The Old Year and the New

Another year!
What is the story by the twelvemonth told?
What treasures doth the memory unfold—
Base coin or gold?
Sternly hath it hard lessons taught,
Hath it new cares, new joys, new burdens brought?
Few smiles and many a tear?

Another year!
What good and perfect gifts have gently come!
Knowing not whence, we have been blind and dumb,
We ate the crumb
Without the sparrow’s faith, but still,
Father of lights, Thou shinest on, and will,
Thy frightened birds to cheer.

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Hail, bright New Year! an untrod path of life
Winds on before our sight;
The future hours, with keen endeavor rife,
Lead up from height to height.
Hail, bright New Year! we clasp thy clinging hand,
And onward gaily rove
To the downhill side, the happy Rainbow Land
Treasure trove.
Old Year, may God His grace bestow
The future brings;
New Year, by Love divine we grow
To better things.
Old Year, with all its vain regrets,
Farewell, Old Year, farewell.
Swept with all that Hope begets,
Bright New Year, all hail!

—Sel.
PRESS TALK

C. H. Hudson

WE have been much cheered lately by receiving from a brother in the Middle West substantial help towards fitting ourselves out with new type. This was a thing we had long needed for the type we were using was much worn and broken, making the production of a clear readable page almost impossible. As a result of this financial help we have now been able to purchase new Tamil and English type almost sufficient for present needs. The old type may be recast for further use. This will give us a good supply. The brother referred to has our sincere thanks. This Tamil type is now being used in printing 20,000 copies of the "Gospel of Matthew." The English has already been used in printing several thousands of timely English tracts, and it would be in use now if it were not that the presses are working day after day on Tamil Gospels.

The accompanying picture gives a view of one corner of our press. The picture did not reach us. The two treadle machines seen are "Gordon" presses. The farther one is the old I. C. Wellcome press sent out here thirty years ago, and has been working printing tracts telling the good news of a coming King ever since. Circumstances made it necessary for us to procure another. This we did, and obtained a "New Style Gordon." The carrying out of necessary repairs has enabled the old "Gordon" to go on with its good work. This is a very serviceable type of machine for us as it is very easy for our boys to handle. When the engine is running the pump the belts are attached, otherwise the treadles are used. We still need another such machine and $300 will buy one.

These presses are not used for doing commercial job printing, as there are enough Hindu concerns here competing for such work as not to need our help. They are engaged in printing God’s Word, Bible tracts, our monthly paper and school supplies, and a little job work for other missions.

It seems to me that this is an investment that ought to appeal to many. The press keeps steadily on about its work requiring little besides regular oiling and cleaning. It demands no vacation, seldom complains and loses little in value. The I. C. Welcome press has worked faithfully for thirty years and who can estimate the result? Year after year thousands of tracts that it has printed have been scattered broadcast over this land. True enough it has not succeeded in building up a strong branch of the Adventist denomination in India, but it has helped to make thousands of Adventists. The effect of this work is decidedly noticeable in the teaching and living of many missionaries and Indian Christians. I know one missionary who at one time intimated in a very pointed way to a very valued one-time worker in this mission that his room would be more welcome than his presence among his people because he insisted on speaking of the Lord’s coming. That missionary himself is to-day preaching and writing about it every opportunity he gets. True, the teaching is not popular among a certain class of Christians, but I think that class is gradually becoming less on the foreign field.

I make known this need praying that it may meet the eye of one who is willing to invest that amount of money for that particular branch of distinctive work. Three hundred dollars, but think of the possibilities!

Since this article was written we have been obliged to curtail our press work somewhat for lack of funds, and gifts for this especial branch are solicited. — Editor.

FROM THE GOLDEN GATE TO HONOLULU

Ella L. Jones

O Matter how long beforehand one knows the journey is to be taken, there is always a distracting amount of last things to be done and things are seldom ready until the day of departure has arrived. So it was on the twenty-first of November. While the big trunk marked "not wanted on voyage" was being loaded from the basement, the last few things were hurried into the cabin trunk. With great satisfaction I saw them on their way to the steamer twenty hours ahead of time, but nevertheless, an anxious crowd stood on the dock and watched the road to within five minutes of starting time for Miss Ella L. Jones’ trunks. Just as my mind was made up for a trunkless voyage Mr. George Judson appeared, seated beside the expressman driving furiously, with my trunks in the nick of time.

There was only a moment for the good-byes and hand claps, and not a second for tears, until I found myself on board with the gang plank being lifted. A throb of the great engine and I knew that each throb of the engine was nearer India, and my heart was glad. Turning to walk around the decks I was face to face with a friend, Miss Ella L. Jones of the Baptist Mission, Madras. Through the rainy weather we met other Baptist missionaries and met many different missions, who have promised to be our helpful friends.

We were very happy from the day we sailed. The Golden Gate is our cradle was in a gale, and my summer letters said, "one wished to be there." Early one morning as we appeared and as the wind blew, the Mush Bowl glided along the shore. Diamond Head mark soon as we were passed by the Mush Bowl
and directly we were anchored outside the harbor of Honolulu awaiting inspection. While we stood in row to be looked over a gentle shower fell while the sun shone, making a perfect double rainbow, a lovely forerunner of the beauties of the day before us. From the pier we hastened down the street to the Y. M. C. A. where a missionary friend's son secured autos for the company of twelve and we were soon speeding away over perfect roads mid the exquisite beauty of the rugged island. In the city we exclaimed over the beautiful homes with gardens that spoke of the best of care. Out on the hillsides the views over the fields of pineapples and sugar cane were too lovely to bear description. Far in the distance the beach with its gentle tide, bluffed by huge volcanic hills spoke of quiet rest and held the eye with delight. Parks and gardens were rampant with brilliant color set in the softest of green. Every one felt that it was the fitting end of a perfect day as they stood on the deck to see the last sunshine shower with its lovely rainbow before the sun sank in a cloud of glory.

All had returned to the ship laden with gay good luck garlands that could not be taken away without the loss of good luck. So as the ship slipped anchor garlands were thrown to friends on the pier, and those they failed to catch fell below and were caught by the natives, who at once adorned their heads and necks with the gay wreaths and the divers swarmed the water and dove for the money thrown to them.

We have had almost perfect weather since leaving Honolulu and tonight are all expectation because to-morrow we reach the "Sunrise Kingdom."

December 8, 1914.

GLIMPSES

Bertha E. Keeney

THE monsoon, one of God's great blessings to India, broke on October 10th, and much of the time rain has been pouring in torrents every day for nearly a month. The older Indians say that before the forests were cut it rained steadily for four months together. At night the thermometer goes as low as seventy-five degrees, which makes it comfortably cool, even though it is uncomfortably wet.

Last Sunday we fully appreciated our Church Room, as we gathered there in such a comfortable place from the drenching rain outside. We could realize more than usual what blessings the children of our school have that our Hindu day pupils are not allowed to enjoy. Instead of being all day in a small, crowded house, wet from the leaking roof, and learning much from their elders it would be better they did not learn, our children and older boys and girls were comfortable and happy, and received the blessing of good teaching from the preaching service, Sunday-school, and Christian Endeavor meeting, such as Advent Christian people have everywhere. How our girls pity the ignorance and foolishness of their Hindu countrymen all about them. Several more have told me that they want to be baptized at the next baptism.

One of our church members recently related how he was converted, and as I had heard that it nearly broke his father's heart when he was baptized, I was interested. As a boy he helped Miss Spence in the garden and she often talked with him. For a long time he told her he would become a Christian, but did not dare to be baptized. Then one day he said he heard Miss Saunders preach from the text, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." This influenced him greatly and for days he was perfectly miserable, but it was brought to an end. One night he dreamed that an angel came to him and told him to read Numbers 30: 2: "If a man vow a vow unto the Lord, or swear an oath to bind his soul with a bond, he shall not break his word, he shall do according to all that proceedeth out of his mouth." He took this as a message for him, and, believing and trusting God, determined to be baptized as soon as possible. Such peace, he says, as he then experienced he had never known before. This unusual manner of conversion shows the power of the Word with the influence of the Holy Spirit, and is an encouragement to teach boys and girls to read so that they may be able to read the Bible. Let us pray that God's Spirit will call many through His Word, which they are taught to read and memorize. Seven of my little Hindu shut-ins are now learning the 37th Psalm, and others the Lord's Prayer or the 23d Psalm. One of the seven is the daughter of a Hindu medicine man. He is well educated in English, and as his little girl is thirteen years old, he has begun to look for a husband for her. Then one day he sent for our Saidaapat Bible woman, and told her to ask me if she could come and teach his child. I went with her to the house, and he told me that every young man, whom he would choose, asked if she was educated. "That is why I have asked you to teach her," he said. "I know you will teach the Bible, but I want her to learn to read as fast as possible." Needless to say, that, although she is not our brightest zenana pupil, she has nearly finished the first reader, and can spell quite accurately. One day when I went there I found her mother praying very earnestly, aloud, before the idol in the house. For a long time he told her he would become a Christian, but did not dare to be baptized, I was interested. As a boy he helped Miss Spence in the garden and she often talked with him. For a long time he told her he would become a Christian, but did not dare to be baptized. Then one day he said he heard Miss Saunders preach from the text, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." This influenced him greatly and for days he was perfectly miserable, but it was brought to an end. One night he dreamed that an angel came to him and told him to read Numbers 30: 2: "If a man vow a vow unto the Lord, or swear an oath to bind his soul with a bond, he shall not break his word, he shall do according to all that proceedeth out of his mouth." He took this as a message for him, and, believing and trusting God, determined to be baptized as soon as possible. Such peace, he says, as he then experienced he had never known before. This unusual manner of conversion shows the power of the Word with the influence of the Holy Spirit, and is an encouragement to teach boys and girls to read so that they may be able to read the Bible. Let us pray that God's Spirit will call many through His Word, which they are taught to read and memorize. Seven of my little Hindu shut-ins are now learning the 37th Psalm, and others the Lord's Prayer or the 23d Psalm. One of the seven is the daughter of a Hindu medicine man. He is well educated in English, and as his little girl is thirteen years old, he has begun to look for a husband for her. Then one day he sent for our Saidaapat Bible woman, and told her to ask me if she could come and teach his child. I went with her to the house, and he told me that every young man, whom he would choose, asked if she was educated. "That is why I have asked you to teach her," he said. "I know you will teach the Bible, but I want her to learn to read as fast as possible." Needless to say, that, although she is not our brightest zenana pupil, she has nearly finished the first reader, and can spell quite accurately. One day when I went there I found her mother praying very earnestly, aloud, before the idol in the house. She did not stop for us, but when she had finished, came and listened to the Christian song and Bible story after her daughter's lesson.

SEARCHERS

1. At what place did some one visit a Y. M. C. A.?
2. Who goes home each night with something new to think about?
3. What will $300 buy?
4. What effect has the distribution of tracts had upon the people of India?
5. Who needs money for a coal bill?
Miss Louise H. Kinsman, West Hartford, Conn.
Mrs. N. L. McFadyen, Los Angeles, Cal.
Mrs. Agnes G. Alford, Auburn, Ill.
Mrs. Bertha S. Beima, Providence, R. I.
Mrs. Maude M. Chadsey, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. N. L. McFadyen, Los Angeles, Cal.
Mrs. Annie P. Smith, Quincy, Mass.
Mrs. Maude M. Chadsey, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. Eva I. McKenna, Magog, P. Q.
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Mrs. N. L. McFadyen, Los Angeles, Cal.
Mrs. Annie P. Smith, Quincy, Mass.
Mrs. Maude M. Chadsey, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. Eva I. McKenna, Magog, P. Q.

THANKSGIVING AND PETITIONING LIST

We have been requested to state just what we need each month with the idea that if the friends know our specific needs they will be more likely to supply them. Our especial need in supplies at the present time is white sash curtains for the windows of the new building. These should be thirty-two inches in length after they are made and sixteen pairs are needed. If any local or individual decides to send some curtains, please notify Mrs. Chadsey, 5 Whiting St., Roxbury, that we may know how many to expect. It was found when the kitchen department was moved that the gas range was so worn out that it was not wise to move it. This necessitated the purchase of a new one, which was an unexpected expense. The high cost of foodstuffs makes it almost impossible for the matron to save anything from the $3.50 a week which the students pay for board and room toward the coal bill, which now stands at $130. Therefore, donations for this expense are greatly needed.

Since last report the following donations aside from cash have been received: comforter, Sugar Hill, N. H., local; comforter, New Haven, Conn., local; bed linen, Taunton, Mass., local; barrel of canned fruit and comforter, Alton, N. Y.; box of canned fruit, Fiskdale, Mass., local; barrel of apples, Augustus White. A pulpit Bible which was presented to the Haverhill, Mass., church by Elder John Couch in 1879, was presented to the school by Sister L. M. Johnson of Hartford, Conn. All these donors have the sincere thanks of the directors of the Home for their gifts.

BOSTON BIBLE SCHOOL HOME

We are pleased to state that the new building is now occupied, our domestic department having been moved into the new quarters the last Wednesday of the old year. Three of the dormitories were fitted up for students and we hope to have the fourth one ready by the time this meets the eyes of our readers. The Rutland, Vermont, Loyal Workers are the first to pay the full amount for furnishing one room, which is $40. The Y. W. A. societies come next, having paid $22.

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THANKSGIVING AND PETITIONING LIST

"GIVING thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of Our Lord Jesus Christ."

We desire to give thanks:
For the safe arrival of Miss Saunders in America;
For the good income of December;
For the many words of encouragement that have accompanied the gifts;
For the encouraging reports that come from the field;
For the convenient quarters we have for our Bible School Home.
And we pray:
That Miss Saunders may be speedily restored to health;
That the missionaries may be given strength and wisdom for their many duties;
That the funds for the Bible School Home coal bill may come;
That an income of $1500 may be received for January.

We have recently received a request that we print each month the addresses of our missionaries in India. All missionaries should be addressed, Guindy, Saidapet, Madras, India.
MY TRIP SOUTH

Nellie E. Fellows

AFTER attending at Atlanta, Georgia, one of the best and the largest conventions of the National W. C. T. U. ever held, and being entertained with many others at Cox College where nearly two hundred young women students are studying expression, music, art, science, etc., who in addition to their school work did everything possible for our comfort; I bade these charming girls adieu and started for Florida, bright, sunny Florida, where blossoms of some sort are supposed to please the eye the year round.

I spent Sunday November 22nd with the Jacksonville church where the Sunday-school held at 9.30 a.m. was well attended by children and grown-ups, and had the privilege of speaking to the Sunday-school of the work of our W. H. & F. M. Society, and urging them to have a part in carrying the “Gospel of the Kingdom” to all nations. I also had the privilege of listening to an able doctrinal sermon by Elder J. T. Butler, pastor of this church, and witnessing a baptism. I also spoke to the Ladies’ Society in regard to giving a helping hand in the support of our dear Miss Keeney in India.

From Jacksonville I went to Lake City where the people received me with open arms and did everything for my comfort and pleasure, giving to the mission cause and promising to do more. Here I found Eld. C. P. Thornton of Gainsville church helping the pastor, Eld. H. E. Pancost, in revival services. I had the privilege of attending two of these meetings and hearing Brother Thornton preach. Had a delightful visit with Brother and Sister Pancost, and Mrs. W. M. Ives, whose husband has had the honor of being Judge for forty years, gave me two auto rides. From Lake City I went to Live Oak, rightly named, because oaks are not only beautiful but plentiful there, and the well kept town certainly had every appearance of being alive. The ladies here manifested much interest in our work and I think will be more progressive in the mission work in the future. I trust they will take up the children’s work, and very soon we shall see some names under the Cradle Roll and Junior departments in All Nations from Live Oak. I met here the most optimistic, energetic and all round faithful worker I have met for a long time, Elder B. A. L. Bixler. Brother Bixler is not only pastor of this church, but is editor of the Present Truth Messenger, and is a most faithful worker and earnest champion for the Adventist Home and Orphanage at Dowling Park.

From Live Oak I went to Dowling Park where the Adventist Home for aged ministers and their wives and an orphanage for our Adventist orphan children are located. To my mind, this is one of the most, if not the most worthy cause in our denomination. Our dear old worn out ministers who have given their time and strength to the cause, who have borne the heat and burden of the day, and the reproach of preaching the coming of our Lord and its kindred truths, and have helped to make our denomination what it is to-day surely should spend their last days in comfort and peace. Much credit is due to those who first started this Christlike institution. We hear the Saviour say, “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me.” Hon. W. M. Bennett, who has been Justice of Peace for six years and begins his duties as County Commissioner at the beginning of the new year, is the chairman of the board of directors, and also general manager. He met me at the train, took me to his home, which joins the Home and Orphanage grounds, and with his most lovable wife entertained me and spent the entire day showing me over the grounds and their surroundings. This is indeed a charming spot, situated upon one of the most picturesque bends of the famous Swancee River, with its high banks and deep waters; where they plant the ground over the third time, raising three splendid crops in one year. Many kinds of southern trees are growing on the one hundred and twenty acres which have been purchased for this Home, and here grow luscious strawberries six months in a year, oranges, grapefruit, kumquats, persimmons, nuts and I cannot take time and space to tell you all, only that this is where our dear ones can spend their last days in a warm climate and be well cared for. Very much to my surprise, I found that one of the first to accept this home and care was an Adventist minister and wife from Bowdoinham, Maine, Elder and Mrs. A. Gordon, living in a new cottage, clean, bright and cozy, made especially for them, and free from care and worry for the future days. Surely one of my disposition would take in the situation and my heart respond in a substantial way, and I wished I could do more and propose to do so as the dear Lord may prosper me. I felt that the church of which I am a member should be one of the first to accept this worthy cause and immediately wrote and asked them to do so. A plan is on foot now which if carried out will care for the running expenses in a very comfortable manner, namely: That each month which has five Sundays, a fifth Sunday offering from all our churches and Sunday-schools and individuals be given for this work. In this way we can all help and ought to be more than willing to do so. The substantial orphan home which is a twenty-four by sixty foot building with a piazza upstairs and down extending on all sides, with a large living room, library, dining room, kitchen, matron’s room and girls’ dormitory on the first floor, with a boys’ dormitory, bath room, etc., on the second floor, all of these being light and airy, is good to look upon. Seven children were here at the time of my visit, four girls and three boys, all under twelve years of age, I should think. Mrs. Lizzie Fleming of Ohio, whom many of our people know as an earnest worker and
preacher, is building a fine two story house upon the grounds, planning to make her home here the remainder of her days. I predict that in a short time a goodly number of brothers and sisters of one faith and of one accord will be found in this lovely spot ready to meet their Lord when He shall come.

After my most delightful visit to Dowling Park, I went to Jasper, where Elder S. A. Mundy has worked as pastor for two years, but has given up pastoral work to serve as state evangelist for the coming year. I enjoyed Brother and Sister Mundy’s home and the pleasant meeting which we held with the little church at Jasper.

From here I went to Gainsville the prettiest place for its size that I visited in the South. They have a commodious church and a good working congregation with Elder C. P. Thornton for their pastor. Brother Thornton being with the Lake City church holding revival services, Brother Pancost preached here November 29th and we enjoyed a helpful and instructive sermon on “Being in Tune with the Infinite.” Monday evening over thirty came out to hear about our mission work and I had the privilege of re-organizing the local and starting a Junior department, also of organizing a Loyal Workers Society with twenty-nine members, which will, I trust, help in this grand mission work by giving something for Miss Keeney’s support, as this is a special work for our young people. A most enjoyable visit with this church spending an all day session with the Ladies’ Aid and helping quilt two quilts, and stopping in the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Baird where the ministers and W. C. T. U. organizers and lecturers find a hearty welcome and a restful home, was my privilege and pleasure. During my trip a number of subscriptions for the All Nations was taken, a number of Leaves Worth Turning and the Mission Retrospect, also some India handkerchiefs were sold, and a good supply of literature and helps for the children’s work were distributed.

I trust my trip South will result in creating more interest in our mission work in that vicinity, also create more interest in the North in the Adventist Home and Orphanage at Dowling Park, Florida, and that when the Lord shall come He will find us “occupying” and “serving” with the talents He has entrusted to our care and that we will hear Him say, “Well done.”

We would call attention to the generous offer of Brother Tenney which will be found on page eight. Here is a good way to help the society and secure a splendid book for yourself. If any local or individual would like a copy of the book to solicit with, we will send them one on request, the price can be remitted with the order.

The Foreign Missions are God’s own work and must succeed.—Yoshia Tanimota, Japan.

MOTHER BENTLEY’S CONDITIONAL GIFT

It was plain that Mother Bentley was troubled. Mrs. Adams saw that as soon as she was seated in the cozy living room in the tiny cottage. How familiar it all was: the glossy-leaved geranium in the window, the spotless muslin curtains primly looped back, Lion licking his yellow paws as he lay idly on the sunny window sill, the comfortable old rocker with its fat red cushion, the braided rug, the shining lamp chimney in the little glass lamp, the loudly ticking clock on the mantel, the squat Franklin stove, the secretary with its few books and its air of settled respectability.

Mrs. Adams loved the little cottage and the dear old saint who still lived in the home that had sheltered her when she entered its door a bride, fifty long years before.

“What is it, Mother Bentley,” she said tenderly, “is there something troubling you that I can help?”

What quick eyes you have, dear. I did not know that I showed so plainly that I am a bit troubled. I wonder if I ought to tell you?”

“Please do, dear Mother Bentley,” said Mrs. Adams who in the two years of her husband’s pastorate in Centerville had grown very fond of the cheery, beautiful young soul that looked out through the worn portals of the aged woman’s face.

“Well, it is this way,” said Mrs. Bentley. “When pa died he left me comfortably off as things went twenty-five years ago. I had the little house with the patch of garden, and then in the bank I had shares in the New Haven and Hartford Railroad that brought me in income enough so that I lacked for nothing and even had a little to give to the Lord’s work. But you know how it has been with the stock tumbling and the dividends failing. Two years ago when things began to be so bad Mr. Grant, the banker, was very good to me. He said that my husband had helped him in business when he was a young man, and that he could afford to buy that stock for what it would bring and wait for it to pay a dividend as it surely would. He tried to make me think it was a money-making thing on his part, but I could see through that, it was just his kind heart.”

“Oh, I don’t know,” said Mrs. Adams, “I guess he did not misjudge himself so very much. The stock was pretty low then, wasn’t it?”

“My, yes! My husband used to tell me that that railroad was a perfect gold mine because it ran through such rich settled country. He paid a lot for the stock, but I didn’t realize one quarter of what he said it was worth.”

“I thought so,” said Mrs. Bentley. “Well, what happened then?”

“I put the money in the savings bank, but that brought only four per cent. Then last year such a nice man came to Centerville. He had stock in a mine that he proved to me was absolutely sure to pay ten per cent. and I
invested half my money. Oh, I can't tell you the rest! I am so ashamed and afraid."

The slow tears of old age crept down the wrinkled cheeks, as Mother Bentley looked appealingly at her visitor.

"Don't you care one mite, dear. I know I should have been twice as foolish whatever you did," said Mrs. Adams, adding quite apropos of nothing, "Wouldn't I like to get hold of that wretched!"

"There hasn't a bit of interest come," faltered Mother Bentley, "and yesterday when I showed my certificate of stock to Mr. Grant, he said that it was absolutely worthless; 'wild-cat' banking he called it, and said I should likely never get a cent from it."

"How much have you left," asked Mrs. Adams.

"There is just two thousand dollars and that only means eighty dollars a year," said Mother Bentley soberly.

"What is the least you could get along on?"

"Well, before I was so silly, I had $160 and I managed on that, though it meant close figuring with coal and food so high and the taxes for the new sidewalk and all. I really was cramped some, because I used to have five hundred and sometimes six hundred a year. But how to live on eighty I don't know, and I am so afraid I shall have to sell the house and go and live in a home."

This dreadful prospect so agitated the old lady that she went frankly until her dear old nose was red and her kind old eyes were swollen.

"I love every board and every nail. It is my home. I am real spry and can do my little work so easy. I just can't give it up."

Mrs. Adams cried too, until suddenly she sat up, clapped her hands, and then whirled the spotless floor exclaiming, "Conditional Gift, Conditional Gift!"

"Why, Miss Adams, are you crazy? You do beat all," said the scandalized old lady as crying and laughing together they sank dizzily into their chairs.

"I'm not a bit crazy. I've just thought of a perfectly glittering plan by which you can give all your money to your beloved missionary society and yet have a living income. Have you ever heard of the conditional gift plan of the missionary societies, both home and foreign?"

"No, I never did. How can I give my money away and yet keep it? You know there isn't a chick nor a child to leave it too, and I've always meant to give it in my will to the missionary society. I hate to make a will though."

"Just let me tell you about it," said Mrs. Adams. "You give your property, much or little, to the missionary society on condition that they pay you interest on it as long as you live. The older you are the higher the interest they pay."

"Did you ever hear anything like that? What interest would I get?" said the old lady leaning half out of her chair in her excitement.—Selected and Adapted.

[Continued in February number.]

TREASURER'S REPORT
Receipts for December, 1914

California—Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Davis, $450; Santa Cruz local, $12; Mrs. Olive Massey, $8; J. D. Sweet, $3; Napa local, $4; Oakland local, $3; Ellen A. Winters, $1.

Connecticut and Western Massachusetts—Mrs. C. A. Noble, $3; Mrs. C. E. Butterworth, $5; East Norwalk tithing class, $7.55; Mac E. Kibbe, $2; Mabel R. Makepeace, $2; Martha S. Benson, $1; Bridgeport Y. W. A., $7.50; New Haven local, $2; Class C, Hartford S. S., $2.50; L. F. Colton, $2; Louise H. Kinsman, $11.50; Pittsfield S. S., $2.50.

Florida—Live Oak local, $4.75; Lake City local, $5; Mrs. J. W. Lake, $1.

Illinois—Mrs. A. C. Nelson, $3.

Iowa—Mrs. Emma McClusky, $1.

Kansas—Lora S. Marshall, $4.75.

Maine—Auburn local, $2; Isabel Dodge, $1; Mrs. J. T. Long, $2; Maud M. Wallace, $5; Harold Faulkingham, $25; M. E. Rowe, $5; Mrs. N. J. Humphrey, $1; Angie M. Thobott, $2; Mabel Beardsley, $2; cash, 11 cts.; Lizzie Sweeter's S. S. Class, $1.05; Biddeford Sunday-school, $1.82; a friend, $1.

Massachusetts—Boston local, $10; Ursula Marshall, $3; Clifford Spooner, $1; Lynn church, $2.20; Rev. and Mrs. Longland, $1; Lynn S. S., $3.29; C. W. Burlingame, $5; Lynn Y. W. A., $2.50; Athol local, $17; F. A. Waters, $1; Miss G. H., $3; Lowell Sunday-school, $2.50; Alice Howarth, $2; a friend, $1; Ethel White, $1; Miss Benjamin's S. S. Class, $2; Brockton L. W., $5; Estella Adams, $5; M. A. Hubbell, $5; Class No. 3, Boston S. S., $1.25; Melrose Highlands local, $2.25; Melrose Highlands S. S., $5.75; Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds, $2; Ethel Keeney, $1; Mrs. and Mrs. Keeney, $1; Boston Y. W. A., $8; Mrs. G. W. Sederquist, $1; C. L. Hamblin, $2; Lynn local, $2.85; North Carver local, $1.60; Somerville local, $3; Worcester local, $17; Worcester Y. W. A., $8.75; May Evans, $7; Augustus White, $10; North Adams Mission Society, $3.75; rent, $19.

Minnesota—Annandale S. S., $7.60.

New Hampshire—Mrs. E. J. Willand, $1; C. Ellen Varney, $5; G. E. Kendall, 50 cts.; Mrs. L. P. Hart, $2; Thos. B. Hall, $3; Annie S. Dyer, $1; Evie L. Palmer, $1; Littleton Junior Society, $1; Ann Kirby, $1; M. I. Norcott, $11; W. W. Norcott, $11; Ruby Smith, $3; Center Haverhill local, $1.50.

New Jersey—Mrs. R. M. Jones, $1.50.

New York—A friend, $5; E. M. Van Dyke, $1; Schenectady local, $4.50; S. L. and A. Butler, $3.


North Carolina—W. M. Cummings, $7.50.

Ontario—Toronto local, $15.

Oregon—Portland local, $10; Troutdale local, $4.50; Pleasant Hill local, $3.50; M. E. Bullis, $5.

Quebec and Northern Vermont—Emily A. Adams, $5; Danville A. Church, $59.60; Beebe Plains S. S., $5; Morrisville S. S., $4.70; Mrs. Chamberlain, $50 cts.; Mrs. O. W. Heath, $5.

Rhode Island—Lafayette Mission Society, $5; Mattie Slocomb, $1; Lulu Sherman, $1; Lafayette friend, $1; Providence Y. W. A., $3.50.

Vermont—Rutland S. S., $2; South Vernon Y. W. A., $10; Newbury Free Christian Church, $10.

Virginia—E. A. Brundage, $2.

Wisconsin—Nellie M. Wood, $3.60.

Western A. C. P. Mission Board, $9.95; General Helpers Union, $17.57; Western A. C. P. Society, $3.50; transit refund, $3.70; sales, $16.60; All Nations subscriptions, $22; Total receipts for month, $1,291.31.

Maude M. Chadsey, Treasurer.
THE GLAD NEW YEAR
The clocks were on the stroke of twelve,
The night was bitter cold,
I saw upon the avenue
A figure gray and old;
An ancient man with silver hair,
Who carried on his back,
Bent double with the weight of age,
A lean and empty pack.
But even as he passed away
Across the frozen snow,
A youth came striding into view,
His smooth young cheeks aglow,
His shoulders bore a bulging sack,
And music-box as well.
I hailed him as he hurried by—
"Pray tell me what you sell?"
He smiled and sent the answer back
Along the snowy street—
"Blue violets and daffodils,
And apple-blossoms sweet,
And all the songs of happy birds
That ever charmed the ear,
And perfumes from a thousand fields—
I am the glad New Year." —Exchange.

INDIANS AHEAD
Indian boys and girls in Arizona are having hard fights with their white neighbors. Recently everybody went down in the melee but six Indians. Nobody was hurt, although a great many words in the English language were pretty badly mutilated. The "fight" took place in the chapel of the Indian school at Phoenix, Ariz., between the seventh and eighth grade pupils of the village and the Indian schools. Both sides stood up bravely and spelled the big words as best they could until every white girl and boy was vanquished, while six Indians triumphantly waited for more hard words to spell.

THE Mission Societies at South Vernon held a sale in Johnson Hall the afternoon and evening of December 15. We had quilts, fancy articles, confectionery and ice cream on sale. Although it was a cold wintry day we had a very good attendance, and about $35 was realized. Mrs. A. B. Gould, Mrs. Ernest Dunklee, Miss Beatrice Willard, Secretaries.

JUNIOR MISSION SOCIETY
Littleton, N. H.—Charlotte Beane, President; Myrtle Sweet, Vice-President; Dorothy Aldrich, Secretary; Katherine Beane, Treasurer; Mrs. Austin A. Richardson, Superintendent.

CRADLE ROLL
Robert Stanley Herron, December 13, 1914, Hartford, Conn.

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