"All Nations Monthly"

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

Vol. XIX.  BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A., MARCH, 1918  No. 216

Into the Deep

"Lord, we have toiled all day and taken naught."
Thus spoke the fishers by the darkling sea,
While the dusk deepened, and the shadows drew
Over the desert sand-dunes and the blue
Waters of Galilee.

Lord, we have toiled in vain, even as these,
Dragging our nets unfruitful waters through;
Not one poor fish rewards our pains all day,
And, like the twelve of old, we come and say,
"Master, what shall we do?"

And still for us, as then, the answer sounds,
Making the very hearts within us leap;
"Leave the safe shallows where the ripples play,
The sluggish inlet and confining bay—
Push out into the deep.

"Strain toward the mighty ocean of God's love,
His great love's all unfathomed energies.
Where never plummet reached or bound was set.
Quit ye like valiant fishersmen, and let Your nets down in deep seas.

"Those rich, rewarding waters shall not fail;
Till the nets break the fish shall crowd therein;
And I, the Master, waiting other where,
Will lend My strength to land the precious fare
Which ye have toiled to win."

Lord, Thou hast spoken, and we trust Thy word;
We will push out and leave the safe, known land,
And count it full reward if, coming back
Laden at nightfall, o'er the waters black
We see Thee on the strand.  
—Susan Coolidge.
A HOSTEL FOR VELACHERI
C. H. Hudson

Connected with the schoolbuilding in Velacheri are four small rooms, one is used for a reading room for the boys, another is a store for garden tools, one for the monitor, an older boy selected from the others for his good qualities and special fitness in the art of leadership. The fourth is generally assigned to one or two well-behaved boys who are considered to be highly favored in the enjoyment of such a privilege. On the floor of the main building the boys spread their mats each night and hang them out on the line each morning to air. A place that they can consider their own where they may keep their little belongings, retire to for study and devotions they have not. It has long been our wish to provide such a place where these wants might in some measure be met. To build a hostel with a small cubicle for each boy would be ideal but hardly attainable by us, but to provide a place where the boys could be separated into small groups according to age should be possible. At present boys big and little are all thrown together and this arrangement is not a good one. The lad desiring privacy for prayer and study has difficulty in obtaining it. The associations connected with one's own room he does not enjoy. Another reason for pressing this need is that of health. The Indians sleep on the floor. In the rainy season Velacheri is very damp. If a building with an upper floor for sleeping can be erected with the lower one arranged for dining-room and kitchen the annual epidemic of colds, coughs and fevers, which the rainy season always brings into its train, will in a large measure be overcome. The modest sum of two thousand dollars should be sufficient to supply this need and would make a fitting memorial to any one of God's children desiring to have his name perpetuated in this way; and furthermore, it would just about make our equipment in Velacheri complete. The school building stands as a memorial to Dr. Ransom, the Industrial Building to Alice Spence, the Chapel now in course of construction to C. M. Booth. A press to I. C. Syrianc Church, and one by government, we thought it wise not to open our school work amounting to thousands of dollars annually. I felt as I travelled through this prosperous country where Christianity has so strong a hold and has influenced the people so largely, that the work of preaching the Gospel is more needed in our Madras field though visible results are more difficult to obtain. We will be content to work where the heathen darkness is still thick, and try to spread the Gospel light. The west coast would make a fruitful field for the preaching of Adventism which I believe would be well received, but our laborers are few and the best policy is not to take in too much territory.

WHAT I FOUND AT PAZHANI
R. L. Peterson

On my recent trip with Mr. Pulicodin to the West Coast, to see our property and the conditions for working at Pazhani, we made a careful investigation of all the circumstances and conditions and came to the following conclusions: As there are three other splendid schools conducted by the two branches of the Syrian Church, and one by government, we thought it wise not to open our school work again. To conduct a good school needs constant supervision; and as this place is too far away to visit very often (from our Madras field it is three hundred and fifty miles), we decided to dispose of the school furniture, and sold the timbers, window frames, doors and other things; also rented the garden to a young man on certain terms. We have a nice garden of perhaps an acre or more, with fruit bearing trees and pepper vines. Land is increasing in value and as a business proposition we thought it best not to sell just now.

This town of several thousand inhabitants is a prosperous community. The people are nearly all nominal Christians. I visited one old church where services are daily conducted and no one knows how old the building is. Rumor or rather tradition, says the Apostle Thomas came there and started the Christian work which we now find in a fair state. The reformed Syrian Church is doing aggressive evangelistic work and is entirely native, Indian, and is not so stereotyped as the old church which resembles Romanism in all its forms of worship and creed.

In another part of this west coast country is located the well-known Basel mission, formerly German, but as the missionaries have either been interned or sent home, the mission with all of its great industries, schools and general mission work has been incorporated in Switzerland, and is now under Swiss control; aided here and there by other missions who help as help can be spared. This mission work is largely self-supporting, the income from tile-making, weaving of cloth and mats, and other work amounting to thousands of dollars annually. I felt as I travelled through this prosperous country where Christianity has so strong a hold and has influenced the people so largely, that the work of preaching the Gospel is more needed in our Madras field though visible results are more difficult to obtain. We will be content to work where the heathen darkness is still thick, and try to spread the Gospel light. The west coast would make a fruitful field for the preaching of Adventism which I believe would be well received, but our laborers are few and the best policy is not to take in too much territory.

CHRISTIAN EVIDENCES

"How beautiful," whispered the brown-skinned children as they entered the compound of the mission at Guindy, southern India, and were given rice in plenty. After the food, came an introduction to clothes to which they were strangers. These poor, hungry children's fathers and mothers had died and left them to starve in the terrible famine which came to India in 1898. Food, clothes and loving care made the mission house beautiful to them. The thatched shed where they slept leaked when it rained but Missie Ammah told them that the children in America were sending
money and soon they were to have a new home all their own.

These were busy times for the mission workers with so many newcomers who must be fed and taught, but they were happy. The little lean faces filled out and the sad, black eyes sparkled with pleasure in their new home. This paid for the hours of watching with the sick ones, and when the children could sing, "Jesus loves me, this I know," the hours of patient teaching were forgotten in their joy.

It was a happy household. There was no grumbling when one's turn came to carry water from the well far away. But there came a drought when all the wells and pools were low and water was scarce.

The day was set to begin the well, the men came to dig and Miss Spence went into the garden to tell them where to work. It seemed to her that she was led to a certain spot while a still, small voice whispered, "This is the place for the well."

"Dig here," said she and went about her work. Coming again she found the men digging in another spot. "The well must be here," said she and the men had to go back to the first spot.

The hours went by while the men dug on; then loud clapping was heard in the garden and the children went running to the mission house. "Water, Missie Ammah, water!" they cry. "Come and see!"

It was true, God had answered prayer, water was pouring into the well. They had found a spring which never gets dry. In times of drought when other wells are dry this well never fails.

The well stands in the Guindy garden to tell the natives of India that the true God answers prayer. It speaks to us of a loving Father who has said, "Commit thy way unto the Lord and He shall direct thy path."—Leaves Worth Turning.

SAIDAPET READING ROOM FUND

This fund has reached a little more than the half way mark, as we now have in cash and pledges $755 of the $1500 needed. There has been a very gratifying response to this call and we hope to see the full amount raised before the close of our fiscal year in July. As some of our readers may not have read the issues in which this fund was explained we repeat what was given in the January paper.

The building in which our Saidapet Reading Room work is carried on was leased by our society for a term of five years, which time will expire January, 1919, and we desire to purchase the building at that time. The cost of purchasing and repairing will be approximately $1500. The plan for raising the fund is to do so, "In Memory of Loved Ones," and a tablet bearing this title and the names of the loved ones whose memory is thus perpetuated will be placed in a prominent place in the Reading Room. Pledges for this purpose as well as cash gifts will be received, providing the pledges are paid by October, 1918. We shall report each month how the fund stands, and give a list of the names in whose memory the funds are given when the full amount is raised.

"If your love does not root itself deep enough under your feet to reach the heathen on the other side of the globe, it will not climb high enough to reach heaven over your head."
ALL NATIONS MONTHLY

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE
Editor and Business Manager:
MRS. MAUDE M. CHADSEY
5 Whiting Street, Boston, Mass.

Established October, 1898.
Subscription price, 15 Cents Per Year.
Entered as second-class matter June 13, 1910, at the Post Office at Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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BOSTON, MASS., MARCH, 1918

W E feel sure that our readers will enjoy reading the selection, "Christian Evidence," an extract from the little book, Leaves Worth Turning which was compiled by our dear Sister Alice Spence from the letters of the missionaries and events in connection with the mission. Although Sister Spence has been sleeping for nearly ten years, her memory lives in the hearts of her many friends.

SOME may think it an unwise proceeding to bring the matter of the need of a Hostel for Velacherie, as told in the article by Bro. Hudson in this issue, to the front, at the same time that we are endeavoring to raise the funds for the Saidapet Reading Room. However, we feel impressed to do so, and hope that there may be some one among our readers who will feel to give this as a memorial either for themselves or for some loved one.

WHEN Bro. Hudson was in California last summer, Rev. Geo. T. Wellcome, a nephew of the late I. C. Wellcome, who had such a prominent part in establishing Advent Christian mission work in India, offered to give the money for a new press to replace the worn out press of the late I. C. Wellcome to the memory of his beloved uncle. During February we received his check for $300 for the "Wellcome Press," He wrote, "I am glad to replace that press to the memory of my beloved uncle, I. C. Wellcome." Truly these memorial gifts are a great help to the mission and we believe are a source of satisfaction to the givers.

THE only mail received from India during February was a letter from Miss Saunders, dated December 13, which reached Boston

February 16. At the time the letter was written all were well and the work going on satisfactorily. This accounts for why there is so little from the missionaries in this issue, for doubtless many of their articles have gone to the bottom of the sea. At any rate none have reached the editor's desk for the past two months.

THANKSGIVING AND PETITIONING LIST

Let us give thanks:
For the new Y. W. A. at Live Oak, Fla.
For the increasing interest in the Advent Christian Home and Orphanage.
For the active, energetic leaders in our local societies, who are the backbone of our women's work.
For the memorial gift for the "Wellcome Press."
For the good income for February which was sufficient to meet the needs for the month.
For the interest taken in the Saidapet Reading Room Fund.

Let us pray:
For our missionaries both at home and on the field.
For the money for "A Hostel at Velacherie." See Bro. Hudson's article.
For the Executive Board meeting to be held the last of the month, that wisdom may be given from God to plan for the work.
For sufficient income for March to meet the needs of the month.

OUR STATE SCHOOLS

As promised in the January issue we report again this month how the different States stand, March 1, on their school payments for 1917-18. The amount required to support a day school is $144, and a night school $48 a year.

Maine supports Tiravamur day and night school and has paid $194.73; New Hampshire supports Injinbakum, and has paid $122.56; Quebec and Northern Vermont supports Perambakam, and has paid $69.57; Connecticut and Western Massachusetts supports Vengavasa, and has paid $146.54; Massachusetts supports Vengavasa, and has paid $186.86; (there was a mistake in what Massachusetts was credited in the January paper); Northern California supports Adyar, and has paid $69.95; Oregon and Eastern Washington supports Neelangiri, and has paid $107.40; Western Washington and British Columbia supports Nuekumpaliam, and has paid $141.03.

Beside these State schools the church at Danville, Quebec, supports Ponmar; the Worcester local supports Jeldenpet, and has paid $63; Massachusetts Middle District supports Jeldenpet night school, $48, and has paid
March, 1918

ALL NATIONS MONTHLY

$11.50; Junior Mission Societies, Sunday-school classes and individuals support Muttaikarana-chavadi, and have paid, $53.62; Rhode Island and Eastern Connecticut supports a teacher ($60) and has paid $79.06.

HOME AND ORPHANAGE BOX

As promised last month, we are giving a list of the gifts that went in the box, which because of the extreme cold did not leave Boston until Feb. 16. We have not heard of its arrival at the Home and Orphanage, but hope to before this month's paper goes to press.

Knowing that it would add to the pleasure of the recipients if the parcels which came were sent unopened, we secured a packing box that would hold them without repacking, for as the goods go by weight ($1.58 per hundred, or fraction thereof, of the first hundred) the cost of sending this way was no more than if they had been repacked. The following is a list of those who contributed: box, Attleboro, Junior Mission Society; parcel, Nellie Dow; books, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Lawrence; parcel, Mrs. Lizzie Johnson; books, West Wareham S. S.; quilt, Mrs. William Matthews; quilt, Morrisville local; cards, Mrs. Mary Morse; parcel, Mrs. E. S. Hewitt.

FROM OUR LOCALS

A recent communication from our new local at Scott's Bay, Nova Scotia, contained the names of twelve new subscribers to All Nations and the secretary, Mrs. Flora Thorpe, who sent them wrote:

"I went out three afternoons and got these subscribers, it has been very cold, and the walking very bad, making it quite impossible to get far in an afternoon. Our W. H. and F. M. Society is something new to us; but we hope to make a success of it. We met Tuesday, Feb. 17, and felt quite encouraged over the different things we planned to do."

From the Arena, N. Y., local comes the following:

"Our W. H. and F. M. Society has been doing good work. We have raised over $100 but because of the great need of our church building have been using most of it for home work; but hope to help the foreign work more soon."

The local at Gainesville, Fla., which had been inactive for a year or more is again doing fine work. The president wrote Feb. 6:

"We had our regular monthly meeting yesterday at the church, and all seemed to enjoy it and we gained two new members."

The fact of this local getting to work again is especially pleasing to the writer, for I realized there were splendid women in the Gainesville Society who could do much if active, and we expect to see some real progressive work done there.

Live Oak, Fla., has taken a fine step in advance and organized the first Y. W. A. in the Southland. Good for you, Live Oak! We hope the young ladies in other sections of the South will follow your example.

RESOLUTIONS ON DEATH OF MRS. GRACE FOSTER, ST. JOHNSBURY, VT.

Whereas: The enemy death has again entered our Mission Circle and taken a sister, dearly beloved by us, in the person of Mrs. Grace Foster, wife of Luther E. Foster, and vice-president of our Local Mission, a lady of marked social ability, with a genial, active, cheerful manner which endeared her to the hearts of all. In her death our local has suffered a loss which will long be felt.

Therefore be it:

Resolved, That the W. H. and F. M. local of St. Johnsbury, Vt., express our appreciation for the willing and faithful manner in which she has ever performed her duties in the capacity in which she served in our society, also be it

Resolved, That we extend to the sorrowing family our sympathy in this their time of great sorrow, praying that they may feel under them "the everlasting arm" which is able to keep them from falling. Be it

Further,

Resolved, That our secretary be instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the husband of the deceased, and also to the All Nations Monthly for publication.

Mrs. Nellie Smith,
Mrs. Clara Peabody,
Committee on Resolutions.

NOTICE

The W. H. and F. M. Society of R. I. and Eastern Conn., will hold their annual meeting for reports and election of officers, Thursday, March 28, at 1:30 p. m. in the A. C. Church, Dexter St., Providence, R. I. Mrs. Edna B. Smith of Lafayette, R. I., will give the mission address at 2:30 or following the business session.

Gussie M. Pierce, Sec.

A "WORLD'S CRISIS" SUNDAY

We hope every one of our readers will do her best to make April 14 a red letter day for the World's Crisis by securing as many subscribers for the paper as possible. Our mission work has been greatly helped by the good words spoken for it through the Crisis. Now let us do the dear old paper a good turn and add scores of new names to its subscription list. This will not only help the paper but be placing in new homes one of the best religious papers published. Read Page 2 of the Crisis each week and you will get a clear idea of what the Manager hopes to see accomplished that day.

NEW ENGLAND SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

Home Department

The moulding board asked for in the December issue has arrived; and it is a splendid one for the place, measuring twenty-nine by thirty-two inches. This is the gift of Mrs. W. B. Patch. Another sister wrote offering
Mary Barton’s Nineteen Cents

Amos Barton sat beside the bed in a very terror of grief and fear. In thirty-five years, this was the first real illness that had come to his wife. Day in and day out, month after month, year following year, she had stood at her post, doing the work of three women. There was need of economy at first, but as time went on things became easier; yet Amos Barton had never gotten out of his rigid habit of frugality. His wife had enough to eat, enough to wear, but he gave her no money. What use had she for it? Women did not need to have money. Did he not pay the bills, and was she not clothed well enough?

Bent, weary and worn from her hard life of toil, Mary Barton had at last taken to her bed. As the fever came up higher, still higher, she kept saying again and again, “Nineteen cents, only nineteen cents. Dear Lord, I tried, I tried my best, but that is all—nineteen cents.”

But now as she lay, such a slender, wasted little figure, on her bed, again and again he heard the words. They had grown to a wail now, “Nineteen cents, only nineteen cents.”

They were alone in the room, the nurse had gone out. He bent over her. “Mary,” he said, “Mary, dear, what is it you are talking about? What nineteen cents is it?”

A gleam of consciousness flickered into the tired eyes. “Don’t you know”—she whispered—“it is mine. It was for missions, but I—I—”

The weary voice trailed off into unconsciousness again, but Amos Barton knew in a flash what she had meant. She had tried to raise some money for missions and nineteen cents was all she had.

She had spoken to him once or twice about giving to missions, but he had always repulsed her. Could it be that she had taken it so hardly? She was always so quiet, so gentle, so yielding. “Only nineteen cents,” went on the tired voice. “Only nineteen cents.” The nurse had come back. “She goes over that again and again in the night,” she said, stooping to adjust the coverlet. “She is in distress about something and that nineteen cents has a lot to do with it. Patients are often like that; whatever troubles them in secret, while in health, is almost sure to come out in sickness.”

Amos Barton did not answer. He half stumbled from the room.

“Any better?” he asked the nurse the next morning. She shook her head. “And the fever?” “The same,” she answered, briefly. “We’ll make the best fight we can, Mr. Barton, but oh, if she were only twenty years younger.” “If she only were.” He half groaned at the thought. If he had only twenty years more in which to love and cherish her. “Nineteen cents,” went on the faint voice from the bed—“only nineteen cents.”

“I’ll watch her,” he told the nurse. “You lie down for awhile.” He sat there in silence for a moment. All at once he stooped forward. “Mary,” he said. “Mary, darling, try to understand me. I know what your nineteen cents is for. Now, if you’ll only try and sleep and forget about it, I’ll give you fifty dollars for missions.” The eyes regarding him seemed to comprehend. A shadowy smile hovered over the pale lips.

“Amos, you here?” “Yes, darling. Now go to sleep, and if you do, I’ll keep my word. You shall have fifty dollars for missions.”

When the nurse came in her practiced eye detected a change. “She’s better,” she declared. “The fever is decreasing. Now, if we can keep up the heart action, we may pull her through.”

A week after that Mary Barton was sitting up. In her frail little hands was a broken sugar bowl. It had some pennies and a ten cent piece in it. Amos had just left the room.

“Why, what’s this?” cried the nurse gayly as she came in.

Mary Barton smiled. “This,” she answered, “oh, this is only nineteen cents. But I’ve something to show you,” she added, shyly. And then she took from under her pillow a fifty dollar bill. “It’s for missions,” she said, simply, her face alight.—Sel.

To Blame or Not to Blame

Indian earthen water pots have a way of breaking most unexpectedly and inconveniently, as we have reason to know by an early morning experience, when the narrow lane was lined with hungry women carrying their great pots containing the sweet water from the tank ever so far away.

We were seated on a low mud veranda wondering how we could get out of the overpowering smell, when with a snap the bottom fell out of a huge pot and the water poured down at the feet.
of the little maid who had struggled with it on her hip all those weary yards to the door of her home.

There was a general laugh but in its midst came the startling words, "That is because Missie annal is here." "What! have I got the evil eye?" "If not, what? But never mind, it means blessings to you."

DON'T TRY TO DECEIVE

THERE were one hundred and eighty vessels in a Confucian temple, to be filled with rice, fruits, vegetables, etc., but in some, paper was carefully pasted near the top by those who gave, and the offerings placed on top of the paper. Some one asked if they expected to deceive Confucious. A young man answered, "Yes, it will answer to deceive Confucius, but it will not answer to deceive Jesus."

"Forgetting those things which are behind" (Phil. 3: 13).

The past has a subtle deterring power which is dangerous. If we load ourselves down with the accumulated burdens of yesterday we shall be hindered from best progress to-day. Brooding over past failures and bragging about past successes is fatal to the development of highest life. Forget these experiences and so get forward in the way of the will of God.—Francis Wayland Patterson.

TREASURER'S REPORT

Receipts for February, 1918

California—Oakland local, $4.50; Geo. F. Skey, $5; San Francisco local, $5; Rev. G. T. Wellcome, $300; cash, $25.

Connecticut and Western Massachusetts—Lizzie M. Johnson, $1; Mrs. Thomas Fitzsimons, $2; Mabel R. Makepeace, $6; East Norwalk Tithing Class, $13.55; Theresa Hoyt, $4; Richard Bland, $5; Emma E. Ives, $50; Children, Palmer Campmeeting, $3.50; Bridgport local, $25; Mrs. Grace L. Porter, $5; Mrs. Frances H. Gardner, $2; Auba and Jessie Atwood, $10.

Florida—Live Oak local, $22.25; Jacksonville local, 50 cts.; F. M. Quimby, $5.

Idaho—Rev. and Mrs. E. B. Arnold, $5.

Illinois—Cynthia Shaw, $30.

Maine—Auburn local, $8.50; F. E. Mitchell, $10; Mrs. L. J. Carter, $1; Mrs. R. J. Buckford, $1.50; Presque Isle local, $5; Mechanic Falls local, $2.

Massachusetts—Class 11, Boston S. S., $1; Laura E. Alley, $1; M. E. Wadley, $2; Brockton L. W.'s, $5; Ursila M. Marshall, $1; Lynn A. C. Church, $2.70; F. A. Waters, $1; Athol local, $2.50; Lucy J. Francis, $1; In memory of "Warren L. Chute," $100; Estelle and Harry Caldwell, $1; Melrose Highlands local, $1.90; Lawrence local, $10; M. A. Hubbert, $1; Sara Constance Holt, $1; Maude M. Chadsey, $4; Rebecca F. Casavant, $2; Naomi Caldwell, $3; Class 9, Boston S. S., $2; Boston S. S., $1; Clifford Sherman Kent, 25 cts.; George Koons, $7; North Carvel local, $8.50; North Carver S. S., $1; Middleboro local, $1; Lowell local, $1; Worcester local, $12.

March, 1918

New Brunswick—Woodstock local, $14.

New Hampshire—Ann Kirby, 50 cts.; Thomas B. Hall, $10.10; East Rochester S. S., $5; Pittsfield A. C. Church, $5; Mary A. Elliott, $1; Mrs. Frances Knox Mooney, $10; Barnstead local, $3.50; Northwood Narrows S. S., $1.74; Loudon Ridge S. S., $5.

New York—Arena local, $5; Mrs. R. L. Gayett's S. S., Class, $1.50; Mrs. E. M. Van Dyke, $2; Naissena S. S., $3.50; Rev. D. Wellington Hall, $3.

Oregon and Eastern Washington—Boyd local, $5.50; Hood River local, $11.65; Clarkson local, $5; Portland local, $17.15.

Ontario—Toronto local, $7.

Quebec and Northern Vermont—Mrs. W. H. Tuxbury, $5.50; Newbury Church, $8.

Rhode Island and Eastern Connecticut—Sadie E. Albro, $1; Putnam Church, $1.30; Providence local, $6; Rocky Brook local, $3.

South Carolina—C. A. Du Rant, $33.50.

 Vermont—Rev. and Mrs. E. W. Dyer, $3.75.

Western Washington and British Columbia—Mrs. J. B. Chapman, $5; Mrs. C. E. Preston, $1; Mrs. A. A. Weeks, $1; Builders Class, Seattle, $3; Una Lobbi, $3; Mrs. C. C. Richardson, $1; Bellingham local, $10.

Wisconsin—Anna Simonton, $3.

Rent, $50; sales, $9.65; All Nations subscriptions, $83.25, total receipts, $1,115.69.

Maude M. Chadsey, Treas.

OUR 35 CTS. A YEAR, OR THREE YEARS FOR $1.00 CLUB

Names of those who have joined this club since last report:

Mrs. Amy King, Mrs. Annie Mundie, Florence Sellars, Mrs. F. E. Brooks, Mrs. S. A. Piper, Jessie E. L. Dennis, Mrs. G. F. Ellinwood, Evelyn M. Leavitt, Mrs. E. H. Sullivan, Mrs. Clara W. Souza, Mrs. Benj. Robinson, Mrs. S. A. Phelps, Mrs. Julia Noble, Mrs. J. E. Mesick, Mrs. Reuben Noble, Mrs. Ora C. Knight, Mrs. C. A. Noble, Mrs. H. Alma Fischer, Mrs. C. J. King, Mrs. L. A. Bollo, Mrs. F. A. Earle, Mrs. H. C. Storat, Mrs. Clara Fitzgerald, Miss Bernie Tilliman, Mrs. W. C. Patterson, Mrs. Julia Bartlett, Mrs. Geo. H. Brown, Mrs. L. A. Stevens, Mrs. H. W. Hewitt, Mrs. Ida K. Hewitt, Mrs. S. H. Bingham, Mrs. S. L. Stephens, Mrs. A. Wiler, Mrs. E. T. Twombly, Mrs. Minnie Blanding, Mrs. Lena Moore, Esther Brownell, Flora Whitaker, Mrs. E. Bis­sell, Mrs. Blaker, Mrs. Walter J. Miles, Mrs. J. E. Put­nam, Mrs. H. W. Raddin, Mrs. J. E. Smith, Mrs. Josephine Lawrence, Mrs. Perley Adams, Mrs. E. Batchelor, Rev. I. M. Blanchard, Mrs. John Boudreau, Mrs. Arthur J. Brooks, William N. Brown, Mrs. M. F. Brooks, Mrs. Amy J. Brooks, Mrs. Mary E. Chase, Mrs. P. M. Cunningham, A. E. Ellinwood, Belle Dana, Mrs. Ellen Glazier, Miss Mary Green, Mrs. Mary J. Grindrod, Mrs. Lilla M. Griswold, Mrs. Emma G. Hall, Mrs. H. P. Lawrence, Mrs. A. S. B. Lothrop, Mrs. A. B. Lincoln, Miss Mary L. McCallum, C. E. Nutter, Miss Charlotte Nutting, Mrs. M. F. Peters, Mrs. George H. Powell, Minnie L. Reinhardt, "Rest Home," Mrs. Frank P. Rogers, Mrs. F. P. Sanborn, Mrs. Lilian E. Sampson, Mrs. Herbert O. Sibley, Mrs. Oscar V. Sibley, Mrs. Louis Sherman, W. A. Sawin, A. M. Tolman, Mrs. James Thornton, Gladys A. Thomas, Mrs. Josephine E. Thomas, Mrs. E. W. Ward, Mrs. F. E. Hutchins, Mrs. E. W. Smith, Mrs. F. L. White, Mrs. Susie B. Williams, Mrs. Charles Mel­ville, Mrs. Louise Harman, Mrs. Grace Brewer, Mrs. Sadie Dickinson, Mrs. Rebecca E. Kennedy, Mrs. Agnes Brown, Mrs. Martha Shaw, Wm. H. Hambly, Miss Mary E. Lewis, Mrs. Abbie F. Pearson.
AND WHAT DID YOU DO?

"I worked for men," my Lord will say,
When we meet at the end of the King's Highway.
"I walked with the beggar along the road,
I kissed the bondsman stung by the goad,
I bore my half of the porter's load,
And what did you do?" my Lord will say.

"I made life sweet," my Lord will say,
When we meet at the end of the King's Highway.
"I smoothed the path where the thorns annoy,
I gave the mother back her boy,
I mended the children's broken toy.
And what did you?" my Lord will say,
"As you traveled along the King's Highway."

"I showed men God," my Lord will say,
"As I traveled along the King's Highway.
I eased the sister's troubled mind;
I helped the blighted to be resigned;
I showed the sky to the souls grown blind.
And what did you?" my Lord will say,
When we meet at the end of the King's Highway.
—Robert Davis, in the Outlook.

SAVING OURSELVES BY SAVING OTHERS

An Indian Christian pilgrim was working his way up towards Tibet, preaching the Gospel as he went and everywhere living Christ. One day, with a companion, he was far up among the snows of the Himalayas. The cold was intense, the hillsides steep, and the path dangerous. Suddenly a sound of moaning reached their ears from the depths of a precipice. The men halted, and the Christian pilgrim said, "It is some one in distress; some one must have fallen from this path." His companion assented, but made as if he would go on. "We must help him up," said the Christian pilgrim. "Nay, it might mean death to us both," replied the other. "But I must help him, I cannot leave him dying thus," exclaimed the former. "Then must I leave you to your folly," retorted the other, and went on his way.

The pilgrim with difficulty made his way down the hillside, and found a man who had fallen and broken his leg. In order to get him to the path, it was necessary for the pilgrim to bear the man on his back. This he did, and after great effort succeeded in reaching the path. He was all in a glow from his exertions, and the two continued on the path, the pilgrim helping the crippled man. Their progress was slow, but their efforts kept their blood circulating. When they had gone some distance on their journey, they found on the roadside, stiff and cold, the body of the pilgrim's companion. He was frozen to death—he who refused to tarry and help his fellow man, had succumbed to the cold. As they looked at him, the Christian pilgrim said to the man he had saved, "I should have been lying beside him there, frozen in the snow, except for my effort to save you. The exertion kept warmth in my body. I saved myself when I saved you."

This is a true story. The Christian pilgrim is known far and wide in North India. His experience that day is typical of our lives. We save ourselves, as we seek to help others; we are working out our own salvation, while we work for perishing souls around us. Every possible consideration urges us on to spend and be spent to the utmost for the salvation of the people around us.—From The National Missionary Intelligencer of India.

NEW Y. W. A.

Live Oak, Fla.: Superintendent, Mrs. Burr A. L. Bixler; assistant superintendent, Mrs. Taylor; president, Muriel Sutton; vice-president, Grace Skipper; secretary, Vinira Taylor; treasurer, Mamie Collins.

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CRADLE ROLL

Raymond Leroy Carter, Bangor, Me., Dec. 12, 1917.
John Lawrence Peterson, Guindy, India, Nov. 3, 1917.