk in the Sunday-school and to the Loyal
Workers' Society, also giving another address
in the evening.

Miss Jones was with us at the monthly
business meeting on the following Wednesday
afternoon, when the ladies enjoyed an informal
talk with her about the special work of this local
in India. In the evening she gave an address to
the Y. W. A, attired in Indian costume.

H. P. Lawrence, District President.

FROM MISS SAUNDERS

I AM spending my holiday this year in the
Mysore State. This is one of the Native
States of India, that is, it has an Indian Maharaj-
(a King) to rule over it. There are many such
States in India.

Mysore State is considered one of the best, if
not the best of them, and following closely are
the Cochin and Travancore States.

The Maharajahs of these States are men of
high ideals and are what may be called ideal
rulers. For instance: Mysore has recently
introduced Compulsory Elementary Education.
It is the only place in Southern India, if not in all
India, where this has been done. A step toward
moral reform has been taken, namely, the doing
away of Nautch dances at public functions.
Then the advanced interest in the education of
women, and the development of medical work
speaks volumes for the present rule. The
Yuvraja (heir apparent) has just returned from
a visit to Europe. His reply to an address of
welcome is well worth reading. It gives one a
good idea of what needs to be done, and what
some are endeavors to do for this great
Empire. I pass it on for the readers of All
Nations:

"I must thank you, for your cordial greetings
of welcome on my return home to India. I
recollect with great pleasure the warm send off
you gave me six months ago on my departure
to Europe and your good wishes to me on the occasion have been fruitful, in that I have had during the last six months of my sojourn in Europe the pleasantest and most profitable of my experiences in my life. The high state of civilization and the steady and ready state of progress the West maintains as compared with the lethargy and the conservatism of the East cannot but produce a most striking impression upon the mind of any visitor from our land—an impression which at first is almost apt to cause a feeling of depression amounting to pessimism when our state of things is reviewed. But, gentlemen, since we have got to live in this world, I think pessimism helps us very little. Unfortunately we are a little too much saturated with that spirit already, especially in mundane matters. Leaving things entirely to fate to shape and mould our future is inconsistent with progress and with achievement of our ideals. We shall never rise out of mediocrity among the nations unless we have unlimited faith in the power of our personal efforts to raise and transform our country and unless we translate the faith into works. I suppose what man has done, man can do, and as such we have no reason to despair, but on the other hand to utilize the very spirit of depression which is the result of the striking contrast which our conditions present when compared with those of the West as an extra force or an incentive in the further development of confidence and self-trust in the strenuous task of the regeneration of our people and our country. If we every one of us realized the sacredness of the duty that lay before us and merged all minor differences and internal divisions into the common cause of one's country and set about our work with a Divine passion, we can look forward to a bright future. The desire of all God-implanted spirits is to make the world about us into some likeness of the kingdom of light. We have no reason to despair...

“Contentment precludes development. Let our ambitions be great and our aims high always. This will keep up the fire and enthusiasm roused within us of recent years. We want reform in all departments of our lives. We should give up whatever has been proved to be bad in us as readily and unhesitatingly as we stick to some of our time-honored customs. The national habit of living in the past seems to give us a present without any achievements, a future without hope. Whatever might have been true of the past, the chief responsibility of remoulding our national life rests now with ourselves. In the arduous task the efforts of the Government should be aided and supplemented by public enterprise and organizations which, while infusing the spirit of independence and confidence in self-help go to build up that solid grit and character in us which are such essentials in the practical life of a nationhood.

“You citizens of Bangalore have amidst you in your Municipal Council, an institution affording scope for the exercise of development of the aforesaid qualities and we all feel proud of the fact that we would not be lacking in public spirited men of devotion like your Honorary President to lead us in this phase of our national training.

“We should drive off our mysticism and not look upon ourselves as mere sojourners upon earth without our true home somewhere else—an attitude of mind dimetrically opposed to the ideas of the betterment of our lot upon this earth.

“The opportunity for work is most ripe now with a prevalence of abiding peace in the country under the aegis of Great Britain. Na-
ism. It requires such spiritual qualities as courage, foresight, ambition, and splendid devotion to scientific research. It is a great mistake to think that the only symbol of spirituality is starvation! A people are poor not because they are good, but because they are weak, thriftless, disunited and indolent.

“Our social problems require an equal, if not a greater amount of attention. Unless our Society is purged of a great many cliques and creeds, with habits and practices based on mere traditional and not on national grounds, we have no chances of progress toward homogeneity of the masses without which we can have no uniformity in thought or action and above all no strength. Unless our women who usually form more than half our numbers, are raised from the level of non-entities (smile) to that of partners in the truest and fullest sense of that term, we shall remain bereft of half our strength; we shall remain weak and miss the gentle and ennobling influence upon life.

“In the problems of our country and of ourselves, we have a splendid field for work for the rich, the brainy and the poor alike. If we have anything like true and intense patriotism, the love for our motherland, it was time that it manifested itself more in action and practice than in talk and ideas.”

ONLY A NICKEL FOR THE LORD

YESTERDAY he wore a rose on the lapel of his coat, but when the plate was passed to-day he gave a nickel to the Lord. He had several bills in his pocket and sundry change, perhaps a dollar’s worth, but he hunted about, and finding this poor little nickel, he laid it on the plate to aid the church militant in its fight against the world, the flesh, and the devil. His silk hat was beneath the seat, and his gloves and cane were beside it, and the nickel was on the plate—a whole nickel.

On Saturday afternoon he met a friend, and together they had some refreshments. The cash register stamped thirty-five cents on the slip the boy presented to him. Peeling off a bill from his pocket, and picking out the nickel, he laid it in his coat, but when the plate was passed the change. A nickel for the Lord and a nickel for the waiter!

And the man had his shoes polished on Saturday afternoon and handed out a dime without a murmur. He had a shave and paid fifteen cents with equal alacrity. He took a box of candies home to his wife, and paid forty cents for them, and the box was tied with a dainty bit of ribbon. Yes, and he also gave a nickel to the Lord.

Who is this Lord? Who is He? Why, the man worships Him as Creator of the universe, the one who put the stars in order, and by whose immutable decree the heavens stand. Yes, he does, and he dropped a nickel in to support the church militant.

And what is the church militant? The church militant is the church that represents upon earth the triumphant church of the great God.

And the man knew that he was but an atom in space, and he knew that the Almighty was without limitations, and knowing this he put his hand in his pocket, and picked out the nickel, and gave it to the Lord.

And the Lord being gracious, and slow to anger, and knowing our frame, did not slay the man for the meanness of his offering, but gives him this day his daily bread.

But the nickel was ashamed, if the man was not.

The nickel hid beneath a quarter that was given by a poor woman who washes for a living.

—G. F. Raymond.

TREASURER’S REPORT

Receipts for October, 1913

California—Napa local, $8; Santa Cruz local, 75c; Oakland local, $13.50; Mrs. C. Olsen, $10; San Francisco local, $19; Santa Clara local, $10; Mrs. A. H. Davis, $5; Los Angeles Local, $45; cash for exclusive agency on Newport lot, $10; E. J. Colton, 50c.

Connecticut and Western Massachusetts—New Haven local, $5.50; Emily L. Kinsman, $25; A. E. Hatch, $5; a conditional gift, $100.

Florida—V. P. Simmons, $2.84.

Maine—Gertrude Simmons, $1; Mabel Beardsley, $3; Julia Howard, $2; Ellsworth H. Wallace, $2; E. L. Woodworth, $1; State Road local, $5; Milltown S. S., $3.80; Martha M. Cole, $5.

Massachusetts—Melrose Highlands local, $10.53; M. A. Hubbert, $1; C. W. Burlingame, $5; Hattie A. Mead, $3; Augustus White, $10; a friend, $50; Mrs. W. H. Rowley’s S. S. Class, $1; Collection at West Wareham, $2.75; Boston Y. W. A., $2; Young Men’s Class Haverhill S. S., $15; E. M. Staples, $14; Waldo Keeney, $1; Alice J. Crofton, $5; Somerville local, $3; Scott’s India Band, $1.50; A friend, $1; Worcester local, $8.50 Acushnet and Brinley Station local, $7; Ellis L. Jones, $5; Rent, $19.

New Hampshire—X X X, 75 cents; C. A. Du Rant, $7; Janie Spicer, $1; Bettie Spicer, $1.

New Hampshire—Ethel and Grace Worthington, $1; Edmund S. Moulton, Jr., $1; Rochester local, $4; Center Haverhill local, $1.50; Hampton local, $12.

New York—Penfield local, $4; E. M. Van Dyke, $1; O. W. Brock, $4.50.

Oregon—Mariah Elliott, $1.

Quebec and Northern Vermont—Waterbury local, $2; Flora McFadzean, 50c.; Hall Stream local, $15; A friend, $100.

Rhode Island and Eastern Connecticut—A friend, $1; Providence Church, $9.25; North Scituate Church, $5.50; State Treasurer, $3; Providence Y. W. A., $1.20; Providence local, $2; Berton Failing, $2; Danielson church, $1.55; Putnam church, $6.77; Wm. C. Manning, $5; Vermont—South Vernon church, $5; B. M. Caswell, $10.

Washington—Seattle local, $3.50; Sumas Cradle Roll, 46 cents.

Sales, $1.38, refund on bill, $2; All Nations subscriptions, $15.00; total receipts, $681.39.

Maude M. Chadsey, Treas.

NEW LOCALS

Vancouver, British Columbia.

Mrs. W. E. Snider, president.

Boyd, Oregon.

Mrs. W. F. Darnielle, president.

Sumas, Washington.

Mrs. Ellen Vail, president.
THE FOUR-LEAFED CLOVER

"Why is the four-leafed clover more lucky than the three?"
I questioned Master Greedy, and thus he answered me:
"It's because the four-leafed clover so crafty is and bold,
It has an extra hand, sir, to grasp the sunshine gold."

"Why is the four-leafed clover more lucky than the three?"
I questioned Master Generous, and thus he answered me:
"It's because the four-leafed clover so kindly is and gay,
It has an extra hand, sir, to give its gold away!"

—Amos R. Wells.

WATCH OUR LIPS

Gussie Pierce

The tongue has always been "an unruly member" and one that is difficult to control, and we need to watch our lips constantly lest we bring reproach upon Him "whose we are and whom we serve," by the things we say.

More and more we are forming the habit of using the slang phrases, so common in the world to-day, instead of the plain, simple, expressive English words with which our language abounds. We need to note the Apostle's exhortation: "Only let your conversation be as it becometh the Gospel of Christ." Timothy was advised to "be an example of the believers, in word and in conversation." There ought to be a difference between the conversation of the saved and the unsaved. Christ's children should watch their words and select only such as He would be apt to use, for "out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh."

When God keeps the door of our lips He will order our conversation aright and allow to pass only such words as shall glorify Him; so let us make this the prayer of our hearts, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips." —R. A. Torrey.

THE RADIANT LIFE

_They looked unto Him and were radiant._—Psalm 34: 5.

I presume everybody has known some one whose life was just radiant. Joy beamed out of their eyes; joy bubbled over their lips; joy seemed to fairly run from their finger tips.

You could not come in contact with them without having a new light come into your own life. They were great electric batteries charged with joy.

If you look into the lives of such radiantly happy persons, you will find that every one is a man or woman who spends a great deal of time alone in prayer with God. God is the source of all joy, and if we come into contact with Him, His infinite joy comes into our lives. Would you not like to be a radiant Christian? You may be. Spend time in prayer. You cannot be a radiant Christian any other way. Why is it that prayer in the name of Christ makes one radiantly happy? It is because prayer makes God real. The gladdest thing upon earth is to have a real God. Oh, the joy of having a real God! I would rather give up anything I have in the world or anything I ever may have, than give up my faith in God! You cannot have vital faith in God if you give all your time to the world and to secular affairs, to reading the newspaper, and to reading literature, no matter how good it is. Unless you take time for fellowship with God, you cannot have a real God. If you do take time for prayer, you will have a real living God, and if you have a living God, you will have a radiant life.—R. A. Torrey.

CRADLE ROLL

Jack Hamilton, June 11, 1913, Sumas, Wash.
June Hamilton, June 11, 1913, Sumas, Wash.
Floyd Hamilton, December 9, 1911, Sumas, Wash.
Lester Schofield Reynolds, May 21, 1908, Providence, R. I.
Alfred Stratton Males, Jan. 18, 1913, Providence, R. I.
Herbert Lee Swain, March 15, 1909, Providence, R. I.
Ruth Drew, December 11, 1911, Providence, R. I.
Marjorie Drew, April 18, 1910, Providence, R. I.
Eugene Allen French, April 25, 1913, Arlington, R. I.

"Any child of whatever color born in any country is God's child. No child is a heathen at birth."