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

"Be strong. We are not here to play, to dream, to drift. We have hard work to do, and all to lift. Shun not the struggle; face it. 'Tis God's gift."

THE TODAS

Among the mountains of India dwells the strange tribe called the Todamunds, that Miss Saunders met while on her vacation in "the hill country of Imilgi," and which she thus describes: "The Todas are a tribe that do not mix with any other people. They worship the buffalo, and their principal work is grazing buffaloes, they live in very funny little houses. The only light and ventilation is the door by which they enter, which is about one and one half feet square. They will not allow any but their own people to enter their houses. Their houses are about as large as an ordinary kitchen, and there are six or seven persons living in each one.

One woman has a number of husbands. The women never leave their homes. They say that they want their tribe to die out and this they are doing. Here in Ootacamund there are only four houses and one church. Their dress is simply a long piece of cloth that they wrap around them, and they have no changes, but wear these until there is not much left of them. They are quite good looking. The most of the women have curly hair. They live very filthily."

How the photographer persuaded the men to allow the women to step out of doors and have their pictures taken (see last month's paper) we do not know. But as money is as powerful among the heathen as among us, we can guess how it was accomplished.

The artist who took this picture of a Toda hut placed his umbrella in front of it so that we could see the comparative size of the door of the hut. A young lady is doing mission work among these people, and has reduced their language to writing, so that the Bible can be printed and read in their language.
REPORT OF ANNUAL MEETING

OF THE WOMAN'S HOME AND FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF OREGON AND WASHINGTON

OUR annual meeting was held at the camp-meeting at Hood River, Ore., June 16, 1902.

The President Sr. Haffenden called the meeting to order and it was opened by the usual devotional exercises, Sr. Haffenden reading the 10th chapter of Romans and leading us in prayer.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and accepted and then the secretary’s report for the year just ended was given and also accepted.

We had seven societies at our last annual meeting, while but five made a report this year. We hope to hear from them before another.

The societies at present report as follows:

OREGON

Portland—We have 37 regular and 9 honorary members, 2 less active members than last year but 3 more honorary members so that we have one more member and $2.00 more in membership fees, and as we send all fees for the support of the schools in India it has increased our means for this work somewhat. We have 26 subscribers to All Nations Monthly. This we consider an important part of the work, for by reading this our organization paper we keep in touch with the work in all directions.

At one meeting our attention was called to an item in one of Miss Spence’s letters concerning the poor little ones who never had enough to eat and in consequence could not attend school. Two little girls had sent a dollar each towards giving these children at least one meal a day, and our society took it up and added to it, then brought it before the children of the Sunday School and called for a thank offering. In all these ways about $17.50 was raised and sent to Miss Spence and she wrote a special letter of thanks to the children which pleased them very much. The Sunday School also supports a child in India by means of a birthday bank offering which while not directly connected with our society was the result of our suggestion that the money be used in that way.

We are called the Home and Foreign Mission Society and while we send the gospel to all nations we do not neglect our home work. We are one society but keep the branches separate, each having officers of its own. We also have a Juvenile Society, who are learning early that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

Total received by fees, dues of 5 cents a month, donations and from the Home department, $69.36. The Home department has earned by sewing $27.50; by dues 10 cents a month $14.70. The Junior Society collected about $4.00. Making from all sources about $105.56. Much of this goes to India but some has been sent to China and to Home work in various ways.

I feel I must add “Praise God for the heart He has given us to work for Him.” Co-laborers together with Christ, our Master, for the upbuilding of His Kingdom. Praise the Lord.

SARAH L. SUTCLIFFE, Sec.

WASHINGTON

GOLDENDALE AND COLUMBUS—The Secretary, Sr. Chapman wrote saying that they had not been able to hold regular meetings this last year. They are very much scattered in this district. Several members were at the camp meeting and said that they had been doing some Home work in each church. It was thought best that each church should organize and have a small society which could hold regular meetings. We also hope to have one at Spring Brook, Wash., and Boyd, Oregon, in the near future.

In the Willamette Valley we had societies at No. Yamhill, Gales Creek and Gaston. From the latter place we had a noble report of a few other two no report has come.

These reports were followed by a time of discussing the work and the needs and outlook which we felt to be both pleasant and profitable. Bro. and Sr. J. C. Smith gave us words of cheer and then the officers were elected for the coming year. No change being made, they are: President, Mrs. Clara Haffenden; vice-president, Mrs. Arthur Chapman; secretary, Mrs. Lois Wright.

The meeting then adjourned to be held at the Conference next year if the Lord tarries.

We feel that our society is on as firm or firmer basis than ever before. It is inevitable that there will be carried on to the day of Jesus Christ.

Lois R. Wright, Sec.

NOTICE FROM TREASURER

THIS paper will contain no report of the finances of the Society because it goes to press so early on account of the camp-meetings. The October number will have a full report for two months from August 15, to October 15.

Lena N. Bradford.
ANOTHER SOCIETY

THE Indo-American Woman's League, is a society organized to help the women and children of India. All women, Protestants, Catholics, Jews, Christian Scientists, Spiritualists, Atheists, Infidels,—all who desire to see laws in India protecting helpless childhood and womanhood, are invited to unite with this league, and assist in its methods of work. We do not know much about the league or its methods, but we wish it success. We are working according to our light and ability to save a few girls and boys in India, and find great joy in the promise of God which we claim for this work. We print the beginning and ending of a tract "CHILDHOOD IN INDIA" issued by the Indo-American League.

CHILDHOOD IN INDIA

To young, strong, free America, comes a cry from the little people. From far away India, where there is no childhood and where the sacred rights of children, save in exceptional cases, are not respected, little hands are stretched out for help and infant voices plead plaintively for succor. In this enlightened country where the welfare of the child is the paramount interest of society and the highest consideration of the state, it is difficult for the mind to conceive that there is a civilized country on the face of the globe where the degradation of its youth has polluted its people to the death and forged around it chains so strong it cannot rise. India was the cradle of the Aryan race; the fostering mother of the oldest civilization of which there is any record, the birth place of the most ancient philosophy known to man, but the faces of its women are the saddest sight the traveler sees on his round-the-world tour. It is a land of stately ruins, and architecture that is the marvel of men, but in the very shadow of its dream-like, beautiful Taj-Mahal there are practices of licentiousness, suffering and degradation inflicted upon its little children, inconceivable to the European mind unless actually witnessed, and impossible to set forth in bald language.

THE SOCIAL EVIL

In a country where childhood and womanhood are held at such a low estimate, there can be no high standard of manhood. A stream cannot rise higher than its source, is an axiom, no truer anywhere than in the realm of motherhood. The little Hindu boy, debauched and degraded, suffers proportionately with his sister. There are no bright eyes, happy faces and joyous voices of children in India. Little creatures, infants in years and almost doll-like in stature, with sad faces and hollow eyes, are tortured, stunted and benumbed with premature and unnatural wifehood, motherhood and fatherhood as well. A little band of self-sacrificing, devoted workers, native and foreign, almost overwhelmed with the prevalence of ignorance, superstition and prejudice and the magnitude of the work before them, have turned for help to America, the land of free schools, of happy children, noble men, intelligent, cultured devoted women. Shall they look in vain?

"The woman's cause is man's, they rise or sink Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free; If she be small, slight-natured, miserable, How shall men grow?"

FROM INDIA

From W. I. Edwards

GUINDY (MADRAS PRESIDENCY), INDIA, June 17, ’02.

Dear Mrs. Taylor:

Your general letter reached here yesterday and was read and dispatched to the ladies at the hills by book-post the same day. The matter of getting time to gain the language is concerning me very much. It is very serious for any one to have any thing to engross the attention and thought when trying to master any of these Indian languages. They, like Chinese, are very hard and Tamil is one of the hardest, if not, as it is claimed to be the hardest. I find it very difficult to get a good munchi here. My idea has been for some time to try to hire a good native man who has the art of teaching and keep him for my munchi even if he should know scarcely any English. The munchi I have coming to me now is not worth much and I shall drop him soon.

I like to be at Villecherry among the boys because I can use them to brush up my Tamil and I am rather anxious to get back there. Work is still progressing here. We have not the wells fixed at either this place or Villecherry. Am trying to get prices and bids so as to let these out by contract. I don’t want to run after material, etc., for them as I’ve done for the building repairs just now nearing completion. I am getting the good of my wheel right along now. I am still somewhat undecided as to the amount of repairs needed for my own comfort at Villecherry, but must decide on something soon and set these men at it.

The itch is about gone among the children in both orphanages, thanks to that soap that came out to me and a generous use of limes and itch lotions. There are none of the children sick now. I have taken into the orphanages since Miss Spence and Miss Saunders started for the hills eight new children. Yes, ten, seven girls and three boys. Received a boy and girl today. The failure of the June rains is sending us some of the farmers children to educate. I will let Miss Spence send you the names of the children. Thieves stole 221 rupees worth of rice from here the other night and I had to get more to replace it. The rice box was picked up and carried about 75 yards from the porch on which it stood and then unlocked and the rice was taken out, while the box was left standing open with a small bit of rice in the bottom. The affair is in the hands of the police but I don’t expect to hear of any arrests. I will close and write you a list of things that I hope you will send out in the box.

Two dozen Yale locks, 1 good hand saw, cross cut, 1 brace and bits, complete set. 24 lbs. granola, 24 lbs. grape nuts, 50 lbs. shredded wheat biscuit, 25 lbs. first-class dried peaches, 24 lbs. entire wheat crackers.

Yours in Jesus,
W. I. Edwards.

We have few letters from India this month because we print the paper earlier than usual because of camp-meetings, but next month we expect to publish an extra page of India letters.
ALL NATIONS MONTHLY
PUBLISHED BY
Woman's Home and Foreign Mission Society of the Advent Christian Denomination.

MRS. SARAH K. TAYLOR, Rockland, Maine.

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Officers of the W. H. & F. M. S.
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Mrs. Susan B. Thompson, Friendship, Me., Clerk
Miss Minnie I. Gage, Worcester, Mass., Field Secretary
Miss Lena N. Bradford, Rockland, Me., Treasurer

Rockland, Maine, September, 1902.

THE PAST YEAR

The past year has been filled with the blessing of God upon our work both here and in India. In spite of discouragements, perplexities and trials, in India we have had an increase of six schools, having now 375 children under our teaching and training, and have added another orphanage, and have received into our orphanages sixty-four more children, have sent another missionary there from America, have purchased and fitted up a mission station, and have increased our corps of mission workers, until we are now supporting three missionaries and fifteen native workers, besides those who are employed as helpers in necessary labor such as cooks, washermen, etc. To carry on this (for us) great work God has sent all needed means and we have lacked nothing. A girls' orphanage is going up in Guindy, where our orphan girls are under the direct supervision and care of Misses Spence and Saunders, and the Ransom Home at Villacherry has been enlarged and fitted up as a boys' orphanage and also a home for Brother Edwards, where he hopes to start an agricultural school for our orphan boys during the coming year. Both of our new missionaries have so far retained good health notwithstanding the enervating effects of the climate, but our beloved Sister Alice Spence is far from well because of overwork. We hope now that Miss Saunders and Mr. Edwards have arrived and are carrying part of the heavy burdens which have been too much for the strength of any one missionary, that she will recover her former health and strength.

A church has been formed, the first A. C. church ever organized in India, (so far as we can learn), and several are awaiting baptism.

No words can express our gratitude to our noble Honorary Manager, Capt. James Spence. For five years he has without any remuneration given his time, his strength, his experience, his ripe judgment, his constant oversight, and his earnest prayers to the work. His health is not firm and the care of the work has worn upon him. We cannot repay him for his invaluable services, but surely we will not forget to pray for him.

Our W. H. & F. M. S. has grown somewhat during the past year. We have upon our book an increase of thirteen locals, but as two others have suspended work, and one is doubtful, we can count on an increase of only ten. But we have become more firmly established, and in many sections system is beginning where formerly disorder prevailed. We have had a few trials but so many and great have been the mercies of the Lord that we hardly realize our trials. One constant comfort is the perfect oneness of our body. There has never been any division among us. In every action both our entire boards have been agreed. Not once has there been a dissenting veto or a dissenting voice upon any subject that has come before us. We believe this has been because of the leading of the Holy Spirit whose guidance all have earnestly sought. We do not claim infallibility, but we have most fervently sought to know the mind of God, and to do His will, and His only; and we praise Him that "the meek He will guide in judgment, the meek He will teach His way." We pray that we may be where He can continue to guide and bless us, not according to our deserts but according to His abundant mercy.

FROM THE MIDDLE WEST

Three Rivers, Michigan, July 24, 1902.
To the Woman's Home and Foreign Mission Society of the Advent Christian Denomination.

GREETING:

From sections of the Middle West the work that is going on at all is going on well, although some have fallen by the wayside. As your secretary I believe I have done all I could to build up and encourage locals already organized.

There are only four professing Adventists in this place, Three Rivers, and I have not heard an Advent sermon in a year, so you know I'm hungry. I have opened a Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Exchange, but as yet, it is slow work. But as all that I do or hope to do is purposed to be done for Jesus Christ's sake, who shall say it does not amount to anything?

A slight agitation is started here in the Middle West that the Loyal Workers ought to support our Loyal Worker missionary, W. I. Edwards. Pray oh pray that they may all fall in line—every Loyal Workers society. God bless the work and workers.

Fannie M. Fitch.

PHOTOGRAPHS

We have received from India some fine photographs of palaces, public buildings, heathen temples and other views. These pictures are 7x10 inches and are for sale for 25 cents. We have also smaller pictures of the huts in which our school children live for 10 cents. The money received from the sale of these pictures will be used in erecting our Orphanage for Famine Girls.

NOTICE

All persons sending packages to be shipped in the boxes sent to India this fall will please send a postal card properly addressed to the sender of the package, so when it is received the card can be returned and the sender know the package was safely received.
LENA N. BRADFORD

The subject of this sketch was born in Friendship, Maine, June 28, 1873. She was the child of godly parents and in her character exemplifies the results of Christian training, joined with an earnest personal consecration to the cause of Christ.

Her self-denial, devotion and spirituality are apparent to all who are intimately acquainted with her. When quite young she was called to bear a great sorrow, the death of a loving mother.

After this, serious illness came upon Miss Bradford and although it was apparently removed by treatment it afterwards returned prostrating her greatly. She was then enabled to accept healing by faith, and has since ever given joyful testimony to the love and power of the Great Physician as the divine Healer.

Miss Bradford received her education in the schools of her native town, afterwards becoming a student of the Commercial College at Rockland, Me., from which she graduated in 1896.

Miss Bradford has since January, 1902, been the faithful, painstaking treasurer of the Woman’s Home and Foreign Mission Society of the A. C. church, to enter which position she relinquished an excellent situation as cashier in a leading mercantile establishment in Rockland, Me.

Well equipped for the Master’s work and having in it so intense an interest, Miss Bradford deserves and receives the love of her many friends, as well as that of all her associates in the Mission Society.

SUSIE BRADFORD THOMPSON,
Clerk of the W. H. & F. M. Society.

HEADQUARTERS AT ALTON BAY

Previously acknowledged: $5.00; Iron Hill local P. Q. $1.00; Mrs. Fred Webber $1.00; Salem local, Mass., $1.00; Manchester local, N. H., $1.00; Auburn local, Me., $1.00; L. M. Olmstead, $1.00; Busy Bee Society, Wilmington, N. C., $1.00; Biddeford local, Me., $1.00; Wilmington local, N. C., $1.00.

IT IS MORE BLESSED

Give! as the morning that flows out of heaven;
Give! as the waves when their channel is riven;
Give! as the free air and sunshine are given;
Lavishly, utterly, joyfully give.

Pour out thy love like the rush of a river,
Wasting its waters for ever and ever,
Through the burnt sands that reward not the giver,
Silent or songful thou nearest the sea.

Scatter thy life as the summer showers pouring!
What if no bird through the pearl rain is soaring?
What if no blossom looks upward adoring?
What if no blossom looks upward adoring?

Look to the life that was lavished for thee.

Almost the day of thy giving is over;
As from the grass dies the bee-haunted clover,
Thou wilt have vanished from friend and from lover;
And shall thy longing avail in the grave?

Give as the heart gives, whose fetters are breaking,
Life, love, and hope, all thy dreams and thy waking;
Soon heaven’s river thy soul-fever slaking.
Thou shalt know God and the gift that He gave.
—Anon.

BREAD UPON THE WATERS

Mid the losses and the gains,
Mid the pleasures and the pains,
Mid the hopings and the fears,
And the restlessness of years,
We repeat this passage o’er—
We believe it more and more—
Bread upon the waters cast
Shall be gathered at the last.

Soon, like dust, to you and me,
Will our earthly treasures be;
But the loving word and deed
To a soul in bitterest need,
They will unforgotten be!
They will live eternally—
Bread upon the waters cast
Shall be gathered at the last.

—Selected.

CHARTER LOCAL

KANSAS—Muskota, Mrs. Carrie Tingle president; Mrs. Annie Hubbard secretary; Mrs. Mabel Peters treasurer.

At the camp-meetings let every member try to get a new subscriber for our All Nations and a new member for our W. H. & F. M. S.

SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS

FROM CHINA

OUR members will be interested to hear from Miss Burke who is laboring in China under the auspices of the A. A. M. and toward whose support our W. H. & F. M. S. paid $300 the first year of her missionary life. We dearly love her and would have greatly enjoyed continuing her support, but it seemed best for us to concentrate our energies upon our rapidly growing work in India. With eight schools containing three hundred and seventy-five pupils, with two orphanages to support, besides three missionaries and fifteen native workers, we felt that it would be unwise to divide our resources and scatter our efforts. But although Miss Burke is not “our missionary” we are interested in the work in which she is engaged and glad to know that both she and Miss Dow are baptizing women in China. We do not wonder that to those unused to the ordinance of baptism by immersion it seems more modest and appropriate for women to be baptized by women than by men. It has always seemed so to us. Disregard of the delicate sensibilities of the unsaved always tends to drive them away from the gospel, and this respect paid to the sense of propriety which is inherent even in the heathen breast will do much to remove prejudice against Christianity.

From Miss Burke

NANKING, CHINA, May 6, 1902.

My Dear Mrs. Taylor:

What a long time it has been, since I heard from you. We are indeed busy these days. We have indeed a grand work started. I do wish you could visit us.

Nanking at the present time looks pretty. Did I say pretty? Well, sometimes I wonder if anything in China is really pretty. We have two mountains directly in front of our house, one is named Tsi King Shan, or the “Purple Golden Mountain” which is at times beautiful. This is Monday afternoon and we have no preaching services today. Mr. Malone and I both teach in the morning; he teaches one hour in English and the other part of the morning in Chinese. I have three classes in English. I do enjoy this work so very much, principally because it brings us in touch with people we would not meet any other way. These young men are mostly from the official class, and we girls have met a number of mothers and sisters of these boys. How I wish you could come in here now. All our little orphans have come, and they are all standing beside me watching me write on this wonderful type-writer. They are such dear things and we love them. We only have two girls and they are in a school for girls quite near our house. Miss Dow has a school for little girls but it is only a day school. Mr. Malone has a large number of boys in his day school. I am not sure how many. Miss Dow I think has about twenty girls in her day school. Then we have thirty-five English students. In our school out side of the city we have twenty boys. In our school across the river we have about thirty more little boys. This is our school work. Now for chapel work. Outside of our regular Sunday services, we have a service every Friday afternoon for all the christians, every Wednesday after school we have the Loyal Workers meeting. Every Tuesday and Thursday Mr. Malone goes to our chapel outside of the city to hold preaching service. We also have a chapel in Chao Ling. Mrs. Malone and I visited this place with her husband some time ago. We were the first foreign women that had ever been in the place, and the town turned out to meet us. I shall never forget it. That night Mrs. Malone and I slept on some boards in a rude damp room. I had not been in bed long before a large rat jumped in on my face.

You asked me once if Miss Dow and I baptized those two women when we first came. Yes we did. We put them under the water, but Mr. Malone read the service.

Yours cordially,

M. B. Burke.

DURING VACATION

While on a vacation our dear girls took time to write letters and descriptions of our orphans, learn new methods of work and in all ways fit themselves for more efficient service for Christ and His little ones. Here is part of a letter during vacation.

“Another interesting thing here in Ootacamund is market day. They call it shandy day. They have it only one day in the week and that is Tuesday, when about the whole town is to be seen at the “shandy” buying their week’s provisions.

It is very interesting to visit this place and many go who do not have to do any trading, just to see and hear. Here, too, one meets many they know, so it proves a social occasion also. They have all sorts of things to sell, but principally eatables, and the display of prints and vegetables are very pretty.

This is a place where many missionaries come for the hot months and we have had the privilege of meeting a number. Our stay here will not only a physical benefit but a great spiritual refreshing and we have the opportunity of learning different methods used in mission work so we feel that our work as well as ourselves are being benefited. Praying always for you and the work and trust you are doing the same for us.

Your sister in the same service”,

Jess M. Saunders.

THE WORLD’S CRISIS

This is a large sixteen page paper published by the Advent Christian Publication Society, Boston, Mass., edited by W. L. Piper. It is devoted especially to the doctrines of Christ’s Second Advent, Saints’ Inheritance, Conditional Immortality, etc.

Terms—$1.50 per year. Sample copy free. Address Chas. H. Woo Man, Manager, 144 Hanover St., Boston, Mass.

MESSIAH’S ADVOCATE

A WEEKLY paper published at Oakland, Calif., every Wednesday, edited by W. R. Young, heralding the coming of our Lord, and exhorting to holy living. Eight four-column pages. Subscription, $1.50; to new subscribers $1.00.
INTERESTING LETTERS

EVERY month we receive letters from different states and provinces which we wish all our members could read, but which are crowded out of our paper for lack of space. We have a long and very interesting letter from our President of Kansas and Missouri in which she tells of the condition of the churches in those states and her labors among them. She has succeeded in organizing a local of nine members and we gladly welcome our new sister into our widening circle. The letters published are samples of what we are constantly receiving, and they not only bring us encouragement and cheer, but they tend to increase our faith in God and our gratitude to Him, and strengthen our desire to walk carefully before the Lord, being guided by the Holy Spirit, both here and in India.

FROM LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

MRS. SARAH TAYLOR: My dear Sister in Christ,—Please find enclosed fifteen dollars ($15) for the support of our orphan child Pakiam. Our Sunday School is growing until we find no trouble now in raising the money for her. The children have learned to love our little “Ruth Lincoln” as we call her, and give us almost enough in birthday collections for her support.

The truth is spreading in Nebraska but we need more laborers and more money. We have our first camp-meeting and conference next month. The scholars are still looking for the picture of the little girl and that promised letter. Our Sunday School will average about sixty now and when the cold weather comes on it will be a great deal larger. I will close hoping to hear from you soon.

Your sister in Christ,

MABEL R. LEMING.

FROM PORTLAND, OREGON

DEAR SISTER TAYLOR: We have obtained ten names for the special contribution fund, but will not send the names yet as we may obtain a few more. We mean to try at any rate. Do not worry too much dear sister, the Lord is blessing our efforts and I believe he will continue to bless. Does it not seem plain we are doing the work He wants us to do? and if so, will He not bless us in doing it? Does it not seem wonderful how doors are being opened in foreign fields? Surely if He is opening them, none can shut, and I am sure He is for many other denominations are pushing forward this mission because they say “there never were such wonderful opportunities.” There is no need of jealousy is there? While so much of the world is waiting for the “Light” there cannot be too many to carry it.

May the Lord abundantly bless you as His servants, yes, co-laborers together with Him. That is a beautiful and encouraging truth, I think, at least I can scarcely believe it means me, but I believe His word and He says it.

Yours lovingly,

S. L. SUTCLIFFE.

FROM TUSTIN, CALIFORNIA

This encouraging letter from the President of So. California will interest all our members.

DEAR SISTER TAYLOR: We are having quite a little encouragement in our church and also in the Missionary Society just now. Elder Finney Wilson has taken this pastorate and preached us an excellent missionary sermon about four weeks ago. His family has moved here and his wife is proving a real help to us.

Last week the annual meeting was held at Sr. Sarah Brown’s. Several new members were received, officers were elected and Sr. Brown surprised us with a treat of ice cream and cake, which as the day was the warmest of the season was most refreshing. A good interest has been sustained in our work both in the society and outside of it. One woman not a member placed a beautiful wool quilt and gave it to the mission, it being sold and money put in the treasury.

We would like to respond to all the needs of our good work. The headquarters at Alton Bay will be splendid for you to have. I have not yet spoken to our women about the comb and things, but think they will like to send some. We miss our good Sister McFayden who is quite near you now. We are always glad to hear from you and every letter awakens new interest in the work and workers.

God bless you in all your care is my prayer,

Lovingly, Mrs. A. L. SHATTO.

FROM PILOT, NEBRASKA

IN answer to your much appreciated letter of July 3d, I will state to you what I have done with many or some of “All Nations” which you have kindly sent me, and for which I thank you. I take the “World’s Crisis” and I send them to the jails in Wheeling, West Virginia, Steubenville, Ohio (where I was born and lived in my childhood) and other places for Prisoners to read. When I send a bundle of the “World’s Crisis” I enclose an “All Nations” also.

What money I send to you is one half of my tithing money, the other half I use for church work at home. I circulate your dear little paper in other ways also.

I am too much isolated to do much work and I am not in circumstances to leave home to do any mission work. I am sixty-six years old and my health is poor. It is about fourteen miles to our nearest railway station. O how I wish I could command the wealth that is wasted in the follies of today and turn it into channels that would flood the dark places of the earth with God’s glorious light.

Enclosed you will find a dollar for the benefit of the poor little widows and orphans of India. And may you and I clasp each others hands in Christ’s kingdom.

I am a poor farmer’s wife and what I tithe is my butter and egg money. Small it is but my Heavenly Father is rich and if it was His will He could give me more.

Yours in the “blessed hope,”

MRS. W. G.
DOES SHE THINK?

All nations monthly

**Children's Page**

Miss Lena N. Bradfound, Assistant Editor and Superintendent of our Junior Mission Societies.

I know a lady in this land
Who carries a Chinese fan in her hand,
But in her heart does she carry a thought
Of her Chinese sister who carefully wrought
The dainty, delicate, silken toy,
For her to admire and enjoy?

This lady has on her parlor floor
A lovely rug from Syrian shore;
Its figures were woven with curious art—
I wish that my lady had in her heart
One thought of love for those foreign homes
Where the light of the gospel never comes.

To shield my lady from chilling draft
Is a Japanese screen of curious craft
She takes the comfort its presence gives,
But in her heart not one thought lives—
Not one little thought—ah, me!—
For the comfortless homes that lie over the sea.

My lady in gown of silk is arrayed,
The fabric soft was in India made,
Will she think of the country whence it came
Will she make an offering in His name
To send the perfect, heavenly dress,
The fabric soft was in India made.

When sent singly by mail, one cent extra. 25 cents a dozen.

She, too, should all be gathered
To those who know not that Christ is born?
To those who are poor and sad and forlorn,
To send the perfect, heavenly dress,
To shield my lady from chilling draft
The mantle of Christ's own righteousness.

One thought of love for those foreign homes
Where the light of the gospel never comes.

Are the little gifts of children,
Given with a child-heart's love.
In the clouds, the drops of water,
Are the little gifts of children,
Are the little gifts of children,
Many any empty cup may fill.

Do you wear
Go teach all nations

A HOT DAY LESSON

"O Uncle Prescott, it's so hot! I'm 'most melted and nobody helps me to be cool."

"Why, this isn't very bad," and the young man threw his hat on the table and sat down near Hetty. "It's ever so much worse down town, and lots of little children haven't any nice cool piazza. They are out on the brick sidewalks right in the sun. You ought to be thankful, young lady, that you don't live in Africa or India these days."

"O, I guess it couldn't be much worse anywhere, could it?" Hetty wiped her eyes and looked at her uncle encouragingly. "Yes, it is," he responded, "why it is so hot in India now that the missionaries don't dare to go out except early in the morning or in the evening. And at night, dear me! they can't sleep without the punkah going."

"What's a punkah, for pity sake!"

"It is a huge fan made of light wood and canvas and hung up near the ceiling. It is swung by a rope and a man called a punkah-wallah is hired to stay outside and keep it going. Sometimes he falls asleep and then the foreigner inside can hardly breathe."

"I'd rather swing my own punkah," said Hetty, fanning her doll with new vigor.

"Then the grass dries up so you can't see a single spear anywhere," her uncle continued. "When the rains come it springs up quickly and the grain and rice grow, but if it doesn't rain,—well, then they have famine. You know there's a terrible famine in India now, don't you?"

"Yes, we raised some money for it. I s'pose I ought to be glad I am not a famine child."

"Indeed you ought," was the response, and Hetty found herself suddenly deciding to give a little more to the funds, but she nevertheless listened as her uncle went on.

"Egypt is a hot country too, and when travelers are there in the summer they have to be extra careful to protect their heads. That's a terrible place for mosquitoes and flies and dust also. Then there's Korea in the wet season. One of our missionaries says it is like being in a huge laundry where clothes are boiling. The beds get musty, the books mold and everything steams. Perhaps you'd like Singapore down near the equator, where it is so hot and damp that no one has red cheeks. You would find the ants eating the floors there and after dark the lizards come out on the walls."

"I wouldn't live there, Uncle Prescott!" cried Hetty, "it must be horrid."

"Yes, and torrid. But I was going to ask you to go to Africa and see how you would like to live where the sun scorches, and they have those terrible fevers all along the coast. There's where crocodiles live in the rivers to snap up the little people when they go in to bathe. In the woods there are lions and elephants and big slippery snakes—"

"Uncle Prescott, don't tell me such things?"

Hetty begged.

"Or perhaps you'd like to live on the desert where the storms of hot sand sometimes bury travelers; or where—"

"O please don't! I'm real comfortable now, truly; and I think we've got the best country of all. What's that man bringing 'round to the back door? I do believe it's ice cream for dessert? I believe you knew it all the time and just wanted me to be thankful. Well, I will be."—Selected.

BEFORE THE OFFERING

RECIATION BY A JUNIOR.

THE CHILDREN'S GIFTS

Like the drops of water falling
Gently from the sky above,
Are the little gifts of children,
Given with a child-heart's love.

In the clouds, the drops of water,
Giving back the sun's bright rays,
Make a rainbow, full of beauty,
On the dark and gloomy days.

Drops enough will make a shower,
Drops enough will make a rill.
And the sparkling drops of water
Many any empty cup may fill.

So the gifts of little children,
Gathered up and then poured out
In the name of Christ the Saviour,
Help and comfort may afford.

Far and near these rills of blessing
Flow to those in deepest need;
Gathering up and then outpoured,
Drops enough will make a rill.

Help and comfort may afford.
For they, too, should all be gathered,
Through the help which we can give
Where the word of God may show them,
How to love and how to live.

—From the Child in the Midst, Heidelberg Press, Philadelphia.

BADGERS

A SMALL white button with a blue border and the words of our Savior, "Go teach all nations!" Do you wear this little preacher? Price 5 cents; two for 5 cents. When sent singly by mail, one cent extra. 25 cents a dozen.