"Go Teach All Nations, and lo I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

The Lord giveth the word, the women that publish the tidings are a great host.—Ps. 68:11. R. V.

A Missionary Cart

A Missionary Motorcycle

A Heathen Festival Car
EASTER SERVICES

C. H. Hudson

NOT wishing to lose the opportunity that presents itself when the minds of all Christians are turned towards the death and resurrection of their Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, we arranged services of a somewhat special nature at Vilacheri for our people this Easter time. On Friday we had an open air lantern service for all that we could persuade to attend, which made a very good audience that listened attentively to a life history of the Christ, who died for them, and joined heartily in singing the hymns that were shown on the screen. After the services all were presented with a picture post card with Scripture verses printed in large type on the back. They went off to their homes with a fuller realization, we hope, of the great sacrifice that had been made in their behalf.

Sunday morning found us at Guindy. The church was suitably decorated and the new seats that the boys had been working on for many days were filled. Special hymns were sung and two addresses were attentively listened to. One on the “Historical Side of Christ’s Death and Resurrection,” and the other on, “Its Importance to the Believer.” After this a little child was brought forward by Christian parents and presented to the Lord. An offering was made for the Florida Orphanage, to which there was a hearty response. The proceeds, which are not yet all in, will be sent later. The live stock presented must be sold, and some living at a distance will be glad to give when they come in at the end of the month. Little tots of less than five summers came boldly forward and dropped their “pies” (one-sixth of a cent) on the mat provided, those of greater substance gave their rupees. An appeal towards helping the little children meets with a ready response. The proceed, which are not yet all in, will be sent later. The live stock presented must be sold, and some living at a distance will be glad to give when they come in at the end of the month. Little tots of less than five summers came boldly forward and dropped their “pies” (one-sixth of a cent) on the mat provided, those of greater substance gave their rupees. An appeal towards helping the little children meets with a ready response. The proceeds, which are not yet all in, will be sent later. The live stock presented must be sold, and some living at a distance will be glad to give when they come in at the end of the month.

SAIDAPET HAPPENINGS

Robert L. Peterson

THE College Semester closes this week, April 14th, and the majority of the students leave for their homes in various parts of India. We are to entertain the Christian Students at a sort of farewell gathering on Saturday evening at Guindy. There are not many of them compared with the Hindu Students, but we have learned to love them the past four months.

Our reading room is undergoing repairs and being whitewashed inside and out. The brushes used for the whitewashing are made from the stalk of the palmyra leaf. The wide end is pounded until it becomes shredded. It is surprising to see the ingenuity of the Indian in many such ways.

Several cases of smallpox are recorded and a number of deaths have occurred. A ten day Hindu Festival is on; last evening at midnight a large procession wended its way through the streets. Various rites and means of celebrating were performed. In this poverty-stricken land one wishes that all show and display could be stopped, and the money spent for more useful purposes. But the average Indian loves a feast. He leaves work and all cares, borrows money to spend if he can get it, and is off for his or her good time. A thing of this kind is as much or more to them than the fourth of July is to the young American with fire crackers, balloons and pink lemonade.

GUINDY ITEMS

Zella A. Peterson

THE Orphanage Girls are seated on the veranda, sewing. They are making shirts and other articles for the Indian Soldiers in Mesopotamia. This teaches them to be unselfish and willing to help others, and also gives them practice in sewing.

Miss Jones and Miss Keeney are taking their vacation, and have gone to the hills where it is much cooler. Miss Jones will be gone one month, and Miss Keeney a longer time.

The thermometer registers 92 degrees in the shade at five o’clock p.m.

In India, we have trees, of which the fruit is used for making ink. This fruit is now ready for gathering.

The jessamine flowers are in bloom, as well as other beautiful trees and shrubs. The bananas, or plantains, as called here, are ripening, and the second crop of tomatoes are coming on.

The mango, a native fruit, and one which, while green, serves as a very good substitute for our own delicious apple-sauce, is now hanging abundantly on the trees. It is as much a temptation to the children here, as green apples are to American youngsters.

School closes April 30th, for a vacation of one month, the summer holiday. The girls are looking forward to a trip to the seaside with Miss Jones.

While smallpox season is on, and there are several cases in Saidapet, a short distance from our compound, our girls are all well. For this we are very thankful to our Master.

We are expecting showers. They are called mango showers, because they come in mango time. We need rain, as the monsoon, or rainy season, was very short and the rainfall very light. In fact, so light that only one rice crop has been harvested, when usually two crops are gathered.

The matron’s house is being reroofed on account of the work of white ants. The white
ant is a pest in this country. They will eat a four-inch rafter until nothing remains but a shell, since they work from the center of the beam outward. Unless closely watched, the rafters may break and the roof tumble in. Furthermore there seems to be no remedy for these little pests.

Frogs and mosquitoes are plentiful.

DOMESTIC NOTES FROM GUINDY

Ella L. Jones

THREE of our girls have had to put on glasses, much to our sorrow, but strange to say much to the jealousy of the other girls.

Ruthanam came in weeping to say she would not wear glasses, that the girls all say, "Oh, yes! you went and learned sewing, to come back here and be made more beautiful than us by having glasses. Why should you be the one to be made beautiful?" etc.

Sermoni is only a wee tot: the one who caused a sister to laugh in church by turning her head and showing one eye and a half. We hope glasses will make her eyes straight, if they (the glasses) last long enough. They have come to grief once already, while taking a ride in the little cart of our only baby boy. The others call her "grandmother four eyes," "blind woman," but get from her only sweet smiles.

The ten laying turkeys give us from four to five lovely eggs a day, the most of which are beaten up in milk for three girls inclined to consumption. They are gaining steadily with the special food.

Tata (grandfather) has lost the last of his pets, a wee goose, whose chum had been taken by the hawks, died a most drastic death if Tata's description by use of arms, feet and head was true to the death scene.

We certainly have had bad luck with our wee feathered folks this year, smallpox simply swept the hills where I went three years ago. It is necessary for their improvement, after which there is more singing by the school, which ends the program.

A VILLAGE SCHOOL PROGRAM

Anna N. Hudson

HOW can I describe it? I sometimes think it beggars description. It starts in with one or two, sometimes three, songs or lyrics by the school, and these songs are the most stupendous part of the program. They start in every one on a different note; all eyes on the headmaster who strains every nerve and muscle to keep above the din and give them the tune, frantically waving his arms in the air in an effort to keep time; the children take the cue that they must yell louder and so it rises and rises until it ends in a final screech and all look strained to pieces, but radiantly happy to think they have sung so well. My ears always ring for some time afterward for so much noise confined to a village school building, to say the least, somewhat conducive to combustion. The songs are followed by prayer and the children are often too ready to have their part in the loud aa-men at the close. (In one school Zachariah was asked to offer prayer and before he was through the children had chorused out their aa-men, having taken their cue from the phrase, "We beseech Thee, O Lord," which often closes a Tamil prayer, which made it impossible for him to go on.) There is usually a simple cantata, or drama as it is called here, enacted by the scholars (all Indians seem very fond of that sort of thing) which has to be well carried on and bolstered up by the teacher. The subject is usually some Bible story or scene, the favorites being the Prodigal Son, the Good and Bad Tree, the Unfaithful Steward, etc. The headmaster reads an interesting and instructive report of the school, including instruction to the missionaries of all the school’s needs, wants and desires, necessary and otherwise, and winds up in very flowery language of hopes for all prosperity and blessings to fall on our heads. Mr. Hudson follows with remarks, commending everything he can and suggesting what is necessary for their improvement, after which there is more singing by the school, which ends the program.

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Here I am in this little town among the hills where I went three years ago. It is beautiful and cool during the days, and so cold at night I have to have plenty of blankets.

This is a dear homelike place, and is in charge of the Y. W. C. A. Secretary, together with her mother. They are both lovely Christian ladies.

Flowers are very beautiful on the hills and grow so easily. On the drawing room table now, are six calla lilies, and six Easter lilies in a vase.

Last Sunday, Easter, I attended a Union church here. Imagine my surprise not to see one flower there, but the minister made it up to us with his sermon which was grand as well as helpful. He is out here touring from London, and although elderly is strong and full of life.

I have tried to get a film to take some pictures here, but cannot find one; before coming to the hills I took a who e film of the girls but not one picture came out good; this makes four films I have taken that have turned out that way.

Yesterday (Apr. 25), I had some cow’s milk which I enjoyed very much; all I could get before was buffalo’s milk and it has a horrid taste.

JOTTINGS

Bertha E. Keeney

HERE I am in this little town among the hills where I went three years ago. It is beautiful and cool during the days, and so cold at night I have to have plenty of blankets.

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If we would pray more we need not work so laboriously; if we wish to accomplish more we must let God work through us. —Chas A. Rowland.
ALL NATIONS MONTHLY

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BOSTON, MASS., JUNE, 1916

In response to Brother Peterson's request for magazines in the May paper, the following have been promised, also $5 to subscribe for others:

- World's Work
- Literary Digest
- Youth's Companion
- Boys' World
- Girls' Companion
- What To Do

This leaves The Scientific American, Popular Mechanics, The Outlook, The New York Independent, and Current Literature that have not yet been promised.

Possibly some did not notice his request, it was that some one who was a subscriber to one or more of the papers named would mail their copy regularly to him, after reading it, for use at the Saidapet Reading Room; notifying the office at 5 Whiting St., that they were doing so, in order that duplicates might not be sent. The rate of postage is two ounces for one cent.

Note:—The above was a personal letter written to the friends in Northern California who sent the box: but we asked permission to print it as we knew it would be of interest to all our readers.—Editor.

THANKSGIVING AND PETITIONING LIST

We are thankful:

For the new Y. W. A. at Tustin, Cal.
For the safe arrival of the box from California.
For the money to finish paying the Bible School Home coal bill.
For the splendid work Miss Saunders is doing; and the warm welcome she is receiving from the churches as she journeys to the Pacific Coast.
For the spirit of giving that is being developed in our India church.
For the good income for May.
For the response to Mr. Peterson's request for papers and magazines.

And we pray:

That our missionaries, both on the field and at home may be given the health and strength they need for their work.
That our workers, at the coming camp-meetings, may be blessed in presenting the work, and working for the salvation of those who are out of the Christian fold.
That your business manager may have wisdom and strength for her many duties.
That the balance of the amount for the Boston Bible School mortgage may be received.
That the income for June may be sufficient for our needs.

BOSTON BIBLE SCHOOL MORTGAGE FUND

WE have received in cash or pledges to date (June 6), $665, leaving $1435 to be raised before July 31, if we reach the goal we started for which was $2100.

One brother who has already given $7 suggests that we ask for 287 people to give $5 each and says he will be one of the number, another has volunteered to do the same and now if we can secure 285 more $5 pledges we will have the full amount. Surely there are 285 of our readers who will send $5. Let us hear from you.

The box arrived yesterday afternoon. We refrained from opening it until the Petersons could come over and have a share of the joy of it. Miss Jones and Miss Keeney are on the hills. The others are out there now dividing up the "stuff" and a fine lot it is too. The box was opened by the customs and closed again. Everything is in first-class condition, beautifully packed, well selected and most suitable to our needs. We thank you and in saying it we intend to convey to all what that word means. The boys' shirts and girls' dresses are fine and just what we needed. Pads, pencils and dolls will help at Christmas time. On the back of the picture post cards we print texts and give them out to the school children. I used a lot of them while out last week.

My greatest fear through it all is that we are most unworthy of your kindness. May God bless and prosper you is my prayer.

From your Brother in Christ,

C. H. Hudson.
W. H. AND F. M. MEETING

THE semi-annual meeting of the Mass. Eastern District W. H. & F. M. Societies was held in the Advent Christian Church at Salem the afternoon and evening of May 3rd. Through the kindness of the Sunshine Band, an organized class of young people, the church was prettily decorated with palms and flowers.

The district president, Mrs. Churchill, presided. There was a very good representation present, seven of the nine locals in the district being represented, and also two Y. W. A. societies.

An interesting feature of the afternoon’s service was the answering of questions which had been written on slips of paper passed out for the purpose. Questions on the foreign work were answered by Mrs. Chadsey, and those on the foreign work by Miss Saunders.

From Miss Saunders’ answers we learned some very interesting facts concerning the printing and distribution of our denominational literature in India, the press work at Vilacheri, and the necessity for the censorship of the press in India. She also told us some about our new missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Peterson, who are fitting into the work so well while they are learning the language, and she emphasized the fact that what all the missionaries needed from us was, most of all, our prayers.

Mrs. Chadsey told how the first one hundred and twenty acres of the southern orphanage property came into the hands of the Adventists. She said the officers of the orphanage were not yet in a position to be able to tell the expense of supporting a child for a year, but they suggested that different locals take one child to clothe. Mrs. Chadsey also explained fully what a Conditional Gift to the society means, and the advantages to the giver and to the missionary society.

Between meetings, the people came together again to listen to a very interesting letter from a young Chinese doctor, which was read by Mrs. Corbett. While a student here this young man, with others of his countrymen who were also students, enjoyed in her home true Christian hospitality. A member of the Lynn local gave an experience she once had when in Italy, which taught her to look upon the foreigners she came in contact with here, in a different light.

In the evening Miss Jess M. Saunders gave her last address before starting on her journey westward. The service was opened by the singing of some stirring missionary hymns by the Salem choir. Then Miss Saunders, using maps to illustrate, gave us a general idea of the
country of India and then of our own mission field near Madras. She spoke particularly of the native Christian church, which she said compared favorably with the best she had seen here, and of some of the workers,—Zachariah, Mr. Publicden, Joseph and others, who are so nobly assisting the missionaries as colporteurs, teachers, and in other branches of the work.

Ethan B. White, Sec. pro tem.

**A REPORT FROM THE SOCIETIES AT SOUTH VERNON, VERMONT**

In March the societies held a social in a hall. We served a 15 cent supper and some of the boys from the Mt. Hermon School came up and gave us a little entertainment; we gave them their supper and paid their carfares. This gave us $17, which is to be used to reduce the parsonage debt.

In April the Auxiliary held a Silver Tea at the parsonage. We served tea and cake and each one was expected to drop a silver offering in a plate we had on the table. We also had home-made candy to sell. From this we realized $5.

Later the Juniors held a pop corn social when we popped the corn, put it in bags, buttered it and put it in a basket and paid a boy ten cents to go out and sell it. We made from this about $1.50. The corn was given us.

June 1st we held a food sale in one of the stores. From this sale we cleared $5.

I am sending some of the details of our work, thinking it might possibly be a help to the other societies.

Yours in His work,
Addie I. Leavitt.

**MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE**

Ys, I learned this lesson about forty-five years ago. I lived near an Adventist once who always attended church and Sunday-school; but if he ever gave one cent to support Sunday-school or church, no one ever knew it. He said to me, that I seemed to get along well by giving one-tenth and he guessed he would try it. I said to him, no, don't do it for that reason. I told him I feared he wanted to trade God a two dollar bill for a five, but God doesn't trade that way.

Then there is another class that will pinch a silver quarter till you can almost hear the eagle scream. Then the land grabbers; some seem to want the whole earth just as it is with the curse resting on it. The reader may ask, "Wonder if the writer ever owned land?" Yes, but I have just sold it. Why? Because I believe with all my heart that Christ is near, even at the door. All the land I want is a lot two feet wide, six feet long and about five and a half feet deep in some city of the dead. I hope to live to see Jesus come, then I will not want this much.

Better to make a trip somewhere by way of paying one-tenth first, then praying for God to make it mighty in winning souls. All I lay up is what I give to the Lord. Yes, it pays to cast your bread upon the waters; "after many days thou shalt find it;" "he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord, and that which he hath given will He pay him again."

Brother of the Middle West.

**A MOTOR CYCLE FOR BRO. PETERSON**

We have received, from friends in Minnesota, a check for $21, to be used as the beginning of a fund to purchase a motor cycle for Bro. Peterson to use in his work. A good motor cycle in India costs about $275; and we feel sure there are friends of the work, who are especially interested in the evangelistic work of which Bro. Peterson has charge, who will be glad to help him to procure this much-needed means of getting about.

We will report the fund each month.

**THE STORY OF KUSHUM**

Marriage in India takes all the children away from school while still young; but it was terribly sad to hear of Kushum, a few months after she left, that she had become a widow. She was still living at home, and I went, when I could, to see her and her mother. How thankful I was on my first visit after the news to notice the glass bangles still on her wrists and her sari with its usual colored border. So the cruel austerities had not yet been begun.

"I am so glad you are not making her fast yet," I said to the mother, who was a widow herself, if I remember.

"No," she said in a low voice, as if afraid even the walls might hear, "she is such a child we shall wait for a little."

But children younger than my Kushum are sometimes forced to undergo these austerities—only one meal a day, and that of poor food, and the frequent fasts. It is terrible, too, for the parents. I knew of one child whose parents enforced the hardships. Her mother gave the little thing her food late in the evening of the day before the fast, as much as she could eat. Next morning she was put in a room by herself, that they might not hear her crying for even one drop of water. Possibly her father carried the key of the room with him when he went to his work in the city, lest the mother heart should risk anything to still her young child's bitter weeping. I do not know,—but I think she would go often to the door to listen to the crying and cry herself, or to shudder at the stillness when she feared lest the child had fainted or died, perhaps. Better for her if she had! As soon as the long hours were over the little exhausted, frightened creature was fetched and tended. Her father was asked how he could bear to do it.
“I can’t bear it,” he said, “but if I don’t, one of my other children will die.”

Doubtless all that mother love could give of tender words and caresses was given, but when her brothers and sisters had their two meals, morning and evening, the little widow must have only one; when they had nice things to eat, she, who hitherto had shared all, must go without. Later she would have to go to her mother-in-law and have no love at all. She would be looked upon as one whose sin in some former birth had cost the life of a loved son. An accursed creature!

I am thankful Kushum was spared this cruel fate. Some months later came the news that her husband was not dead. The wild young lad had run away from home secretly, and his parents, imagining an accident, had mourned him as dead until he surprised them by coming home. Kushum, whose young life had escaped being blighted, realized it all so little that she was calm throughout.—Selected.

SONG OF THE CHURCH DRONE

Oh, to do nothing, nothing!
Only to live at my ease;
And swing in a silken hammock
While lanned by a gentle breeze.
Sweet is a life of pleasure,
Sipping the honey of flowers;
Like a butterfly in the sunshine
Enjoying the golden hours.

Chorus—Oh, to do nothing, nothing!

Oh, to do nothing, nothing!
Others who will, may work;
But I much prefer to be quiet,
Life’s burdens and cares to shirk.
Lilies and sparrows do nothing,
Yet all their wants are supplied;
Much of our labor is wasted
And gets not a “Thank you” beside.

Chorus—Oh, to do nothing, nothing!

Oh, to do nothing, nothing!
Ministers—what is their trade
But doing the work of the Master?
And for it they’re pretty well paid.
Of course, some people are fitted,
Which I don’t pretend to be;
They like to make speeches in meeting,
Which is out of the question for me.

Chorus—Oh, to do nothing, nothing!—Sel.

The leading men of India are to-day looking to Jesus Christ as the One who must lead to India’s fruition.—J. P. Jones.
WHAT THE STAMPS SAY

India
I am a little postage stamp,
I came across the sea,
And this is what the letter said
The people sent by me:

"We have the famine in our land,
The plague, and earthquakes, too,
And in the midst of all this woe
The Christians are so few.

"You have so much of Christ and love,
Your land is all so bright,
Can you not send us more of Christ?
Oh! send us more of light!"

Japan
I am a little postage stamp,
A message I have brought;
It tells of people who of Christ,
The Lord, have not been taught.

"Oh! send us those who tell of Christ,
Send as many as you can!"
It begs for more of life and light;
The postmark is Japan.

China
And I have brought a message, too,
From China, land so great;
There many, many human hearts
Sad in the darkness wait.
Can you who have the glorious light
Not hear their piteous cry?
Set self aside, and let the light
Shine on them ere they die.

Africa
I am a postage stamp, by me
A message has been sent,
And people say that I came from
The darkest continent.
I do not know how dark it is
In other lands, but hark!
I bring a cry from Africa:
"More light! It is so dark!"

Islands of the Sea
Oh! listen while we little stamps
Repeat our message, too;
We are the Islands of the Sea,
Who cry for help from you.
Our hills and vales are beautiful,
We have the sunshine bright;
But, oh! we lack the love of Christ;
Please send us gospel light! — Source Unknown.

NEW Y. W. A.
Tustin, Cal.—Superintendent, Vera Smith; president, Vera Finster; vice-president, Ada Squires; secretary, Opal Page; treasurer, Addie Tricky.

PROMOTED JUNIORS
Nelson Goodwin Norton, address not known; Elizabeth Osborne, Castleton, Vt.; Evelyn Lea Steinert, Bear River, Nova Scotia; Roscoe Claude McNames, Cullison, Kansas; Grace Myrtle Witter, Brawley, California; Alvin Goodwin Every, Hampton, N. H.; Inez Lillian Tuckerman, Providence, R. I.; Bertha Helen Davies, Toronto, Ontario.

CRADLE ROLL
Eula Setzer, Dowling Park, Florida.

"Lord, give the mothers of the world
More love to do their part;
The children made by birth their own,
But every childish heart.
Wake in their souls true motherhood,
Which aims at universal good."
— Jennie Campbell Douglass.