The Burden Bearer

*I'll lay my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.*

OVER the narrow pathway
That led from my lonely door,
I went with a thought of the Master
As oft I had walked before;
But my heart was heavily laden,
And with tears my eyes were dim,
But I knew I should lose the burden
Could I get a glimpse of Him.

IT was more than I could carry
If I carried it all alone;
And none in my house might share it—
Only One on the Throne.
It came between me and pleasure,
Between my work and me,
But the Lord could understand it
And His touch could set me free.

WHILE yet my courage wavered
And the sky before me blurred,
I heard a Voice behind me,
Saying a tender word;
And I turned, to see the brightness
Of Heaven upon the road,
And sudden I lost the pressure
Of the weary, crushing load.

NOTHING that hour was altered,
I still had the weight of care,
But I bore it now with the gladness
That comes from answered prayer,
Not a grief the soul can fetter,
Nor cloud its vision, when
The dear Lord gives the spirit
To breathe to His will. "Amen!"

OH, friend! if the greater burdens
His love can make so light,
Why should His wonderful goodness
Our halting credence slight?
The little, sharp vexations,
The briers that catch and fret—
Shall we not take them to the Helper
Who never failed us yet?

TELL Him about the heartache,
And tell Him the longings, too,
Tell Him the baffled purpose,
When we scarce know what to do,
Then leaving all our weakness
With the One divinely strong,
Forget that we bore the burden
And carry away the song.

—Margaret E. Sangster.
FROM MISS JONES

Guindy, January 28, 1915.

Dear Friends and Fellow Laborers: Just having returned from a trip to your schools I must write you of the delights of the trip.

Because of the hard times we did not buy the usual sweetmeats, etc., for the children, but gave them their reward for attending one hundred and fifty days.

Mr. Hudson and I left Nukampaliam about one o'clock in the afternoon of Tuesday for Ponmar. We knew the late rains would make the roads bad so went in the big double bullock cart. Just a little outside of Nukampaliam one wheel went into a deep mud hole while the other wheel was high up on a bit of grass. We thought sure we were in for a spill but the workers on foot braced the cart while we climbed out. What a road lay before us. The clay mud made the pulling so heavy that we had to get out in the midst of it and walk, while the gardener had a terrible time getting the bulls to pull the empty cart.

As we neared the village one of your Christians came running over the paddy fields to meet us and guide us over the best way. We drove around the hill and directly ahead lay the school house. How pretty and sweet it is. The children and teachers have built a mud wall with fancy posts all whitewashed to protect their very pretty garden that surrounds the school.

Have you ever cried inwardly? Well, that is what I did when I entered that sweetly clean pretty schoolhouse. It is just perfect in its pure whiteness with pots of pretty plants about.

The whole place is pervaded with a spirit of happy good will that cheers one at once. The children and teachers have built a mud wall with fancy posts all whitewashed to protect their very pretty garden that surrounds the school.

Have you ever cried inwardly? Well, that is what I did when I entered that sweetly clean pretty schoolhouse. It is just perfect in its pure whiteness with pots of pretty plants about.

The whole place is pervaded with a spirit of happy good will that cheers one at once. The villagers came in with the children and we had a very happy time with them. Seven more families are preparing for baptism. Those who have already taken the stand have suffered very much at the hands of the caste people, yet others mean to take the stand.

I hope to spend a week with them soon, meeting and teaching the Christians and the seekers.

I know your prayers are giving power. I told them of my visit to your church and of your love and care for them.

It took us three hours to return from Ponmar to Nukampaliam, a distance of two and a half miles if we could go straight but the bad roads took us all round about.

The next day we went to Madambakam. Here the caste people are quarreling with the out caste people for trying to send their children to the school. We are on the out caste children's side of course, and expect a hard pull for the school. Pray earnestly that God will give wisdom in all that is done, that ransomed souls may be the result.

While in America I told some who have schools about having a shirt day, when they would make the prize shirts to be given out in their schools. You have two schools and the burden would be heavy, but I think I will tell you anyway. Every child that attends one hundred and fifty days in a year gets a garment, so it seemed a happy thought to have those supporting a school make the prizes and mark them for their school. For Ponmar we need about six men's shirts made after our patterns; ten, about sixteen inches across, by twenty-four long; ten, for tots from five to seven, fourteen inches across by eighteen long. Strips of bright cloth for ten girls. One yard or one and a quarter will be enough for one jacket.

I remember the happy days I spent with you and feel so sure of your earnest prayers.

Yours in His service,

Ella L. Jones.

This letter, which was written by Miss Jones to the Danville, Quebec, church is so full of interest that we have published it that all our readers may have the privilege of reading it.—Editor.
BUSY DAYS
Bertha E. Keeney

The year 1915 is born and its coming brought much joy to some of our girls. They asked to go out after watch night service and sing New Year carols, as at Christmas time. One couldn't help thinking that their happiness and songs might be like a forerunner of the angelic songs of joy, peace and victory, which will accompany our King's return, looked for by so many this year, though not as we look for it.

A Buddhist priest in Burmah is prophesying that God will return to the earth this year; and according to Hindu reckoning of time, this is the last year of this age, and a change is expected on the earth. It is beautiful to see those of the brothers and sisters of our faith who are here joyfully working and looking for that day for which all others were made.

The New Year finds me working with our Guindy girls, instead of going to homes of outside girls and women as I expected to do. It will be good training in using this new language, and I will be able to do more with the language when I have learned all my duties so that I can do them more quickly and easily. December was just filled up with school and Scripture examinations, school closing exercises, Christmas and New Year services.

All of our girls were given a pretty new dress from America the day before Christmas, and in the afternoon we went to Vilacherie and enjoyed a pleasant afternoon and had dinner with the boys and missionaries there. In the evening each girl received a doll and the boys presents of various kinds, such as came in the June boxes. Some outside friends here gave some money to buy them some Indian candy.

I wish you too could become acquainted with our little Indian sisters. Of course, you would find out, as I have, that they are all of different dispositions as girls are at home, but each has her good qualities and the others which she has to overcome.

I am trusting in your prayers for the girls and me that we may do God's will.

January 10, 1915.

Although this article was written January 10, it did not reach us until March, for the India mail which is all passed by the censor before reaching India is consequently much longer in reaching us than before the war.—Editor.

THE OPENED WINDOW

By Isabel M. Blake

"Miss Felton would like to see you, ma'am. She said she had important business." Mrs. Carteret's English housemaid paused a little wistfully in the doorway. She longed to win a cordial welcome for the caller, who was almost the only one among Mrs. Carteret's many guests who habitually gave her a personal smile or word, "for all the world as though I was a girl, and not a talking machine," as she confided to the upstairs maid. But Mrs. Carteret responded coldly, "Oh, well, bring her up.

That charming lady could not have greeted a guest ungraciously. Before many minutes, Miss Felton had succumbed completely, as most people did, to her hostess' fascinations. She had wondered how she would begin the conversation, but it never lagged a moment. The question was how to introduce her errand gracefully.

"Yes," Mrs. Carteret was saying, "we go into the city twice every week to the opera. Mr. Carteret is exceedingly fond of music, and feels that he cannot miss it. He knows far more about it than I do. It is such a wonderful thing to have a husband who can point out to you the depth of feeling, the truly elemental appeal of the Nibelungen operas. Every one in the boxes uses it just as a social occasion. So Mr. Carteret will not have a box. He says he wants to hear the music and see the acting without interruption. So we always sit right in the middle of the front row in the first balcony. We have engaged those seats for the season. They are the best seats in the house for seeing and hearing, and so cheap. I always feel money is purely wasted on box seats, don't you?"

"Yes, indeed," she said. "It is all for show. But don't you think a great deal of money is wasted on things that don't give much in real satisfaction?"

"Satisfaction? Oh, what is it? It's what we're all chasing, and never really get more than a whiff of, isn't it?"

"Oh, do you think so? I think there is a real satisfaction when one has to save for weeks and then does manage an opera." (Her pride could not quite consent to a mention of the family circle.) "But there is still more in giving the pleasure to some one else, and watching their enjoyment. Or in giving anything to people that they really need. And I have come to ask you to do that. It is nearly Easter, and our church raised its apportionment, but this year I think Mr. Carteret will be obliged to diminish his benevolences. You know the mills are not working full time. We wanted a new five-passenger Buick. The limousine really does not answer our purposes. But we shall not be able to get it this year. So why should we try to give extra or even as much to foreign work, when we can't have what we need ourselves? Really, I don't see how you can carry on foreign missions

(Continued on page 6)

(Continued on page 6)
ALL NATIONS MONTHLY

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Editor and Business Manager:
MRS. MAUDE M. CHADSEY
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THE WARREN PRESS, 160 WARREN ST., ROXBURY

BOSTON, MASS., APRIL, 1915

DURING the past few weeks it has been the privilege of your President to present our India mission work in four of the Connecticut churches, East Norwalk, Bridgeport, Hartford and New Britain. At each of these places a warm welcome was given your representative: the Bridgeport Young Woman’s Auxiliary and the Hartford local each gave a reception which was greatly enjoyed, and we believe of much benefit to all; for at these informal gatherings we get much more closely in touch with each other than we can possibly do otherwise. Our Connecticut sisters are wide awake and energetic, a fact which is clearly seen when one views the splendid cottage they have erected for mission headquarters on the Plainville campground. Through the kindness of the Bridgeport local your president was privileged to attend the Connecticut and Western Massachusetts Sunday-school and Loyal Workers’ Convention at Plainville, and during the noon hour went to the campground to see the cottage, and it certainly is a comfortable homelike place, and will mean much to our work there we are confident. It is the desire of the president to visit the other churches in Connecticut and Western Massachusetts during the next few months and she will be glad to hear from any who may desire her to come.

If you have not a copy of Brother Tenney’s splendid book, Jesus Our Friend, why not send us a dollar for a copy at once? By so doing you will be giving the mission work sixty-five cents, and at the same time securing a splendid book for your library. See Brother Tenney’s offer on another page.

MRS. MACFADYEN has been working in Southern California since the middle of January, but expects to return to her home in Santa Cruz the latter part of April. She promises us a report of her work for next month’s paper.

A RECENT letter from the New Hampshire State President informs us of successful services having been held by our W. H. & F. M. workers in connection with the conferences at Lisbon and Lakeport. The speaker at both of these gatherings was the Southern N. H. vice-president, Mrs. Susie W. Davis of Concord, and all who have had the privilege of hearing her speak will know that the addresses were both interesting and inspiring. We are sorry that we did not receive a report of these meetings for publication.

THANKSGIVING AND PETITIONING LIST

“For all, on bended knees I make thanksgiving;
The unachieved that spurred my steps along,
The unattained that makes life worth the living,
The unfulfilled that keeps my spirit strong.

We are thankful:
For the two locals; the two Young Woman’s Auxiliaries; the three Junior Mission Societies; the sixty-five Junior members at large, and twenty-six Cradle Roll members that have been added to our number since our annual meeting in August, 1914.
For the many encouraging letters that come to our desk informing us of increasing interest in our work.
For the new subscribers added to our list.
For the increasing number of churches and individuals who are regularly contributing to our work.
For Brother and Sister R. L. Peterson, whom we expect to send to India in the autumn of 1915, he to have charge of the evangelistic and she of the educational work.

And we pray:
That the support of Brother and Sister Peterson may be secured before they leave America. Here is a splendid opportunity for some one who desires to have a representative on the foreign field to do so, by supporting one of these worthy young people. The salary of each will be $325 a year.
That our income for April may be at least $1200.
That wisdom may be given the executive board in making their plans for the summer’s work at the campmeetings.
That Miss Saunders may continue to gain in health.

BOSTON BIBLE SCHOOL HOME

SINCE last report the following donations have been received for the home: one barrel potatoes from Augustus White; one comforter, Oxford, Maine, local; one comforter from Mrs. R. J. Robson, Winthrop, N. Y. Three dollars have also been received toward the coal bill.

MASSACHUSETTS ANNUAL MEETING

Massachusetts locals of the W. H. & F. M. Society will hold their annual meeting in the A. C. Church at Melrose Highlands, on Franklin Street, June 9, 1915.
The business session will open in the forenoon at 10:30 and addresses will be given in the afternoon. Miss Saunders will speak in the evening. Meals will be furnished at the church and lodging for those who come from a distance. It is hoped all can meet their apportionment for the State work. Let every local be well represented at this meeting.

Carrie E. Scott, Pres.
Bertha F. Ward, Sec.

Have you paid your apportionment yet—
Your apportionment of toil?
Or are there tasks that the Master has set
From which you still recoil?

Have you paid your apportionment yet—
Your apportionment of prayer?
Or in life's swift whirl do you still forget
Your comrades over there?

Have you paid your apportionment yet—
Your apportionment of tears?
Are your eyes with earth's sorrow all unwept,
Is your sympathy in arrears?

Have you paid your apportionment yet—
Your apportionment of tears?
Are your eyes with earth's sorrow all unwept,
Is your sympathy in arrears?

Our heroes suffered of old,
To their lonely graves they came
For a cause that we careless Christians hold
In the balance 'twixt honor and shame.

And the Lord of the treasury sees,
As of yore with judicial eyes,
Our offerings coined in the mint of ease,
Or red with sacrifice.

If working for yourself, place a value on your day's labor, and send it in for this work, which is yours and mine to support. Urgent and early improvements are needed, and our funds now in hand are barely enough for running expenses.

Pray over this matter. Tell the brethren and help make it a great day. Remember the date, Thursday, April 15th.

Send all offerings to Burr A. L. Bixler, Treasurer, Live Oak, Fla.

Hon. W. M. Bennett,
Elder J. T. Butler,
Elder Jas. Lee,
S. A. Mundy,
Burr A. L. Bixler,
Board of Managers.

Although this request will not reach our readers, through the medium of this paper, in time to send a day's earnings the 15th of April, it will not be too late to send what was earned that day if you have not already done so.—Editor.

RESOLUTIONS

Whereas: Our beloved sister Mary A. Mushrush has been taken from our midst by the enemy Death. Therefore, be it

Resolved: That in the decease of our Sister, we, the Local Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society of Pasadena, Cal., have met with the loss of one who was highly esteemed among us for her works' sake, her devotion was sincere; her interest never failing; her life a blessing to us all.

Resolved: That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, be published in All Nations Monthly, and be placed upon our records.

Mary L. Thatcher,
Nettie R. Nelson,
Committee on Resolutions.

"Study pure and holy walking if you would have your confidence firm, and boldness and joy in God."
anyway, with this war going on. Why don’t you send for them all to come home?"

"Oh, Mrs. Carteret, not one of our workers would come home now. You don’t know them. Even in those countries, like Turkey, where there is really war going on, they are keeping at work in their hospitals and schools the same as ever. They say the people are in such poverty and distress that it would be like desertion to leave them now. All the men have been drafted into service, all the animals commandeered, and almost all food supplies requisitioned. Yet the people are thronging to the churches, praying as they have never prayed. Isn’t it wonderful how, in trouble, the hearts of men turn to their God? And more wonderful yet, the Moslems were never so friendly. They are openly contrasting the Christianity they have seen in the lives of missionaries and native converts these fifty years, or more, with the ‘Christianity’ of the warring governments. The talk of a Holy War has fallen flat. And in India and China and Africa, where the doors are open as never before, shall we cut off the resources of the missionaries because there is war in Europe? Oh, it would be base desertion all along the line, if we didn’t stand back of our work at this crucial time!"

The enthusiasm of a long line of New England preachers glowed in Miss Felton’s kindling face. It almost conquered Mrs. Carteret, but she did want that new Buick! "It’s all very interesting, Miss Felton, and must be most encouraging to us. All right, I’ll give them a dollar."

Nevertheless she could not quite forget the little woman, and to appease a restless conscience, she mentioned the matter to her husband that noon. He frowned. Expenses were heavy and profits small. He wanted the Buick too, as soon as Mrs. Carteret, her caller, stepped into the room, and set a chair for her with a smile of welcome, that made the warm-hearted lady love her at once. She had a gentle, tired face, great dark eyes, and masses of silky hair.

"Oh, Mrs. Carteret did not sit down, but took the woman’s hands in hers, soapsuds and all."

"Oh, I’ve come to tell you bad news. I’m so sorry—but it’s not so very bad. Your little girl, your Gracie, was coming home from school and our auto—oh, don’t cry! She isn’t badly hurt. She’s in the hospital just for a day or two, but I’ve come to take you to see her."

The chauffeur stooped to pick up the child, but as he did so, he said, "Don’t worry, ma’am. The car didn’t pass over her, but just grazed her, and she fell. She hadn’t no business in the streets nohow. She’s just one o’ them foreign brats that no one cares for."

Angered by the callousness of the driver, Mrs. Carteret snatched the child into her own arms. As she sat with her in the car, she looked down at the moist, dark locks curling around the blue-eyed husband, who was so different from the usual Armenian as she pictured him. She felt that they were above their station, and tried to hint delicately at helping them. She felt that it would be a real satisfaction to her to give them a lift.

"Oh, no, madam," said Mrs. Darakjian, "I am thankful to you for your kindness and mostly for your faiths. But we are not needink anythink. My man, he be foreman in de mill, we only live here till he build his house. He work-ink on it after hours. We do not need—but madam, if you should wish to give, give to the missionaries who are helpink the piple in our poor country."
April, 1915

ALL NATIONS MONTHLY

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By degrees Mrs. Carteret learned the story. The woman and her husband had been happy in the old country. Both had gone for a short time to the mission school, where he had learned carpentry as his trade. They loved each other, their home, the church, the school, the missionaries whom they spoke of as their best friends. But Mr. Darakjian’s father had been killed in the horrible uprising of 1909, and these people had left the country, dreading a repetition of such scenes. Besides, they did not want their little son to grow up in a country where he would have to give the best years of his life to service in a wretchedly-managed army in Arabia or some other unhealthful, far-away region. They had had a hard time on their journey and when they first reached America, but now things were going well with them. Mrs. Carteret liked the grateful way in which they spoke of Americans as their best friends, as the ones to whom their people could now turn in an hour of desperate need. And again she heard the story that Miss Felton told, of poverty and distress in Turkey, but with many little personal touches. Her uncle, counted a rich man over there, had had to pay the fee for exemption from military service three times for each of his three sons. The armies in passing through on their way to the front, proved to be rationless, and had helped themselves liberally from the stores of the well-to-do.

“So they cannot help the poor, much, madam. They have not enough for themselves. No, it is the missionaries, madam. They are like God. They stick to us through all.”

Mrs. Carteret went away with the tears in her eyes. What if the missionaries should suffer and distress in Turkey, but with many little personal touches. Her uncle, counted a rich man over there, had had to pay the fee for exemption from military service three times for each of his three sons. The armies in passing through on their way to the front, proved to be rationless, and had helped themselves liberally from the stores of the well-to-do.

“Strangely enough, that evening her husband told her that she could have the Buick.”

“Dear, I never knew you to be so mercenary. I thought you wanted the Buick so, it seemed as though you must—just must have it.”

“Why, dear, I never—” then she poured out the whole story. Her husband listened gravely.

“Won’t you regret this?” he said at last.

“Oh, no, I’m sure there’s no satisfaction like that of giving to those who are really in need for themselves, or for some splendid work they are trying to put through. And I have so much and they so little,” she answered.

She carried the “Buick check,” as she called it, to Miss Felton, herself. She told her all that had happened. Miss Felton listened with shining eyes.

“And you know, dear,” she said, “it’s not only in Turkey, but there are many other countries where our work would suffer if the churches are not loyal to the Body.”

“Thank God!”

“Yes,” answered Mrs. Carteret, “and that little Armenian woman opened the window for me to look out and see the Real World.”

Treasurer’s Report

Receipts for March, 1915

California—Bequest of Mary A. Mushrush, $100; Santa Rosa local, $25.00; Santa Clara local, $72.50; San Francisco local, $5; Oakland local, $4; Napa local, $2.50; Mrs. M. C. Clother, 75 cts.; Mary E. Burton, $30.50; Southern California, $25; G. H. & G. G. S., $10; “Beds of Promise,” Oakland S. S., $2.50; Los Angeles local, $10; Tuskin local, $5; San Diego local, $5; Sister Sramek, $1; Sent by Mrs. MacFadyen, $5.

Connecticut and Western Massachusetts—Hartford Church, $10; New Britain Church, $8; Springfield local, $20; Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Green, $5; H. C. Grant, $1.


Florida—Y. P. Simmons, $2; Live Oak local, $8.11.

Idaho—Mary O. West, 75 cts.; Mrs. R. J. Edwards, $2.

Illinois—Judd E. Smith, 20 cts.

Maine—Alley’s Bay local, $5.50; Presque Isle local, $4.

Creswell local, $10; L. L. Atwood, $1.

Massachusetts—Rev. and Mrs. G. H. Haines, $4; Sarah Constance Holt, $1; Mrs. Mildred Dixon’s S. S. Class, $1.

Loyal Workers, West Wareham, $1; New Bedford Loyal Workers, $3; rent, $10; Mrs. Anna Adams, $1; C. W. Burlingame, $5; Lowell local, $5; Boston local, $10.25.

Home Department, Middleboro S. S., $1; Mrs. H. A. Dunham, $1; Patience Sanford, 4 cts.; Ursula Marshall, $1; Melrose Highlands local, $8; Mrs. Bunker, $2; Boston church, $1.15; Boys’ Junior class, Acushnet S. S., $10.

North Adams Mission Society, $3.75; Brockton church, $1; Middleboro local, $1.50; Lynn local, $14; Brockton local, $50.

Whitman local, $5.50; Fiskdale local, $2.30; Willing Workers’ Class, Acushnet, $5; Miss E. White’s S. S. Class, $1; A. White, $10; Mrs. C. L. Walker’s S. S. Class, Haverhill, $15; Worcester local, $15.25; F. A. Waters, $1.

Minnesota—Annandale S. S., $4.25.

New Hampshire—Mrs. Evelyn R. Emerson, $5; Gravy Emerson, $20; Center Haverhill local, $2; Portsmouth local, $13.35; Farmington local, $5; State Treasurer, 4 cts.; Concord local, $7; Loudon Village church, $5; Northwood Narrows local, $5; Rochester Village, $2.25; Mrs. G. W. Bangs, 75 cts.; Ira J. Locke, $1.

New York—Elder O. W. Brock, $5; Massena Junior Mission Society, $1; Hoosick local, $3; Mrs. H. H. Hathaway, $6; Mrs. E. M. Van Dyke, $1; Mrs. O. W. Woodruff, $5; Mrs. O. B. Stevens, 50 cts.

Nova Scotia—Bear River church, $2.71; West Head Y. W. A., $2; Litchfield church, $3.

Ontario—Toronto local, $9.


Quebec and Northern Vermont—Danville church, $25; Danville Juniors, $6; Hall Stream local, $15; Beeve W. C. T. U., $5; Newbury local, $8.12.

Rhode Island and Eastern Connecticut—Lottie Merriett’s S. S. Class, $1; Mrs. Henry E. Young, 50 cts.; Escoheag local, $10.50; Elder Alba Bellows, $10.

Saskatchewan—H. H. Snow, $5.

Washington—Edgecombe local, $2.

Received on Brother Tupper’s book order, $15.45; sales, $16.90; All Nations subscriptions, $26.27; total receipts for month, $724.08.

Motor Cycle account:

Amount reported last month $91.80

Received during March 11.00

$104.80

Our readers will note that our receipts this month were nearly $276 short of the amount needed, consequently we did not have the full $700 to send to India for the month. Will you not help us by sending in your gifts, whether large or small, that we may be able to make up the deficiency in April?

Maude M. Chassey, Treasurer.
SEARCHERS

1. Who feels that, "it would be like desertion to leave them now"?
2. Who spoke of the missionaries as their best friends?
3. Why are the caste people quarreling with the out caste people?
4. By whom have many people been persecuted because they have become Christians?
5. What splendid opportunity is open for some one to have a representative on the foreign field?
6. How many societies have been added to the organization since the annual meeting?

FREE! FREE!! FREE!!

Help us Get $650.00 For Our Mission Work.

Warren N. Tenney, the well-known Sunday-school and Blackboard Man, has made a very generous offer and donation to our Society.

His excellent book, "Jesus our Friend," is the Life of Christ in picture, song and story, and contains 220 pages, finely illustrated by 90 half-tones from the Master Painters, and 85 of Brother Tenney's blackboard designs; very helpful in Sunday-school work, and excellent in the home; a gem for all, both old and young; price, $1.00 by mail postpaid.

Who will be one of a thousand to send $1.00 for this interesting book? When the 1000 copies which Brother Tenney has placed in our hands are sold we shall receive $650.00 for our Mission Work.

While we most heartily thank those who have already responded to this call, we very much desire to hear AT ONCE from others and the entire lot be sold that we may have the money to use right away.

Will our friends not only send for a copy for themselves, but secure as many orders as possible? The book will sell among all churches and Sunday-schools.

Please help us push this matter that we may secure this $650 at once.

Address all orders to MRS. MAUDE M. CHADSEY, 5 Whiting St., Roxbury Sta., Boston, Mass.

NEW LOCALS

South Barnstead, N. H. Bertha E. Little, President; Mrs. Abbie Fournier, Vice-President; Miss Alice Tasker, Secretary; Miss Helen Wentworth, Treasurer; Mrs. Ellen Hanson, Miss Alice Tasker, Membership Committee; Miss Wentworth, Mrs. Ida Clark, Sick Committee.

Lakeport, N. H. President, Mrs. Bertha Meader; Vice-President, Mrs. Annie Mead; Clerk, Mrs. Lila Cook; Treasurer, Mrs. Jennie Perkins.

NEW Y. W. A.

Biddeford, Maine. President, Mrs. Lura Smith; Vice-Pres., Miss Verlie C. Browne; Secretary, Mrs. Harriet L. Smith; Treasurer, Mrs. Maud Hooper; Work Com., Mrs. H. H. Tucker; Lookout Com., Mrs. Harriet L. Smith and Mrs. Alice Proctor.

MONEY FOR AMUSEMENT, NOT RELIGION

"GIRARD," in The Public Ledger, calls attention to the significant fact that the collections or offerings in all the nine hundred churches of Philadelphia on a recent Sunday did not equal the $137,000 paid to see the Harvard-Yale football game, although the congregations numbered ten times as many as the football spectators.

NEW JUNIORS

Middleboro: Lillian Peck, Jennie McDowell, Bessie Jackson, Melba Peckham, Louise Peckham.

LITTLE CRADLES.

All over the earth they are swaying, 
The nests where the little ones lie, 
And the faces, black, brown, white or yellow, 
Are watched by the Father's kind eye. 
Because, long ago in a manger, 
The dearest of little ones lay, 
Our hearts turn with prayer to the Father 
To bless every baby to-day. —L. W. R.

CRADLE ROLL

Clarence Eugene Staples, October 1, 1914, Carthage, Maine.
Linwood Gerry Cash, March 22, 1915, South Portland, Maine.
Andrew Clark Baker, October 4, 1914, Portland, Oregon.
Ruth May Bullis, January 4, 1912, Portland, Oregon.
Evelyn May Simmons, October 15, 1914, Providence, R. I.
Violet Daisy Hails, February 16, 1915, Teney, Sask.

A little smiling now and then 
Will keep a man from growing thin, 
Thin in giving, thin in buying, 
Thin in living, thin in dying: 
For if you smile when things go wrong, 
And fill each day with lifting song, 
You'll find that life will sweetly flow 
In streams of joy where'er you go. —Selected.