Why and How

A Descriptive Narrative of the Work of the Woman's Home Mission Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South

PREPARED FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE CHURCH

BY MARY HELM

Presented by

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WHY AND HOW

CHILDREN OF THE SLUMS.

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A DESCRIPTIVE NARRATIVE OF THE WORK OF
THE WOMAN'S HOME MISSION SOCIETY
OF THE M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH

PREPARED FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE CHURCH

By MARY HELM

NASHVILLE, TENN.
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A Foreword to the Children.

Dear Children: Some of you know me, and some of you do not; but we will consider ourselves introduced, shake hands all around, and there will be no strangers among us.

I take it for granted that all of the children who read this book are members of mission bands and want to *do* something for missions. Before all sensible *doing* something must be *known* about the thing to be done; and if we are to help others, we must know something about the people to be helped. Therefore I write this book that you children of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, may know of the work done by your Church through its Woman's Home Mission Society. You have had a part in this great work—at least some of you have—and I hope that all of you will want to do more and more when you know that many poor, ignorant women and suffering children have been made better and happier through this work.

I have given you a little history of the work and how it grew, and have added a summary that will tell you how large it was in 1910, and how much it did during the twenty-four years while the Society was an independent, separate organization. I have also given you some stories of

children who need your help and of some that have received it. You will find a few questions at the back of the book. I want you to try to answer them for yourselves. The answers to most of them are given in the history or the summary, so you will need to read these carefully.

I put this little book into your hands with the prayer that you will be stirred by it to do more for those who need your help, remembering that Christ said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

MARY HELM.

WHY AND HOW.

I. A Little History of the Woman's Home Mission Society, 1886-1910.

CHILDREN, like grown people, like to know how things begin, and I shall start in the way we all love.

Once upon a time there was a beautiful little girl named Lucinda B. Helm, who loved the Lord Jesus, and whose heart and mind he prepared to do his will, so that when she grew up to be a lovely young lady she said she would rather serve him than do anything else in the world. This she did as a Sunday school teacher and by visiting and helping the poor sick people, by reading the Bible to the prisoners in jail and to the older people in the almshouse, and in many other ways.

PARSONAGE WORK.

After many years she heard much about the hard times our preachers and their families had when they were sent into the far West to preach the gospel where there were no churches, and, what was still worse, where in some new towns they could find no house to live in nor even a decent place to board. Sometimes the preacher

would be forced to live in a tent until he could build a poor, little shelter. Often only a few of the people in the town were Christians; sometimes none of them. They were generally all poor, and would give but little money, if any, to pay the preacher or to build a church. The money given the preacher by the Mission Board was not enough to buy the furniture, clothing, and food necessary for comfort, so of course he and his family suffered.

The thought of their hardships and suffering made Miss Helm's heart ache and kept her awake at night thinking how she might help these faithful servants of God. She talked with Dr. David Morton, Secretary of the Board of Church Extension, and Bishop Hargrove, who were trying to build churches where they were needed, and asked that the women of the Church be allowed to help by building parsonages also in those needy places. Those gentlemen were pleased with the thought, and the three made a plan which was adopted by the General Conference in 1886 in Richmond, Va. As the Woman's Department of the Board of Church Extension, the Home Mission Society had its first name and did its first work in building parsonages not only in the West but in all the Conferences where the people were too poor to do it. In the twenty-four years that followed there have been 2,768 parsonages

built or aided by this Society at a cost of $283,858.88. This has meant better and healthier homes for many preachers' children and has lifted a burden from many a preacher father's and mother's heart.

Supply Department.

Besides building houses for the preachers, their other needs were met by sending them boxes of clothing, bedding, and sometimes provisions, and even furniture. This was done through a Supply Department, which, under the management of Mrs. J. H. Yarbrough, has sent out to preachers and mission schools supplies valued at $258,802.

Mission Schools.

While the women were building parsonages and sending supplies for preachers they learned much about the condition of the children in cabin homes in the mountains and of little foreign children working in factories and of little children living in city slums. They saw their great need of good schools taught by Christian men and women, and they wanted to do this kind of work too. So at their request the General Conference in 1890 made the Woman's Department of Church Extension a separate organization, known as the Parsonage and Home Mission Society. They

now had the right to do *any* kind of home mission work. Eight years later (1898) the word "Parsonage" was dropped from the name, and it was given a Board to govern it instead of a Central Committee.

The women took up this new work with great interest and built three schools in the mountains—one at London, Ky., known as the Sue Bennett Memorial School; one at Brevard, N. C., called the Brevard Institute; and one at Greeneville, Tenn., called the Holston Industrial School. In these schools a large number of mountain boys and girls have learned how to read and year after year have gained an education. They have also had some training in industrial work, and the great majority of them have been led to Christ and taught how to live for him.

There have been built three schools for Cuban children—two in Tampa, Fla., called the Wolff Mission School and the West Tampa School; and one in Key West, Fla., named the Ruth Hargrove Institute—where many hundreds of these foreign children have been taught not only the English language and textbooks but the Bible and the best things of life. The parents of the children in Tampa came as refugees to this country because of the cruel wars in Cuba, and most of them work in the cigar factories and can give but little care to their children.

The Society also established night schools in California for the Chinese, Japanese, and Korean laborers. Those for the Chinese were given up, but the others are doing well. At Alameda a kindergarten has been opened for the Japanese children and a boarding home for the men, called Mary Helm Hall. God has used these schools to bring some heathen souls into the light of the knowledge of Jesus Christ.

City Missions.

About the same time this school work was begun Miss Helm and the other ladies working with her decided that they must do something for the poor, ignorant people living in the slums of the cities. Especially did they grieve over the great number of little children who had in their miserable, unhealthy homes everything to make and keep them sick and bad as well as ignorant. So in one city after another they opened city missions. The most of these are named Wesley House, though there are several large ones with other names, as the Kingdom House, in St. Louis, and St. Mark's Hall, in New Orleans. In these and in the mill settlements and lumber camps there are good, true women known as deaconesses and city missionaries, who live side by side with the poor people as their friends, and, while telling them of Christ's love for them, seek to do

for them the things they think Christ would do if he were there. They visit the homes of the sick and nurse them. They teach ignorant mothers how to take better care of their children, how to cook better, and how to keep their homes clean. They have day nurseries for the babies where mothers work away from home. They have kindergarten and sewing schools and playgrounds and story hours for the children. They have gymnasiums and reading rooms and libraries and night schools and clubs of all kinds for the young people and the older ones. By all these means thousands of people are made happier every year. In 1910 there were thirty-two such centers of work, one of them being especially for immigrants, in Galveston, Tex., and one in Gulfport, Miss., for sailors. Of course the work in these last is different from that in other city missions.

Homeless Girls.

While doing this work in the cities and elsewhere the missionaries find little girls who have no homes and yet are too old to be received in an orphan asylum. For such as these the Society has provided a beautiful place in Thomasville, Ga., called Vashti Home, where they are cared for, clothed, and taught both in schoolbooks and different kinds of work by which they can support themselves when they are grown.

There are older girls than these who have been tempted and fallen into sin, for which they are very sorry and want help to live better lives. For these older girls the Society has built another house, in Dallas, Tex., called the Ann Browder Mission Home and School (now named Virginia Johnson Home and School). They too are taught of Christ as their Saviour from sin. Some of them are so ignorant that they cannot read, and there is a school for them. Some of them do not know how to do any kind of work, and must be taught how to support themselves honestly. Many of them had no mother to teach them how to be good. Many of these unfortunate ones have been converted and have lived right ever since.

Negro Work.

In 1902 the Woman's Board of Home Missions decided that the time had come when it could no longer refuse to do some kind of definite work for the negro race; and it built at Paine College, Augusta, Ga., an annex for a dormitory for girls and employed a woman trained at Hampton to teach them all kinds of domestic work. The work has been well and faithfully done, and there is hope for its enlargement in the near future. Work has also been done for the negroes in Nashville, and in some other places local and in-

dividual effort has been made to better bad con ditions.

Hospital Work.

At Los Angeles, Cal., the Society owns a building known as the Homer Toberman Deaconess Home, for which it is largely indebted to Major Toberman, whose generosity supplied the larger part of the building fund and has helped to support it. The Home contains a well-equipped hospital of ten beds, in which many "strangers in a strange land" have found loving hearts as well as skilled hands to nurse them back from sickness to health. There are, besides this, different forms of institutional work done there, such as a sewing school, boys' club, Bible classes, and house-to-house visiting.

Local Work.

In addition to all the work described above, which is done by the whole society and called "connectional work," there is much mission work being done by individual Churches for the localities in which they are placed. This is called "local work," and great good is being accomplished by it in many communities.

Membership and Money.

How has all this work been done? and where did the money come from? By the women and

the children of the Church who have joined the Society paying ten cents and five cents a month as dues, and by freewill offerings. In 1910 there were 3,949 auxiliary societies—adult, young people and brigades—with 91,922 members. In 1903 Mr. and Mrs. J. N. McEachern proposed to give to the Woman's Board of Home Missions $20,000 in memory of their daughter if the Board would give an equal amount. This offer was accepted. The children were organized into Florine McEachern Brigades, and collected in mite boxes the sum of $12,548.67 in five years. The name on the mite boxes and of the fund thus raised remains the same.

During the twenty-four years of its independent life the Woman's Home Mission Society raised and spent for its work $3,265,164.17. That this sum is so large is due to the fact that the Society has taught from the beginning the Bible doctrine of tithing and has urged on its members the duty of paying a tithe to the Lord's work. Many of them have done it.

Of course those who gave this money wanted to know how it was being spent and of the good it was doing. They also wanted to know about all other kinds of home mission work, so a paper called *Our Homes* was started by Miss Helm in 1892; and when it was done away with, in 1910, it was a beautiful magazine with 23,176 sub-

scribers, had met all its expenses, and put $11,000 into the treasury. Leaflets, pamphlets, bulletins, and reports were also published to give information, and the more the people knew the more they wanted to do for the cause.

Miss Helm died in 1898, happy in the thought that the work she started and loved so much was being wonderfully blessed of God. There have been a number of other noble women who have given beautiful service to God as officers in the Home Mission Society. Mrs. E. E. Wiley was the first President; and Miss Belle H. Bennett, succeeding her, filled the office until 1910. Miss Helm, Mrs. R. K. Hargrove, and Mrs. MacDonell have been the General Secretaries; Mrs. G. P. Kendrick and Mrs. Kirkland, the General Treasurers; Mrs. Frank Siler, the Recording Secretary; and Miss Mabel Head, the Assistant Secretary. All of these, together with your mothers, will get old and pass away to heaven, and you children must get ready to take their places in the coming years by studying the work and praying to God to give you wisdom and grace.

Some Facts from 1906 to 1909

Mountain Schools.—Sue Bennett School, London, Ky.: Enrollment, 379; teachers, 15. Brevard Industrial School, Brevard, N. C.: Enrollment, 168; teachers, 8. Holston Industrial School, Greeneville, Tenn.: Enrollment, 65; teachers, 2.

Cuban Schools.—There are four schools for Cubans, with an enrollment of 621.

Korean and Japanese Schools.—One night school, one kindergarten and primary. Enrollment, 65; teachers employed, 4.

Ann Browder Home and School, Dallas, Tex.—Eighty-five girls enrolled during the year. Eight teachers.

Vashti Industrial School, Thomasville, Ga. (for homeless girls).—Enrolled, 90.

Paine Annex, Augusta, Ga.—Industrial classes at Paine for negro girls, with 200 girls in training.

City mission work carried on in thirty-two cities, eighty-two salaried missionaries being employed.

STATISTICS FROM 1886 TO 1910.

Adult and Young People members	76,464
Brigade members	15,998
Total number of members	92,462
Receipts for connectional work	$1,219,579 89
Receipts for local work	2,045,574 28
Total receipts	3,265,154 17
Parsonages built and aided	2,768
Money donated to parsonages	$ 283,858 88
Value of supplies distributed outside of receipts above	258,802 47
Day schools supported	10
Night schools supported	2
Pupils enrolled	1,659
Deaconesses, missionaries, and teachers employed	150
City Mission Boards	27
Rescue Home and Door of Hope	1

VALUE OF PROPERTY OWNED BY THE SOCIETY.

Schools for Cubans, at Tampa, Fla.	$ 8,000
Sue Bennett Memorial School, at London, Ky.	35,000
Rescue Home, at Dallas, Tex.	15,000
Ruth Hargrove Institute, at Key West, Fla.	15,000
Paine Annex, Augusta, Ga.	7,000
Homer Toberman Deaconess Home, Los Angeles, Cal.	10,000
Brevard Industrial School, Brevard, N. C.	13,000
Vashti Industrial School, Thomasville, Ga.	30,000
Mary Helm Hall, Alameda, Cal.	8,500
Grand total	$141,500

II. Parsonage-Building.

A Needed Home.

When Ella Trent left her Southern home, amid the tears and farewells of relatives and friends, to go with her father and mother and brother to live "out West," she had but little idea of what it meant or where she was going. How could she know? For she was only six years old and had not studied geography and did not understand much that the grown-up people talked about. She knew that they were going a long way and might never come back, that life was going to be very different, and that they would not have nice things there. But when she heard her father's prayer to the Heavenly Father to take care of them and to use him in saving poor sinners who lived where they were going, somehow she thought that it would be all right, and anyway she was glad she was to ride on the train.

Several days later, when she had grown very tired of watching the sandy deserts and mountains as the train passed by them, she followed her father out of the car onto a narrow platform and looked at a cluster of rough board shanties which was called Billtown, the new mining town where the Church had sent Mr. Trent to preach and build up a Church membership there and from the

country around. He had not been sent because the people *wanted* to hear the gospel preached, but because they were sinners and *needed* to hear of the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour. Mr. Trent and his wife walked bravely away from the station with their children, not even telling each other that they missed the group of Church people who always met them with a hearty welcome wherever he had gone to preach before. Of course they had not expected it here; for they knew that there was no church or Church people, nor would there be, what now seemed more important than anything else, a parsonage for them to live in. Anxiously they scanned the forlorn-looking shanties. Not one seemed a possible home. There was one that had the appearance of some kind of public house. Mr. Trent knocked on this door; and when it was opened, they stood looking into what was a mixture of a store and a drinking saloon. A group of fierce, roughly dressed men were sitting around a stove smoking, while others were standing by a counter drinking whisky, the fumes of which filled the room. In one corner four others were playing cards.

Mr. Trent went up to a man who seemed to be the owner of the place, and said: "My friend, I am a stranger in your town. Will you kindly tell me where I can find a boarding place for myself and family?"

The man stared at him rudely, then in a gruff voice said: "You needn't give me the news that you are a stranger. A fool can see that. And we don't want none of your kind of strangers here; so you'd better move on."

"The train has gone. I *must* stay here at least for this night. Can you not tell me where I can find a room to shelter my wife and children?"

"There ain't no spare room in this here city; every place is full up."

Several men crowded around looking at the strangers curiously, and one asked: "Be you the feller I heard was a-comin' here to git up a Church? If you be, I low Jim's right. You'd better look furder, caze yer can't fare wus."

"Gentlemen." said Mr. Trent, looking from one to another, "I can't leave here to-night. Surely there is some one in the place who can shelter my wife and children until I can look around and see what I can do."

There was no answer; only surly, hostile looks from the men.

Little Ella pushed in front of her father, and her blue eyes looked up appealingly into the eyes of the saloon keeper. Jim Perkins was not all bad, and as he looked back into the child's eyes the expression in his own softened. Putting her little hand into his, Ella said: "I'm so tired and sleepy. Won't you let me sleep in your house?"

His big, rough hand closed over the tender little one, and he said: "Wait a minute, baby, and I'll see what can be done."

He went into a back room, and, after a while, returned and beckoned to them. They found themselves settled for the night in a small, dirty, ill-smelling room, with a single candle for a light. They lay down as well as they could on the one bed; but no sleep came to the parents, for all night long the men in the saloon kept up a wild yelling and shouting as they drank and gambled. Once there was a fight, and two pistols were fired, but no one was killed.

The next morning Mr. Trent was able to buy a tent, and, with this and some boards, he managed in a few days to patch up a poor shelter for them against a hillside, where a kind of cave had been dug out. Any place was better than where they were. A bed and a cookstove had to be bought and some other necessary things, as well as food, and this used up nearly all the money he had brought with him. The first thing he did when he moved in was to kneel down with his family and thank God for even this poor home. The next thing was to write to the Mission Board and the Church Extension Board and tell them of the great need of his family and of the people. Words of sympathy and encouragement came back, but there was no money to build him a

home or a church. The winter came on, but still no money came, save a little to buy food.

Mr. Trent spent his days going around among the people of Billtown, and often walking long distances to other groups of miners, telling all who would hear of the love of Christ, comforting the sorrowing, and nursing the sick and injured. Occasionally he was allowed to preach, but the men would not hear or laughed at his words, though his manly courage and kindly manners won kindness in return for himself and family.

At last he was ready to give up, utterly discouraged, and go back to his old Georgia home. But one day a paper came, telling of the organization of a society to build parsonages. He sat down and wrote a letter to Miss Lucinda Helm, the Secretary, and told her of the suffering of his family. Soon a kind, sympathetic letter came directly from the heart of that noble woman containing a promise to get the money as soon as possible to relieve them. She worked with tongue and pen until she got money enough to build a very small but comfortable house. A box was also received, filled with bedding and clothing. Mr. Trent worked hard with his own hands on the house, and Mrs. Trent and the children helped in the little things they could. Their hearts were full of thanksgiving to God and to the people who had given their money to help them.

With fresh courage the preacher talked of trust in God. His joyful faith touched the hearts of the people, and they began to listen, then they began to believe in Christ and to confess their sins. Some of the men and women who had been Church members in their old homes wanted to have a Church here, and others wanted to join; so before the year was out a Church was organized, but the people were so poor that they needed help from the Board to put up a plain little board church.

All this happened some years ago, and where the miners' shanties were there is now a large town that continues to grow under a more dignified name. There is a nice brick church and a pretty parsonage; but some of the people remember the little house built by the women of the Church, and they do not hesitate to say that "the Parsonage Society saved the day for Billtown."

III. Supplies.

Happiness that Came in Barrels.

It was a poor little Church in a poor little town. The people who lived there were poor, and among the poorest of them was the Methodist preacher. Maybe that was the reason he had so many children. Nice boys and girls they were, and as full of life as children ought to be. They studied well at school, played hard, worked willingly, slept soundly, and wore out their clothes terribly fast, their mother thought. Now, they didn't really wear them out any faster than other children; but their mother worried over it because their father's very small salary (he scarcely ever got all of it) was nearly all needed to buy the plain food they ate and the coal for their one fire, and there was such a very, very little left to buy trousers and dresses and shoes—gloves were not to be thought of. Every boy had patches on his knees and elbows, and the girls' dresses had been let down and turned and made over to the last possibility. Her own dress was shabby, and her husband's best coat was slick and threadbare. Winter was coming soon, and what should she do to get the warm things they all needed?

It was a nipping cold day in November, and the anxious little mother was not in a frame of

mind to be able to bear the sight of Fred, with face and hands bleeding and his clothes torn nearly off of him, being led into the room by Clara, who cried out: "O mother, just look at brother! He fell out of a hickory nut tree 'cause a squirrel in a hole bit his finger, and he is all bloody and torn up!"

One terrified glance that caught the sheepish grin on Fred's face assured her that he was not much hurt; but the clothes, *his only suit!* What could she do? The thing she did do was to put her face in her hands and *cry* and *cry*. The strange sight of *mother* crying set both of the children crying. This waked baby up, and he began to cry, and all this crying was because Fred's only suit was utterly ruined. Well, maybe *you* wouldn't have cried, but maybe you would if it had been *really you*.

Just at the point when the crying was the worst Mr. Fenton opened the door and brought in the new presiding elder, who had come unexpectedly to stay over Sunday. That meant five meals with something "extra," and alas! the cupboard was nearly as bare as old Mother Hubbard's. Leaving the children to explain, Mrs. Fenton slipped out of the room and went to work to make something out of nothing for supper. Her husband joined her and tried to comfort while he helped her.

"Don't cry, Peggy, dear," he said as he patted her head on his shoulder, where she had leaned to cry some more. "I hope I will get some money to-morrow. Let us go on trusting in God, and he will see us through this tight place. He has never failed us yet." Then she dried her eyes and got supper.

While the parents were out of the room the presiding elder, who was a kind, wise man, talked with the children, and from them learned something of the trials and the bitter need in the home. That night, after prayers, when the children were all in bed, he talked like an older brother to the preacher and his wife and persuaded them to fill out a blank application for help to the Supply Department of the Home Mission Society. He sent this with a letter to Mrs. Yarbrough, who cried over it just like the little mother did, because her mother-heart understood. Then she sent it to one of the rich Churches to make sure a good box would be sent. The ladies of that Church were kind, but they were very busy and they did not realize that "need" spells "hurry" for those who watch and wait.

Watching and waiting was what the little mother was doing. Perhaps she expected the box too soon, and should not have begun to lose hope. But, O dear! the children's clothes wore out faster and faster as the weather got colder and

colder. How she ever kept them together nobody will ever know. Every night saw her putting patch upon patch while they slept. She did not cry any more, for she was really trying to be brave and trusting like the people she read about.

One bitter cold day in December she had just turned away from watching the snow that was beginning to fall and was thinking of the holes in the children's shoes when the door burst open and all the children came bounding into the room shouting: "Mother! mother! Look! look! Here is Mr. Jenkins with two big barrels for us. Hooray! hooray!"

Yes, there was the long-expected box, in the form of two barrels, being rolled into the front door, while Mr. Fenton come smiling through the back door with the hatchet in his hand. It did not take long to open those barrels nor, with all the children helping, to take out what was in them, although there were such piles and piles of things that they wondered how they had all got in. There were clothes of the very right kind for the preacher, his wife, his boys, his girls, and, of course, the baby—everything they needed or had hoped for. Besides the big, useful things, there were so many nice little things—gloves, ribbons, collars, handkerchiefs; and there were books, magazines, and pictures; bedding and table linen; toys and candy; thread, needles, and pins. Noth-

ing was forgotten, and all so nice. Surely loving hearts and hands filled those barrels.

Mr. Fenton had waited until all had been looked at and rejoiced over to read a letter that he had taken from the post office on his way home. This inclosed a check for $50 to buy the provisions that could not be sent so far, and expressed the pleasure felt by the ladies of St. John's Church of —— in sending the supplies and wishing for them all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

In the midst of this bountiful supply Mr. Fenton knelt with his family and gave thanks to God and asked his blessing upon those whose kindness had saved them from suffering. The little mother was very, very happy as she patted her "amen" on the big pile of warm flannel and, would you believe it? she felt like it would do her good to have a little *joy* cry! As for the children, I am afraid they did not say "Amen" at all before they seized hold of the toys and candy.

The auxiliary of St. John's received a grateful letter of thanks, but they could never know fully how much happiness their gifts brought to that poor little parsonage in that poor little town—but *God* knew.

WHY WE LOVE AND GIVE.

We are learning of the homeless
Little children of our land;
We are finding ways to help them
In our Home Mission Band.
With the mites that we are saving
We are placing some in homes;
With the dues that we are paying
We support some needy ones.

They are crowded in the cities,
In the poorest quarters there;
They are toiling in the factories,
Breathing foul and tainted air;
They are starved in soul and body,
Little helpless children all.
"Feed my lambs," the Saviour bids us.
Will we harken to his call?

We would give them parks and playgrounds
And the fragrance of the flowers,
And the songs of birds to greet them,
Give them care-free, happy hours.
Jesus loves the little children,
By him was all childhood blessed;
So we are working to deliver
Children who are sore oppressed.

—*Annie Duncan Spangler.*

IV. Mountain Work.

Betty Green: The Story of a Mountain Girl.

Little Betty Green sat by the side of the mountain road so long and so quietly that she and her dingy, brown cotton dress might have been mistaken for another rock or stump among the many that bordered the narrow way. But Betty's heart was not quiet. Three days ago she had heard her brother Dick say: "A man tole Jim Shanks's dad thet three wimen folks air a-ridin' thru' ther mountings a-settin' straddle, with saddle bags under 'em. An' they do say as how they's got sumpin' ter do with thet thar school whar we hearn Sam Sykes's Sally hed gone ter be made a fine lady of, like them no 'count critters at thet resort house on the yether side of the mounting thet sets all day on the porch jist to sniff up ther air."

"I hope they'll come this 'er' way," Betty said, her heart beating quickly with hope in spite of Dick's scornful tone. She had gone twice with her mother to "tote" berries and eggs to the new summer hotel, and had looked with admiring eyes at the pretty ladies and their pretty dresses. They had spoken kindly to her as she sat resting on the porch steps, and had given her papers containing wonderful pictures of what to her was

an unknown world. The black lines beneath the pictures, they said, explained them. The same kind of lines were in the beautiful books they held in their hands. Alas! it was an unknown language; for Betty could not read, and then for the first time she longed to know how to do that and all the other things that made these ladies look so different from herself and her mother and all the other people she knew.

After that her Aunt Mag had told her about Sally Sykes's coming back from school looking so nice and reading out of a book to folks, and said to her: "Betty, how'd you like ter go ter thet thar school an' l'arn ter read outen a book?"

But she laughed when the little girl said out of a full heart: "I'd die ter git ter do it."

That longing for knowledge and "something better than she had known" had continued to grow with no hope before Betty until she heard that news from Dick. Since then every moment of the day that she was not helping her mother she had sat by the wayside, like a blind Bartimeus, hoping that those three ladies *might* come by and in some way open the blind eyes of her mind. The sun was setting as she saw three figures riding up the mountain, now in sight and now hidden by the bushes or turns in the road. As they came around the last bend she sprang up quickly and exclaimed: "It shore is them!"

The ladies stopped as they reached her side, and, looking down into her eager face, one said: "Little girl, can you tell us of any house where we can spend the night?"

"Pap, he lives 'roun' thet 'er' way. He and mam might let yer."

"I do hope they will," said another, "for my horse is lame and can't go any farther."

The thought of having them in the same house for a whole night set her heart beating still faster, and, lifting up her head with an air of determination, she said: "You-uns come right 'long. I'll *make* 'em let yer stay."

The ladies laughed, but followed her up to the open door of a poor, little log cabin, with one room and a "lean-to." Half a dozen lean hounds rushed out, but hung their heads with Betty's harsh order: "Shet up, Tige; gwan back, Sandy!"

As the ladies got down from their horses Dick came to the door, followed by "mam" and "pap" and several children. All gazed curiously but silently at them until Betty said: "You childern git outen ther way. Pap, these here ladies wants ter stay all night, an' they air goin' ter do it."

Pap slouched out of the doorway, and mam said: "I hain't never turned nobody erway thet wanted shelter; an' effen thet's what you-uns wants, yer air welcome ter thet an' sich vittals as we'uns has got."

BREVARD INSTITUTE, BREVARD, N. C.

Mr. Green took the horses, and the strangers followed Mrs. Green into the cabin. Inside it was a cheerless place indeed, except for the large, blazing fire. The floor was of worn, rough boards, and the one window had no glass and only a wooden shutter. Two beds, some battered chairs, blocks of wood that served as stools, and a crippled table propped against the wall made up the list of furniture. On the rough wall hung two rifles and powder horns, and from the rafters overhead were suspended strings of herbs and pieces of bacon. As Mrs. Green took one of the latter down to add more slices to those she was frying, she said: "Effen I'd a-knowed you-uns wuz a-comin', I could er wrung a rooster's neck fer yer; but ez it is, you'll hev' to take potluck."

"I kin git some apples ter fry with the bacon," said Betty as she ran out of the door.

"Dick," said Mrs. Green over her shoulder, "quit standin' er-roun' an' go git some water. Is yer pap ten'in' ter them critters? He's drunk ergin; an' ef he hain't doin' it, you-uns'll hev it ter do."

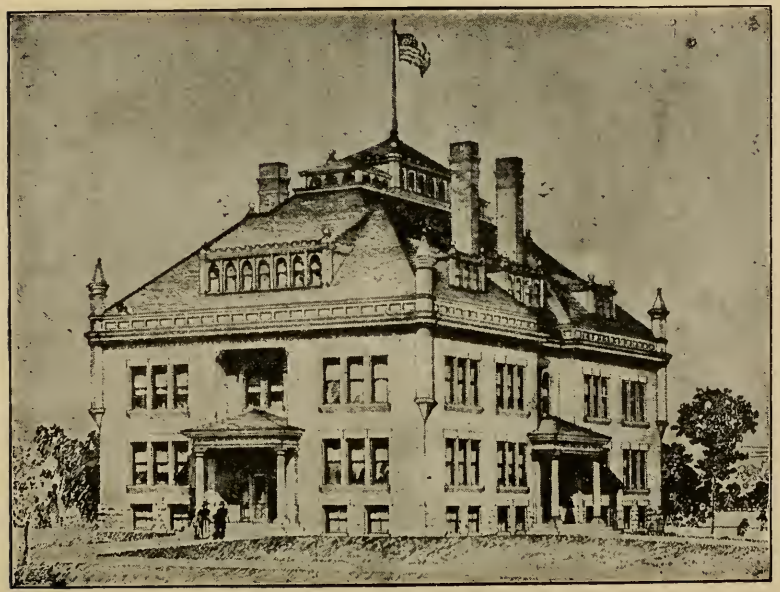
Dick obeyed orders slowly, reluctant to take his eyes off the strangers. The ladies explained their presence by saying that they were teachers from Flynnville Seminary and thought that they would see more of the mountains by riding through them during vacation. The lame horse

had hindered them from reaching the place where they expected to stop for the night.

"Well, ther's plenty uv mountings ter see, an' some folks seems pow'ful fond uv lookin' at 'em," and Mrs Green gave a sniff as she set her skillet on the bed of coals she had raked out of the fire.

Betty brought in a lot of eggs in her apron, as well as apples. A batch of dough was made into biscuits, and a crock of milk was poured into a noseless pitcher. In a little while supper was put on the table, and the ladies were told to "set to yer chairs, an' eat," which they did with a good appetite that was not hindered by the broken china and the absence of tablecloth and napkins. The parents sat at the table with them, but the children stood around or sat on the floor, holding their food in their hands and occasionally sharing it with the hounds that seemed as much a part of the family as they did. When bedtime came, the strangers were given one bed; the mother, Betty, and three children occupied the other; and the drunken father and Dick were sent into the "lean-to," a shed room at the back.

Betty hung around the teachers all the evening, anxious to serve them in any way possible and listening eagerly to every word they spoke. They noticed this and that she asked intelligent questions, to which they gladly answered by telling her all they could about the school, the girls,



SUE BENNETT SCHOOL, LONDON, KY.

what they were learning, and their hopes for them, gradually drawing from her her desire to go and learn.

The next morning they talked with the mother and now sober father, and won their consent for Betty to come to the school and take up a scholarship that a kind Christian lady had offered. Betty's delight almost took her breath away, but her mountain caution allowed her only a few words: "An' you-uns is shore it won't cost nothin'?" The lack of money had been the high wall in her way.

The ladies smiled kindly and relieved her anxiety. "Nothing for your board, your lessons, or your books, though of course you will buy your own clothes."

She smiled, saying simply: "I'll be thar then, an' I'll do ther best I kin, so's the lady what does the payin' won't think her money is wasted."

Never will the little mountain girl forget the shy wondering joy she felt a few weeks later when, after riding two days behind her father, he left her at the door of the largest house she had ever seen, with its many windows shining in the light of the setting sun. How kindly the ladies welcomed her and tried to make her feel at home! What a crowd of girls there were in the large schoolroom! and all of them had smooth hair like the teacher's, and white collars. The

dining room, with its long, white-covered tables, with their great number of dishes and "shiny" forks and spoons, was seen with silent wonder; but a feeling of pleasure thrilled her as she was shown the little white bed she was to have *all to herself.* She patted it affectionately.

The school, with its different kinds of lessons, was at first very bewildering, and Betty sometimes got discouraged, because learning seemed so very hard and slow. She was homesick sometimes, too, and cried a little, when alone, for the poor, little mountain cabin, which was *home,* and for the rough, ignorant father and mother, rude Dick, and the shock-headed little sisters. O how she loved them! She would study harder and go home and teach them all she knew. And she would help her mother, for she was learning how to sew and cook in a better way. Spurred up to fresh courage and effort by these hopes and plans, Betty would study harder, and the teachers praised her.

The years went by, and Betty grew from a slip of a girl to a strong, fine young woman and graduated as the "brag scholar" of Flynnville School. She went home with a teacher's certificate in her pocket and the promise before her of a district school near her home. Year after year during the long summer vacations she and her mother had made improvements in the home

and had induced her father to make others. A new room had been added and a new floor put in the old one; glass windows were in both rooms, with muslin curtains; the walls were whitewashed, and on them hung a few pictures; there was a little vine-covered porch, and flowers bordered the walk to the yard gate. A younger sister was to take her place on the scholarship in the Flynnville School, and Dick was working his way through an industrial school.

As Betty Green looked around her she thought of all the changes that had come into her life since that day she sat on the mountainside waiting for the strangers to pass her way. Then she lifted up her heart and thanked God, who had put it into the heart of the women of the Mission Board to build the school; for the wise, kind teachers there; and for the lady who had paid her way. Humbly she prayed that she might help the mountain children she taught and give to them some of the good she had received.

V. City Missions.

God's Little Ones: The Story of a Wesley House.

The door of the Wesley House opened, and Miss Allen, the deaconess, looked up and down the street and far down the dirty alley facing it to watch for the little children who came to the mission kindergarten. Some of them were so small that she felt uneasy about their crossing the street car tracks. Close by the door she saw a strange child, a thin little girl with black hair hanging over large, sad, black eyes. By her side was a tiny box wagon, in which sat a sickly looking little boy. The deaconess knew at once that the girl was one of those old "little mothers" who are so burdened by the care of other children that they have no chance to be children themselves. With a smile, she put out her hand and said: "Good morning, children. Won't you come in?"

"Yes," said the girl gravely, "for I want ter talk with you. My name is Sary Ellen Wiggins, an' this is Danny. He's lame, yer see. That's why I hauls him."

Miss Allen shook hands with them and led the way into the house; then said kindly: "Now, what do you want to talk about?"

HOMER TOBERMAN DEACONESS HOME, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Seating herself and seeing that Danny was comfortably near the fire, Sarah Ellen heaved a sigh and said rapidly: "Danny an' me hev heard so much from the kids bouten you an' the kin'-garten, an' the sewin', an' the stories, an' the playin's that we jes' thort we'd come an' see if we couldn't git some of it somehow. Does yer charge much, lady, fer whut yer learn the kids thet come here, 'cause we's awful poor. Paw's dead, an' maw she has ter go out washin', an' I does the cookin' an' ten's ter Danny. He ain't much trouble, 'ceptin' them days when his poor little leg hurts so bad. Of course if he comes, he can't jump er-roun' lak' the other childern, but he could jes' set in his wagin an' listen to 'em sing, an' maybe he could sing a little hisself, an' maybe he might ketch onter doin' some of them things they make outen paper. Don't yer think yer could, Danny?" With the last words she leaned over the little fellow and gave him a loving pat.

His gentle blue eyes had been fixed sometimes on her and sometimes on Miss Allen, full of appealing interest. Now a bright smile made his thin face beautiful, and in a cheery voice he said: "Yes, if I gits a chance an' has ther paper to do 'em wif."

"Yer se, lady, yer won't hev' no trouble with him, fer I'll set close ter him an' keep him quiet."

The deaconess listened to this touching appeal, and her heart was full of longing to say "yes;" but alas! the kindergarten room was already too crowded. O, if she could just have a large room! But how could she say "no" while they were looking at her that way? She couldn't do it, so she only said: "You can stay this morning, and I will see what can be done to make room for you."

By this time the little scholars were flocking in, and Miss Allen was kept busy taking off their wraps and seating them. Danny's wagon was drawn up close to the wall, and Sarah Ellen crouched at the side of it, holding his hand. With eager delight they heard the children's happy songs and watched their merry games. They had never imagined anything so nice. Whenever Miss Allen spoke to them, they looked appealingly into her eyes.

At the close of the school a boy came to her and said that he and his sister could not come any more, as his father would move away next day. She told them good-by and sent all the children home, then sat down by the waiting ones and said: "If you liked this first morning, you may come to-morrow and every morning, and we will fix a little chair for Danny at the end of one of the tables, where you can sit by him and help him, Sarah Ellen. On Saturday, instead of the

kindergarten, we have the sewing class, where Miss Webb will teach you how to sew while Danny looks at you, and you both can come in the afternoons and play or hear stories, and Christmas you can come to the tree and have a part of the feast."

Sarah Ellen gasped for breath, saying: "Won't that be jes' too heavenly?" Then she added anxiously: "An' how much'll we pay?"

"Bless your heart! not a cent. And here is a bottle of milk and some other things for your and Danny's dinner."

This was the beginning of a far happier life for the two children. They seemed to blossom out like flowers put out of the dark into the sunlight as the weeks and months went by. Their little pinched faces grew rounder and rosier as well as cleaner with more food and warmer clothing. The other children of the mission, following the example of the deaconess, were kind and helpful to them. Some of the older boys regularly pulled Danny's wagon back and forth to the Wesley House, and they all sang heartily a hymn of praise the day that Danny came out of the hospital, where the deaconess put him, that he might have an operation that would make his leg well. And O, how happy loving little Sarah Ellen was that day! Danny's hard-working mother, while crying for joy to see her

little boy walk like the other boys, said: "Miss Allen, I can't put into words how I thank you and the good ladies that have done so much for my children. I can only pray the Lord to bless you, and I believe he will do it."

This was not the only deed of kindness done by the deaconesses and missionaries of the Wesley House, nor these the only children made

BRINGING THE BABIES TO THE DAY NURSERY.

happier and healthier and better. There were the three O'Malley orphans they cared for after their mother died until good homes could be found for them; and Fanny McAlister they nursed through the typhoid fever and then got her a good place to work in the country; and would not Hans and Elsie Schwartz and their old grandmother have perished with cold and

hunger if the visiting deaconess had not found and provided for them? and Jim Dent had given up drink and been a different man since Miss Allen got him to sign the pledge and go to church; and Mrs. Hubert said that her three boys had given her no trouble since they had joined the boys' club and gone to the Wesley House playground; and did not the policeman say that the young fellows that used to be always getting into a fight around the saloon were quiet and well behaved since the mission opened the gymnasium and reading room? and there were many sickly babies made healthy by the milk their mothers' brought from the Wesley House station; and the women's and young girls' clubs had been the means of teaching them many things that led to cleaner homes, better-cooked food, better-made clothes, and given them a broader interest in the best things of life.

It would take a whole book to tell all the good that has been done in one Wesley House; and when we add up all that has been done in all the Wesley Houses and similar city missions of the Woman's Home Mission Society through all the years since they started, we may well lift our eyes in wonder and praise to God, who has guided us in all this blessed service, and pray that the children of the Church may help now and grow up to carry it on in the future.

Elizabeth's Home and the Other Homes.

Elizabeth opened her eyes and from her little white bed looked around her pretty room with

PLAYGROUND AT KINGDOM HOUSE, ST. LOUIS, MO.

its soft carpet, muslin curtains, and pink walls on which hung the pictures she loved. On one side was a bureau filled with nice clothes; in a

corner was a desk and bookcase combined, where she could read or write as she pleased. She examined these things as if she saw them for the first time, for a new thought had come into her mind that opened her eyes to *see* things—a thought that she could not get away from.

Yesterday Elizabeth had heard her mother and the deaconess talking about a place in their city called the "slums." She had asked where and what it was, and Miss Johnson had looked at her kindly and said: "It is in the lower part of the city, where little children like you live in dreadful homes and have but little clothing and food and small chance to learn anything good."

Then her mother said: "Elizabeth does not know how much she has to be thankful for."

All this came back to her as she waked, and she realized the comfort and beauty around her. She remembered it as she bathed and dressed; and later as she ate a nice, warm breakfast from dainty china, with flowers on the table; and still again as her father read the Bible and prayed, all the while her mother looking so good and kind. Then in her heart she said: "O God, I thank you for all the nice things, and especially for father and mother."

She had heard her mother promise Miss Johnson to go with her to see some of the poor people in the "slums," and she asked so earnestly

to be allowed to go with her that after a little hesitation consent was given.

When they left the carriage and walked down a narrow alley, Elizabeth held fast to her mother's hand, for she did not like the dingy look and dirty smell, and the people they met looked hard at them. Miss Johnson knocked at the door of a shabby house, and a gruff "Come in" sounded scary to her. A man with a red face tried to stagger to his feet as they went in, but sank down, too drunk to stand. Several ragged, dirty children stood around the little stove and stared. A weak voice from a bed in a dark corner said: "I am mighty glad you come, sister; I 'lowed you never would come back when you seed the bad place we live in. I ain't no better, just sufferin' all the time with my head and back; and there ain't nothin' I can eat, and nobody to do anything for me or the baby. Dick is drunk again, and lost his place, and the rent is nearly due; and wherever we are to get any money, I don't know. We'll all starve ter death." And the piteous, fretful voice broke into a wailing cry, in which the children joined, while the man muttered curses. Elizabeth was so frightened and distressed that she hid her face in her muff.

"Don't cry, Mrs. Pike; it won't be so bad as that," said Miss Johnson with kindly sympathy

in her tone. "Hush, children; I have brought you something to eat." Then, turning to the woman again, she said: "I have brought a friend with me, and we will try to make you more comfortable."

The packages left in the carriage were brought in, and Elizabeth watched the children eat greedily of the food while her mother and the deaconess made the woman and the bed clean and gave her suitable food and medicine. The oldest girl (about Elizabeth's age) was given some directions, and Miss Johnson promised to go back in the afternoon; then they went away.

Several squares off they came to what her mother told her was a "tenement house," which she thought must be a kind of orphan asylum from the number of children swarming around the door, in the halls, and on the stairway. To one of these girls the deaconess said, "Come here, Sarah;" and a thin, dirty child came forward with a dirty, sickly looking baby in her arms. "Is your mother at home?"

"Naw. Pap's run away and mam's gone to work, and Benney's hurted and hollerin', so I brung Poll and the baby out to git rid of him."

The deaconess said gently: 'I am sorry you left your little brother by himself. Show us the way, and I will go up and see what I can do for him."

The girl, with the baby on her hip, led them up three flights of creaking stairs and along two dark halls. Everywhere there were filth and ill smells; and where doors were open, the rooms were seen to be in the same state. In some there were men, women, and children bending over machines or sewing with a needle, while in others they were drunk and quarreling.

Sarah opened the door of a dark, bare little attic room, and they were greeted with a wail from a little fellow of about six huddled up on some ragged quilts. The deaconess examined his poor, little bleeding foot, washed it, and put on a bandage with a healing lotion which she took from an "emergency bag" she always carried on her arm. All the time she was talking to the child, and then sang a funny little song that brought a smile to his lips. She then turned to Sarah, who was really trying to be a mother to the others, and, learning when the mother would return, promised to come again and bring some needed things.

As Elizabeth and her mother went home they were silent, thinking of the wretched homes they had visited and of that last remark of Miss Johnson's: "There are thousands of such homes as that in our great, rich America!" But out of the thoughtful silence came an earnest resolve to do more than ever before to redeem such

homes, and a deeper thankfulness for their own pretty, happy home.

"Mother," said Elizabeth a few days later, "I have told the girls what we saw in the 'slums,' and Fannie Gray said she heard a lady talk about the homes in the mill town that she visited, and they were awful too, and the children, no larger than we are, have to work all day in mills and are so tired when they come out that they can hardly eat the poor food they have, but just drop down and sleep. Then Maggie Bell told what her uncle had seen way back in the mountains—of houses without windows and no floors, and just one room, where the pigs and dogs and chickens and all the family eat and cook and sleep. Then Kate Adams said there were lots of poor negroes living just as bad as any of these, and came from their homes to work in our houses. O mother, I did not know there were so many unhappy, wretched homes—none of us girls did—and we are going to form a Home Mission Society (a "brigade," Fannie called it) and give our money to Miss Johnson to help make better some of the homes we saw. And, mother, I know *now* how much I have to be thankful for, and I do thank God every day for my home and you and father and all you are to me."

THE CHILD IN THE MIDST.

When the Lord of the great and the little,
The hand that shapeth our clay,
Sets a child in the midst of the market,
Where the world peoples chatter all day,
Sets a child with its innocent questions,
Its flower face dimpled and fine,
In the very heart's core of the clamor,
A thought of the Maker divine;

And men, in their lust of dominion,
Their madness for silver and gold,
Crush the beauty and charm from that spirit,
Make the flower face withered and old,
Bind the hands and the feet with a tether
That childhood can never untie—
Deem not that Jehovah, unheeding,
Looks down from the heights of the sky.

From the mine where the midnight engulfs it,
From the mill where the clogged air is thick
With the dust of the weaving that chokes it,
From the home where it's fevered and sick
With man's toils, when God meant it for gladness,
The child in the midst in our clay,
God-molded, greed-marred, calls to heaven
For the vengeance we're daring this day.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

VI. Foreigners.

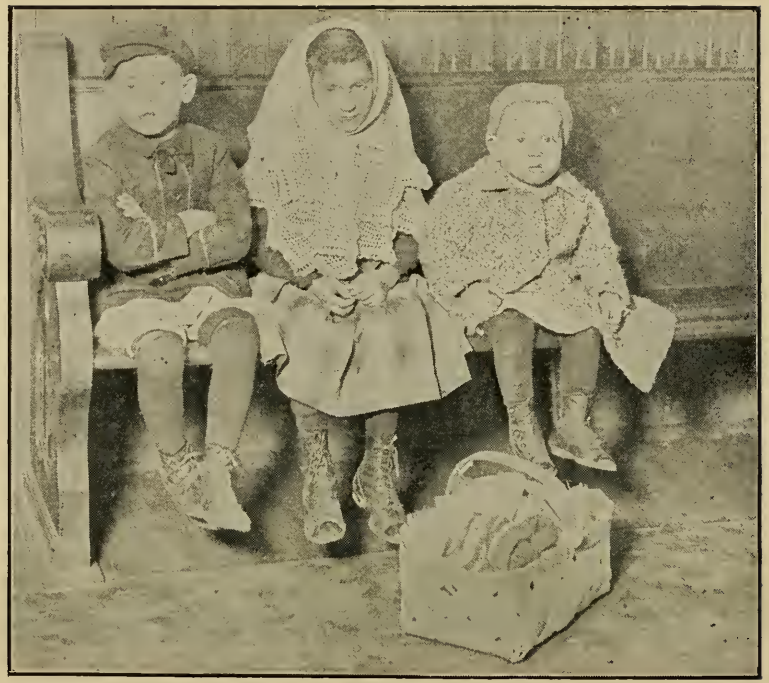
Our Foreign Ancestry.

"I wish we didn't have so many foreign children coming into our school and Sunday school," said Lucile Winthrop in a tone that showed her scornful objection to the presence of the little immigrants.

"So do I," said Olga Gleason. "I just despise to have Dagos and Sheenies and Poles and things like that around me."

"Why don't they stay in their own country and leave us to have our country to ourselves? I am sure that would be much nicer for them and for us. Indeed, I think there ought to be a law to *make* them do it." Margaret said this as if she would settle the whole matter in short order.

The three girls were talking freely together in Mrs. Winthrop's sitting room, regardless of her presence as she sat at her desk apparently not hearing their conversation. She waited until they finished discussing the faults and failings of immigrants and their own merits and superiority over them; then she called them around her and, handing her daughter an open Bible, asked her to read the following passages: "Thou shalt not oppress a stranger: for ye know the heart of a stranger, seeing ye were strangers



LITTLE IMMIGRANTS WAITING FOR THE DEACONESS.

in the land of Egypt" (Ex. xxiii. 9); "Love ye therefore the stranger: for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt" (Deut. x. 19). Then, taking the Bible herself, she read impressively, in Matthew xxv. 31-46, that wonderful scene descriptive of the last day, when all men shall be judged, and all kind deeds to our fellow men and women shall be reckoned as though done to Christ himself. Her voice lingered over the words, "I was a stranger, and ye took me in;" and when to the surprised protest of the righteous he replied, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Closing the Bible, she smiled into the girls' questioning eyes and said: "I have listened, girls, to your conversation about the foreign children, the strangers that are coming to our land, and I wanted you to know how God thinks about strangers, what his command is in regard to our treatment of them, and how we shall be judged by our dealings with them. Now, I want to tell you how those first texts apply directly to you, to all of us who live in this beloved country of ours. Looking back into the past, when our own ancestors emigrated to America and lived here as strangers in a strange land, we should sympathize with the lonely strangers whom we call immigrants to-day and give them a kindly wel-

IMMGRANT HOME, GALVESTON, TEX.

come into the door through which our fathers and mothers in the days gone by entered, hoping that as the years go by they will love the country that will become as truly theirs as ours. We should help them to know the best things in our Christian land and how to make them their own. By bitterness and hatred of them you arouse the same feeling in them and make of them a danger instead of a blessing to us and our country."

Turning to Lucile, she said: "Have you forgotten, my child, that your father's great-great-grandparents came as immigrants from old England to New England seeking liberty to worship God according to their conscience? For the same reason the Russian Jew that you call a 'Sheeny' comes to-day. Later, my Scotch-Irish ancestors came, and thus you have the blood of two foreign nations in you. And have you not heard, Margaret, of your Huguenot ancestor, who fled from cruel persecution, a French immigrant, to Carolina; and that a descendant of his married a descendant of your Dutch ancestor, who emigrated from Holland to make his fortune in New Amsterdam, now called New York?

"And you, Olga, get your name and wonderful golden hair from a Norwegian ancestry, but your sweet voice and dark eyes come to you from sunny Italy. Thus you three girls have in your veins the blood of six nationalities easily

traced, and there may be others blended with these, all of which was once *foreign* blood. Surely your hearts should be tender toward these little foreigners of to-day. You should not only not oppress them with scornful looks and harsh names, but should ask God to fill your hearts with a love that would make you treat them kindly at school and at play. That would be to follow Christ."

The Huguenot Child.

Many years ago there lived in France a happy little girl named Réné. She had a pretty home, and her father and mother were kind and loving, so she played and sang all the day. But troublous times came. There was war in the land, and soldiers marched to and fro. There was angry feeling between neighbors. Catholics and Protestants hated each other. The king was Catholic, and that Church was in power; so that the Protestants, or Huguenots as they were called, were afraid of the evil that might come to them, although there was a law called the Edict of Nantes that protected them. And their fears proved true; for that law was done away with, and many of the Protestants were cruelly treated, tortured, and killed.

Little Réné was suddenly awakened one night by her mother's snatching her from her bed, wrap-

ping a blanket around her, and putting her in her father's arms. Frightened, she had cried out, and her mother put her hand over her mouth, whispering: "Do not cry, my darling; they will hear you and kill us."

Her father ran rapidly with her through the dark, she knew not where, and as her mother ran by his side she gasped: "O Henri, do you think we can reach the ship without being caught?"

"Yes, *cherri,* we must; and by God's help we will." And he put his free arm around her to help her run faster.

Even as they ran Réné saw not far away a group of soldiers and priests carrying a crucifix as they dragged toward a great bonfire several men and women, among them old André and his daughter, that she loved. "O father," she cried under her breath, "look! look! What are they going to do with them?"

"Burn them, my child, because they will not say that they believe what they know is false. They have tortured them already."

The mother gave a shivering groan, her trembling knees scarcely supporting her. It seemed a long time to Réné, and she did not know how long a way it was that her brave Huguenot father carried her that terrible night; but as long as she lived she remembered how his heart beat against her little body and how at last he sprang into a

boat and dragged her fainting mother in after them. There was a splash of oars that carried the boat out into the sea; then came shouts and the firing of guns from the land, and a sobbing moan from her mother, into whose breast one of those cruel bullets entered.

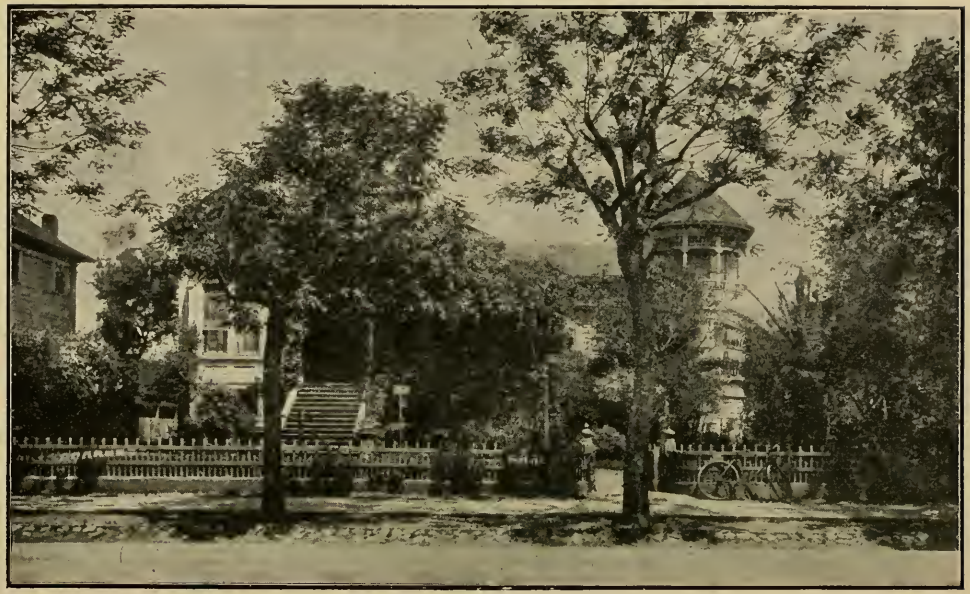
Réné never saw her mother again; and she remembered but little of the long, stormy voyage across the Atlantic Ocean, only that she was sick and that her father wept much. Into a new, bright land they came, where there were sunshine, flowers, and singing birds, and kind people that pitied and cared for her. The little immigrant became again a happy child as she played in the broad streets and under the green shade trees of Charleston, with its merry children, or went with them to school. As the years went by, the memory of her French home faded in the distance, all except that last night, of which she often spoke to her children and grandchildren. For when Réné was grown, she married a gallant young Englishman, and their children helped to win the independence of the United States in the War of the Revolution, and their descendants are now so truly American that they have forgotten that their ancestors were immigrants. Among them there have been not only brave soldieers but lawmakers and office holders who have stood for the nation's best and highest.

There are coming to us to-day from France and from many other European countries immigrants who in future may give to us as good citizens as this Huguenot father and daughter.

The Dutch Children.

"Mother, I do not like this new country," said little Dutch Gretchen as she stood at the door and looked out at the rough wooden buildings along the bank of the river—all like the one she was in. "There are no nice red brick houses nor clean, white paving stones like there are in Amsterdam. There is nothing but mud, mud everywhere and these miserable houses. O mother, can't we go back sometime?"

The mother's heart was heavy with homesickness too, but she dashed the tears from her eyes, and with a brave laugh she said: "No, no, little one; we must not want to go back. We will make a new Amsterdam here in this great land, where your father says that a man is *free* to make a fortune, and you and Carl and Franz will grow up to be Americans. Already your father is making money fast on the skins and furs for which he trades with the Indians. We will be far richer than we could have been in the fatherland, and we will build a fine house and our neighbors will live in fine houses and we will make a great, fine city."



MARY HELM HALL, JAPANESE HOME AND SCHOOL, ALAMEDA, CAL.

Gretchen listened as to a fairy tale, but Carl stood up straight and strong and said: "I am glad I am an American, and some day I will rule over this country and live in a king's palace. My wife and children shall dress in silk and ride in a chariot; and I will ride on a prancing horse, with a sword by my side, and be a great general."

Franz looked up from his book and said: "I hope to help build up a great school in this land and be at its head. Then will the people be glad that I came to America."

The immigrant children—Gretchen, Carl, and Franz—did not see the full realization of their hopes, but their children's children did. Almost where they then stood their descendants, merchant princes, to-day live in palace homes, and some of them have been generals, governors, and university professors. They have helped to make the city of New York one of the greatest in the world, and the descendants of the kinsfolk they left in Holland are coming to us to-day, let us hope, to continue to add to the greatness of their adopted country.

Little Immigrants of To-Day.

Dolores and Pedro were two little Cuban children living in Tampa, Fla. Their parents had fled from their country because of the suffering and want there after one of its many wars. They

now worked in a cigar factory, and were so poor that they could do but little for their children, so it was a great blessing for them when they were taken into the Methodist mission school and taught many things that it was good for them to know. There lived near them an Italian family, and the children, Carmine and Beppo, became their playmates. They had many talks in their broken English. One day Carmine said: "Dolores, I

RUTH HARGROVE SEMINARY, KEY WEST, FLA.

mad as five hunner, and Beppo is too, wid dat bad Jim Smith. He allers caller us 'Dago,' an' I fly a rocker at hees ole red head an' no hitter heem; an' heem holler louder, 'Dago! Dago!' an' aller theem bad American boys and girls laugh at Beppo and me, and they say, 'Dago! Dago!' too. I hater theem *all,* an' Beppo an' me we goiner feex theem when we get beeger. Won't we, Beppo?"

Beppo's black eyes shone fierce and bright, and he doubled up his fist as he said: "I goan sticker a knife in theem one day when it ees dark, and so will Carmine."

"No, Carmine; no, Beppo. Zat will make you to get hung. You must not pay no 'tention to zat wicked boy, an' he will tired get. He ees try to mak fun, zat ees all. Come you wiz me to zat meesion school an' ze English learn an' try do lak ze 'Merican girls do. An' Pedro, he and Beppo, zey will try do lak ze 'Merican boys, only not bad lak zey ees. Zen zey will not call you 'Dago.' Zey mebby forgets you ees a Dago, an' mebby you forgets eet too, an' zat will be more better still. You see how good English I speak, an' zare striped flag I waves, an' I loud sings wiz zem, 'Sweet Lan' of Lib-e-tre;' an' ze teacher smiles an sez, 'Zat ees all right, Dolores; you goin' make a good leetle pait-rite;' an' zen I smiles, an' zen all ze uzzer chillun smiles, an' all ees happy an' zat leetle 'Merican girl geeves me a cake."

Carmine and Beppo listened eagerly to this and other stories told by Dolores and Pedro of the "meesion school," and at last consented to go with them. They found there a number of foreign children, and, together with them, learned not only to speak English but many other things that helped to take the angry, bitter feeling out

of their hearts and made them feel at home in their new country.

The missionary teacher, as soon as she heard Carmine sing, knew that she had a fine voice, and wrote of it to a Christian lady, who gave the money to train her voice, and to-day among the people who love to hear her sing is that same Jim Smith who once called her a "Dago." And she and Beppo, a fine young workman, have long ago forgotten their threat to "feex heem" with a knife.

Wise little Dolores studied hard and was so true and strong that when she finished school she was made a teacher and smilingly continues to help little foreigners to be happier and more patriotic. Pedro went back to Cuba after it was set free from Spain, and is helping to make that country what it can and ought to be.

But, better than learning English and patriotism, these children were taught at the mission school to know Jesus as they never knew him before and to love and obey him. Without that which they learned there they might have grown up not only ignorant but wicked—have made criminals instead of good citizens.

VII. Homeless Girls.

What Shall We Do with Jennie?

Jennie sat in a corner of the little dark room that had been home but was soon to be her home no more. It had once been too full of people; now it was empty save for her little lonely self. The drunken father had got into terrible trouble and had been sent off, *she* knew not where, and the overworked mother had fallen ill and died. Kind Christian women had come while she was sick and cared for her and promised to be kind to her children if she should die. They had found good places to work for the boy and girl older than Jennie and had put the three younger children in an orphan asylum, and now two of the ladies were just outside the door talking about what could be done with *her*. She knew this, because the door was not quite shut, and by listening intently she could hear what they said.

"What *are* we to do with this poor child?" said Mrs. Drain. "She is too young to go into service; in fact, she don't know how to do anything, and nobody wants her. I did so hope that they would take her into one of the asylums; but they say that they have to hold closely to their rule to take no child over twelve, and Jennie is thirteen."

SEWING CLASS AT VASHTI HOME, THOMASVILLE, GA.

"Have you tried to get a place for her in the country?" said the other lady in a troubled tone.

"I have done by best in the short time I have had. But no one wants a girl of that age."

"It looks as though we would have to put her in the almshouse, doesn't it?"

"O, I can't bear the thought of putting a little innocent girl into that dreadful place, where there are so many wicked men and women! She might be ruined."

There were tears in the voice of the last speaker, and there were tears in the eyes of the little girl, who in her eagerness to learn her fate had crept close to the door. There were not only tears in her eyes, but a great fear in her heart. She had heard some terrible stories about the almshouse from old Nancy Allen and her granddaughter, who had got away as soon as they could, and she felt like she would rather die than go there; and now it seemed that that was the only place on earth for her. Overcome with fear and grief, she threw herself sobbing on the floor. The sound of her sobs brought the ladies hurriedly into the room, and as Mrs. Drain bent over the child she clung to her, crying out: "O, don't send me to that horrid place! If there ain't no other place for me, just let me stay here and starve to death. Then I could be with mother."

Mrs. Drain took the forlorn girl in her arms and soothed her with the promise that she would try once again to see what she could do for her. There being nothing else now to do, she took her to her own house until another home could be found, for which she earnestly prayed.

The next morning a lady called, to whom she told Jennie's sad story.

"Why don't you try to get her into the Vashti Home?" said the lady.

"The Vashti Home? Where and what is that?" I never heard of it," said Mrs. Drain.

"Well, well! You a Methodist, and not know about the Vashti Home? That shows you do not belong to the Home Mission Society and do not read *Our Homes*. It is a good home and school for just such girls as Jennie, between the ages of twelve and eighteen, where they are cared for and taught both the regular school studies and industrial work of different kinds to fit them to make a living for themselves. The principal is a fine man, and he and the teachers are kind and helpful to the girls. O, it is just a splendid place for homeless girls! The only trouble is that there are as many girls there now as the Home Mission Board can support; and if we get her in, we must try to raise $100 a year to support her there. If you will try to get her in, I will give $5 for her."

"I will gladly give $10 myself," said Mrs. Drain with a sigh of relief; "and I know several people whom I think will also give $10 each."

"Then I believe we can raise the rest in the Young Ladies' Society and the Brigade. It will be good for them to have that as their special work."

"O, I am so happy, for I believe God is answering my prayers for the child!" said Mrs. Drain with tears of joy in her eyes. "And I am going to join the Home Mission Society right away and have the children go into the Brigade."

The $100 was collected and the clothes given that Jennie needed to go to Vashti, and the poor, lonely girl soon found herself in a clean, pretty little room in that Christian home, with all her needs supplied. She felt a dazed kind of happiness as she thought wonderingly of the stream of kindness that had borne her along until she reached that refuge of love and comfort.

There were many busy, happy girls in the Home (some had stories as sad as hers), at work or at play, with whom Jennie soon made friends and shared gladly in their study or work. At first she found it hard to keep regular hours and to keep all the rules of the Home; but those rules were both firm and kind, and after she had been there a few weeks and submitted to their control she saw that they were good and just

laws, and that she and the others were better for keeping them. She was interested in the different kinds of work, especially the cultivation of flowers and the dairy work, and her teachers said that she was "good at her books."

At the end of six months she wrote to Mrs. Drain: "I am so happy here and so thankful that you didn't send me to the almshouse. We have a good time playing and nice things to eat, and I am learning to cook them. You just ought to see how clean I keep my room, and I made a dress for myself. I get money checks for all I do, and that is what I buy things with; and this makes us feel like we are doing something for ourselves, which is a real nice way to feel. Everybody is kind here. Tell everybody that helped to send me here that I thank them more than I can *tell,* but some day I hope I can *show* them by being the kind of woman they want me to be. It may be that I can make enough money when I am grown to give the same kind of help to some other little homeless girl."

"Thank God," said Mrs. Drain, "that there is such a place for the poor, helpless girls like Jennie."

VIII. Negro Work.

Mammy Rose's Grandchild.

As soon as Mammy Rose came into my room I knew that something was going wrong with her and waited for her to tell me which of her grandchildren was giving her trouble this time. I did not have to wait long, for as soon as she had told me about her rheumatism she began.

"Miss Mary, I'm mighty troubled in my mind 'bout them granddaughters of mine. They's poor an' they's got to work; but they don't know how to do nothin', an' they ain't got the right kin' er manners to suit white folks' houses. Cose they kin read some in the schoolbooks, an' I can't; but jes' readin' don't buy no close ner bread nuther, an' they's jes' boun' to have them kin' er things, an' ther mother's jes' washin' herse'f ter death an' can't make enough ter git what they all needs. But what's troublin' me mos' is they hain't got no chanct to larn nothin' 'bout nothin' lak they oughter in dat shanty what we lives in. They don't never see inside sich a house as they'd have ter clean up if they wuz ter hire out to a nice white lady. Why, Miss Mary, they's jes' that ign'ant they'd act lak fools if they wuz ter try it. An' as fer cookin', they ain't never tasted the things they'd be 'spected ter cook, an' they

STUDENTS COOKING NOON MEAL, PAINE ANNEX, AUGUSTA, GA.

don't know the names er the kin' of chiney they'd hatter set the table with. They ain't never seed a soup tureen as I knows on, an' like as not they'd set it in the middle er the table, whar the castors oughter set. Dar ain't nobody gwine ter hire 'em lak they is an' take the trouble ter train 'em, 'caze they don't belong ter 'em an' they don't know but what they'll get up and leave next day. When I tries to 'struct 'em, they says I wants 'em ter be lak 'an ole-time slave' lak I is. An' I 'clar' fore gracious, Miss Mary, I ketch myse'f wishin' dat Mars Abe Lincoln hadn't set the niggers free till old Miss had a-trained dem gals, then they'd a-knowed sumpin'. I 'members mighty well how she larnt us how ter clean up an' cook an' sew an' wash; an' I tell yer, mun, we got ter do it *right* too, an' we knowed all 'bout white folks' houses them days—how they lived an' talked—an' we seed all the pictures an' pretty things. Ole Miss used ter read the Bible ter us an' tell us how ter act right an' how ter keep ourse'ves clean and healthy. O Lawd, have mercy on us! Times is changed, an' atter all the wuk I done since freedom cum I ain't got nothin' to show fer it, an' nobody ter take keer er me lak old Marster would 'a' done. But I ain't come here to pester you with the trouble of a cripply old woman; I come ter ax yer if you can tell me how to git some kin' er trainin' fer dem gals er mine.

I heard you knowed 'bout some place or nuther where colored gals was larnt how ter do all kin's er wuk ter he'p 'em make a honest livin' as well as learnin' they books. If you knows on sich a place, Miss Mary, won't yer help me ter git Mandy thar? If it takes a little money ter do it, I gwine tell you a secret. I'se got mor'n $50 hid under the floor what I saved outen de money I been makin' by nussin' the sick fum time ter time. I tole 'em I was paid lessen I was; 'caze if I hadn't, they done had it 'way fum me long ergo. So, fer the Lawd's sake, Miss Mary, don't you tell nobody bouten it. I was a-keepin' it to pay fer my funeral, but I 'spec' it better go fer the livin' than the dead. Why does I pick out Mandy? 'Caze she's got de mos' sense an' is perlite ter her old gran'mammy. I thought what she larnt she could larn to Sally and Bet, and then they could all hire out till they was perfecter-some."

When Mammy Rose finished talking I told her of what I had seen at Paine College, Augusta, Ga., of the training given in all those things she wanted her granddaughters to learn, and promised to do my best to get Mandy in at the next term.

She listened eagerly and brought tears to my eyes as she said joyfully: "Bress the Lawd, an' you too, Miss Mary, that my pra'rs gwine ter be answered fer that gal! An' when you make yore

'rangements 'bout that 'Gusty school, that money gwine ter be a-waitin' fer yer."

Three years later Mammy Rose again came into my room, followed by a nice-looking, brown-skinned girl who stood respectfully back and left her grandmother to do the talking.

"Howdy, Miss Mary. Dis here is Mandy I've brung ter see you. She's plum through that school, an' I thought you'd lak ter see what you done holp me ter make outen her. Her an' me is gwine ter stay erwhile and, please ma'am, let her git yer supper jes' ter show yer how good she can cook, 'caze eatin' is de onliest way yer kin tell 'bout cookin'. Yer see dat dress she got on? Well, she made it and ever'thing under it her own self. Mandy, let Miss Mary see dem stitches, honey. An' I want yer ter let her take home one of your nice shirt wases, so she can show you how nice she can wash an' iron."

After examining the dress, I consented for Mandy to cook my supper, and was almost as much pleased with her success as Mammy Rose, who assured me: "I didn't give her no 'sistance, only jes' ter keep sayin', 'Do yer bes', Mandy,' an' I left her ter wash the dishes an' straighten up the kitchen. An' when she gits th'u', Miss Mary, honey, won't you please write a recommend for her, sayin' she's a trained han' deservin' of good wages? Thanky, ma'am; I knowed you'd

do it. Then when she an' me gits some money, we's gwine ter git Bet off ter dat Paine school an' try ter make sumpin' outen her. Sal says she's gwine ter marry that good-for-nothin' nigger, Pete Jackson, an' won't go, so there's nothin' ter do but let her go on in the way she pick fer herse'f. What's dat you say, Mandy? Yes, course you can show Miss Mary your report book and certifikit. Them shows she larnt her books well, she says. An' she's gwine ter read some outen the Bible they done give her as a erward, she say. You knowed, didn't you, Miss Mary, that Mandy got religion down at that Paine school, an' is tryin' ter live right as well as work right, an' the way I sees her act ever day I think she's gwine ter do the bes' she kin."

Once more Mammy Rose came into my room, showing in her face that she had something to tell. It was evidently good news this time. She had come from time to time since Mandy had been at work to tell me she was doing well and was pleasing the lady for whom she worked.

She began now with a chuckle: "Well, Miss Mary, gre't things has come to Mandy and me while you been away. We's a-conductin' of a mission fer misfortenit little niggers and ignorant grown-up ones that orter bin riz better but wasn't. You see it was lak this. Miss Kate Hall, where Mandy hired last, drawed her out to tell about

Paine College, and she got mighty interested. Awhile atter that she come into the kitchen an' sez: 'Mandy, the Home Mission Society meets here Friday, an' I will have 'freshments. Make a nice cake an' a loaf of yer bes' bread fer sanderwiches, an' we will have tea an' maybe an ice.' An' then she sez: 'An', Mandy, I wants yer ter tell the ladies 'bout Paine College jes' lak you tole me.' Mandy sez she was kinder skeered, but she done jes' what Miss Kate tole her an' had ever'thing as nice as could be and dressed herse'f in a clean gingum dress an' white apern to serve the 'freshments. Atter the ladies got th'u', Miss Kate sez ter 'em: 'Ladies, I see by de way yer et yer liked the 'freshments, an' I wanter tell you that Mandy did ever bit of it widout any help frum me. She l'arned how to cook at Paine College, an' them nice table covers an' napkins she l'arned how ter laundry at Paine College. That's the place, you know, whar our Society has a dormitory and teaches the girls ter do this kin' of wuk. Now, I have asked Mandy ter tell us all about that school and the good it's doing.' Well, that gal of mine was skeered, Miss Mary, but she sez she done what I allers tol' her ter do. She lifted up her heart in pra'r, an' de Lawd he holp her ter say what she orter say; an' the ladies was all interes' an' kind as could be, 'ceptin' old Mrs. Strater, an'

she looked sharp at Mandy an' sez, sez she: 'Did they l'arn you ter quit stealin'?' Mandy sed she had ter pray erg'in ter keep frum sassin' that white woman. Then she say: 'I wasn't a rogue when I went thar; but ef I hadder been, they would have taught me, "Let him that stealeth steal no more" and to always "speak the truth in love."' Now, wasn't that a good answer? But, Miss Mary, what makes some white folks talk that er way to us colored people whut's tryin' ter do right? Don't they know it hu'ts our feelin's an' makes us mad?"

"I can't tell you, mammy," I said, "unless they are just spiteful and bitter and show it to people that they think can't or won't answer back. But tell me about your mission."

"I's comin' ter that. Jes' a few days atter that meetin' three ladies come an' tole Mandy they wanted her ter teach other colored gals an' women what she knowed. Dey promised ter rent er house fer her an' pay her the same she is gettin'. An' then dey comes ter me an axes me ef I'd live dar wid her an' take charge of a lot of little colored chillun whose mammies hatter leave 'em all day whilst they wuked. An' dar we is, Miss Mary. I tends ter fourteen chillun, washes an' dresses 'em in de close de ladies has fer 'em, an' dey suttenly do need it. Why, Miss Mary, it is pitiful the way they's neglected, but

then the poor mammies can't holp it, 'caze dey's got ter go ter wuk early in the mawnin' an' gits back atter dark. I cooks fer 'em, an' we gives 'em milk, an' dey's gitten over they skinnyness an' looks real peart. Mandy she l'arns the older folks how ter cook, an' they sells the things whut they cook an' buys more things to cook; an' then she l'arns 'em ter wash an' iron ther own close, an' some er the ladies is goin' ter let 'em wash fer them atter erwhile. She's l'arnin' of 'em how ter sew, too, make ther own close an' mend 'em. An, Miss Mary, 'twould do yer heart good ter hear dat gal, young as she is, a-readin' the Bible an' prayin' 'fore she begins any kinder class. She says ther's a lot of other things she's goin' ter study so's she can holp the colored folks ter live better an' ter do better. Lawd bless you, Miss Mary, fer p'intin' out ter me how ter git Mandy inter that Paine school, for it's made her a blessin' ter me an' ter herse'f an' all them folks what she's tryin' ter holp."

EACH BY NAME.

Never a little foolish lamb astray in the gloaming dim
But the tender Shepherd knoweth its name and calleth it home to him.
In the flock and the fold the sheep are his, and he keepeth them close in care,
And each for itself in the Shepherd's heart hath its own peculiar share.

Never a moor so wrapped in mist nor a hill so gray and dun
But the Shepherd counteth his lambkins there and watcheth them one by one;
Never a day so bleak and chill nor a night so dark and drear
But the tireless love of the Shepherd waits for the sheep that are passing dear.

Never a weary, wayworn sheep in the great world flock to-day
But may hear the call of the Shepherd's voice, may follow him and obey.
The Shepherd hath ransomed the great world flock; he hath bought it for his own,
And he loveth and guardeth it one by one as were each in the world alone. —*Selected.*

IX. Tithing.

Benny's Tithe.

"Jim, are you a tither?"

"What's that?"

"Do you give a tenth of all your money to the Lord?"

"Naw, I don't. What use has he got fer my money when he's up in heaven an' got all he wants?"

"But, Jim, you don't understand. He don't want it for his own self, 'cause you know there wouldn't be no way to send money up to heaven to him. This is the way about it: You know, o' course, when anybody's been awful good to you you kinder want to do somethin' good back to him. Well, just think how good God's been to us. He gives us our eyes to see an' our ears to hear, an' we couldn't speak a word or breathe a breath without him a-lettin' us. And he gives us our mothers and fathers and a house to live in and things to eat. Why, Jim, we just couldn't get along nohow 'thout God lookin' after us and doin' things for us. Now, could we?"

"Naw. It looks like we are 'bliged to have them things, Benny," and Jim chewed a stick thoughtfully.

"Well, that ain't all he does for us. Why, you just ought to hear Miss Nanny tell about the horrid way the heathen people live, a-worshipin' old, ugly idols an' to please them throwin' their babies in the river an' breakin' the feet of little girls like Lily and Bess. O, it's awful not to have a God that's a kind father like ours is! And Miss Nanny says that just as soon as their fathers an' mothers know about Christ they don't do that any more. And she says that we ought to be mighty thankful that our fathers know about him. And I just am; for if they didn't, they would do the same way to us. And Miss Nanny says there are living right in this very country some people that don't know anything at all about Christ, never heard of him, and there are lots of children so poor that they are 'slowly starving, body an' mind;' that's what she said, 'body and mind.' They don't know nothin' an' they don't have nothin', an' they live in such dirty, crowded rooms that they get all sickly an' the little babies die *so fast,* and so many little boys, no bigger than us, are 'rested for stealin' and other bad things an' have to go to jail. O, it's just awful, an' "—

"I say, Benny, don't God know 'bout them poor children just like he knows 'bout us? Then why don't he give them somethin'?"

"That's just it, Jim. He does know about them, an' he says for us to pay back to *them* all

we owe to *him*. He says in the Bible: 'Inasmuch as ye do it to one of the least of these, ye do it unto me.' Miss Nanny read it to us, and we learned it by heart."

"Aw, I see it now. It's just like this: If a man was to owe my papa a dollar, an' when he wanted to pay him my papa would say: 'You can pay it to my son Jim to get a new knife with, an' it will be just the same as payin' it to me an' the same as if I give him the knife.' Now, ain't that what you mean? But you ain't told me yet about that tithe business."

"Well, you know God don't say give away to him or anybody *all* we've got. But Miss Nanny says, an' she made us learn it out of the Bible, 'Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse,' and she says that if we don't we will be robbing him. So we all promised Miss Nanny that we would give God for his poor people and all the rest of his work ten cents out of every dollar we get. That's the tithe, you know."

"An' are you doin' it? An' how does it get to 'em? The poor people, I mean."

"Yes, I'm doin' it, an' so is all the other boys and girls in the Brigade. We put our tithe money into little pink mite boxes, and every quarter when the boxes are opened she sends it to the people whose business it is to go around among the poor people in the city and teach them and

help them, an' some of it goes to make schools for the little foreign children an' children in the mountains. O, it does just lots an' lots of good!"

"Yes; but I shouldn't think you boys and girls give enough, even if you give all you've got, to do much good."

"O, but you see, Jim, it ain't just us! Why, there's hundreds, thousands of people, grown-up people as well as children, joined together in our big society called the Home Mission Society; the children's part is called the Brigade, an' there's more than 17,000 members in it. O, I tell you, boy, we are a big thing, an' you'd better come an' join! You'll like it. We have real nice meetin's."

"Maybe I will. How do you keep count of that tithing part?"

"I'll show you. Mother gave me this little book and showed me how to set it down. She said that if I went into it I must be honest with God. Here it is:"

BENJAMIN LUNDY IN TITHE ACCOUNT WITH GOD.

		Tithes.
Grandpa gave me	$1 00	$0 10
Candy money	10	01
Two soda waters in one week	10	01
Split kindling	30	03
Sold two white rabbits	50	05
Carried up coal for a month	50	05
Took dose of castor oil	10	01

		Tithes.
Had a sore throat and didn't go to the show, and got the price of it	$0 25	$0 02½
Sold my old skates	25	02½
Carried an old gentleman's valise	10	01
Held a lady's horse	10	01
Got for Christmas	2 50	25
Total for quarter		$0 58

"Hoopee, Benny! You don't say you give 'em that much every quarter? Why, that'll be more than $2 in a year!"

"I don't know if I'll always have that much; but it'll be a tenth of what I get, Jim, an' somehow I don't seem to miss it. I get along just as well as I did before I begun, for it seems like more ways of gettin' money comes to me. God says that's the way it'll be. Now you try it an' he'll prove it to you, for he said he would."

"Well, I'm goin' to do it. I'll join that Brigade of yours an' start me a tithe box. When's your next meetin'?"

Questions.

I. A Little History.

1. Who was the founder of the Woman's Home Mission Society?

2. When was it organized, and by what name was it first called?

3. What was its first work?

4. What was the second department of work adopted?

5. When and in what way did the General Conference make changes in the name and management of the organization?

6. What kind of work did the Society now undertake in the way of schools, city missions, and other institutions?

7. What local work was done?

8. What was the number of members in 1910?

9. How much money was raised and expended from the time of its organization up to the time it ceased to be an independent Society?

10. What was the value of its property?

11. What doctrine did it teach on the subject of giving?

12. What was the name of the magazine published by the Society, and what was its history? What other publications were issued?

II. Parsonages.

1. Why did the Woman's Home Mission Society build parsonages?

2. Where did it build them?

3. How many has it built or aided?

4. How much money has it spent in this work?

III. Supply Department.

1. Why does the Woman's Home Mission Society have a Supply Department?
2. How many boxes and barrels were sent out between its organization and 1910?
3. What was the value of them?
4. Did your Church ever send one? and did you help?

IV. Mountain Work.

1. How many schools for mountaineers did the Woman's Home Mission Society establish?
2. Where are they, and what are they called?
3. What is the value of the property?
4. How many teachers were employed in 1910?
5. What was the number of pupils?
6. Did you help to build the houses and pay the teachers?
7. Don't you want to help such girls as Betty to get an education?

V. City Missions.

1. What is city mission work?
2. In how many cities did the Home Mission Society have work in 1910?
3. What name is generally given to the mission house?
4. What are the workers called?
5. Is there such a mission in your city?
6. What kind of work is done there? and do you help?

VI. Foreigners.

1. What work is the Woman's Home Mission Society doing for foreigners?
2. How many schools has it established?
3. How many teachers are in them?
4. How many pupils are in them?

5. What other kind of work is being done for foreigners?

6. Were your ancestors immigrants?

7. How do you treat foreign children? Are you trying to help them?

VII. Homeless Girls.

1. What place has the Woman's Home Mission Society prepared for homeless girls?

2. How many teachers and pupils were there in 1910?

3. What is taught?

4. What place has been provided for older homeless girls that have fallen into sin?

5. Do you help to support these Homes?

VIII. Negro Work.

1. What work is the Woman's Home Mission Society doing for the negroes?

2. Where is Paine College? What is the Annex?

3. What kind of work is done in the Annex?

4. How many girls were taught in 1910?

5. Do they need more room? What else do they need?

6. Did your mother or father have a "black mammy?" If so, what are they and you doing for her grandchildren?

IX. Tithing.

1. What does tithing mean?

2. Who told us to tithe?

3. Are you trying to obey God?