A REST BESIDE THE WAY

SELECTED BY ANNA N. HUDSON

In far off India's temple-dotted land
Where men grope blindly for the Guiding Hand,
If costly dome its pomp they cannot spread
In honor of the virtues of their dead,
They build a little rest beside the road,
A shelf upon two posts, to ease the load,
Set burden-high, so that the sore oppressed
E'en as he runs may snatch a moment's rest.

Thus may I, too, perpetuate the worth
Of kindly voices lost a while to earth.
Though not proud dome, or even humble cot
I rear to ease my brother's suffering lot,
Nor dare to use the fleet, exacting hours
To strew the way with friendship's perfumed flowers,
Yet even I, with care-fraught, busy day,
At least may build a "rest" beside the way.

Here burdened toilers fainting with the heat
Loiter a moment for refreshment sweet,
The lone wayfarer, friendly comrade knows
From cheery word flung to him as he goes:
Sweet sympathy doth comfort the distressed,
Encouragement help onward the oppressed,
And I, myself, am blessed quite, as they,
Because I give this rest beside the way.

LORD, we thank Thee for Thy manifold gifts unto the children of men. Thou givest life and all the sustenance of life. Thou givest our fair and beautiful world. Thou givest us the power of hope and faith and thought. From Thine own giving may we learn that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Teach us, O Lord, to give more freely and more gladly, and may we learn how our own life, and joy and growth are involved in the spirit in which we give and serve. In all our giving and all our serving may we keep before us the vision of the Master who gave Himself that we might live. Amen.

—George L. Perin.
MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE

C. H. Hudson

CHRISTMAS day was one of joy and thanksgiving in Velacheri, not only did we have the joy of receiving gifts from kind friends in America which arrived in the boxes the day before, but we had the joy of giving something in return. At one of the services of the day a collection was taken toward helping on the effort being made in Florida to build a children's orphanage. This is something that carries with it a strong appeal to our people, many of whom are orphans and have been brought up in an orphanage. If I were to tell you some of the incidents connected with that collection and the history of some that gave and what it meant to them you with us would feel touched and encouraged to a very large degree. The amount raised, which was $23.30, represents a large sum here, especially when you remember that $2.60 or $3.30 represents the gross monthly income of a good many families.

Most of it was given in cash, some in kind, represented by rice, vegetables, eggs, etc. We trust that the effort made will encourage those who have that work in hand to push on, and show to them that those they have been helping in India have a feeling of appreciation for all that has been done for them.

SUCH GIFTS AND GIVERS AS GOD LOVES

The following story will encourage the hearts of many who have contributed to the support of orphans in our various mission fields.

In the beautiful island of Ceylon, many years ago, the native Christians, who had long worshipped in bungalows and the old Dutch chapels, decided that they must have a church built for themselves. Enthusiastic givers were each eager to forward the new enterprise; but, to the amazement of all, Maria Peabody, a lone orphan girl, who had been a beneficiary in the girls' schools at Oodooville, came forward and offered to give the land upon which to build, which was the best site in her native village.

Not only was it all she owned in this world, but, far more, it was her marriage portion, and in making this gift, in the eyes of every native, she renounced all hopes of being married. As an alternative, in the East, was regarded as an awful step, many thought her beside herself, and tried to dissuade her from such an act of renunciation. "No," said Maria, "I have given it to Jesus, and as He has accepted it, you must." And so to-day the first Christian church in Ceylon stands upon land given by a poor orphan girl.

The deed was noised abroad, and came to the students of Dartmouth College, he related, among missionary incidents and as a crowning triumph, the story of Louisa Osborne and Maria Peabody. The first words after an introduction at her house were: "I have come to bring you a glad report, for I cannot but think that it is to you we owe the opportunity of educating one who has proved as lovely and consistent a native convert as we have ever had. She is exceptionally interesting, devotedly pious, and bears your name."

"Alas!" said the lady, "although the girl bears my name, I wish I could claim the honor of educating her; it belongs not to me, but to Louisa Osborne, my poor colored cook. Some years ago, in Salem, Mass., she came to me after an evening meeting, saying: 'I have just heard that if anybody would give twenty dollars a year, they could support and educate a child in Ceylon, and I have decided to do it. They say that along with the money I can send a name; and I have come, mistress, to ask you if you would object to my sending yours.' At that time, continued the lady, "a servant's wages ranged from a dollar to a dollar and a half a week, yet my cook had for a long time been contributing half a dollar each month at the monthly concert for foreign missions. There were those who expostulated with her for giving away so much for one in her circumstances, as a time might come when she could not earn. 'I have thought it all over,' she would reply, 'and concluded that I would rather give what I can while I am earning, and then if I lose my health and cannot work, why, there is the poorhouse, and I can go there. You see they have no poorhouse in heathen lands, for it is only Christians who care for the poor.'"

In telling this story, Dr. Poor used to pause at this point and exclaim: "To the poorhouse! Do you believe God would ever let that good woman die in the poorhouse? Never!" We shall see.

The missionary learned that the last known of Louisa Osborne she was residing in Lowell, Mass. In due time his duties called him to that city. At the close of an evening service, before a crowded house, he related, among missionary incidents and as a crowning triumph, the story of Louisa Osborne and Maria Peabody. The disinterested devotion, self-sacrifice and implicit faith and zeal of the Christian giver in favored
America has been developed, matured and well-nigh eclipsed by her faithful protege in far-off benighted India. His heart glowed with zeal, and deeply stirred by the fresh retrospect of the triumphs of the Gospel over heathenism, he exclaimed, “If there is anyone present who knows anything of that good woman, Louisa Osborne, and will lead me to her, I shall be greatly obliged.” The benediction pronounced and the crowd dispersing, Dr. Poor passed down one of the aisles, chatting with the pastor, when he espied a quiet little figure, apparently waiting for him. Could it be?—yes, it was a colored woman, and it must be Louisa Osborne. With quickened steps he reached her, exclaiming in tones of suppressed emotion, “I believe this is my sister in Christ, Louisa Osborne?” “That is my name,” was the calm reply. “Well, God bless you, Louisa; you have heard my report and know all; but before we part, probably never to meet again in this world, I want you to answer me one question: What made you do it?” With downcast eyes and in a low, trembling voice, she replied, “Well, I do not know, but I guess it was my Lord Jesus.”

They parted only to meet in the streets of the New Jerusalem. For the missionary returned to his adopted home, where, ere long, the loving hands of the faithful native brethren bore him to his honored grave. The humble handmaid of the Lord labored meekly on awhile, and ended her failing days, not in a poorhouse, verily, but, through the efforts of those who knew her best, in a pleasant, comfortable Old Ladies’ Home. “Him that honoreth me I will honor.”—Sel.

CHRISTMAS WEEK
Jess M. Saunders

THERE is a real note of thankfulness in my heart to-day, especially because the old year passed out leaving us all well and I think with contented hearts, at least that is the way it seems to me.

The past few weeks have been very strenuous ones for Guindy. It was our turn to entertain the Vilacherie boys, this we did by giving them a Christmas feast the evening of the 24th. Just as they were about to sit down to this feast, the boxes from America came, or at least two of them did, the crate of maps has not yet been delivered. This was too late to give them their presents that day, so we planned another festal time for Saturday evening when they all received their gifts. The workers were given their usual Christmas treat without the presents. These they will get next salary day.

There was so much work that had to be attended to, that I did not have the girls who have married and left the mission come for Christmas, but hope to make a special date for such a gathering a little later, for besides the Christmas gatherings we had a three-days’ Scripture examination. I am sending a copy of the questions that you may see what we are trying to do to improve our workers.

Christmas festivities over, the girls have settled happily to their work. I have in mind to make this year an especially good one in Guindy, if I fail it will not be because of the lack of interest or determination, but because of inability.

THE MONEY OF OUR KING

If we only had the money
That belongeth to our King,
If the reapers of God’s bounties
Would their tithes and offerings bring.

Then the windows of the heavens
Would open wide at His command,
And He’d pour us out a blessing
That would overflow the land.

If we only had the money,
It would give Redemption’s Song
To weary hearts now crying out,
“How long, O Lord, how long?”

And the “thirsty land” would blossom,
And the “waiting isles” would sing,
If we only had the money
That belongeth to our King.

O ye stewards, get ye ready!
Soon will come the reckoning,
When we’ll answer for the money
That belongeth to our King.

—The Barley Loaf.

THE BOXES BRING JOY
Bertha E. Keeney

CHRISTMAS morning we were up early, and before daylight started for Vilacheri. The cemetery there had just been fenced in and trees set out, and we had a consecration service for its use for Christian burial. There are thirty-eight graves as I remember. Miss Saunders spoke splendidly, and the prayer (in Tamil) was beautiful.

After that we had a service in Vilacheri school-house. It was packed full—Christians and Hindus, many of them dirty and ragged.

Our boxes from America came the day before Christmas. They contained mostly clothing and presents for the children, but we all received many gifts from our home friends. I must mention also that some one sent us a large tin box of lovely chocolates, oh, such a treat. There were also many cans of vegetables, soups, baked beans, fruit, salt fish, dried beef and olives. I tell you it makes us feel like Americans when we see all these things from home.

The Hartford local sent a beautiful pair of grey woolen blankets, and Mrs. Hudson suggested that I have them to take to the hills, for going from this heat, we feel the cold very much. Even now, I feel quite chilly when it is only comfortable.

As anywhere and everywhere, Christmas was a happy day for all who came under its influence.

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BOSTON, MASS., FEBRUARY, 1914

The keynote of the December issue was "Prayer;" we have endeavored to make the keynote of this issue Give; and are planning to make the March a Go number. Pray, Give, Go is the natural order. If we become sufficiently interested in the mission work to pray for its success, we surely will follow our prayers, if we really mean them, with our gifts, and prayers and gifts have many times led to going; as the one who prayed and gave, realized that there was something more they could do. Even the articles from the missionaries this month have the Give sound, and this without any knowledge on their part that we were planning a Give number. We feel sure that no one will read the article by Brother Hudson about the Christmas offering at Vilacherie for the Adventist orphanage in America, without feeling that the true mission spirit of doing for others has been imparted in the hearts of our India church members. We have been much encouraged during the past years in watching the efforts being made on the field to do all they could to meet the expenses of the work there, and rejoiced two years ago when they gave their mission offering to the China flood sufferers; last year they gave another gift to the China work, and now they have touched a still more sensitive chord in their gifts for an American orphanage. May we not learn a lesson from our India church who of their little have given so generously for Foreign Mission Work in America?

Southern California took the lead in observing the day of prayer January 9th, every local in that section observing the day. In all eleven locals have reported as observing the day and very likely there were more who have not reported, at least we hope that such is the case.

A new feature has been introduced into the paper this month under the title Searchers. These are questions whose answers will be found in the different articles of this issue and are given for the purpose of stimulating general interest in the paper. The idea is not original with us, as several missionary papers have had a similar column for some time. We shall be pleased to receive any suggestions or comments upon this.

Miss Jones left Aurora the latter part of January en route for California. She will not reach California, however, until the middle of February as she will visit several of the churches on the way. While in Aurora she conducted a Mission Study Class on India which from all accounts was very profitable and interesting.

Maine Still Leads
Maine still leads the three States in getting shares for their respective State schools. The list now stands Maine one hundred and twenty-five, Quebec and Northern Vermont one hundred and ten, and New Hampshire eighty-four. Some of our readers may not be just clear as to what this means so we will explain. Each of the three above named States have assumed the support of one of the village schools in India for one hundred and forty-four dollars a year; and are endeavoring to raise the amounts in shares of one dollar each. As they all commenced about the same time, there is a friendly rivalry to see who will have the full amount pledged first. If anyone in any of these States would like to help on their State, they can send in their gifts to the State treasurer, stating what it is for. The Maine treasurer is Miss M. E. Rowe, 35 Frederic Street, Portland; the Quebec and Northern Vermont, Miss Grace Prior, Morrisville, Vt.; the New Hampshire, Mrs. Nellie J. Jenness, Northwood Narrows. Let every one rally to the work of their State and take up the remaining shares this month.

India Boxes
The boxes which left Boston in September did not reach Guindy until December 24th, as the steamer was eleven days late in arriving at Madras, being delayed by bad weather. In mentioning the boxes one of the missionaries writes: "The boxes were just lovely, they contained so much that brought tears of joy with perhaps a wee bit of sadness mingled as we thought of the homefolk. It was not the least bit hard to be 'Pollyannas,' all we had to do was 'just be glad' that so many thought of us."

The missionaries desire to thank the friends who so kindly remembered them in the Christmas boxes, and as they find time, will write a personal letter of thanks.

The next shipment will go in April, probably about the 20th of the month, therefore all articles to go should be in the office by the 15th. We hope to have a good supply of shirts for the boys and waists for the girls, as we never have a sufficient supply of these thread, especially numbers 80 and 90 white for the girls' needlework; needles; good scissors; soap; cotton cloth, white
or colored in any lengths from one-half yard; cotton tape; school supplies, etc. These things are always needed. In one of the letters from the field was the following which we print thinking that perhaps some one may have some bunting they would be glad to send: "If you should hear anybody ask what they can put in the next box that will prove useful to the mission, just say different colored bunting for decoration. This is not really necessary, but as we always decorate on festal occasions it would be appreciated. What we have has been used for a number of years and is dirty and faded."

PREMIUM OFFER

The premium offer of last month, All Nations for a year and the book Leaves Worth Turning for thirty-five cents, has brought several renewals and some new subscriptions. This offer continues good until further notice. We will also give to anyone sending one dollar for four years' subscription to the paper, the book Leaves Worth Turning as a premium. Both of these offers are to old as well as new subscribers. We will also, as published last month, give the book as a premium to anyone sending four new subscriptions at twenty-five cents each.

THANKSGIVING AND PETITIONING LIST

From several places have come requests during the past few weeks for information regarding organizing local societies, and assuming the support of special work. No especial work has been done by the society in any of these places to arouse this fresh interest, so we feel that it is the direct result of the many prayers that have been offered for the work, and that our Petitioning and Thanksgiving List is bearing fruit.

We are thankful:

For the increasing interest manifest in the work both in organizing societies, and assuming the support of special work.

For the bright prospects of the work on the field for the year:

For the Mission spirit shown by the India church in their Christmas offering.

For the expressed determination of the missionaries to make this year's work, with God's help, the best the Mission has known.

We desire especially to pray:

That a generous amount may come into the treasury during February. We asked last month for $1,500 but only received some $750. However, some of the payments we expected to meet last month were allowed to wait another month, therefore let us all unite in praying and giving this month.

That some strong consecrated man may offer himself for the India field. Let us not grow weary in this matter but hope that in God's own good time, the man will be found to go.

For five hundred new subscribers for All Nations during the next six months. Let us not only pray for this, but also work to bring it about.

HOW SOME OF OUR WOMEN GIVE

After reading in All Nations of self-denial last week, I did without something very much needed to save twenty-five cents. I walked up town three times and saved fifteen cents. I earned sixty cents making and selling oatmeal bread to friends, making one dollar for the Bible School Home.

Please accept this little gift as a Thanksgiving Offering. I am very thankful that the Advent body have such a school. When I read about it, or think about it, I feel in my heart how I would like to have my boy there. I am glad some mothers' boys are there. That God will bless you in all things is my prayer. I would like to give much more if I was able.

Thirty-one times I walked instead of riding. Each nickel saved represents a tramp of two and one-half miles at least and several represent four and one-half miles, amount saved one dollar and fifty-five cents. In our cellar was a barrel full of broken crockery, tin cans and discarded household utensils. These I carried away in small loads thus saving twenty-five cents that a teamster wanted. I found four two cent stamps. We wanted a new lamp valued at sixty cents, this we went without, and I add two cents to make two dollars and fifty cents. If the mortgage on the "Home" isn't wiped out with this effort, let's try again.

For six weeks I put paper in my shoes every morning to protect my feet as there were holes in the soles, and the dollar I have saved by doing that I gladly give for the debt on our school, and wish the gift was a great deal more.

Note: These are extracts from letters sent to the office with self-denial offerings for the Boston Bible School Home.

"NOT GRUDGINGLY"

Some one tells the story of a lady who dreamed she went to a church, where a plate was placed by the door for the gifts of the people. It looked like an ordinary plate, but it had the power of changing each gift into its real value in the sight of God. One man put in a gold piece, which immediately turned into brass. It had no value in God's sight, because he gave only because he could give more, but he gave only because others gave. Then a boy dropped in a nickel, and this turned into a flower, because the boy had given it to please his Sunday-school teacher. Last of all a very poor little girl put in a penny. Instantly it changed into gold, for she had denied herself in order to give, and she gave because she loved Jesus, thus making her gift well pleasing to God.—Selected.
MISSIONS A DEBT, OR A CHARITY—WHICH?

Rev. R. H. Glover, D.D.

"I am debtor both to Greeks, and to Barbarians. . . . So, as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the gospel to you also that are in Rome."—Rom. 1: 14, 15.

In these forcible words the great Apostle expressed his own personal missionary conviction and resolve. He confessed himself the heathen's debtor. He owed them the Gospel. Even though he had already done more along this line than any dozen other men of his time, he laid no claim to merit, nor considered that he was conferring any favor on the Romans in making an added effort to take them the Gospel. It was his duty, his debt, and he was only seeking, as an honest man, to discharge it.

But if it was for Paul a debt, can it be something less for the rest of us? Yet, the majority of professing Christians regard missions with utter indifference, missionaries as an enigma, and their task as self-imposed. They wonder by what strange freak of nature certain pious people choose to go and live among yellow or black folks rather than stay at home. It is to be feared that very many even of those who do profess and possess a degree of interest in this work conceive of it merely as a charity.

Is there any essential difference between regarding missions as a charity and as a debt? Here comes a ragged, unkempt creature, holding out his dirty cap to me. I recognize him as a beggar. So I pull out a coin—a nickel, a dime, anything—and throw it to him. That is "charity." It is cheap; it is easy. It is free from any sense of responsibility, purely a matter of personal choice. But now another man steps up and hands me a bit of paper. I open it and find it a bill of debt—for $100. Do I presume to get rid of this second man as I did the first, by flinging him the first coin that comes handy? By no means. It is a very different matter, for this is a debt, and I am bound to face it seriously, and do everything in my power to wipe it out, to the very last cent.

Missions viewed as a charity—secondary, optional, no serious concern or prayer or effort, spasmodic and insignificant giving.

Missions viewed as a debt—primary, obligatory, deep heart concern and prayer and effort, systematic and sacrificing giving.

Charity foots the list of your expenditure and claims your spare cash. Debt heads the list, if you are conscientious, and cuts out everything non-essential, until it is fully met. You give a little of the interest on your money to charity, but you dip deep down into your principal and give all, if need be, to pay your debts.

In a church where a number of the leading members are all earning liberal salaries, they profess great interest in missions, but that church gives twenty-five dollars a year to the cause. On the other hand, I know of a colored washerwoman who puts two hundred dollars into the missionary offering. It is her yearly custom. What makes the difference between those two standards of giving? Simply the viewpoint. The church treats missions as a charity, the woman as a debt, and both give accordingly. To the church it is one among a score of equally important (or unimportant?) things; to the woman it is the one supreme thing. They play at missions as a sort of diversion; she works at missions as the business of her life.

In which light have you regarded this work—as expressed by your prayers, your gifts, your efforts to go? Has your conscience been convicted of a debt you owe the heathen, or have only your emotions been stirred at times with a feeling of pity?

We owe the heathen the Gospel; we are their debtors.

Out of gratitude for our own salvation, since only "by the grace of God I am what I am;"

Out of loyalty to Christ, Who commissioned us to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature;

Out of compassion for heathen suffering and sorrow; and finally

Out of the realization that in the Gospel we have the only remedy for their temporal ills and the only answer to their soul's eternal needs.

May God convict His children of their debts, and make them "ready, as much as in them is" to meet them! Then, at last, will there be no lack of missionaries to go, or intercessors to pray, or money to send. May this conviction begin with you.—Missionary Review of the World.

THE WICKED WATCHETH THE RIGHTEOUS

J. Hattie M. Brown

"The wicked watcheth the righteous and seeketh to slay him" (Psalm 37: 3; 52). Christ calls us into his service in order that we as Christians may stand before the world as samples of what His teachings and power enable us to become. The world knows nothing of the Christian life, except what it sees in the so-called followers of the Christ. It is therefore of the greatest importance that we rightly represent Him before the world. It is in this sense that we are in His service; and in every act and word we are fulfilling this service faithfully, or unfaithfully and must render account accordingly at last.

According to our text, the wicked also sit in judgment upon our acts and words, and this they have a right to do. The Christian lays claim to the righteousness which is of Christ. Does he live it, does he act it, does he talk it? Is he careful in all things to show that Christ is first in his life?

Even the wicked will show honor to their opponent who is true to what he claims in Christ. On the other hand, if he fails to live up to his "high calling in Christ Jesus," they will advertise every failure, and every lack of loyalty, and destroy his influence and ability to lead others to Christ.

How carefully then every professed follower of the Christ should live, that although they are watched by the wicked, their life may truly tell for Christ.
WHOA gave vegetables and eggs as an offering.

What stimulates us to give and to serve?

What is the monthly income of a good many families in India?

What is the value of your gifts?

What made colored Louisa give twenty dollars a year to support an orphan?

What do our lives, acts and words give to the world?

What is the difference between a charity and a duty? As which does Missions claim our gifts?

What proportion of her income did one woman give in the foreign mission collection?

Was it too much for an Indian to give?

HOW SOME CHRISTIANS GIVE

A WIDOW in Dr. Gordon's church in Boston, living in one room in a tenement house, gave eight hundred dollars in the foreign mission collection. When the doctor called and asked how she could give so much, she said: "Here I am comfortable and have enough, living on $200 a year. But I do not know how I could go to meet my Lord if I lived on the eight hundred dollars and gave him only the two hundred."

A STORY is told of an Indian who one day asked Bishop Whipple to give him two-dollar bills for a two-dollar note. The Bishop asked, "Why?" He said: "One dollar for me to give to Jesus and one dollar for my wife to give." The bishop asked him if it was all the money he had. He said, "Yes." The bishop was about to tell him, "It is too much," when an Indian clergyman, who was standing by, whispered: "It might be too much for a white man to give, but not too much for an Indian, who has never heard for the first time of the love of Jesus."

TREASURER'S REPORT

Receipts for January, 1914

California—Pasadena local, $50; Oakland local, $13.50; Geo. F. Skey, $9.20; Mrs. Dennison, $1; Mary A. Davis, $5; Mrs. M. C. Clothier, 75 cts.; Santa Cruz Sunday-school, $15; Southern Cruz Sunday-school, $15; Boston Treasurer, $26.50.

Connecticut and Western Massachusetts—A. S. Williams, $1; Mrs. E. M. Greene, 50 cts.; Mrs. Hart's Sunday-school Class, $5; Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Woodruff, $15; Ora C. Knight, $1; New Haven church, $5.75; Mrs. G. E. Porter, $5; Bridgeport local, $18; Westfield local, $4; Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Green, $15.

England—Wimbledon Sunday-school, $6.60; Eastbourne church, $3.02.

Florida—J. W. Lake, $1; Gainesville local, $15; V. P. Simons, $1.12.

Illinois—DeKalb church, $2.20; Chicago church, $9.12; Chicago mission, $5.64; Mineral church, $4.41; New Albany church, $5.52; New Albany Mission Society, $2; Palmer church, $3.50; Auburn church, $3.81; donation, 10 cts.; Mr. Hall, $1; Mr. Bigler, $1; Mr. and Mrs. Workman, $4.65; Xelbert Alford, 10 cts.

Maine—Minerva Jordan, $4; Carrie Marshall, $1; M. E. Rowe, $5; Angie Tibbetts, $1; Hattie Cash, $1; Milltown Sunday-school, $4.15; Viola Gillander, $1.50; Mabel Beardsley, $1; Mrs. Daniel Leighton, $1.50; Mrs. J. L. Pease, $2; Auburn Loyal Workers, $11.

Massachusetts—Worcester Y. W. A., $21.53; Lynn church, $8; Luella Dunham, $1; C. W. Burlingame, $5; Chelsea Y. W. A., 50 cts.; Viola Bridge, $1; Bertha E. Sabins, $1; Myrtle Whalon, $1; Mrs. E. R. Sawtelle, 75 cts.; Mrs. E. E. Giles, $1; Class No. 3, Boston Sunday-school, $1; Patience Sanford, $4; Haverhill local, $23.50; Haverhill church, $10; Zion Hill Young People's Mission Society, $10.37; Mrs. Rowley's Sunday-school Class, $1; Worcester local, $25; Brockton local, $7.25; Taunton local, $2; Fall River local, $3; Whitman local, $3; Plymouth local, $2; Somerville local, $3; Acushnet and Braley Station local, 50 cts.: Augustus White, $10, rent, $19.50.

Michigan—Mrs. A. McIntyre, $5.

Minnesota—J. D. Chapman, $2.

Missouri—St. Louis church, $642.

New Brunswick—Woodstock local, $7.50.

New Hampshire—T. F. Dockham, $2; Sugar Hill local, $1.50; Northwood Narrows local, $1; Mrs. Walter Hammond, $1; Mrs. H. C. French, $1; C. Ellen Varney, $5.

New York—Bedell and Dry Brook local, $2.50; collection for Shavertown, $4.15; Geo. B. Fletcher, $1; Mrs. Melissa D. Sprague, $1; Mrs. W. Y. Barnhart, 50 cts.; H. G. Haynes, $3; Shavertown conference, $8; Arena local, $1; E. M. Van Dyke, $1.

Nova Scotia—Charlestown local, $1; Frances Wilson, 50 cts.

Ontario—Toronto local, $9.50.

Oregon—Troutdale local, $4; Eight Mile local, $13.20; Angeline Devine, $15.10; Nellie Bennet, $17; John Day local, $10.50, Oregon Treasurer, $10.

Quebec and Northern Vermont—St. Johnsbury local, $5.50.

Rhode Island and Eastern Connecticut—Mattie B. Slocum, $1; Doris Williams, 85 cts.; Treasurer of Rhode Island and Eastern Connecticut, $5.50; Providence local, $2; Lula Sherman, $1.

South Carolina—C. A. Du Rant, $5.

Vermont—South Vernon church, $4; Richford church, $5; Bristol local, $2.85; Rutland A. C. Sunday-school, $5; South Vernon Y. W. A., $10; Mrs. P. M. Lord, $10.

Sales, $19.29; All Nations' subscriptions, $48.58; total receipts, $744.91.

MoneY GifsTs AND THEIR VALUE

1. Tin.—A small gift from a full purse with no earnest thoughts or prayer.

2. Brass.—A gift for praise of men—without love and without sacrifice.

3. Iron.—The gift of necessity, due to the importunity of an appeal or a promise; without free-will or heartiness.

4. Silver.—The gift of pity for the needy; at some cost to the giver and with a desire for the betterment of mankind.

5. Gold.—The gift of love to Christ and love for those who know not his salvation. The gift of real sacrifice cheerfully given.

What kind of a gift is yours?
OUR LITTLE MISSION PENNIES

My teacher told a story, one Sunday morning bright,
About the little heathen who had no Gospel light.
And said if we loved Jesus, that this should be our aim—
To help His mission-workers who labor in His name;
She bequeathed our pennies, and told us they would bring
A blessing to the children who did not know our King:
So, we kept and counted our treasures, day by day,
Until we had a hundred—enough to send away.

Our teacher wrote a letter, and in it put each name,
And by and by an answer from India’s country came.
It said if we loved Jesus, that this should be our aim—
To help His mission-workers who labor in His name;
And that the heathen-children all listened, when she read
The letter from our teacher; and then the lady said,
“You cannot guess the comfort your kindly letter brought,
You cannot know the blessing the little pennies wrought;
And oh, our hearts are thankful to all the children dear
Who saved their gifts for Jesus, and thought to send them
—here—
Oh, tell them that we love them for what they all have done;
God bless the mission pennies, yes, bless them—every one!”
—Selected.

TILLY’S THANK-OFFERING DOLLAR

Mrs. O. W. Scott

“You can’t give nothing if you haven’t nothing to give.”
And Tilly looked at Winslow, who began to nestle in the cradle. Tilly put a little more energy into the rockers as she took up once more a dilapidated doll. “It cert’ny ain’t fit for a heathen,” she mused. “Its head ain’t whole and its legs are broke and its figure is all out of shape.” Then she picked up a picture book. “It’s been read and read. The best picture is the worst torn. That’s just the way. If you don’t care for a thing, it keeps good; but if you like it, why then it goes all to pieces.”

On the floor beside her was a pile of toys that had descended to Tilly from children who had “real homes.” A tin cart with three wheels, a horse without a tail, Noah’s Ark full of fragments, and a little bank that never had a penny to keep—all these were the toys that had been sent to the “little poorhouse girl,” as Tilly was called. “But I guess it’s money they want for thank-offerings.”

Winslow was wide-awake now, and began to cry.
But Mrs. Porter, Winslow’s mother, had heard his cries, and came hurrying in.

“Why, Tilly,” she said, “I forgot it was your meeting this afternoon. You go right along and get ready.”

Tilly gave one more glance at the clock, and away she went down the street, her hair flying in the breeze.

“She’s gone with her apron on!” gasped Mrs. Porter. “Now they’ll say I don’t take proper care of her. But what could I do?”

Meanwhile Tilly, in her faded blue-and-white apron, on which old Ann’s patch was startling distinct, reached the church vestry just in time to answer “Present” when her name was called.

This was the thank-offering meeting, when gifts were brought for the support of their little orphan in India, and Miss Webb, the superintendent, had asked the children to tell how they had earned their money through the summer. A dozen girls and boys had written their reports. And how many ways they had found to earn their pennies and dimes! They had picked and sold berries, and flowers, and early apples; they had taken care of babies, weeded gardens, run errands.

So the offerings were carried forward, until there was a fine pile of envelopes on the table before Miss Webb.

Tilly’s throat ached with the struggle to keep her tears out of sight, for she was as sensitive as the girl whose offering was two dollars, which was all “sacrifice money,” but she again said to herself, “You can’t give nothing if you haven’t nothing to give.”

Miss Webb was very much pleased with their work, and told the children so. Then she said: “I wonder how many remember the prize Mrs. Graham offered a year ago to the member who had the best record for attendance?”

Some nodded, smilingly. They had not forgotten.

“Several of you have done very well indeed, but only one has been present at every meeting. That is Matilda Golding. If she will come forward, Mrs. Graham will give the promised prize.”

As the girl in her faded and patched apron stood before Mrs. Graham, that lady’s heart went out to her as she said: “I am sure you have the real missionary spirit, to be so faithful, and I am very glad to give you this little prize.”

“Yes’m,” Tilly answered. She stood a minute looking at the new silver dollar in her hand, then turned and laid it on the pile of thank-offerings before Miss Webb.

“Why, you dear child!” said Mrs. Graham. “You don’t wish to give it away, do you? Wouldn’t you better keep it for yourself?”

“No’m; I want to give it—I want to.” Tilly’s cheeks were very red and her eyes very bright as she went back to her seat. At last she had given a thank-offering! The children smiled gravely at each other and were very quiet. They felt that the little “poorhouse girl” had given “more than they all.”—Sel.