Easter Awakening

Elizabeth Clarke Hardy

A thrill, and a stir, and a whisper, and the silent sleeping earth
Awakens from dreamless slumber to the joy of a glad re-birth,
As the Easter dawn with its banners of rose and gold unfurled,
Transforms with celestial glory the face of the sad, old world.

Then on the wings of the morning the message is borne along,
Till it swells from the faintest whisper to a glad, triumphant song:
And the hills, the fields and the valleys responding with swift accord,
All blossom in infinite beauty to welcome the risen Lord.

From cloistered aisles of the forest a carol of joyous notes
Rings out in a vibrant anthem from myriad golden throats,
And from crystal cups the lilies pour forth their incense sweet
While wayside flowers a tapestry spread for the Master’s feet.

And as on old Judean hills night blossomed into day,
When angels from that lonely tomb had rolled the stone away,
So every Christian heart responds, to newer life restored,
And puts its shining vestments on to greet the risen Lord.

We bring our offerings of love, our lilies fair to see,
We bring our humble wayside flowers and palms of victory,
We deck our altars in His name, and joyfully we sing:
All glory to the risen Lord! Hosanna to our King!

—Young People’s Weekly.
VELACHERIE NEWS

C. H. Hudson

As these lines are being written the noise of a funeral is heard. An old woman in the Vullore (medicine men) section of the village has died. We have often spoken with this old lady and she has several times given expression to her faith in Christ, but she has died without openly confessing Him. Her sons are making elaborate preparations for her funeral, mortgaging their land to provide the necessary funds, yet during her lifetime their concern for her was not marked. In fact it was left to us to keep life in her body by supplying her rice during the famine season. Now she is dead they not only give her rice but milk. In order to make it more convenient for her to drink it, directly the breath has gone, the body is propped up into a sitting posture and carried to the grave and buried in that position. A small piece of bamboo is fastened into the mouth which is continued up to the ground level. Down this tube the milk is poured at certain stated times. I think it is fear of being haunted by the spirit of the deceased, that prompts their attentions rather than love for the departed.

Can it be that God is going to answer our prayers for Velacherie village? For years we have been laboring and praying that God's spirit would move in the midst of these people. They have always been considered hard to work with and now it seems that we see signs of a break. Two lads, old students of the school, have expressed a desire to become followers of Christ. One is to be baptized Sunday. The parents of the second stand in the way at present. The parents of the first, while not approving of the step, will not oppose it. One cannot help but have the deepest sympathy for the converted in India. He receives no help or sympathy from his people, nothing but the reverse. Every obstacle possible is put into his way. Knowing this my heart went out towards this boy when he stated that he believed that Jesus Christ was the only Saviour and he was prepared to follow Him. This is not the case of one seeking employment or striving to better his social position, for he has good work and among his people his standing as a Hindu is far more to his advantage than it will be as a Christian. Do not fail to pray for these two lads, that the first may be a bright and shining light in this village, that the second may be strengthened in his resolve to serve Christ and that the opposition of his parents may be overcome.

I have just written a reply to a letter from two boys with a blind mother. They say they have heard of our school and wonder if it would be possible for them to come here and earn their way through school, and at the same time support their blind mother whom they propose to bring with them. Rather an ambitious program for Indian boys, but very commendable. He says, "I am a poor boy, my father is dead and my mother is blind. If I go there to you there is no one to lead my poor blind mother. No one to help her." Now the natural calling school and wonder if it would be possible for them to come here and earn their way through school, and at the same time support their blind mother whom they propose to bring with them. Rather an ambitious program for Indian boys, but very commendable.

One's first impulse suggested telling them to come along and bring their mother with them, in spite of all that is involved, but prudence suggests that we go easy. Then I wondered what would Christ himself do? The outcome of it is a letter now lies in the box waiting for the outgoing mail, telling the boys to come in order that I might meet them and they might see the school, and then if we suit each other one may go back and bring the mother later on, and we will endeavor to make it possible for them to support her. Will not some one make this struggling family a subject of prayer?

While doing our utmost to supply the educational needs of the fatherless and destitute children who are intrusted to our care, we are faced with the paucity of such facilities for our own children. If the climate were such that fast growing children could be kept on the plains all the year around and our time were not so fully taken up with the care of others, we could perhaps heed the suggestion that we teach them ourselves, but circumstances will not allow this. So we have the choice of two schools, each nearly a distance of 400 miles from us, one maintained by English missions and the other by American. We have elected to send Ruth to the latter and this is where the second series of separations common to the life of a missionary begins. The first is the breaking away from home, the second is the breaking up of one's own family. Monday next Ruth will start on her journey of 400 miles to school, about 350 by train and the remainder by bullock cart, climbing a distance of 7,200 feet to the beautiful hill station of Kodiakanal where the American school for missionaries' children and others is located. We shall tell you about the trip in our next.

"LOOKING FORWARD"

Zella A. Peterson

After our Christmas holiday, we are back again, and ready for work. You might be interested to know about some of the plans of our Bible women for this year.

We have determined to make a greater effort than ever for the winning of souls to Christ. Sometimes the outlook is discouraging; but we have taken for our watchword, Ex. 3: 12: "Certainly I will be with thee," and as companion verses, Isa. 41: 10 and Matt. 28: 20, and we believe that God will be with us at all times and help us in every difficulty which we encounter.

Many obstacles are placed in the way of entering homes. All sorts of reforms are in the air. All sorts? Yes, even religious reforms and customs. But—do they want the Jesus religion in their hearts and homes? No.

"You teach our women our sastras and we will gladly welcome you to our homes."

This several well-educated Indian gentlemen have said. Then I wonder if they do truly reform as much as they boast. The higher class of people become educated, allow their women much more freedom, allow them secular education; but not long ago an educated, "reformed" Indian gentleman said to me:

"Yes, outwardly, and in contact with other people we have changed. We do not observe the old customs; but in our own homes, among ourselves we still hold to the old rules. For instance, when I go into my house to
take my food, I would not think of going to the table without taking a bath and changing my apparel, and absolving myself from the contact of outside people." In other words, "I still observe caste when with my own people, but others think I have given that all up.

Nothing but the power of Jesus Christ can ever break down caste and change their lives. Until they get His love in their hearts and lives, they will still be much the same as of old.

Our Bible women have pledged themselves to pray for these unsaved, as well as to work with them in the homes. Each day, no matter where we are, at three o'clock we stop and offer prayer to our Heavenly Father, for His help, guidance and blessing upon these things.

We have also decided upon systematic Bible study for each day, and coming together in Bible classes, glean what has been most helpful to each one in her study, and try to apply it to our lives.

We have made plans, so many times we do not carry them out; but with prayer and God's help, we are going to push forward, doing our part in winning those five hundred souls for Christ this year—yes—five times five hundred, if it be His will! Pray for us.

"AN EDUCATIONAL TRIP TO MADRAS"

R. L. Peterson

During vacation time our school teachers made an excursion trip to see the Madras harbor, also one of the large textile mills.

Through the kindness of the Traffic Manager at the harbor we were given the use of the police launch and arrangements were made to visit one of England's "big steamers" lying at anchor some distance out. Only three out of our party of thirty-six had ever been on a steamer before, and great was the curiosity. Excitement of surprise and interest were expressed at what they saw and heard. And they saw about all there was to be seen about the vessel—from stem to stern and from engine pit to the Captain's bridge. It was an object lesson in the transportation of commerce and passengers on "the salt seas." While on the deck of this steamer we looked across to the freight steamer "Roseric" which had just arrived from New York and brought us the missionary box of good things from our good friends in the East.

At the mills, where ten thousand hands are employed, we saw the cotton go through all the processes of cleaning, carding, spinning, weaving into cloth; the measuring, stamping and baling until it was ready for the market. This was a lesson of manufacture and industry; of special interest to the teachers was the machinery which worked with almost human intelligence. A thread of warp broken and the machine stopped automatically at once. One machine, a late imported one of American invention, tied two hundred and fifty knots per minute and cut the threads besides. If it failed to pick up the two threads for knotting the first time it would try five successive times. If it then failed, it would stop until the operator came to its assistance. It refused to bungle its work. Here was a lesson in efficiency. Would that we all could be as efficient as that knotting machine!

"REPORT OF THE HIGHER ELEMENTARY BOYS' SCHOOL AT VELACHERIE"

Supported by Connecticut and Western Massachusetts 1918-19

The average number on the roll is now one hundred and twenty-five and the average attendance ninety-one. The attendance was greatly reduced from October, 1918, till February, 1919, on account of influenza and cholera; but now the attendance has been increased and is above one hundred. There are now five teachers on the staff; Miss O'Loughlin is the superintendent, and Rev. C. H. Hudson the manager.

In the last inspection, the remarks and results were very fair. Four students were sent up for the eighth standard government examinations, out of which all passed, one in the first class and the rest in the second class. This year the inspection will take place in the last week of this April, 1919. We trust in God that this year also we can get good results.

A special class for instruction in workshop arithmetic and English has been formed in the industrial school from the beginning of this year. Three boys of the seventh standard have joined this class.

The daily morning prayer-meeting is now conducted in the school hall by the manager before the school begins, for boarders, day scholars and workers. It is found very helpful to our life.

On the 25th of January, 1919, Our Old Boys' Day was celebrated with great joy. The old boys were welcomed by the manager and staff in the school hall. Every old boy present read or said something about the benefits he received from this mission. After that a nice tea party was served to the old boys and teachers by Mr. and Mrs. Hudson. In the evening there were sports in which the old boys and teachers also took part. Prizes were given to the winners.

We thank God that this institution continues to be a means of doing good work and preaching the Gospel for the glory of God. We also thank our benefactors who gladly help us to carry this school work on.

J. D. Isaac, Headmaster.

"JUST AS GOOD"

Naomi, a Bible woman in India, has a gift of consecrated common sense. To one who was going on a pilgrimage to worship an image, Naomi said: "Oh, mother, why go so far? If you want to worship a stone, why not bow down to some stone which is really doing you good service? You have a chakki (grindstone) at home, as sound a stone as any—why not make your offerings to it?"—Bible Society Gleanings.
MY TRIP TO THE PACIFIC COAST

Monday, Feb. 23, was clear and cold when we left Boston en route for Southern California, but before noon we were in the midst of a blinding snowstorm which continued for the greater part of the day.

The first stop was at Chicago, where we remained for two days, spending one day at Aurora with the president of the Helpers' Union, Mrs. Edith Adams. We had scarcely reached Sister Adams' home when President Jenks called on the phone and asked if we would address the students at the College on our mission work. We gladly consented to this, and the rousing cheer the students gave at the close of the ten minute talk, spoke well for their interest in missions.

From Chicago we journeyed westward making two stops on the way, and reached Los Angeles Saturday, March 3. Here we were met by the vice-president of our Southern California societies, Mrs. H. L. Field, and the secretary-treasurer, Mrs. L. Grace Corson, and escorted to Sister Field's home, where the Los Angeles pastor, Rev. G. A. Osman, soon called accompanied by Evangelist E. W. Shepard, and bade us welcome. Lunch, more callers, a pleasant automobile ride through a section of the city and to the beach where we caught our first glimpse of the broad Pacific, occupied the early afternoon.

And later, accompanied by Sisters Field and Corson, Brother and Sister Osman took us in their auto and drove to Tustin where we were due to speak Sunday March 4, and where we were delightedly entertained by the president of our Southern California societies, Mrs. Sarah M. G. Brown, with her good husband, on the day of our arrival was celebrating their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. It would take many lines to relate the many pleasant things that were done here to make our stay pleasant. The services at the church, the picnic at the beach and the auto rides to points of interest, and best of all the splendid parlor meeting with the ladies at the hospitable home of Brother and Sister Shatto, from whose trees I had picked my first California orange.

From Tustin we went to San Diego where we have a gem of a church and parsonage, set in a perfect bower of shrubbery and flowers. A very interesting meeting with the ladies in the afternoon and a public service in the evening gave us a full day here, and Pastor Forsey and family gave us a hearty welcome, while the drawings of our stations in India and China which adorned the walls of the auditorium gave a most realistic touch to our service. These are the work of Brother "Ted" Forsey and show a familiarity with things on the foreign field that is both encouraging and helpful. The following day was spent in seeing some of the beauty spots of the city accompanied by our hostess, Sister Mcgee.

From San Diego we came to Colton, where Pastor F. L. Richardson met us and took us to the parsonage; as we had met Brother Richardson in the East we felt acquainted at once. An auto drive in the morning, a meeting with the ladies Saturday afternoon, and the service in the church Sunday morning made our stay in Colton both pleasant and busy. Here we ate our first "tamal," the popular Spanish delicacy.

Sunday afternoon Brother and Sister Richardson drove us to La Verne, where we spoke in the evening. Monday we were given a most delightful auto drive through the surrounding country, by Sister Lettie Williams, going among other places to the top of Mt. Rubidory, where a splendid view of the surrounding country is to be had. Tuesday it rained but this did not prevent making calls in the morning, and a meeting of the ladies in the afternoon. While at La Verne we were entertained in the hospitable home of Brother and Sister French.

Tuesday evening found us back in Los Angeles, ready for an early start for Pasadena where we were asked to meet at 9 A. M. the following morning. On reaching Pasadena we found nine autos well loaded and prepared for a picnic in our honor. A lovely drive through the orange groves to Riverside, where the baskets were opened and a bountiful lunch enjoyed in one of the parks, and home another way in time to attend prayer-meeting, made a most pleasant day. A special feature of the lunch was the selling of a sack of oranges, which cost the original buyer one dollar, for the mission work. The sale which was conducted by Evangelist Shepard yielded $15.15 for the mission work, and provoked much merrier.

Thursday a parlor meeting was held with the Pasadena ladies, and Friday with the Los Angeles ladies. Saturday we visited Monrovia, Canon, and spent a delightful day. Sunday we were scheduled to speak at Los Angeles in the morning, Monrovia in the afternoon, and Pasadena in the evening; which program was carried out although the day was a rainy one. Monday was spent in calling on friends, and Tuesday March 23, we left for Northern California; and this account is being written at the hosp.
April, 1920

ALL NATIONS MONTHLY

TABLE

table home of our Western vice-president, Sister Nina McFadyen Collins, where we are staying for a few days.

That the work of the W. H. and F. M. Society has a definite place in the hearts and minds of our people in Southern California was made clear by the interest shown, and gifts made. And it was hard to realize that we were 3,000 miles from Boston as we greeted Pastors Osman and Knowlton whom we had seen so many times at our Eastern gatherings.

BOX FROM THE EAST REACHES INDIA

Word has been received from our missionaries that the box sent from Boston in September reached them the last of January. Why it was so long in reaching its destination is hard to explain; but we are glad it was received finally, and the missionaries send thanks to all who contributed to the same. The arrival of these boxes are indeed red letter days in the lives of the missionaries.

THANKSGIVING AND PETITIONING LIST

Let us give thanks:

That the box from the East has arrived safely in India.
That Miss Jones continues to improve.
For the good reports from Velacherie village.
That the full amount for the purchase of the automobile for Guindy has been pledged.
Let us pray:

For the health and guidance of our missionaries and workers both at home and in India.
For little Ruth Hudson as she goes to attend school so far from her home.
For the boys mentioned in Mr. Hudson's letter.
For our president as she journeys in the interests of the work.
For the 500 souls for the Master.

NEW ENGLAND SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

HOME DEPARTMENT

Since the last report the following gifts have been received at the Home: Two dozen eggs and one pound of butter from "A Young Friend," one hundred and thirty-five pounds of beans and twenty-five eggs from "A Friend in Maine;" two jars preserves, Mr. Spaulding; one dozen eggs, Mrs. Chester Morse, West Wareham, Mass.; $5 from the Philathea Class, A. C. Church, Somerville, Mass.; two bedspreads from the W. H. and F. M. Society of Hartford, Conn. For all of which those connected with the Home thank the givers.

NOTICE

The Eastern Massachusetts District W. H. and F. M. meeting will be held with the local at Lawrence, Thursday, May 13, commencing at 2 o'clock. Afternoon and evening sessions; basket lunch. It is hoped that every local will be well represented. Come, and pray that God may richly bless.

Flora G. Churchill, President.
Alice M. Smith, Secretary.

A PLEASANT GATHERING

The Mission Society of North Carver held an all day meeting at my home in East Carver, March 2, the date being my birthday. At that time there was deep snow, everything of course on runners. They came, a distance of two miles on a large sled, made comfortable with seats, drawn by two fine black horses. It was a pretty sight to see them coming over the snow. There were seventeen of us and we enjoyed the day much.

At twelve o'clock we sat down to a fine dinner with quantities of cake, cookies and pies, and last, but by no means least, a gallon of ice cream, all brought by the society.

Now, I must mention the beautiful present they gave me. A beautiful set of silverware, also birthday cards from all.

I could not tell them that day, nor can I tell in writing, of my heartfelt thanks for the way in which I was made to celebrate my birthday, and for giving me so much, for all of which I feel so unworthy.

In the afternoon we had reading and prayer followed by the business meeting of the society, Also enrolling two new members.

I am sure we all felt at the close that "it was good to be here" and to have the love and fellowship which we enjoy in being together.

Mrs. A. W. Merritt.

FROM MIDDLEBORO LOCAL

Some of our sisters think it may interest others to hear a little about the work of our society.

When the reports for 1919 were all in we found that our receipts exceeded those of any previous year. We had made and sold 255 aprons, pieced four quilts and tied eleven.

Although our workers number but six, we have not missed one of our weekly meetings for work through all the bad weather of the winter.

We have sold a number of boxes of chocolate; one of our sisters sells a good deal of this in the shoeshop. Another very energetic sister takes orders for shop aprons. The customer orders from samples, of which Sister Black keeps a good supply on hand; every apron is cut and made to fit the individual customer.

Our work gives satisfaction judging from the fact that in the past year we have filled orders from South Hanover, Fall River, Fitchburg, Andover and Winchester, in addition to those in our own town. The first of February we had orders ahead for eighty-five aprons and material on hand to make them, and orders still coming.

Any sister who would like to spend a Wednesday afternoon with us will be heartily welcome and provided with a needle and thimble.

Luella F. Dunham, Secretary pro tem.

We have added 308 new subscribers to our list since the drive started in November. Let us endeavor if possible to reach the 500 mark by May 1.
A LETTER FROM MISS WAGNER

Dear Friends:

This year I accepted an invitation to spend Christmas with my friend; Miss Saunders of the American Advent Mission, Guindy, and as it was a very enjoyable day I want to tell you about it.

The festivities really opened on Christmas eve with a Tamasha (entertainment) given at Vela- cherie by the industrial school of their mission. We went out there in a large bullock coach and had a great time getting balanced, as the vehicle has only two wheels. We arrived just in time for the opening exercises, and the first item on the program was the representation of the “Three Blind Mice.” At the request of Mr. Hudson, who has charge of the school, the audience sang the little nursery rhyme, when down the aisle came the farmer’s wife brandishing a large knife, and she was followed closely by three little blind mice (the three smallest children in the school, who, of course, were on their hands and knees). She tried to frighten them away, but they refused to go, and no matter which way she turned they were right at her heels. In sheer desperation she at last turned, and in a twinkling cut off their tails, when they scampered away and were seen no more; those three blind mice.

The whole thing was very cleverly done, and before our merriment subsided, we heard from the back of the room a great cry of, “Ship ahoy!” Then down through the aisle came a great boat with a queer-looking captain who shouted to clear the way for a cargo of rice from Burma. We looked, and lo, the boat was piled high with bags of rice, not as for a cargo of rice from Burma. We looked, and lo, the boat was piled high with bags of rice, not as large, of course, as if the boat had been bigger, but still quite good-sized bags. The captain was very foreign looking, and his body covered with spots. When Mr. Hudson asked him the reason of the spots, he said they came from eating raw rice. He said that raw rice did not agree with his body. This remark made the mission workers and school children look rather sheepish, for they had all grumbled when the Indian rice was gone and they had to eat Burma rice. We found that these bags of rice were really to be given as presents to the workers of the mission who had done good and faithful service during the year.

After this we heard a great bellow, and before we could draw our breaths along came a large camel with the Queen of Sheba perched on his back, and following in the rear were her court, warriors, etc. She brought many gifts and as her camel knelt she alighted and sat in state, surrounded by her soldiers, who stood at attention and looked very fierce with their guns, knives, etc.

While we were admiring the queen, another fierce noise smote the air, and before we could run, along came a great elephant with an Ethiopian prince on his back. He brought presents also, but he was very black in color, as were his warriors who accompanied him. After he had opened his bundle of gifts all the presents were distributed, and after the singing of, “God Save Our King,” we dispersed.

After a cup of tea and some Christmas cake we all went over to the church to listen to a Christmas service given by the school children, and then after a short rest we were taken over to the schoolhouse again to eat rice and curry, sitting down on the floor in true Eastern style, and we ate it with our hands like all the rest of the people. To those of us who could not eat the hot curry, a lunch was given before we left for Guindy, and we were tired and happy as we climbed into our bullock coach again to complete our trip before Christmas.

The first thing on Christmas morning was a talk in the Guindy church, given by Miss Saunders, and a good one it was. Her theme was, “The True Light,” and she had two lanterns placed before her, one nicely trimmed and shining brightly and the other had a smoky chimney with just a dim light so that it scarcely shone at all, showing that the poor light within made the outside black and dark, so that the whole thing was of no use to anyone. I will not dwell on it longer, but you can see the application.

From the church we went direct to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Peterson to help trim up the house because all the missionaries were to be there for breakfast. We had no holly, but found that heaps of branches covered with red berries, just like holly berries, had been gathered in and so we used those. The whole room was trimmed with these branches and red berries, and looked very like Christmas. Our breakfast consisted of plau, a rice dish, and one which all people in India like very much. First, the rice is cooked in cocoanut milk and a lot of butter is added, and then it is covered with a thick layer of nuts and raisins before being served. A rich chicken curry is served with it, and it makes a very delicious dish, followed by indigestion. While we were at breakfast we heard that two big boxes had arrived from America, and you can imagine what this meant to all hands, even to those who had no part in the box. Of course the boxes had to be opened right after breakfast and the contents divided, which took most of the day. You know our breakfast means your luncheon, and at the same hour. There were gifts for every one in the mission, and the children did not fall short of their share. I have never seen nicer boxes and the variety was all that one could wish. There were lots of nice things to eat, and the box of home candy had its place on the dinner table at night.

Now comes the dinner, and I wish you could have been there, for the table was just loaded with goodies. I feel sure that you did not have a better dinner in America. Our first course was American soda crackers from one of the boxes, with cheese
and olives between. Some one yelled, "Hurrah for Mr. ———" the gentleman that sent them. Then in came the turkey and I, not knowing who had sent it, yelled, "Hurrah for the turkey," but everybody else yelled, "Hurrah for Mr. ———." I then learned that he had furnished the whole dinner, and that explained the turkeys. I was thinking that some one must have been saving up their pennies a good while and sacrificed a great deal for such a spread, and wondered how they managed it. We had all that goes with a turkey dinner at home, even to hubbard squash, made from pumpkin with plenty of sugar and butter added to make it taste like squash. We had jelly made from our substitute for cranberry sauce, and then we had real mincemeat and plum pudding for dessert. If Mr. ——— could have been a mouse in the corner and heard all the nice things said about him during the dinner I am sure his ears would have burned. It was truly a splendid gift, and the prayer was offered at the end for God's blessing upon him from earnest hearts. All were truly grateful to him.

I almost forgot the lovely part of Christmas, and that is the part in the wee small hours, anywhere from one to three o'clock in the morning. This is just the time when one is working hard at sleeping, and I was doing my best when I heard music in the distance which came nearer and nearer until the carol singers reached the verandah where I was lying. I kept my eyes closed, but finally something struck me in the face and I jumped, thinking something had fallen down upon me from the roof, which usually means a lizard or a scorpion. Then I heard a giggle, and before I could do anything I was literally covered with flower petals which the school girls had thrown at me. Of course I succumbed to it, and then they sang more carols, after which I distributed cookies- which Miss Saunders had provided. The carol singing is a pretty custom in India, and the children love to give pleasure to us for they know we like it.

This ends my account of my Christmas, a very happy one, indeed; don't you think so?

LILLIAN V. WAGNER.

TREASURER'S REPORT

Receipts for March, 1920

California—Request of Anna A. Bennett, $50; Eld. G. T. Wellcome, $100; Collection Colton, $11.94; Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Davis, $60; Tustin local, $54; Agnes Cummins, $5; Eld. and Mrs. E. B. Arnold, $5; Los Angeles local, $4; Colton local, $8; Los Angeles S. S., $15; Pasadena local, $2; W. Smith, $1; Collection San Diego, $10; Collection La Verne, $7.50; sale of oranges at picnic, $13.15; Collection Pasadena, $32.25; Emily A. Brundage, $2; "A Friend," $1; Mrs. E. F. White, 65 cents; Santa Clara local, $5; Mrs. H. F. Carpenter, $10; Collection Santa Cruz, $15.

Colorado—Mrs. E. A. Knowlton, $5.

Connecticut and Western Massachusetts—Bristol Loyal Workers, $6.63; Therese Hoyt, $6; Oscar Partridge, $8; M. Adeline Tiffany, $5; Mildred D. McNickle, $7.50; Mrs. Agnes P. McNickle, $5; Springfield local, $25; Westfield local, $11; Bridgeport local as follows: Mrs. Eleanor H. Mora, $5; Mrs. Grace L. Porter, $5; total, $10; Palmer local, $1.25; East Norwalk Loyal Workers, $3.19; Mrs. Mary Birchard, $1; Bristol S. S., $17.17; Evangeline Otis, $2.

Florida and South Georgia—Tampa local, $26.50; Green Cove Springs local, $4.75.

Illinois—Elizabeth Lesser, $10.


Iowa—Mrs. Maude Ward, $2; Mrs. E. Mulford, $1.

Maine—Eld. John F. Clothey, $5; Lizzie H. Roberts, $2; Mrs. Daniel E. Leighton, $5; Mrs. C. E. Jackson, $5; Auburn local, $24.30; Auburn Loyal Workers, $20; Presque Isle local, $2.50; a member of Presque Isle local, $1.50.

Massachusetts—Mary E. Muir, $20; Attleboro local, $5; Mrs. Ettta Perkins, $4.50; Mizpah Class, Somerville S. S., $5; Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Ryder, $10; Lynn S. S., $2.75; Melrose Highlands church, $5.25; Worcester local, $10; Somerville local, $30; F. A. Waters, $2; Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Caldwell, $13.34; Dennis W. Long, $3; Fall River local, $7.66; Newportury S. S., $3.72; Haverhill local, $24; Newportury Loyal Workers, $2; Minnie I. Gage, $6; Mrs. H. R. Woodward, $2; Boston church, $1.15; Naomi Caldwell, $5; Middleboro local, $10.50; Mrs. Abbie E. Keyes, $2; Mission Study Class, Middleboro local, $3; North Carver local, $9; North Carver S. S., $1.50; Junior Class, No Carver S. S., $1; Fiskdale local, $6.50; Brockton local, $1.50; Taunton local, $25.50.

Minnesota—Frances A. Starrett, $5.

Nebraska—Mrs. H. Yensen, $4.

New Brunswick—Woodstock local, $2.

New Hampshire—Meredith S. S., $2.85; "Busy Bee," Meredith S. S., $2; C. and C. Class, Meredith S. S., $2; Pittsfield S. S., $1.12; George E. Drake, memory of William Barnard, $5; Eliza M. Moore, $2; Hampton S. S., $5; Concord S. S., $11.08; Concord local, $19.50; East Rochester S. S., $10; Portland local, $18; Portsmouth S. S., $8.13; Manchester Y. W. A., $5.

Nova Scotia—Scots Bay local, $23.

New York—Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Greenlaw, $5; Mrs. M. P. J. Walker, $6; Mrs. E. M. Van Dyke, $3; Mrs. Eva B. Woods, $3.

Ontario—Toronto local, $7.

Quebec and Northern Vermont—Beebe S. S., $3.25; Annie B. Daniels, $2.50; St. Johnsbury local, $1.50; St. Johnsbury Junior Mission Society, $5 cents; Beebe local, $2.

Rhode Island and Eastern Connecticut—Putnam local, $7.50; Providence local, $20.50; Providence Y. W. A., $3.75; Mrs. Lucy Grinnell, $1; E. M. Spencer, $15.

South Carolina—Savannah Chapel local, $26.70.

Vermont—Disbanded Mission Society, Vershire, $2.50; Mrs. Ellen Wheeler, $5; Rev. and Mrs. E. W. Dyer, $5.

Western Washington and British Columbia—Mrs. A. W. Annis, $5; Dr. G. E. Boynton, $200.

Rent, $35; cash, 30 cents; All Nations subscriptions, $96.52. Total receipts, $1,422.29.

GUILDY CONVEYANCE FUND

Full amount, $700, pledged for the automobile. Praise the Lord.

Maude M. Chadsey, Treasurer.

EVERTONE who has let fall into the stream of this world's life wholesome words, good words, divine lessons, has put into the current of humanity a handful of golden apples to sweeten a little the bitter waters. It is always worth while to live nobly, victoriously, struggling to do right, showing the world even the smallest fragments of divine beauty.—J. R. Miller.
Young Woman’s Auxiliaries

Miss M. E. Rowe
Superintendent
*
35 Frederic St.
Portland, Maine

Junior Mission Societies

WHAT THE NICKELS AND THE DIMES HAD TO SAY ABOUT IT

(Concluded)

That night after Johnny had been put to bed and had been asleep a long time he heard some one talking. Baby Sister was sound asleep and there was no one else in the room.

“Oh, I do want to go to help those heathen children,” said a voice.

“So do I,” said another.

“What do you suppose Johnny is going to do with us,” said both together.

Johnny had just made up his mind that he was going to call his mama, but now he knew that it was the nickel and dime in his pocket, so he lay right still and listened.

“They do need us over there so much and Johnny could get along without us. Sometimes I think Johnny is a little bit selfish. He has such a nice home, and such a good mother and father, and so many toys and things, and then he spends nearly every cent he gets to buy more things for himself,” said the first voice.

The second voice spoke up quickly, “I don’t think that Johnny is a mean boy. He just does not know what it means for the little heathen children not to know about Jesus.”

“Well,” said the first voice, “I am getting discouraged. I did want to help somebody and do some good in the world, but it looks like I never get a chance. I feel so ashamed when I go to church or to a missionary meeting and they pass around the plate. It looks like I do not want to help. I have been to missionary meetings with so many different people that I know a great deal about how they need me, but the pennies nearly always get to go and I have to stay.”

“I wish,” sighed the second voice, “that people could understand money language.”

Johnny sat straight up in bed and rubbed his eyes. Everything was dark and still. He did not hear any more talking.

Then he slipped out of bed, and got the nickel and the dime out of his pocket. “I heard what you said, all right, and you are going to go, because I am going to put you in my missionary bank right this minute.”

A beam of moonlight fell across the faces of the nickel and the dime and made them shine happily.

Johnny slipped over to the mantel and dropped them in his bank.

“Is that you, Johnny?” called mama from the next room.

“Yes'm.”

“What are you doing?”

“I just thought I would put some money in my bank.”

And Johnny’s mama, who is a very wise mama, and understands many things without having to be told about them, came and kissed him and tucked him in bed and he did not hear anything more until morning, when papa called him and asked him if he was dreaming last night.

After Johnny and Baby Sister went out to play, he told her about what the nickel and the dime had said, and she clapped her hands gleefully.

Johnny felt very happy, too.

Several months after that the lady at the Mission Band said, “Johnny, you bring so much money now. Don’t you ever buy any marbles and candy?”

“Some,” said Johnny, “but not as much as I used to.”

—Selected.

NEW JUNIOR

Elizabeth Floy Smith, San Diego, Calif.

PROMOTED CRADLE ROLL MEMBERS


CRADLE ROLL


What of the children, my sisters?
What of the coming band?
Who will take up the work of the Master,
As it falls from your trembling hand?
Are they trained to the cause, oh, mothers?
Are they strong and brave and true?
Are they ready to lift the burden
When the Master calls for you?