His Plan

SOMEONE has supposed the scene that he thinks may have taken place after Jesus went back to heaven. The Master is walking with Gabriel, talking intently, earnestly. Gabriel is saying: "Master, you died for the whole world down there, did you not?" "Yes." "You must have suffered much," with an earnest look into that great face. "Yes," again comes the answer in a wondrous voice, very quiet but strangely full of deepest feeling. "And do they all know about it?" "Oh, no; only a few in Palestine know about it so far." "Well, Master, what is your plan? What have you done about telling the world that you have died for them? What is your plan?"

"Well," the Master is supposed to answer, "I asked Peter and James and John, and little Scotch Andrew, and some more of them down there, just to make it the business of their lives to tell others, and the others others, and yet others, and still others, until the last man in the farthest circle has heard the story, and has felt the thrilling and the thralling power of it."

And Gabriel knows us folks down here pretty well. He has had more than one contact with the earth. He knows the kind of stuff in us. And he is supposed to answer, with a sort of hesitating reluctance, as though he could see difficulties in the working of the plan, "Yes—but—suppose Peter fails. Suppose after a while John simply does not tell others. Suppose their descendants, their successors away off in the first edge of the twentieth century, get so busy about things—some of them proper enough, some of them may not be so proper—that they do not tell others, what then?"

And his eyes are big with the intenseness of his thought, for he is thinking of the suffering, and he is thinking, too, of the difference to the man who hasn't been told,—"What then?"

And back comes that quiet, wondrous voice of Jesus. "Gabriel, I haven't made any other plans,—I'm counting on them."
AN INTERESTING LETTER

To Our All Nation Friends:—A happy New Year!

This writing finds Mrs. Peterson and myself in good health and spirits. We are now entering upon our second month in India, busy studying the Tamil language, and working at whatever we can do. Personally, I have been speaking two and three times each week thus far. At the Saidapet reading room we aim to have an instructive lecture each Saturday evening; and a regular preaching service each Sunday evening. This being the work assigned to me, and as it is done in English, I am preaching regularly each Sunday and have given two lectures. Our audiences have not been large, but we look for a larger attendance now that the holiday vacation is over and the students are back at the Government Training College (a normal teachers' training college).

Special effort is being made all over India to reach the students in the various colleges. This is the work in which Sherwood Eddy and other Y. M. C. A. men are now actively engaged. We will try and do our share.

Government is now erecting a large engineering College and when completed a large attendance is expected, from the surrounding country. This will give us a larger field of service, as all religion is barred from the colleges. This places added responsibility upon the church of Christ. We must make up that which is lacking.

We are greatly pleased with the prospects here, our mission property and general equipment is much better than what we had expected to find. We are satisfied, and glad that the Lord has brought us here to be co-workers with the missionaries now on the field. There are difficulties to overcome in such a land as this; but truly the harvest is great, the time is short, and what we need is intense, energetic, well-directed and tactful service for God. Who knows but 1916 may bring the return of our Lord? May the Holy Spirit guide us, give wisdom, and bless our efforts.

Surely the world needs Christ; we have just read of the sinking of the steamer “Persia.” May His kingdom come.


Robt. L. Peterson.

ITEMS OF NEWS

C. H. Hudson

I returned January 24th from the last of the school treats. Altogether we had a very fine time, although I caught a hard cold which gripped my throat and left me almost speechless the night after we got through. Last week we had Mrs. Hudson and Mrs. Peterson with us and it helped make things pleasant and gave Mrs. Peterson an insight into the work.

We have made a good market for our wood carving and cannot supply the demand. I was figuring on bringing a lot home but will not be able to get it made. I will bring a little inkstand as a present to the lady that send out a lot of old cast off leaden ink wells some time back. We carved a design on the lids and set them into little carved turtles and sold them for a good price. Mrs. Hudson bought a carved table and had it set up in her sitting room, but such was the demand I had to requisition it; it is now owned by the Maharajah of Vizianagram. I have promised to make her a better one. This is all a result of the sales after the Exhibition was over, and the carpenter shop is now as busy as can be getting out the orders.

The Governor, Lord Pentland, presented us with a certificate, awarded by the judges for our exhibit in the Madras Exhibition of Arts and Industries. Our boys are very proud.

ALL mail received in London for India from the 17th to 24th of December, went down on the S. S. “Persia” in the Mediterranean. If any had written, we would be glad to have them repeat.

IN THE MIXING BOWL

Queer things happen on the mission field,” wrote a missionary lately in speaking of some of his experiences. Indeed they do. A missionary has to be ready for the unexpected, and take it as a matter of course. Here are just a few recent instances. First, how a caste problem came near interfering with a baptismal ceremony in India. In a village on the Madira field there were only two small ponds that could be used for baptisms, and these were the property of rich Hindus. On request they kindly said the missionary might use one, but when the company reached the place a big burly farmer came running and cried out that they must not use the tank, because the candidates were low castes, and the water would be polluted. The farmer was a relative of the owner, and after some discussion he said that the men might be baptized, but he could not consent to have the women baptized on any account, as then the water would be polluted beyond redemption. He suggested that the women should sit down, and the men bring water in pots and pour over them.

Now, behold how curiosity and interest got the better of superstition. As the men were baptized, the farmer watched the ceremony with the keenest interest, and when the preacher began to lead the women down into the water, he made no remonstrance at all. Some day—perhaps it is not far distant—other absurdities of caste will vanish in like manner.

Another queer situation is at Bezwada, India, where the Salvation Army has taken a contract to build a Telugu Baptist Church. The Army is in charge of a criminal settlement of some five hundred people. The government turn these people over to them in the hope of reformation. Many of them have served jail sentences. It
is a little odd to have a gang of professional thieves build a church, but out of it all the kingdom is coming in ways never dreamed of before. One more strange item comes from Bassein, Burma, where a Jew, not a convert, brought his moving-picture machine and showed the pupils in the Karen schools a fine series of pictures on the life of Christ!

Thus the Gospel is winning its way, sometimes slowly, but surely.—World Wide.

THE UNFORTUNATE SNEEZE

Who would suppose that such an insignificant thing as a sneeze would be one of the important problems to be reckoned with in mission work? Yet in many places the superstitions about sneezing are very hard to overcome. Dr. W. B. Boggs, forty years a missionary in India, related an incident that occurred on his field a few years ago. Two men, native Christians from the Malas, had an offer of a good contract to work on a railway. They came over sixty miles to enter upon their contract, which was a very profitable one to them. But the morning they were to enter upon their work a child in the family where they were lodging sneezed. The men at once took it as an evil omen, gave up their contract, and returned home.

On the Ongole field recently four or five families of the weaver class had been deeply impressed by the native preachers, and were intending to go to the mission for baptism the next day. But just as they were starting somebody sneezed. They had a consultation, and decided to wait till another time—and that time never came. Well, a superstition is a queer thing, anyway, and we will not say much about the foolishness of these people till we cease to be squeamish about Friday, the thirteenth.—World Wide.

MAKING GOOD USE OF IDOLS

A MISSIONARY in Travancore saw one morning a native coming to his house with a heavy burden. On reaching it he laid on the ground a sack. Unfastening it, he emptied it of its contents—a number of idols. "What have you brought these here for?" asked the missionary. "I don't want them." "You have taught us that we do not want them, sir," said the native; "but I think they might be put to some good use. Could they not be melted down and made into a bell for our church?" The hint was taken. They sent the idols to a bell-founder, who made them into a bell which now summons the native converts to praise and prayer.—Evangelical Christian.

LITTLE SYRIAN JOKE

The story is told of one of the missionaries that she was entertaining some Syrian women one afternoon just after she had received her furniture. When they came in she was sitting in a rocking-chair, rocking gently to and fro. The Syrian women were very much afraid of the rocking-chair, and would not sit in it, although she did her best to persuade them to try it. They were very bashful about accepting the invitation, and afterward told their friends that the missionary had at her house "a machine for making Christians!"—Over Sea and Land.

I never saw a missionary's wife whose companionship did not double her husband's usefulness.—Dr. Herrick.
The month of January was one of anxiety and care for our missionaries; for several of our children were ill with typhoid fever, of which there has been an epidemic in our section; and two of our little girls died of the disease in the Madras hospital. When our girls were first attacked it was thought that it was enteric fever, a fever which is very common in Southern India; but it soon proved to be typhoid and the afflicted ones were all removed to the hospital. Miss Jones, who cared for the girls, with the help of Mrs. Peterson, until they went to the hospital was ill for ten days in the hospital; but her fever did not prove to be typhoid, and at last reports she was home again; and the girls who were sick were improving. Our mails are so long in coming now that the letters written January 26, did not reach us until March 1. Before the war twenty-four days was the usual time it took for a letter to come.

We judge, from letters received, that Thursday, February 24, was observed by many of our locals, as well as by individuals as a day of prayer, and self-denial for the mission work. And we have been pleased at the gifts that have come in as a result, both for the China and the India work.

The gifts received, for the Advent Christian Home and Orphanage at Dowling Park, Fla., amounted to $18.32, this month. We note with pleasure this steadily increasing interest in that department of our home work.

That Boston Bible School Mortgage Fund

Last month when we wrote about this fund we had $70 in cash and pledges towards the $2100 needed, or an average of $7 from ten of the three hundred individuals or societies needed to make up the amount. At this writing (March 2) we have received, in cash and pledges, $322, or an average of $7 from forty-six individuals or societies, although some have given more than the $7, and a few less. Now we need to hear from two hundred and fifty-four more. Remember the $7 can be paid any time before July 31st.

We have been asked if conditional gifts would be accepted for this fund, and our reply is: Yes, under certain conditions. Anyone desiring to know the conditions, or to make a pledge for the fund will please send a card to 5 Whiting St.

Let us make a grand pull together and raise the full amount; it can easily be done if each gives the little asked, one dollar a month for seven months.

Boston Bible School Home

Only three months more and the Home will be closed for the summer, as school closes the last of May. Our friends have remembered the Home and its needs generously this year; and one of the most pleasing gifts was given during February. Pleasing to those that have charge of the Home not only for its convenience, but because it came from one of the former students, John F. Holman, and his friend, John J. Lennon. The gift was toilet fittings, for the bathroom in the new dormitories, consisting of mirror, with glass shelf, drinking cup and holder, brush holder, and towel bar; and is a substantial token of Bro. Holman's thoughtfulness for the Home. Besides this the following gifts have been received during the month: Hartford, Conn., local, one dozen sheets, six bedspreads, and thirty-two towels; North Carver, Mass., local, six towels; Portsmouth, N. H., local, six towels; Mrs. Dean, canned fruit; for all these gifts we are very thankful.

The matron was asked what was needed at the Home this month, and her answer was, "Potatoes, potatoes."

Increasing the Talent

We received the first of this month $36.20 from Northern California for the Saidapet reading room work; and the State treasurer, who sent the same, gave the following account of how the money was raised:

One dollar was given to each of our six societies; and they had about seven months to increase their talent, the $36.20 was the result. Now they have been given $2 and they have until July to increase. We all thought it was a good plan and worked splendidly.

We judge that the one dollar was given at the time of the Santa Cruz campmeeting, and the results were brought in to the Oakland convention; while the increase of the $2 will be reported at the Santa Cruz meeting next July. We trust the success of the Northern California sisters will be an inspiration to other State organizations to try this talent plan.
THANKSGIVING AND PETITIONING LIST

We must put the glory of love, of best effort, of sacrifice, of prayer, of upward looking and heavenward reaching, into the dull routine of our life's every-day, and then the most burdensome and uneventful life will be made splendid with the glory of God.—J. R. Miller.

We are thankful:
That Miss Jones' illness did not prove to be typhoid fever.
That the children who were ill are recovering.
That so many of our readers observed Feb. 24th as a day of prayer and self-denial.
That our income for February was sufficient to meet our needs.
That so many have responded to our appeal for the Boston Bible School Home mortgage fund.
That Bro. and Sister Peterson are so readily finding their places in the work.

Let us pray:
That no more of our missionaries, workers or children may have the fever.
That the Spirit of the Lord may be especially felt in our work, both at home and in India this month.
That wisdom and funds to carry on the work may be given by the manager of the Advent Christian Home and Orphanage.
That the two hundred and fifty-four persons or societies needed to make the three hundred asked to lift the mortgage, may be led to send in their pledges.
That the income for March may be sufficient for all our needs.
That God will lead in the plans for aggressive work in the home field, that are being made for the coming months.

INDIA BOXES

ALTHOUGH we shall not be able to send a box from the East this spring because of the war, we desire all those locals, or individuals, who have garments made, to send them to the office before May 1, as Miss Saunders will take them with her to the Pacific Coast, where, what she cannot carry to India with her as baggage, will be packed in the box that the California sisters are sending. And we would urge our Eastern locals to send in money contributions for the India box, which we will send to the California sisters who are sending. And we would urge our Eastern locals to send in money contributions for the India box, which we will send to the California sisters to purchase things to go in their box. They sent us funds for this purpose regularly, when the boxes went from Boston, now let us turn about and send them funds for the boxes which they ship; and at the same time thank our Heavenly Father that we can send the supplies, which mean so much to our mission.

READERS IN THE WILAMMETTE VALLEY

IN the article, "Our State Schools" which appeared in the February paper, there was a mistake made regarding the amount which Oregon and Eastern Washington have paid for the support of their school for 1915-16. We reported that they had paid $57.15, for this year; but it should have been $70.15. We apologize to the sisters in that section for our mistake; and congratulate them on the amount already raised, with a little extra effort they will easily have the full amount by July 31. when our fiscal year ends.

GOOD FOR WESTERN WASHINGTON AND BRITISH COLUMBIA

IN the report of funds received from the different States for their special schools, which was given in the February paper, Western Washington and British Columbia was reported as having paid $10; but since then $50 has been received from that section for this purpose, making $60 which they have paid for the fiscal year which began Aug. 1., and within $17 of the full amount they raised for the school for the year ending July 31, 1915. This is fine, and with a little effort the $100 mark should be easily reached this year.

MASSACHUSETTS W. H. AND F. M. SOCIETIES

WHERE shall we hold our next annual State meeting?
The Executive Board would like an invitation from some local near Boston.
Please correspond with
Bertha F. Ward, Secretary.
24 Tower St., Worcester, Mass.

ANNUAL MEETING

THE annual meeting of the W. H. and F. M. Society of R. I. and E. Conn. will be held in Dexter St. A. C. Church, Providence, Thursday, March 30th at 1.45 p.m. Reports and election of officers will be followed by an address.

UNDAUNTED

Time will not serve us for useless regret; Better it is to just simply forget
Yesterday's failure and yesterday's pain.
Resplendent a new day breaks over the plain
And Hope, Strength and Courage return in its train.
Insist upon conquest, accept no defeat.
To-day is a new day and clean in the sheet.
Who knows what glad story the page shall reveal
When, day overpast, evening shadows shall steal
And night, on the record, shall place the great seal?
To-day is a new day and clean in the sheet,
Insist upon conquest, accept no defeat.

—Mrs. W. R. Lamkin.

Ministers, laymen, yea, and women too, often cry aloud in meetings for prayer, for God to open the windows of heaven and pour out His promised blessings until there will not be room enough to receive them. Yet all the while they have in their pockets the only key that can open the windows—the tithe of their incomes—and they refuse to use it. Read Malachi 3: 10.—
Mrs. Mary Clokey Porter.
MOTHERHOOD IN HEATHEN LANDS

MOTHER love is God-given. Into the wig-wam of the Indian, the hut of the Chinese man, the zenana of the Hindoo, the kraal of the African, the slum of the city, as well as the palace of royalty, comes the divine gift to the mother, that makes the care of the helpless little one, not a burden, but a joy and a pleasure. The rare exception but proves the rule. "But," you say, "the missionaries tell us awful tales of infanticide." Alas, the tales are too true. I know of a woman who cried herself blind because her little girls were taken away from her and destroyed, and I also know that the pity and love that the Chinese mother has for her little one often drive her to submit to the awful thing. I have heard them say: "Life is so hard I wish I had died when I was a baby. It was better for my little one to die. It had been a mercy to me if some one had killed me." In many cases the child is destroyed in spite of the mother's wishes and pleadings, and her husband seems to her a murderer, and I ask, how much joy and pleasure can she then have as a wife? In a humble home in Peking, just outside the city gate a little child lay dying one day. The old mother-in-law seized it, and was rushing away with it when the mother exclaimed in agony, "My baby is not dead yet, she is not dead!" "But she has only one breath left," said the old woman, "and the black cart will soon pass by, and if I do not hasten it will be left here in the room after it is dead, filling the house with demons."

So the little body was carried out to the alley to be carted away to the baby pit, where no mother every goes.

May God help Christian mothers who sing, "There are angels hovering around," to pity heathen mothers who are afraid of their own dead because the devils hover around to snatch their souls as they leave the body.

Did you ever stop to think how a mother must feel as she sees her little girl nine or ten years of age sold as a slave or a concubine, or even taken away to be married, as she remembers the early days of her own married life?

We speak of the millions of child widows in India under ten years of age, accursed and despised, stripped of the jewels so dear to their hearts, dressed in coarsest cloth, allowed only one meal a day, obliged to observe countless fasts, and suffering nameless indignities, and we pity them, and well we may. Should we not also pity the millions of mothers whose hearts ache for their little girls, and yet they are unable to do anything to relieve them?

Is it a happy thought for a mother that custom demands that every daughter must be married and go away from her to serve like a slave a mother-in-law?

Chen Nai Nai was a widow with only one son. He drank wine and smoked opium, and was a sorrow instead of a comfort to his mother. "Many a time," said she, "I went outdoors and prayed all night to the moon, saying, 'Oh, moon, with your bright light, won't you shine down into my son's dark, black heart?' but the moon never answered, and so I went off to the star-god, for I heard that he was very powerful. The temple was very far away, and it was a long, hard road, but I did not mind the weary miles, for I hoped the god would hear. I never prayed for riches, I had only one prayer, it was always for my son."

May God pity heathen mothers who have bad boys, and have no one but the moon and star-gods to pray to in their distress.

We pity them in a way, but who can really enter into the depths of their experiences? Who can realize the anguish of an old Hindoo mother as sick and dying, she lies on the bank of the Ganges, bereft of all care and physical comfort, and hears her son who sits apart from her murmuring, "Mother, why don't you die? Mother, why don't you die?"

Millions of heathen mothers are hopeless and helpless unless we pity and help them! And our pity is of no use unless we pity them.
enough to help them. I knew a mother who held her baby in her arms and cared for it tenderly until she saw it was dying, and then was so terrified that she screamed in fright, threw it down and ran away from it.

Afterwards when the light of the Gospel had changed her whole life and thought, she nursed another sick little one clear to the end, and then sweetly said: "She was Jesus' little blossom. He gave, He has taken His own." There came a day when cruel Boxers gathered around her and bade her deny her Lord, but He had done too much for her, and she loved Him too dearly, and so she bravely died for Him, rather than prove faithless. Her daughter writes: "I felt so terrified that I screamed in fright, threw it down and ran away from it."

We may reach a few of the mothers of heathenism if we hasten, but most of them must die. Let us do the very best we can for them, and may we not double the efforts to bring the girls of all lands to Christ, and thus by God's blessing give to all the world our efforts to bring the girls of all lands to Christ, —if we hasten, but most of them must die for Him."

**ONLY A BABY SMALL**
The dark fringed eyelids slowly close
On eyes serene and deep.
Upon my breast my own sweet child
Has gently dropped to sleep.

I kiss his soft and dimpled cheek,
I kiss his rounded chin,
Then lay him on his little bed
And tuck my baby in.

What toil must stain the tiny hands
That now lie still and white,
What shadows creep across the face
That shines with morning light?

These wee pink shoeless feet,
Has gently dropped to sleep.
On eyes serene and deep.
What shadows creep across the face
That shines with morning light?

Great Father, with thy folds of love,
That now lie still and white,
An angel from the skies,
May rest upon this bed?

May rest upon this bed?
What toil must stain the tiny hands
That now lie still and white,
What shadows creep across the face
That shines with morning light?

Searchers

1. Who exclaims: "What have I done that the gods are so angry with me?"
2. Why is the sinking of the S. S. "Persia" mentioned by the missionaries?
3. Why did the man bring the idols in a sack to the missionary?
4. Who left his work because a child sneezed?
5. What Junior society has taken an imaginary trip, and where did they go?
6. Why was Mrs. Hudson's parlor table sold?
HOW GLAD ARE YOU?

ROB and Amy were perched on either arm of mama’s big chair, looking at the pictures as she cut the leaves of a new magazine.

“Oh!” cried Amy, “that’s funny!” and she pointed to a little barebacked boy sitting under a stream of water which came from a big pipe just over his bent head.

‘Japanese boy washing away the lies he has told,’ read Rob. “As if he could that way! and I’d rather go in swimming, anyway.”

“So would this boy, I don’t doubt,” said mama.

“The Japanese are very clean people, and spend a great deal of time in the water. But think of his being taught that a lie can be washed away! Poor little chap! It isn’t really ‘funny,’ after all, is it, Amy?”

“No, it isn’t. It seems ‘most as bad as the Chinese children sticking paper prayers on their ugly old idols. Miss Carey was telling us about that one Sabbath. If the piece of paper stays on, your prayer is answered; but if it falls off you must buy more of the priest and try to stick them on. And in India—”

“What about India?” mama asked, as Amy paused, her big dark eyes, growing more sober.

“Oh, it’s worst of all for little girls there, Miss Carey says. One day a missionary heard a little girl screaming, and there was an old woman pinching her till she was all black and blue, and a man stood and just looked on, and they said the little girl had been married to him, and his mother had a right to pinch her or whip her, and it was all because the man had been sick, and they said the gods were angry with the little girl for something. But the missionary made the old woman stop.”

Mama’s arm tightened around her little daughter.

“Be thankful every day you live that you are a little American girl instead of a wretched little Hindu child-wife,” she said fervently.

“I am glad,” said Amy. “I’d just as rather be born in America as you would, Rob.”

“Are you both glad in your pockets?” asked mama, practically.

“Pockets?” chorused the children, wonderingly. Then Amy laughed.

“You mean pocket-books, don’t you, mama? Yes, we’ve been saving up for the missionary collection next Sabbath.”—J. C. G., in Children’s Missionary Friend.

AN INTERESTING MEETING

THE Junior Mission Band of Attleboro, Mass., met February 22 with Florence Evans, our vice-president, to finish our trip to Dowling Park, Fla. About fifteen were there at twenty-thirty, and we started from Philadelphia, where we stopped last, and stopped at Washington, D. C.; Charleston, South Carolina; and Jacksonville, Fla.

Our superintendent, Mrs. Richardson, had received a letter from the manager of the Dowling Park Orphanage, which she read to us. It told all about the place, the Suwanee River, and the orphanage. Some pictures were sent which showed the first children who were taken in and the buildings. The orphanage is on the bank of the Suwanee River.

We had a very nice trip and when we got there we had a party with the children. We had cake, cookies and cocoa; and we are going to send them our mission money and a doll to little Rena; who is a little girl in the orphanage.

Helen Richardson, Sec.

Shall we not hear from some of the other Junior secretaries, as to what their societies are doing?

NEW JUNIOR MISSION SOCIETY

Acushnet, Mass. President, Mildred Taber; vice-president, Evelyn Dietz; secretary, Katherine Dietz; treasurer, Helen White.

PROMOTED JUNIORS

Frank Chester Brown, Jr., Portland, Me.
James Henry Cookman, Newbury, Vt.

CRADLE ROLL

Miriam Luella White, February 13, 1916, New Britain, Conn.
Ruth Emory Briggs, February 8, 1916, Eden Park, R. I.

NEW JUNIORS

Anna L. Dimond.
Dorothy L. Linton.