

The Baptist Family in Foreign Mission Fields

Nellie G. Prescott

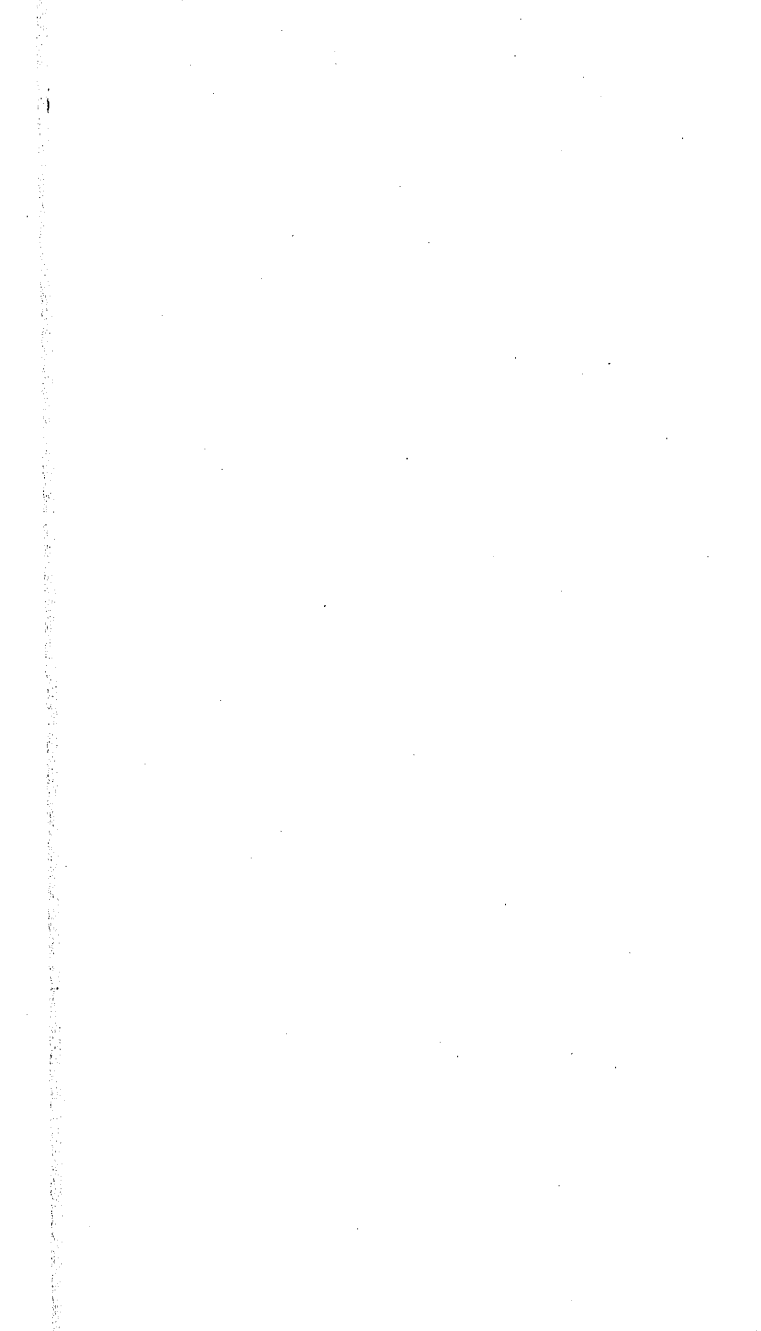
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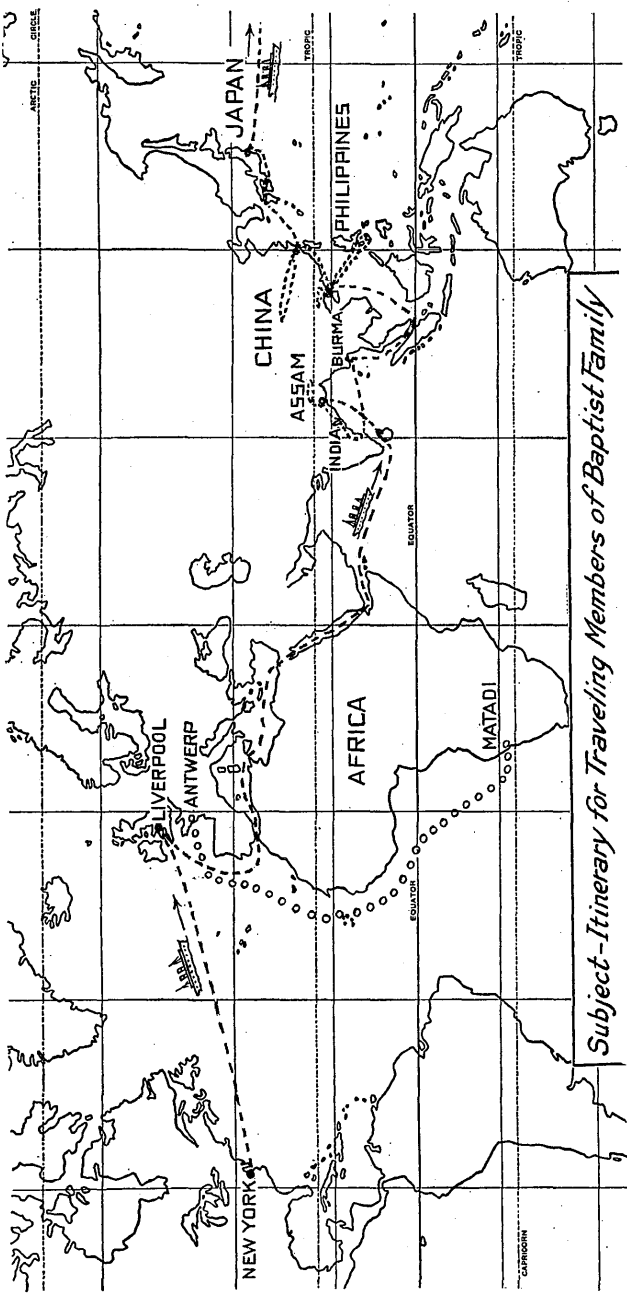


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THE BAPTIST FAMILY
IN FOREIGN MISSION FIELDS



Subject-Itinerary for Traveling Members of Baptist Family

THE BAPTIST FAMILY IN FOREIGN MISSION FIELDS

By NELLIE G. PRESCOTT

A MISSION STUDY BOOK FOR
ADULTS AND YOUNG PEOPLE

EDITED BY

THE DEPARTMENT OF MISSIONARY EDUCATION
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INTRODUCTION

THE author of this study of "The Baptist Family in Foreign Mission Fields" was for many years the efficient Foreign Secretary of the Woman's American Baptist Foreign Mission Society and during this period became familiar with its problems and its achievements. An intimate and extended correspondence also enabled Miss Prescott to enter into a close and important personal relationship with the missionaries.

The author has also been privileged to make two visits into the foreign mission fields under a commission for special study, and she has thrice journeyed around the world in these same interests. The testimony of the eye-witness is thus added to the secretarial experience, and as a result we have within these covers a treasure-house of valuable information; vivid pen sketches of missionary adventure delightfully interspersed with human interest stories and anecdotes. The author sends to all of us her letters back home, and they constitute for us a Baptist missionary memorabilia which we have been waiting for and are glad to keep.

Reading groups and study groups will find this book a real aid in the visualization of our extensive foreign mission work. "Suggestions for Knowing the Baptist Family" will be found in the back of the volume and

INTRODUCTION

will be an indispensable aid to students, teachers, and program builders. The Department of Missionary Education heartily recommends the use of this book in the circles of the Baptist family.

WILLIAM A. HILL,
Secretary of Missionary Education.

CORRESPONDENCE LIST

GROWN-UP FOLKS

Seniors and Adults.

The Denomination, Women's Circles, Pastors, Mothers, Fathers, College Presidents, School-teachers, Travelers, Doctors, Gardeners, Laymen, Kindergartners, Special Donors, and Everybody not otherwise mentioned.

IN-BETWEEN FOLKS

Intermediates and Young People.

Sunday-school Scholars, Young People of the Baptist Union and Christian Endeavor, World Wide Guilds, Royal Ambassadors, College Students and High-school Boys and Girls and—this must include you all.

LITTLE FOLKS

Bits from the letters to the Grown-up and In-between Folks, Crusaders, Cradle Rollers, Jewels.

SALUTATION TO THE AMERICAN BRANCH OF THE BAPTIST FAMILY

Dear Folks:

As I take my pen in hand to write these letters to you, I do it with the great desire that we may visualize, better than we do, the extent and the strength of our Baptist Family as a Christian force in other countries than our own. Some of us have an idea that there is not much value in the work of our Family, and therefore they are not at any pains to know much about it, nor do they seem to feel any responsibility for the great enterprises that have been begun and which rightly belong to us to maintain. Family pride is a worthy asset, if one does not carry it to unpleasant lengths by crowding against the neighbor next door. I am very much in earnest about this feeling among our Family, from the Grown-up down through the Little Folks, for it is usually true in life that those who are loyal to their own family are more likely to be faithful to the interests outside.

Furthermore, our contacts with our Family in other lands have become stereotyped in our thought. We think, en bloc, of the evangelistic work, the medical and educational work, but what does the average American Baptist see, when such expressions are used? Through these informal letters to you, I would clothe these old familiar terms with the flesh and blood of real people, many of whom I have met face to face and who are actually living and serving and trying to be loyal members, not only of our Baptist Family but of Christ's kingdom on earth. To accomplish this purpose, I ask

SALUTATION TO THE AMERICAN BRANCH

you to wander with me up and down through Oriental lands, tracing the various lines by which our Family is rendering its most constructive service.

May I anticipate any critical comment on your part by adding that these letters are not intended to be exhaustive. You will not find everything mentioned that might be. I feel like paraphrasing, from the Gospel of John, the statement that the author makes regarding his purpose in writing that matchless book: There were also a great number of other works which the Family is performing, which are not recorded in this book. But these have been recorded in order that you may believe more thoroughly in our Family and, believing, may more intelligently and loyally give to the whole world the Life that comes through an acceptance of Jesus Christ.

We are a large Family now, with a heritage rich in faith and sacrifice, service and achievement. Baptists, young and old, may well glory in their genealogy and be thankful to God that we have, today, among world Christians, an honorable Family record.

Faithfully yours,

NELLIE G. PRESCOTT.

FAMILY PRAYERS

Let Us Read Together:

After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands;

And cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.

And all the angels stood round about the throne, and about the elders and the four beasts, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshiped God,

Saying, Amen; Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God forever and ever. Amen.

And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?

And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of

FAMILY PRAYERS

waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

Revelation 7 : 9-17.

And Now Let Us Pray:

For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,

Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named,

That he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man;

That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height;

And to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God.

Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us,

Unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.

Ephesians 3 : 14-21.

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EPISTLE I

THE FAMILY IN EVANGELISM

OUTLINE OF EPISTLE I

AIM: To visualize the form of missionary work usually designated as "evangelistic"; to show its scope and variety; to bring home to the American Baptist the fact that other members of the Family are actively at work for Jesus Christ.

INTRODUCTION: EN ROUTE.

1. The Family in Church—Variety of Organized Baptist Churches and Their Number.
2. Family Sunday Schools.
3. A Prayer-meeting at Kari, Assam.
4. Woman's Societies in India and Burma.
5. Baptist Pastors and Some in Particular.
6. A Party for the Children.
7. Some Mothers of Our Family.
8. A Young People's Meeting at Bacolod, Philippine Islands.
9. World Wide Guild Girls at Ningpo, China.
10. The Family Itinerates to Extend Its Influence.
11. The Convention Habit.

EPISTLE I

BAY OF BENGAL, INDIA,

S. S. ELLORA.

Dear Denomination:

Here we are in Baptist Bay, as we have a perfect right to call it, for there are Baptists in front of us, Baptists behind us, and Baptists of England, Canada, and the United States to the left of us. We are glad of these three days of respite in crossing from Madras to Rangoon on this clean, comfortable, small steamer, for we have been traveling constantly since we landed in Calcutta, two months ago.

Bay of Bengal. If it were not for an occasional ocean trip, few letters would be written home, for the train and the Ford car, visiting and sight-seeing leave little time and inclination for literary work, even of the simple variety of sending picture post-cards. Every day we have a lovely breeze on deck, a marvelously blue sky without a cloud, and a sunset that is beyond words to describe. I wish that I could send a piece of it home to each one of you—all the colors of the opal and a dark grey, irregular smudge that streaks across the more delicate shades like a thin veil.

This Letter About Baptist Churches. I must not spend time, however, on the landscape, for I have more important matters about which I wish to write you, and in a day's time we shall be in Rangoon, with more to see and to do. Since we reached India, we have spent a month in Assam, eighteen days in Bengal and Orissa, and a month in South India. In all of this time, how

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often do you think we have been to church? We are not like the proverbial globe-trotter who leaves his religion at home when he goes off to see the world, for we have been to church service almost every day, and often two and three times a day. You should also know that we are not sampling all the different varieties of denominations to discover which we like the best. We have been attending strictly to the business of going to Baptist churches, and it is surprising how many we have not had time to attend. That is the first point I wish to make plain in this letter home to you. Have you any idea how easy it is to find a Baptist church when you are in the Orient? Why? Because for a hundred years we have been busy establishing them. It would be a cause for real alarm if after a century there was little to show for all the generous outpouring of life and money.

Number of Baptist Churches. The last annual report of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society states that there are four thousand of these churches in Asia and Africa. If you plan your trip around the world wisely, that is, so that you may visit some of the members of your own Baptist Family, you will be able to become acquainted, perhaps, with twenty of these churches a month, if you travel by night and work all day.

The Route to Assam. From Calcutta, we took a train at three o'clock in the afternoon, made a change at six the next morning, transferred to a steamer at eleven, to cross the Brahmaputra river, rode in the Mission Ford for half an hour, and arrived in time for luncheon at Gauhati, the beginning of a glorious month in Assam.

Ward Memorial, Gauhati. On Sunday we went to the Ward Memorial Church, a sightly building of ma-

IN FOREIGN MISSION FIELDS

terial resembling stone, in the center of the town, where we sat with Assamese Baptists of the Plains and worshiped God. Pastor Lezi Farwell, an Assamese, is the grandson of the first convert to Christianity in Assam.

With the Nagas at Kohima. It was a very different group with whom we met for the Communion Service at Kohima, five thousand feet above sea-level, in the Naga Hills, and fifty miles from the railroad. There are in all forty thousand of these Angami Nagas, a friendly, pleasant, rugged people. It was a little wooden building, painted white, in which we sat with these Naga Baptists. They were wrapped in their blankets, with bare feet, and tiny braids of black hair sticking out behind on the heads of the men, and the unmarried girls with bobbed hair, according to their custom. We sang the old, familiar hymns, read from the Bible, bowed our heads in prayer, and broke the bread and drank from the cup, together, in memory of our common Lord.

After the service we climbed higher up the hill, in the face of a sky which was a mass of brilliant sunset color, passed the home of a Baptist deacon, the roof of whose house was tightly shingled with Standard Oil tins, to a little stone church at the top, built by the Nagas. Close by the path, we passed the grave of an old woman, which was covered with stones, on top of which were her basket, water-bottle, weaving-sticks, and bed mat—all the familiar utensils of her earthly life, ready for her use in the spirit world.

It was an exciting trip to Tura, where members of our Family live who are known as Garos. A day's journey on the Brahmaputra river was prolonged to four, because the steamer stuck on a sand-bank for three days.

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Then came nine miles on pony back through deep white sand to a government bungalow, where one spends (not sleeps) the night on a bed with springs whose rings no steamer-rug can disguise, followed by eighteen miles in a second-hand Ford, up-hill over a cart road—and Tura, beautiful Tura, is at the top of the hill.

The Garos of Tura. When evening comes, under the light of a full moon, we gather in the church, every seat taken by dark-skinned, blanketed forms—men and women, however, representative of the more than eight thousand Christian Garos, who are an important branch of our Baptist Family. I wish you could have seen their faces, as hands were clasped in the spirit of Christian brotherhood and these friends realized anew that, once a lawless, outcaste people, they are now accepted members of a Christian Family.

Going to Church with the Oriyas. Returning to Calcutta, we made the twelve-hour journey by train to Balasore, in Orissa, a town which seems to be a series of villages and spreads over much space. There are many temples and mosques, and in almost every doorway there is a tiny urn in which are growing the sacred *tulsi* tree and a few marigolds. On Sunday we attended the Baptist church and listened to a good sermon, in the Oriya language, by Mr. Nyack, one of the leading Indian laymen of Orissa. We knew it was a good sermon because occasionally he stopped to give us, in English, the various heads of his address. It may interest you to know that Mr. Nyack's daughter, a Christian college woman, the first Oriya woman to receive the B. A. degree, is the principal of a Government high school for girls at Cuttack, about one hundred miles to the south of Balasore.

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A Church from a Criminal Tribe. Thirty-six hours on the British mail train brought us to our Baptist Telugu Family. One of the most unusual churches we visited in South India was at Bitragunta, ten miles from Kavali, where six hundred adults and one hundred children from the better class of the criminal tribes have been selected, given an acre of land to a family to cultivate, and formed into a Christian village. The church building had mud walls, thatched roof, dirt floor, and no windows or chairs. On one side, in the semilight, squatted the men, and on the other, the women and children—old, hard, weather-beaten faces, ear, toe, ankle, and nose rings, scanty clothing—yet human beings with souls that are being redeemed.

A Church in the Deccan. It sent a thrill up and down our spinal columns to ride through the old, mysterious city of Hyderabad, in the Deccan, where for years no foreigner was allowed to set foot. This was a part of the sixty-eight-mile auto ride from Secunderabad to Mahbubnagar where Baptists have been at work for forty years, in one of the most difficult sections in India. We spent Sunday there and went to church—a whitewashed building with its door opening on the road. Inside were wooden benches, a little organ, a platform and reading-desk and a quiet, orderly congregation of men in their cloth skirts and turbans, and the women in the folds of the Indian sari. The Indian pastor conducted the service, and the theme of the sermon was “Love.”

MOULMEIN, BURMA.

A Crowded Church in Moulmein. We reached Rangoon yesterday and rushed away on the night train for

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this old city where Adoniram Judson lived so many of his missionary days. We have already stood in the church where he preached and have seen the old pulpit that was his. The Burmese Baptists, however, have long ago outgrown this little church and now meet in the chapel of the Boys' School. I wish every one of you could have been here today. There were four hundred Burman girls on one side of the chapel, not a seat to spare, and as many young men on the opposite side, with the center pews filled with the fathers and mothers and children. The pastor is Saya Ah Syoo, a member of a large and well-known Baptist family and a man of fine education. Are we so far from home after all? A crowded church, a pastor who speaks English (as well as Burmese), a quartette rendering good music, the old hymns, the Bible reading, the sermon. And we would have you know that this is not the only church in town, attended by members of our Family. In Moulmein on a Sunday you may worship with the Karens, the Talains, the Telugus and Tamils, and the Anglo-Indians as easily as with the Burmese.

RANGOON, BURMA.

Three More Sundays in Burma. Since writing the above, we have had three wonderfully different Sundays. The first was spent at Bassein, where there was a union service of three congregations—Pwo Karen, Burmese, and Sgaw Karen. We met in the new building, erected and paid for by the Sgaw Karen Baptists. There were two thousand people gathered there, all from Christian families. Do you visualize that, my readers? Two thousand Baptists of Burma, in a building built and paid for by their own efforts, and supporting their own

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pastor and church work! What matters it that the women wore no hats nor shoes, and that the men were in bright silk shirts and turbans?

On another day, it was in a small church on the campus of Judson College that we met with the students for the regular service of the college church. Prof. Htin Si preached the sermon—a son of Saya Ah Syoo of Moulmein and a member of the college faculty. The theme of this cultured young educator was “How shall we know God?” And his answer, given with no uncertain note, was that of the great apostle of the first century, “Only through Jesus Christ.”

Again, up through the hills and the wild mountain scenery of the Shan states, a train ride of twenty-four hours, we came to Taunggyi and, after riding along a road bordered with hedges of flaming poinsettias, we reached the simple church-school building where worship these rugged, sturdy Shans. Saya Bate, one of God’s noble pastors, and Dr. Ah Pon and his beautiful wife, are leaders in this church and are spending their lives in unselfish service among the Shans.

SOMEWHERE ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

Not a word have I written to you since we left Burma and sailed for China and Japan on the slow cargo boats that are the only kind that make this trip. We stopped at Penang and changed steamers at Singapore, each time feeling that we were losing valuable time, while for hours and days we watched numberless bags of rice carried over the side of the steamer and huge iron plates raised from the hold and dropped on the deck with a great clanging of machinery and the unintelligible shouts of the workmen.

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Snap-shots in China. Since telling you just a little of the groups of our church people in India with whom we have met, we have accumulated more evidence, wherever we have been in China and Japan, that the Baptist Family is worth knowing. Here are a few snap-shots which you may enlarge for use at home: An old, white church building among the trees at Kakchieh, Swatow, packed with boy and girl students, teachers and older people; across the bay, on a busy street in the heart of Swatow city, the new institutional church, making a specialty of giving the gospel to the business men of that thriving seaport town; another narrow Chinese street in the city of Shaohsing, farther north, a new church in the center of the town, its doors open wide to all who will enter; a quiet baptismal service outside the West Gate Baptist Church of Ningpo when five of the schoolgirls publicly acknowledge Jesus Christ; Shanghai College chapel and three hundred Chinese young men reverentially joining in the Christian service and singing the hymns as though they understood and believed the words.

You would be delighted with the Fukuin Maru, the Gospel Ship of the Inland Sea of Japan—the only ship of its kind afloat among the hundreds of islands and the million and a half of people of this fascinating part of the world—and our Family possession. As long as I live, I shall never forget how I felt, one morning, when I looked over the deck rail of the big steamer which had come to anchor in Kobe harbor, and saw among the forest of dingy masts and sails of Japanese boats, a snow-white ship, flying the American flag. It stood out like a brilliant star on a dark night, and, silently there, was preaching a sermon on the Light of the World.

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The Fukuin Maru of the Inland Sea of Japan. Early on a Sunday morning, on the Fukuin Maru, we changed our position, amid the beautiful scenery of early sunrise, when the pale, lavender light made phantom ships of all the little sailboats that appeared on the horizon, and anchored at the island town of Setoda. We walked for a mile through a straggling, rather untidy village, until we reached a house, rented as a Baptist church. There, quietly sitting on the mat floor and waiting for us, were our Baptist friends. We took our places and the service began—a sermon by Yoshikawa San on “Faith,” followed by the Lord’s Supper. Do you see clearly the details of this picture? Noise without, children looking in at the door, a congregation sitting on the floor, heads bowed as the bread and the cup were passed “in remembrance of Me.”

A Word from Sona Bata, Congo. An extract from a letter recently received, I am including here because it strengthens what I am trying to say to you—that American Baptists are only a branch of a great Family who gather regularly for the worship of our Lord and Saviour. This letter from which I am quoting has come from Sona Bata in Congo Belge:

The people came in for the annual meeting until there were sixteen hundred present. Sunday was the great day. Forty-two were examined for baptism and church-membership, which made the total for the year one thousand one hundred and ninety-two. Then we met for the thanksgiving offering, when gifts are brought from all over the district. For more than an hour they gave and sang. The free-will gifts amounted to five thousand francs. This was followed by a great sermon by the pastor, Andre Nkusu, which lasted an hour and came to a close with the Lord’s Supper in which a thousand took part. Thus ended one of the great days in one’s life.

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ABOUT SUNDAY SCHOOLS

KAVALI, INDIA.

Dear Sunday-school Scholars:

At Kavali. This morning, Mrs. Bawden invited us to attend the Bible school with her, and as we did not want to miss seeing a thing, we accepted and, promptly at eight o'clock, put on pith sun-hats and stepped out from our room onto the veranda of the bungalow. To our surprise, Mrs. Bawden made no move to proceed, and, after we had waited for a few moments, we humbly suggested that we were ready and waiting. She looked at us and calmly said, "But you are in the Sunday school now." You may be sure we opened our eyes wide, and it was true—all over the compound we saw groups of people sitting on the ground, in the shade of the few trees, on the verandas of the red stone houses, in the shadow of the buildings. It was a big, outdoor Sunday school, hundreds of boys and girls, fathers and mothers, in the still coolness of the early morning. Every Sunday, they meet in this way, for there is no building large enough to hold them all, a criminal tribe of India, seeking to learn the ways of our Family.

SWATOW, CHINA.

A "White Sunday" at Swatow. It is the Sunday before Christmas, and all departments of the Sunday school at the Swatow Baptist church have been together on the lawn at Kakchieh outside the church. Although it is December, it has been a lovely, warm day with a clear, blue sky overhead, violets and roses in full bloom in the garden, and a wonderful view of Swatow Bay

IN FOREIGN MISSION FIELDS

and River spread out before us. It was a festive occasion because all of the classes were to bring in their gifts for others. We, in America, have done this sort of thing for years, but to the Chinese it is a new idea, for, without Jesus Christ, they have never been trained to give and to think of their needy neighbors. If you keep this fact in mind, you will be as surprised as we were at the contributions and at the individuality shown by the different classes in the form given to these gifts which were brought to the platform by the class representatives. There were baskets of rice and sweet potatoes, cloth for jackets, money in bags and sewed to cards in the form of Chinese letters or in the shape of fish, and, most astonishing of all, a life-sized sheep made of bamboo and covered with snowy wool for the wadding of the winter jackets.

KANAGAWA, JAPAN.

This place is really a suburb of Yokohama, and it is where the Mary L. Colby school for girls is located, high on a hill. It rained on Sunday afternoon, but in spite of that we started down the hill which was mostly thick, sticky mud, to visit the afternoon Sunday school in the village of Kanagawa, which is conducted by some of the schoolgirls.

A Snap-shot of An Afternoon Sunday School, Kanagawa, Japan. I could not take a real snap shot with my kodak, because of the rain, so I send these details, and you can make the picture—a narrow, muddy street, a small Japanese house with one room, a tiny veranda, and a shed adjoining which is used seven days in the week for a mill for pounding rice, a baby organ, a colored picture roll of the Bible lesson, little Japanese chil-

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dren from the street and near-by houses, and two bright-faced schoolgirls in charge. Add to this, at every window and door, other children with babies on their backs, looking in, a woman with a load of wood, an old man with a bent back.

Number of Family Sunday Schools in the Orient. These are only three illustrations of the two thousand eight hundred Sunday schools which members of the Baptist Family attend in the Orient, and in which they teach and sing and do all of the other things that we think are necessary for a successful Sunday school. Some of these schools are small, others are large. Many have no roof over their heads, and some meet in rooms as comfortable as our American churches. Some read the lesson in Telugu or Visayan or Mandarin, and others sing in Japanese or Kachin or Garo. The point is, boys and girls, that Sunday schools are really quite the fashion in the Baptist Family, and that when you are meeting in America, one hundred and thirty-two thousand other boys and girls, in the Orient, are doing exactly the same thing that you are doing.

THE ROUTE TO KARI, ASSAM

KARI, ASSAM.

Dear Folks Who Go to Prayer-meeting:

First of all I must tell you where this particular prayer-meeting was held. Kari is a small village in the Naga Hills to the south of the Brahmaputra river toward the eastern part of Assam. It sounds simple to speak of the Nagas, but there are really the Angami, the Lota, the Ao and the Taungthu Nagas, and they speak different dialects, wear different clothes, and have

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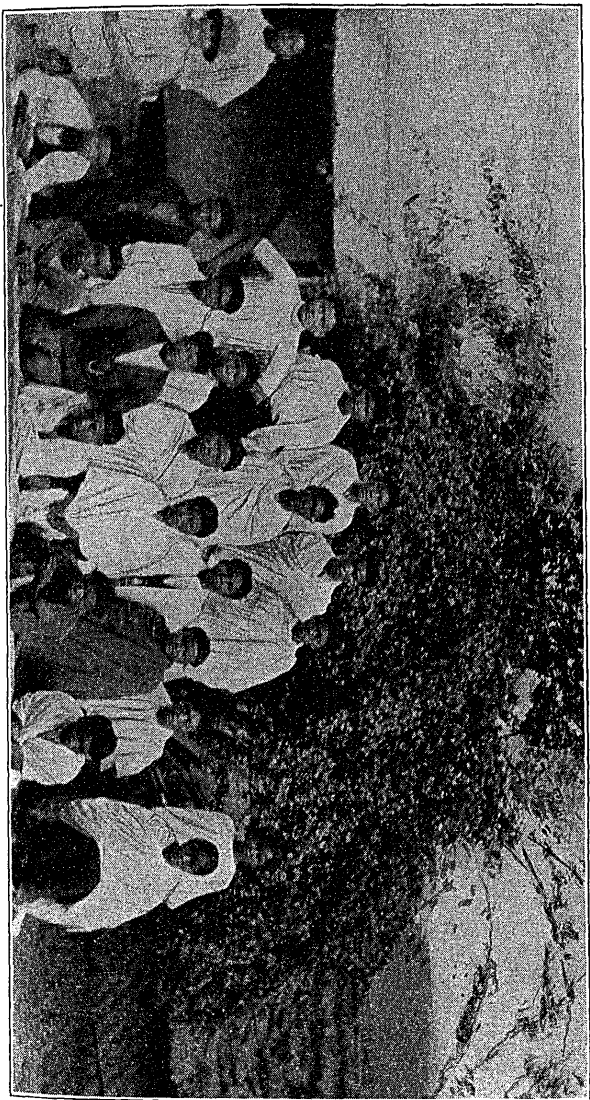
different traditions. Kari is among the Ao Nagas. We arrived last night after thirteen miles on ponyback over narrow paths along the edge of the hills, with nothing often between us and a three thousand feet drop to the valley below. There are wonderful trees here, so tall that I can scarcely see the tops when I look straight up from the back of my pony. In the crotches of almost every tree are beautiful orchids and enormous begonias. Ferns, feathery bamboo, trailing vines, and large tree ferns are everywhere with cool, trickling streams in the crannies of the rocks, green parrots flying overhead, and a stillness and a beauty that enters one's soul, a peace that transcends the things of earth.

A Night in a Bamboo House. In the late afternoon we reached this mission house on the top of the hill at Kari. It is an adorable place in which to spend a night. I wish you were all here. It would be great fun to have the Northern Baptist Convention meet here—no reporters, or telephones or railroads—we could say just what we please and keep it to ourselves. Well, these would be your accommodations—a house of three rooms built entirely of bamboo, the floor bending with one's tread, for there is only one layer of split bamboo on the upright poles which raise the house six or seven feet above the ground. In the center of the main room is the fireplace, which consists of a square of hard, dry earth held in place by a coping of bamboo. A fire in the evening supplements the feeble light of the two lanterns, but woe betide this bamboo house if we go to bed leaving even the tiniest spark in the ashes, to lodge later in the thatch of the roof. The doors are squares of woven bamboo which must be securely locked at night, lest the monkeys come in and make away with the con-

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tents of suitcases and food-box. In the center of the door is a loop of bamboo through which is passed a long bamboo pole. Every one knows that a hand from outside could easily push that pole away, but in Naga Land the closed door is respected, although a bright, dark eye will twinkle through many a crevice in the walls, quietly watching the queer actions of the white-faced people.

A Prayer-meeting at Kari, Assam. Now for the prayer-meeting. A preacher from a distance was paying Kari a visit last night, and was to speak in the bamboo church at the foot of the hill. Deciding to attend, we took our feeble lantern and started. Step by step, as the light showed the way, we went down the steep, rocky hill, turning our long American feet sideways to accommodate them to the narrowness of the stairs cut in the rock. At last, we found ourselves standing on the veranda of the church which was filled with Nagas, mostly men, wrapped in their blankets, for the night was chilly. The lanterns, swinging from bamboo sticks which hung from the thatched roof, gave only a dim light and shone fitfully on the dark faces of the audience. All the men seemed to be wearing black caps but, upon closer study, these became a thick, bushy mass of hair, the lower part of the head being shaved, giving to each man the appearance of wearing a tam-o'-shanter and forgetting to remove it when in the house. I wish that there was a radio with a wave length to reach to Kari, so that you might hear the Nagas sing in rich, natural tones with a minor cadence that is strangely appealing. Rows of dark, blanketed figures sitting on backless benches, singing with Naga words the old hymns that we know so well, listening to the Naga words of the same Bible that belongs to our Christian experience, and



NAGA SCHOOLBOYS, IMPUR, ASSAM

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bowing in prayer to the same Father whom we love; that is a Naga Baptist prayer-meeting in Kari, Assam.

WOMAN'S SOCIETIES

KAVALI, INDIA.

Dear Baptist Women:

At Kavali, India. You really would not expect to find a well-organized woman's society at Kavali among the Erukala tribe of criminals, would you? Well, that is just what is here, and we have this moment come to our rooms after attending a most interesting meeting. We met in the living-room of the mission bungalow, and all the women sat on the floor, and a baby boy was also there, sound asleep beside his mother. The president of the circle wore a bright red dress or sari, and had such an eager, intelligent face. I shall long remember her. After the usual music and opening exercises, which are much the same whether one is in India or at home, the program took the form of comparing notes as to the proper method of conducting woman's missionary societies. I told how we do such things in America, and they told me how they handle the matter, and I was much surprised, as you ought to be, too, for there was an astonishing sameness. We study other countries, and they are taking up Japan and sending contributions to the earthquake sufferers. We are interested in the mission work in our own country, and so are they helping with the spread of the gospel in Kandukuru, India, where the Indian Christians are entirely responsible for the work done by our Family. We raise money by making things to sell and by the use of mite-boxes, and they showed me lace crocheted for sale, and the boxes which

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all of the women have and which are made out of clay found on the compound. So you see our ways and their ways are much alike.

MIDNAPORE, INDIA.

In Midnapore. This is one of the largest cities in Bengal and a center of the Hindu religion. It is a typical Indian town with narrow streets and open sewers, but there is a Government College for boys and many educated Hindus and business men. You may remember the town as the home of Khanto Bela Rai, who was one of our Jubilee guests in 1921. Yesterday, we were invited to attend a meeting of the Woman's Society connected with the Baptist church of Midnapore, and of course we accepted, just as you would have done, had you been here. It was held in the dormitory of the girls' school, of which Miss Khanto is now the principal, a low, one-storied, white building, with a broad veranda and wide door. The women were wearing the dainty, striped cotton saris that I have seen for the first time in Midnapore. Some of them seem to be woven with two threads of different colors, which gives them a changeable, shimmering appearance that is very attractive. Mrs. Rai, Khanto's mother, is the president of the society and has been much interested in you, ever since her daughter came to America and you were so kind to her. She led the society in the foreign-mission study of the United States, with map talks and the reading of letters as Khanto Bela Rai made the tour of our Baptist churches. It was interesting to meet these women of Midnapore and to know that they are working and caring for the same things that are dear to our hearts.

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BASSEIN, BURMA.

Pwo Karen Women of Bassein. This afternoon we were invited to a union meeting of the women in the Pwo Karen Chapel. It rained, but everybody came until the room was full of daintily gowned women—silk skirts of every hue, soft scarfs, white waists, and dark hair, perfectly combed. The most delightful part of the whole meeting was the presiding officer, who was Ma Mi Lone, a Pwo Karen who has been a teacher in the Bassein schools for years and is president of the Karen Woman's Home Mission Society for all Burma. It was a great pleasure to meet Ma Mi Lone and to watch her as she presided over the program. She is of medium height and a woman of great poise and dignity. She has been the president since the organization of the society and is well known and much beloved by all the women of Burma.

RANGOON, BURMA.

A New Society for Burma. We saw Ma Mi Lone again today, and also Dr. Ma Saw Sa, and Daw Mya, who is the wife of Saya Ah Syoo of Moulmein, and many other fine-appearing women of Burma. A great event took place this afternoon in the Lammadaw Baptist church of Rangoon, for there was organized the All-Burma Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, including all other than the Karen women who formed their society several years ago. Ma Mi Lone presided, as the president of the sister organization, until the new officers were elected. You will be interested in this group. The president is Daw Mya, who, besides being the wife of a pastor and the mother of a large family, is one of the

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busiest women in Burma. She is working with the Government in the Infant Welfare Work and takes a prominent part in the W. C. T. U. She is a strong leader with a wealth of common sense and progressive ideas. The secretary, Ma Thin Tone, is one of the teachers in our Girls' School at Mandalay, and the treasurer, Ma Nyein May, a trusted teacher at Kemendine Girls' School. These two, alone, have a remarkable influence over more than seven hundred young women. Dr. Ma Saw Sa, whom we all remember so happily and who is one of the busiest doctors in all Burma, is a member of the Executive Committee.

Already this society has two trained and consecrated Christian women to send out as field workers—women who are doing what many American women have done, giving their time and strength and asking in return only their travel expenses. Daw Kyaw and Daw Bwint have a little property and so are independent. They are to travel among the churches, telling about the new society, forming circles in the churches, holding evangelistic services, and rendering any service that the women desire.

There is an interesting story back of the organization, and I will give it to you as it was told to me:

The Story of Daw Po U. "More than thirty years ago a young Christian Burmese woman, Daw Po U by name, read a tract about a woman in America who wanted to go as a foreign missionary. She accidentally fell from a window and injured her foot so badly that she was never able to go to the foreign field. But her heart was there, and as she could not go, herself, she devoted her life to earning money to send others. She made cardboard boxes for a living, and God prospered

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her work, and she was able in this way to give a great many thousands of dollars during her lifetime to the cause she loved.

“ In this Burmese girl’s heart, too, grew the desire to spread the story of Christ. She was already in one of these foreign countries and so she gave her life to Christian service. But she was not contented with that. In her heart was the desire to reach the vast territories beyond, that had never had even one missionary. As there was no prospect of doing so immediately, she started a small bank account, hoping that some day a foreign missionary society would be formed here in Burma and that she might have a part in it. She believed that it would come, but to make sure that her money would count if God called her before the day came, she made a will leaving all she had to foreign missionary work. Her faith was undaunted, and saving here and scrimping there, walking when she might have ridden, going without all but bare necessities, and wearing no jewelry (a very unusual thing in Burma), she added little by little to her bank account. While she was able to earn by outside means she worked as a Bible-woman, for nothing. She was with Miss Frederickson for many years. Later, as her meager funds gave out, she was obliged to accept from the mission ten rupees a month, about three dollars, with which she fed and clothed herself, putting every pice over and above into her fund. Later, as cost of living increased, she reluctantly accepted fifteen rupees a month (five dollars), out of which she has given, many times, over a third to Christian work.

“ She is now an old lady and nearly blind, but every fair day and many rainy ones, too, she is out early and

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late with her basket filled with tracts and books to sell, and she is the first to bring us tidings of those who are sick or in trouble and who need our help. Like Simeon of old who was permitted to see the Christ-child before he died, Daw Po U has been permitted to live to see the beginning of the Burmese Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. At the first Executive meeting of the Society she came up and presented the women with four hundred rupees, the sum she had been able to save. She said, 'I had hoped and prayed that I might be able to save five hundred rupees, but I was unable to.'

"And so in the hearts of consecrated women in Burma the hope has been growing that they might have a part in foreign mission work, too. The financial situation at home and the need of our Woman's Society in America made the women feel that they, too, wanted to get under the load and lift. The little that they could do would not be of much material help to the Board immediately, but they wanted the women of America to feel that the Christian women here were not unappreciative of what has been done for them, and as fast as they are able they want to bear the burden."

PASTORS' CONFERENCE

TOUNGGOO, BURMA.

Dear Baptist Pastors:

This is an interesting old town that rambles along the banks of the Sittang river, where Baptists have been working for seventy-two years among the Burmans, the Paku and the Bwe Karens. While we have been visiting here, the Bwe Karen pastors have been having a five-day conference. I wish that you could have held your

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Ministers' Monday Conference with them. You would have looked at them, and they would have gazed long at you, for you two do not look much alike.

Bwe Karens of Toungoo. The Bwe Karens are a hill-people, backward and untrained. They have had little experience with cleanliness, sanitation, and the usages of modern civilization, but they are willing to learn and are a friendly, pleasant people. Many of these pastors who are here from their parishes in the hills look like gnarled old trees that have, for years, withstood the wind and weather. Their faces are wrinkled and seamed, their clothes old, and their turbans not overly fresh; few have ever visited a dentist, and their hands are rough and horny. They have come, however, not by auto or trolley or train, but on foot for miles, for Bible study and conference together, with the hope that they may be able to give the gospel more intelligently to the thousands of Bwe Karens back in the hills.

RANGOON, BURMA.

Sgaw Karens of Rangoon. Today we were invited to meet the Sgaw Karen pastors of the Rangoon district, who were in conference for several days. This is a very different group from the Bwe Karens of Toungoo, for the Sgaws have lived more among people, are better organized and have a very definite evangelistic and educational program. These men, however, show the marks of time and weather. You would not consider them "well groomed," if you should find them delegates to the Northern Baptist Convention, nor could many of them understand your English tongue. But they were applying themselves with real earnestness to Bible study and to the acquiring of the newest methods in Sunday-

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school and church work, that the one hundred thousand Sgaw Karens of the Rangoon district may be led to attempt greater things for Jesus Christ.

KINHWA, CHINA.

Route to Kinhwa, China. We had a great time getting here. It is not as easy as it looks on the map, and much more exciting. You would not leave your parish very often, if you were pastor of the Kinhwa Baptist Church. This is the process: Five hours in the train from Shanghai to Hangchow; a Chinese launch for a day on the river; a houseboat from midnight until three o'clock the next day; a sedan-chair across country until midnight, in the crisp coolness of a starry winter night. Then you have reached Kinhwa, only you are outside the wall and the gates are locked. If you can prove that you have a right to be inside, the old Chinese gatekeeper will take an iron key, a foot long, and very slowly unlock the three gates that admit you to the city.

Pastor's Complimentary Dinner at Kinhwa. Well, having arrived, amid the barking of the dogs of the street and the stares of all varieties of night-roaming Chinese, you will be delighted to find yourself safe with some of the members of your own Family. As you come from America, Pastor Chow will arrange to welcome you with a dinner—you see the same method prevails in both America and China. Mr. Chow is the pastor of the Baptist church, which has a good cement building, the gift of an American woman. The dinner, however, is given in the pastor's home, which is a comfortable house, simply furnished in Chinese style. As the guest of honor, you sit on the raised seat, which is covered with a beautiful tiger-skin rug. As all of this would really

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happen to you, should you visit Kinhwa, you may be interested in what you are to have to eat. This is the order and number of the courses, and you must taste each one; (1) Fried fish, (2) chicken, (3) minced crab-meat, (4) minced shrimp, (5) red jelly, (6) cabbage and pork, (7) whole fish, tail, eyes, and all, (8) sweetmeat tart, (9) sour fruit tart, (10) noodles, (11) bamboo sprouts and lotus seeds, (12) brown olives, (13) peanuts, (14) pumolo, (15) rice, (16) green plums, (17) compote of dates, (18) oranges.

INTRODUCING PASTORS

ON THE YANGTSE KIANG, CHINA.

Rev. A. L. Maity of Jamshedpur. We have some very interesting men in our Family as Baptist ministers. There is Rev. A. L. Maity of Jamshedpur, India, the largest steel center in India. Here and in the suburbs live eighty-seven thousand Indians to whom this man is free to go with the story of Jesus Christ. He is a quiet, dignified man who realizes his great opportunity and his responsibility. His home is in a comfortable house, among the people he serves, so that he teaches constantly the lesson of the Christian home. He has, however, to explain the habits and the lack of religion in many of the two hundred business men of so-called Christian nations, like England and America, who are also in Jamshedpur, and this makes his task sometimes very difficult.

Saya Bate of Taunggyi. Then there is Saya Bate of Taunggyi, Burma. He was born a Buddhist and was first inclined to Christianity through boarding with a Christian family. He studied law and became a success-

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ful lawyer, but he was not satisfied and, after a long struggle, decided to prepare for the ministry. His wonderful ability for acquiring languages and his zeal in undertaking pioneer work has led him to isolated places like Loikaw, Kengtung, and across the Chinese border, where he has suffered many dangers and hardships. He speaks Burmese, Sgaw and Pwo Karen, Lahu, Shan, some Chinese, Taungthu, and also English. Now he is the pastor of the Shan Baptist church in Taunggyi, has been the president of the All-Burma Convention, and has held many other responsible positions in our Family in Burma. He is a splendid example of consecrated Christian service.

Thara U San Baw of Tharrawaddy. Another pastor in Burma whom it is a pleasure to meet is Thara U San Baw of Tharrawaddy, who, although he has never been ordained, is now in charge of the evangelistic work of the Tharrawaddy district, which has a population of twenty-five thousand. He was educated in the mission schools of Tharrawaddy and Rangoon and, for twenty-two years, was the superintendent of the school in the former town, where nearly five hundred Karen boys and girls are enrolled. His ability as an educator has been marked, and his work has often been commended by the Director of Public Instruction. He has held many positions of trust in the Mission and on the District School Board, and has also been one of the five Karen Christian Baptists in the Legislative Assembly of Burma.

Now, his energy as a traveling evangelistic missionary is tireless, and his reports read like the triumphant progress of a conqueror: "At Parlay Kwin, ten were baptized; at Udo, forty showed an interest in the gospel; at Kanthayu, twenty-two were baptized"; and so on.

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Perhaps his greatest joy came when his brother and twenty-five others from his home village were baptized.

Rev. T. C. Wu of Shanghai. Then there is Rev. T. C. Wu, who is pastor of the North Shanghai Baptist Church, which is in a rented building on one of the busiest streets in Shanghai. He is a graduate of Rochester Theological Seminary and of Chicago University, and has a most attractive and helpful wife. He is putting into his work the proverbial Western hustle, for every part of the building is in constant use. Besides the preaching services and the Bible school, there is the Day-school, the English Evening-school, the Popular Education school, the Men's Hostel, and Library and Reading-room and the Parsonage—all in one building. Mr. Wu has an interesting method for inducing his congregation to attend the services on time, which American pastors might well copy. Standing by the pulpit is a large sign with the inscription " I AM LATE."

Pastor Dzin of Shaohsing. You would also enjoy knowing Pastor Dzin of Shaohsing. He, like Paul, has been beaten for Christ's sake, and his home looted by an angry mob. For thirty years he has been the pastor of the Shaohsing church which, once a feeble group of timid people, is now one of the largest congregations in East China, with a Bible school which numbers over five hundred scholars.

Rev. Donald Fay of Chengtu. Then there is Rev. Donald Fay of Chengtu, who is also a graduate of Rochester Theological Seminary. He has been back in China three years, and he has been an exceedingly busy man, for Chengtu has a population of half a million and is the educational center of the province and the Mecca of students. Mr. Fay, with his Western education and

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new methods, is much in demand. He has taught in the University, been chairman of the Chengtu Christian Council and a prime mover in planning for the West China General Conference. He has had large congregations, and his series of prayer-meeting talks on the Old Testament has created much interest, so that, after a special group of meetings ending with Easter, forty-two were received into church-membership.

TOKYO, JAPAN.

Rev. Hajime Watanabe of Tokyo. Rev. Hajime Watanabe is one of our aggressive and successful Tokyo pastors. He has had pastorates in Hokkaido, Mito, and Yokohama, but his outstanding work has been in connection with the Yotsuya Baptist church in Tokyo. Coming to the church when it was handicapped with a poor, inadequate building, he has strengthened and developed the members so that the people have been ready to make a wise and intelligent use of the new building provided through the New World Movement. His friends say of Mr. Watanabe that he plans his work, and then works his plan—hard. With his noble Christian wife he has maintained a fine home, one of the fruits of which is the son, Kazutaka Watanabe, who has been wonderfully blessed in his work in the Sunday schools and among the students, and who, since his graduation from the Imperial University, has come to Colgate University for further preparation for the ministry.

Number of Baptist Pastors in the Orient. These are only a few of the four hundred and fifty ordained men who belong to our Baptist Family, to whom should be added the sixteen hundred and eighty-five who are preaching, although not yet ordained. It will be inter-

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esting, when the radio is perfected so that moving pictures can be produced from the ether, or aeroplanes can carry convention loads of people, to arrange a Ministers' Conference to include all the pastors who are working together for the same great goal. There would surely be encouragement and inspiration in thus conferring and praying together, even though the outward habiliments differ and these men "come from the ends of the earth."

A BABY PARTY

SWATOW, CHINA.

Dear Jewels and Cradle Roll Babies:

Such a lovely party as we had today in the big living-room of Sherwin bungalow, on our Baptist Compound at Kakchieh! All the babies were there, in their very best clothes and their bonnets, too. Did I hear you say something about dainty pink gingham dresses with bloomers to match? Well, you are quite wrong. No proper Chinese mother would dress her baby in those poor, thin garments. No, these Chinese babies wore wadded trousers down to their tiny heels, several short jackets, one on top of the other, so thick that their arms stuck right out straight. On their heads were crocheted bonnets, decorated with two little ears to look like a cat. They all looked like toy men, for there seemed no way to tell the boys from the girls.

Their mothers came to the party, too, for the babies were shy. Some of them wailed, but when the time came for the little cakes, they were all able to eat their share. Each one was given a toy with which to play and later to take home. It was not a quiet party, because

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the babies cried on different keys, and whenever they cried too loudly the mothers ran out to the veranda with them, so that some one was always coming in or going out. But when it came time to go home, the babies smiled, and the mothers declared that they had had a lovely party.

MOTHERS IN OUR FAMILY

SHAOHSING, CHINA.

Dear Baptist Mothers:

Mrs. Dzin. Mrs. Dzin is the wife of the pastor of the Shaohsing church and is the mother of five children. When one of the members of the church was asked how it happened that all of the Dzin children were turning out so well, he replied, "Look at their Christian mother, there is your answer."

Mrs. Dzin opened the first school for girls in Shaohsing and carried it on for eighteen years. She has also started Bible classes and taught in the Woman's School, besides caring for her home and children. She and Pastor Dzin often read aloud in the evenings, and she was so enthusiastic over the "Life of Moody" that she gave extra time to pass it on to the women in the church.

SUIFU, WEST CHINA.

Mrs. Liu of Suifu. Do you know Mrs. Liu? Well, I would like to introduce you to her. She was for years in our Woman's Hospital at Hangyang and later followed our medical work to West China. She is a wonderful Christian mother. Her son, Dr. Herman Liu, came to America and a few years ago received his Ph. D. in education. He is now head of the department of education

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of the National Committee of the Y. M. C. A., and travels extensively over China, already having a large acquaintance with both the Christian and the Government schools. He is a member of the North Shanghai Baptist Church and a worthy son of a fine, Christian mother.

MORIOKA, JAPAN.

Mothers of Morioka. Today I have seen a whole roomful of mothers—Japanese ones, meeting in the tiniest little Japanese house in a garden, sitting on the floor, everything about them in perfect order, not one black hair out of place, and all their geta or shoes in neat rows outside the door. They have met to talk about the Baptist Kindergarten which their children attend and which has a new building, that these mothers are planning to furnish. Already they have raised fifteen hundred yen, or seven hundred and fifty dollars, and they are hoping for a larger sum. They are much interested in this work and in the program of the afternoon, which consists of music, short talks, and refreshments. You see, they really love their babies and want them to have the right start in school life.

TOKYO, JAPAN.

Mothers in Tokyo. More mothers! These have come for a cooking lesson. Japanese husbands and sons are demanding foreign cooking, so these mothers must keep up and learn new recipes. Today it is an omelet. They line up around the cook-stove in the kitchen, each with a little notebook and pencil, and watch with sharp, bright eyes every move of the cook as she beats the eggs and "tosses" up the omelet. Then later, they resolve themselves into a tasting committee of the whole and eat

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up the omelet, each one determined to go home and at once make one just as good for her dear husband. They also request that, at the next lesson, they shall be shown how to make bread, which will help them to solve an economical problem, as flour is cheaper now, in Japan, than rice. Thus are Japanese mothers like American ones—they strive by feeding their husbands to keep a happy home.

Before these mothers separated, however, there was added to the cooking lesson a service of Christian hymns, a brief Bible talk, and a prayer. These mothers, therefore, took home with them more than a recipe for omelet. They took home with them the precious seed sown in their hearts.

YOUNG PEOPLE

BACOLOD, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

*Dear Young People of the Baptist Young People's Union
and Christian Endeavor:*

You would enjoy having a convention at Bacolod. You would double the attendance if you should advertise the method of arrival, for when the steamer comes in sight of this island of Negros, a dozen or more little two-wheeled, springless carts, drawn by carabao, come out to meet the boat as far as the animals can walk and until nothing is seen of them but their heads. Then you must go down the ladder on the outside of the steamer and jump into the cart. If you land safely, it will probably be necessary to put your feet on the narrow board seat and use the edge of the cart for your own seat, if you would arrive on shore with dry feet and baggage. Bap-

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tist young people would think that lots more fun than just an ordinary gangplank.

Sunday Night Young People's Meeting. We are spending a week-end in Bacolod, and so attended the young people's meeting, Sunday evening. Seventy-five fine-appearing boys and girls, mostly from the Government high school, were present. The president of the society was also a student and apparently a natural leader. He presided over the meeting, which did not have one dull or unoccupied moment, for every one seemed ready to take part. The topic was "Are you a 'Yes—but'?" School feeling was running high in regard to Sunday interschool baseball, and that very day a game had been played, so that the comments on this topic were pointed and sincere. You can rightly be proud of such relatives as these young Filipinos who are trying to stand firm for their Christian ideals in the face of non-Christian tendencies. They would be an addition to any young people's society in the United States.

W. W. G. MEETING IN NINGPO

NINGPO, CHINA.

Dear World Wide Guild Girls:

It was great fun to be invited to a meeting of the World Wide Guild of Ningpo. It was held last night in the lecture-room of the school. You would have wondered where you were had you been here, for it sounded so natural and familiar that it was difficult to realize that home is twelve thousand miles away.

All of the setting was Chinese, and the girls were surely bright-eyed, dark-haired Chinese girls, wearing black trousers and short jackets. The scene of their

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program, however, was laid in the United States, and they were playing at being American girls. They read letters from Miss Hill and Miss Zimmerman, who are our missionaries at Ningpo (and you should have heard the things they told on themselves). They had copies of "Our Work in the Orient" under their arms, and they pointed out, on a map, the location of Ningpo and showed pictures of the school and the girls. Then they packed a box to be sent to Miss Hill for Christmas, with all the American trinkets that they could find. They had such a good time, but it was not all imagination, for, as the time came for closing, they formed a circle around the big room and, marching in perfect step, laid on a specially decorated table little envelopes which contained their Christmas offering. Then they joined hands and bowed their heads in a good-night prayer.

A TRIP TO SANTALIA

IN THE INDIAN OCEAN.

Dear Baptist Travelers:

Itinerating is a most interesting occupation, when it is engaged in once in a lifetime. I can imagine it must become a wearisome method of preaching the gospel to many a missionary who is enervated by the climate and tired from overwork. We used to expect the itinerating members of the Family to travel by ox-cart or on foot. Now, however, the Ford car, whatever its age, obliterates space and multiplies time. It was by this means that we went to Santalia, which is an unworked section of Bengal, among the Santals, a backward people who are proving most responsive to the gospel. It was a trip of eighty-three miles over fairly good roads and across a

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river. The car was taken through the water, which came just short of the body of the car, by eight Indian men who pushed while Doctor Murphy at the wheel tried to steer a straight course for the opposite bank. The women of the party were carried across in chairs, improvised from the hands of more Indian men, and were kept from slipping into the water by a tight hold of their necks.

This trip was really for the purpose of spying out the land, in response to a Macedonian call for the gospel, from the Santals, of whom there are two hundred thousand. The Government has turned over to the Baptist Family the entire management of the education of these people, so that there is also a unique opportunity to preach the gospel. Many of our Family spend months in going among people who have never heard of Jesus, living in tents and traveling from village to village. For instance, Mr. Baker of Ongole says that out of twenty-eight years as a missionary, he has spent six years in touring—traveled fifteen thousand miles on his bicycle.

BIBEJIA, UPPER ASSAM.

Dear Convention-goers:

We motored here from Jorhat, for miles, through marvelous tea-gardens. As far as we could see, there were only the low, level plains of bright green which indicate the new growth of tea leaves or the soft grey of the bushes, cut back by the sharp pruning-knives of the coolies, who scarcely glance at us as we pass by.

Our object in coming to this out-of-the-way place was to attend the annual meeting of the district association.

An Association in Upper Assam. It has been a great experience, I assure you. There seems to be no real

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town—only a cart road with a small, white church on one side, and on the other a big, temporary hall of bamboo, built to shelter the eight hundred Assamese Baptists who have gathered for the meeting. They sit on the straw on the dirt floor, closely packed together, without any aisles. On a rough platform stands the presiding officer. I wish you could see him—skirt and turban of cotton, worn coat of English tweed, face unshaved—nothing about him to attract or command attention. Yet he holds that audience with wonderful skill. His name is Begen Williams. Years ago, a non-Christian, he was so impressed to see a little group of Christians praying, that he made inquiry as to what they were doing and, later, gave his heart to Jesus Christ. He has since become one of the strong leaders among Assamese laymen. His daughter is a graduate of our Normal Training School at Nowgong, and is now a teacher in our Girls' School at Golaghat.

This letter is already too long and should be started on its way to you. One can not travel thus among the Family, without repeating many times, "We never dreamed it was like this—so much like home."

EPISTLE II

THE FAMILY IN MEDICINE

OUTLINE OF EPISTLE II

AIM: To exhibit the "medical work" of the Baptist Family in the Orient; its character, its variety, its isolation; to introduce a few of the Oriental members of the Family who are following the medical profession; to show the close connection between the work of the doctor and the nurse and the preaching of the gospel.

INTRODUCTION: GETTING TO THE PLACE WHERE WE BEGIN.

1. Where Some of the Family Go When They Are Sick; Udayagiri, Ningpo, Shaohsing.
2. Some of Our Family Doctors.
3. The Boon of a Hospital in Isolated Places—Sooriapett, Nalgonda.
4. American Women Ministering to Their Sisters—Women's Hospital, Nellore; Ellen Mitchell Memorial Hospital, Moulemein.
5. Nurses in the Family.
6. A Dispensary for Students.
7. Memorial Hospitals.

EPISTLE II

TRAVEL IN INDIA

ON THE TRAIN, BETWEEN BALASORE
AND MADRAS, INDIA.

Dear Denomination:

This letter may have a jerky sound, for two reasons: First, that is the way this train is moving; and second, I can only write as we stop at the stations, so my remarks may not be well connected. We could not secure space in a first-class compartment and are, therefore, in an old, second-class car, which has evidently seen much service, and is doing its best to tell the world about it. We are, as a result, in the process of having company, as people get in and out at the different stations. For the last two hours, we have had a lordly Mohammedan gentleman, dressed in loose, white garments and a big turban, who stretched himself at full length on one of the leather benches and talked out loud to himself in Urdu.

Purpose of Epistle II. My last letter to you described our Family directly at work for Jesus Christ—preaching and teaching the Word of God and baptizing in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost; work that we know as evangelism. Today, I want to begin to tell you something about the “next best,” the work that heals the body but, almost without fail, appeals to the soul, the work for which Jesus set the example.

UDAYAGIRI, SOUTH INDIA.

Isolation of Udayagiri. There has been no time to write further until now that we are safely at Udayagiri.

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How did we get here? Well, we left the mail train at Kavali, where Mr. Bawden met us with the Ford car given to him by the Lake Avenue Baptist Church of Rochester, N. Y., and motored us fifty miles away from the railroad to Udayagiri. You may be sure that we are grateful for that car, which is a recent acquisition. For nearly forty years our Family has made this trip by ox-cart or small Indian pony, taking almost three days for the journey.

This is a part of India which has felt the famine keenly. For five years in succession the rains have failed. Think of hoping for forty-seven inches of rain, and then, when only five inches fall, seeing your food for a year dry on the ground as though baked in a furnace! Only one meal a day is the rule here, and as a result no one has any ambition or energy to get ahead in life.

Etta Waterbury Hospital. Never have I seen any buildings so immaculately clean as this Etta Waterbury Hospital and, in fact, every building on the compound is spotless and in good repair. Very little of the money of the Baptist Family has been used here, but rather gifts from Famine and Christian Herald funds, aside from the hospital and the new tuberculosis ward. Everything is very simple, and when you read this statement please do not think of even the simplest, smallest hospital you know in America, for that would be a palace in comparison with this little white gem at Udayagiri, without electricity or gas or running water. Imagine attempting to run a hospital without being able to turn on a faucet, but rather being forced to count the drops from the jar daily brought in on the shoulder of a coolie, and of performing major operations by the light of an oil

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lamp! Yet the average mission hospital lacks these two important essentials—plenty of water and artificial light—besides many other things that a modern doctor considers absolutely necessary, such as a quick, sure, sanitary method of disinfecting his instruments, rubber gloves which have not deteriorated over night, and many remedies that do not keep their strength in an Oriental climate.

Doctor Stait's Own Statement. In spite of such simple equipment, Doctor Stait gave over forty-seven hundred treatments last year. This is what she says of the cases:

This year has been unique in the number of patients brought in from the jungle where the grass-cutters or woodmen have been attacked by vicious bears that haunt these mountains. Bears rake their victims fore and aft, so that when they are brought to us there seems little to work on, and yet we have not lost one case, although some have been ill for six weary months. We have also a marked number of people sick with some intestinal trouble, probably due to the fact that Udayagiri has just had its first monsoon in six years.

We have been through the hospital wards, which are quite bare except for the cots with iron or wooden frames, and canvas in place of springs or mattress. The nurses in their white saris with red bands, the uniform of the hospital, accompanied us and described the various cases of which they had charge: pneumonia, a mother with her baby, two days old; malaria; a bad ulcer, etc. There were neat supplies of blankets and bandages, bottles with all kinds of drugs, and a small case of carefully cherished instruments. We visited the new tuberculosis ward, a much needed addition, at a little distance from the main hospital, where the patients

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may each have a separate room. It is built of brick with a stone foundation, has tiled floor and is whitewashed inside and out, at a total cost of less than a thousand dollars.

The Real Object of a Mission Hospital. There are always one or more Bible-women or evangelists at a Mission Hospital to tell to each patient the story of Jesus. During the dispensary hours, while the doctor and nurses are busy, the Bible-woman talks to those who are waiting, sings to them, and in other ways sows some seed that may later bear fruit. To those who remain in the hospital she goes every day, sits with them, reads simple passages from the Bible and tells over and over the Old Story. Udayagiri is like all our other mission hospitals, never forgetting the real object in view—to reach the soul of the one who comes for bodily healing.

NINGPO, CHINA.

This city is miles away from Udayagiri, India, from which I last wrote you. How did we get here? Well, yesterday at four o'clock, we took a small steamer from Shanghai, and arrived at seven this morning. Then we got into a little coop with walls and a roof and a wooden shelf for a seat—called a sedan-chair—and with a Chinese coolie between the shafts, behind and before, we jiggled and joggled from the landing-place to the hospital compound. I should add that we were accompanied by a drizzling rain which made the narrow streets dark and the stone paving wet and slippery.

Ningpo, China. Ningpo is a nice old town on the banks of a yellow river of the same name. There are about three hundred thousand people here, an old, grey, stone city wall and some interesting Confucian and Bud-

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dhist temples. The city has an extensive reputation throughout China, because of the enterprise of its citizens, many of whom commute to Shanghai and there conduct large business concerns.

Testimony of Mr. Chang. This hospital is located on the banks of the river, is old and rambling, but it has had a remarkable history since medical work was first started here, in 1843, by Doctor McGowan. Here is just one illustration of its work and influence:

Soon after Doctor Grant came to Ningpo, in 1889, Mr. Chang, the leading scholar of the city, sent for him to come to see his child who was ill with pneumonia. As it was difficult to carry out the proper nursing in a Chinese home, the baby was taken to Doctor Grant's home, where the struggle for life went on. Doctor and Mrs. Grant watched over the child night and day until the crisis was passed and the little one on the road to recovery. Last summer, the old gentleman's grandson came down with that dread disease, cholera. He was brought at once to the hospital and his life was spared. Here is a letter which Mr. Chang wrote shortly afterward:

Dear Doctor Grant: I was gratitude to have seen my grand son returned in fine condition from your hospital. It is you are the saver of our family. How should we thank you for your great deeds. I can not express in words of thankness for your work you have done to us, but wish God will bless you and your fellow-doctors. My grand son Wei Ling is now deciding to repent his sins which he had committed and pray God will protect him in anywhere.

Yours cordially,

M. Y. CHANG.

Chinese Local Interest. As a result of such friendships as is indicated in this letter, the Chinese of Ningpo are showing remarkable interest in the future of the hospital and in its present need of new buildings. Already the Chinese gifts for this latter purpose amount to

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more than sixty thousand Mexican dollars, and the goal set by the Chinese is twice this sum. The movement has been sponsored by the local governor, who has contributed two hundred and fifty thousand bricks of excellent quality, some of them over four hundred years old, from the parapet of the city wall which has been torn down.

SHAOHSING, CHINA.

It was a new experience, coming here from Ningpo, which we left at two o'clock yesterday. We came a short distance in a tiny train; then, after a walk of half a mile to the canal, we took the mission house-boat and arrived this morning in time for breakfast, in this old city, often called the "Venice of China."

Travel on a Chinese House-boat. A night on a house-boat! I wish you had been along, for some thousands more would not have made our quarters much tighter than they were with only four passengers. A house-boat has a tiny, triangular deck at each end, which the boatman and the "boy" occupy. In the middle, covered with a bamboo mat, at a height that allows one to stand upright only in the exact center, is the living and dining-room by day, and the sleeping quarters for the night. All there is to what you might call these palatial apartments, is a space through the middle and two lengthwise, wooden seats. At night two additional boards are put through the center and the space disappears. You are shelved for the night. Supper is cooked by the boy on a tiny charcoal brazier, and the courses are eaten in relays as they come from the fire. There was a glorious full moon last night, and we sat late on the tiny deck, moving silently over the silver, winding rib-

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bon of the canal, away from the villages, through the quiet country, with no sound but the dipping of the oar and the occasional subdued call of the boatman.

The Old City of Shaohsing. Shaohsing is old. The canals are supposed to have been constructed in the days of Abraham, and there is a tomb, just outside the city, of the Emperor Yu, who lived in B. C. 2206. When the foundations of the hospital were dug, pavement stones of an older city and a blue porcelain bowl of ancient date were found six feet under ground. We have been spending the morning at the Christian Hospital which is a well-built, clean, attractive plant. Recently a third story and attic have been added, to give more room for the work. The hospital has a women's and a men's side, clearly defined and separated, as is customary in the Orient. The furnishings are simple, and there are no dainty white rooms as in our hospitals at home. Instead, the blankets are a serviceable, bright red, and everything seems suited to a people who are accustomed to plain living.

The Christian Hospital. This hospital has a wonderful record for its Christian work and it is a splendid evangelizing agency in the city and the surrounding country. A Bible-woman is always at the hospital and she and the nurses and doctors meet and talk with all the patients, of whom there were more than ten thousand last year.

Extent of Medical Work of the Family in the Orient. I am writing you about only three Baptist hospitals, and the last report of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society states that there are in all twenty-nine of them in our Family and fifty-five dispensaries. The great majority of them are of the simplest character,

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without electricity and running water, and lacking many of the modern conveniences considered necessary by the medical profession. Yet, through this agency alone, four hundred and eighty-seven thousand eight hundred treatments were given last year to two hundred and eighteen thousand patients. In other words, dear Denomination, more than two hundred thousand people were told, individually, about Jesus Christ and his power to redeem their lives, through the mission hospitals in our own Family. No one knows how many of these people, healed in body and grateful in heart, went back to their homes and to their villages and repeated the wonderful message to their friends and relatives.

LIFE OF A MISSIONARY DOCTOR

PACIFIC OCEAN,
EN ROUTE TO HONGKONG FROM MANILA.

Dear Baptist Doctors:

Ever since I started on this trip, I have been storing up things about which I want to write you. The life of a missionary doctor in the Orient is so different from that of a doctor in America. For one thing, there is no anxiety about an income or a house in which to live. Both are provided and are almost like the laws of the Medes and Persians—not to be changed. Any fees from private practise simply augment the limited hospital income, and there is usually no other house in which to live, so there is no use in considering a move.

Then, instead of using the newest and best equipment and instruments, the missionary doctor is quite likely to be obliged to perform an operation on the floor, in a mud

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hut, or on a table improvised from a packing-box. The hospital ward can not always be spotless when the patients bring their own blankets, put their cooking dishes under the bed and insist on the whole family coming along to stay at the hospital. It is an interesting fact to observe, and worthy of mention, that a finely trained American doctor who goes to a mission hospital in the Orient usually does not follow the routine of the medical college of which he or she is a graduate, but adopts many makeshifts and substitutes, learns a new value for disinfectants, becomes familiar with diseases that are only names to him in America, and changes his ideas and his emphasis regarding essentials.

A missionary doctor finds it difficult to keep up with the newest developments in medicine. He or she hears almost no lectures, takes one or two medical journals which he has scant time to read, attends possibly one gathering of doctors in a year, and often does not see another of his own profession with whom he can consult, for months at a time. He has no such thing as "hours." He is on duty day and night, and subject to call for miles around. He may be fortunate enough to have had a Ford car given to him, but he goes just the same, on a bicycle or a pony, by ox-cart or hammock. He never fails to heed that human cry of suffering, and with the touch of his Master relieves and helps both body and soul.

SOME ORIENTAL DOCTORS OF OUR FAMILY

Y. Nandama. In addition to our American Baptist doctors who are in the Orient and about whom you hear from time to time, there is an increasing number of other doctors in our Family who are doing valuable,

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skilful, faithful work. It would do you good to have a consultation with them and to compare notes. One who might be invited to this consultation is an Indian woman, Dr. Y. Nandama, of Nellore. She is what is called a "third generation" Christian, for her parents and grandparents are Christians of Kanigiri, and she has never known anything but a Christian home. She is a wisp of a woman, who had the courage to leave her own people, learn another language in Northern India, and take the five-year course in the Medical College at Ludhiana. She later spent a year in America, visiting many of our best hospitals, and studied at the Post Graduate Hospital in New York. She is often left in charge of the Woman's Hospital in Nellore, performs successfully many a major operation, and is trusted and beloved by the Indian patrons of the hospital.

Dr. Ah Pon. Across the Bay of Bengal, in Burma, there is Dr. Ah Pon of Taunggyi, the leading town in the Federated Shan States. He belongs to the well-known Baptist Syoo family of Moulmein, to which reference was made in Epistle I; but instead of taking a more lucrative and conspicuous position as a physician in private practise in Lower Burma, he has chosen the life of a mission doctor among the Shans, a promising hill-tribe of whom there are one million in Upper Burma and over the border in China. Taunggyi has a wonderful location, four thousand six hundred feet above sea-level, surrounded by mountains, abounding in feathery bamboo, orchids, hedges of hibiscus, and many other shrubs and trees. At Sunset Point, three miles from town, there is a marvelous view for many miles of lowland, foothills, and distant mountains.

Dr. Ah Pon is a graduate of Calcutta University.

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This trained man not only has no hospital, but only a simple dispensary from which he gives over six thousand treatments a year. On bazaar days, when all the Shans gather to buy and sell, he is found among the people, with his baby organ and his big colored pictures of the life of Jesus Christ. With the shining fish spread out on the ground on one side of him, a peddler of rice squatting on the other side, and a toothless woman selling beads and glass bracelets at his feet, he compels the attention of the Shans by his earnestness and the force of the story he tells. So successful is he that two Shan princes are eager for our Family to open Christian work in their capitals, and are ready to help provide the necessary buildings.

Dr. Ma Saw Sa. In Rangoon, the port city of Burma, with a cosmopolitan population numbering three hundred and fifty thousand, there is another member of the Baptist Family who should be summoned to our consultation—Dr. Ma Saw Sa, the only Burmese woman doctor in the world and a rare product of any race. For two years she was a student in Judson College, Rangoon. She later graduated from Calcutta University and, after several years in Dublin, received her diploma from the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons in that city, a distinction for any doctor—man or woman. Dr. Ma Saw Sa has always had a Christian home, and her early education was in the mission schools of Bassein and Zigon. For a number of years she was the physician in charge of the Dufferin Hospital for Women, which is a large institution on one of the main streets of Rangoon. After a year in America, she resigned to establish her own private practise. Today she is to be found in a large, down-town house, living in one side, with her mother

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and sisters, and using the other side for a private hospital. She has a large practise, yet is never too busy to take an active part in the Christian life of the city, is always ready to serve as examining physician for our mission schools—in short, she is a successful doctor and a fine Christian woman.

Dr. David Lai. It takes almost a month to go from Rangoon to Hongkong, almost bumping into the equator after leaving Singapore, then on by a small steamer to Swatow, and from there by train and house-boat to Hopo. This is a town among the Hakkas, a most virile and interesting people in South China. It is here that Dr. David Lai is to be found in charge of the hospital which has been built and deeded to the mission by the local Chinese people. He is a likable young member of the Baptist Family, a graduate of Shanghai College and of Rush Medical College of Chicago. He has also had a most successful internship in the General Hospital of Rochester, New York, where he was kept busy and given charge of some exceedingly critical cases. Hopo is a promising field for a young man to begin his professional career in, because he has an almost unlimited number of people from whom to draw his patronage, and because he has the good-will of the Chinese, who have been pleading for years for a hospital and who have been so much in earnest that they have answered their own prayers by erecting and paying for the building.

Doctor Shen. If you have read Epistle I, you are already familiar with the road from Shanghai to Kinhwa in East China. There is here, in addition to a Baptist church, a well-built, good-looking hospital of red brick, a memorial to an American woman and named

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for her—the Pickford Memorial Hospital. Two Chinese doctors are in charge. The older man is Doctor Shen, who is a graduate of the Nanking Union Medical School and a man of unusual strength of personality. He first taught in his Alma Mater, then, about ten years ago, he came to the Kinhwa hospital, working with Doctor McKenzie.

Doctor Liang. Later, when the Chinese assumed the responsibility for the mission in the Kinhwa field, he became associated with Doctor Liang, who received his education, including his medical course, in America, and who is now the superintendent of the hospital. Together, these two men treated over nine thousand patients this last year. Both of them are active in the Christian work of the mission and of the city, and are looked upon not only as skilful physicians, but also as capable leaders of their own people.

The Trip to Iloilo. It is an easy trip of two days in a comfortable ocean liner from Shanghai to Manila, but when you step on shore you are still far away from Iloilo, which is the center for a large number of our Baptist Family. From Manila a small steamer leaves several times a week for Iloilo, on the Island of Panay. It is a beautiful trip of thirty-six hours. The passengers are mostly Filipinos; the staterooms, with two boards for berths, are just large enough to turn around in, and have no air unless the door is left open—and on the deck outside a Filipino snores in his steamer-chair. The table is spread on the deck, and a pile of eight plates, topped by the soup plate, is at each place. One eats “off” his plates, one by one, and when the table-cloth is reached, the meal is finished. In the clearing-up process, the boy sits on the deck, his dishes by his side, a pan of hot water

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in front, and what looks like a bedspread for a towel. However, the scenery is delightful and constantly changing, as the steamer threads its way past small islands, rich in tropical verdure, and the sunset is an awe-inspiring one—deep pink background with striking black clouds in the forefront.

Dr. Lorenzo Porras. Even though the time of arrival is the convenient hour of five o'clock in the morning, all of the American Baptists in the town are at the landing-place with a cordial welcome. At the hospital, in the management of which Baptists and Presbyterians have shared until recently but which now belongs entirely to the Baptist Family, we find Dr. Lorenzo Porras, a Filipino, who is associated with Doctor Thomas in the management of the hospital and the district dispensaries.

Doctor Porras, as a little hatless, shoeless lad from an obscure mountain barrio, worked his way through our Industrial School at Iloilo (now the Central Philippine College), graduated from the Government high school and then, for a year, managed the farm at the Industrial School. In 1914 he came to the United States, where he graduated from Valparaiso University in Indiana, from the Colleges of Law and Education, and later from the University of Cincinnati, in Liberal Arts and Medicine. To accomplish all this he sold Oriental goods, worked as a janitor, served as a night nurse, and won scholarships. He added further to his broad experience by serving an internship at the Chester Hospital in Pennsylvania, and as physician at the Rosebud Indian Agency in South Dakota. In 1924 he returned to Iloilo, to become an invaluable and trusted associate of Doctor Thomas. These two men treated more than five thousand patients last year, and are constantly turning them away, al-

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though the hospital has seventy beds. There is a group of Filipino doctors who are cooperating with these two, and a growing sentiment of fellowship is developing, which Doctor Thomas attributes to the personality and the fine Christian spirit of Doctor Porras.

ISOLATION IN THE DECCAN

THE DECCAN, SOUTH INDIA.

Dear Baptists Who Know the Meaning of Operations:

These last two days I have been thinking much of what it would mean to need to have an operation or to be taken suddenly to a hospital—and have none to which to go. Day before yesterday, Miss Hollis and I traveled eighty miles by automobile from Secunderabad in the Deccan, an independent Indian state as large as Italy and ruled over by a Mohammedan prince, to Sooriapett, which is forty miles from anywhere else—railroad, telegraph, or telephone. There was not much variety in the scenery. For miles there was nothing to see but rocky hills, dwarfed cactus, and field after field of castor-oil plants. After leaving Hyderabad, there was no town or even village, only occasional huts where the people live. Yet there was a strange fascination in this quiet, monotonous ride through a land where, judging from the cultivation of the fields, people live but are nowhere to be seen.

Sooriapett. After six hours of steady travel, we turned down a shady road and soon saw the white buildings of this mission compound with the hospital door opening on to the street. This is a large property with much land under cultivation and eight big stone wells built with Christian Herald Famine Funds and also

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Famine Funds from Russia, for this is a part of our South India Mission which has been in charge of representatives of the Mennonite Brethren of South Russia, near relatives of the Baptist Family. Do I need to add that this is an isolated place, that our missionaries, at certain times of the year, can only leave by ox-cart and by fording a river, and that variety in food is extremely limited? Yet more than two thousand sick people found their way to this hospital last year, and over eight thousand treatments were given in this "house by the side of the road," not by a doctor but by a woman with nurse's training, for Mrs. Hubert has never been able to take the full medical course.

Nalgonda. Forty miles from Sooriapett, through much the same uninhabited country, we came today to Nalgonda, which has the largest Christian community in the Deccan. There is here a Woman's Hospital which is most attractive in its freshness and fitness for the needs of this town. It is through the garden and over a brick wall from the mission bungalow. Miss Bjornstadt of Norway, another nurse, is doing the work of a doctor, as at Sooriapett, but her smiling face and calm manner inspire confidence and it is easy to see that the women and children trust her. This is what she says about her work:

One patient was baptized before she left the hospital, and two more will soon follow. One of these is a Sudra, and the other a Brahmin. We have a very able Bible-woman, and God has blessed her work. One patient said to me the other day, "I have settled to become a Christian, but I want more information first, so I will come here every morning." A Mohammedan man sent a message to me: "Can I come and stay in your hospital? I know I am dying but I would like to die under the roof of the Christian God's hospital." Though our hospital is only for women

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and children, I felt I could not say no, so I put him in the office-room of the dispensary building. He was in the last stages of tuberculosis. Before he died he gave a clear witness about his faith and handed over to me his little children to be brought up as Christians. As in the days of his flesh, so now does he watch by the beds of the sick as their Great Physician and his hand is laid upon the broken and the despairing to enhearten and to heal.

The Meaning of an Isolated Christian Hospital. As I leave Nalgonda for the fifty-mile ride back to Secunderabad, I am so thankful that our Family has these hospitals in such isolated places, even though it does mean that members of the Family must live lonely lives to maintain them, sacrificing much that many of us consider quite essential to our comfort and well-being. You see, however, I can not forget the look on the face of that high-class young Mohammedan woman, about to become a mother, as she turned her large, dark, questioning eyes to Miss Bjornstadt and received her counsel and help. Not one, but over two thousand sick and frightened women and children, in a year, look thus into the face of a Christian woman of our Family, and life is made easier for them, and many of them learn what it means to love Jesus Christ.

SHANGHAI, CHINA.

I have just been reading a letter from another isolated city where more of our Family live. It is eighteen hundred miles up the Yangtse Kiang from Shanghai, in the province of Szechuan. This river is a mighty affair, estimated to be three thousand miles in length and having its source in the mysteries of Tibet. The lower part of the river is calm and a deep brown in color, for it

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brings along with it a large amount of dirt and sand. Up beyond Ichang, however, for four hundred miles, there are marvelous gorges and rapids which would thrill every Baptist in the Northern Convention if he or she could take a trip to Suifu, where we are now going to stop for a few minutes.

Doane Memorial Hospital, Suifu. This city is the center of a population of two millions and is a three-cornered affair, for the mountains are the boundary on one side and the river on the other two. There are only two hospitals for all this horde of people, both of them in our Family. One is the General Hospital, and the other the William H. Doane Memorial Hospital for Women. For nearly ten years there has been almost constant fighting among the opposing local parties of Chinese. First one side is victorious and then the other, but whichever way the battle goes, there is a long, sad wake of wounded and dying, and the distressful looting by the soldiers, who turn themselves into bandits because they are hungry and unpaid. Thus there is always more than enough work for these two hospitals to do. Last year over ten thousand treatments were given to all kinds and conditions of people.

Britton Corliess Hospital, Yachow. Several days' journey beyond Suifu is another hospital, even more isolated than those I have just mentioned—the Britton Corliess Hospital of Yachow. Doctor Crooks says:

The local war has been a disturbing factor in our work this past year. The hospital has been full to overflowing with wounded from both contending armies. The work has been rather discouraging, but we trust that the good Samaritan hand and the gospel message will make the soldiers think of the eternal verities of life.

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WOMAN'S HOSPITAL, NELLORE, SOUTH INDIA.

Dear Baptist Women:

In Nellore at last! And actually staying in the old bungalow that is on the hospital compound! I am so happy, although I ought to feel sorry, for I know that Doctor Benjamin has given up her room to me and is camping out in some one else's room. Our Family is noted for its hospitality. Always a welcome, never the slightest hint that there is any inconvenience in making a place for a traveler in a house already too full. This bungalow has a living-room, a dining-room, and two small sleeping-rooms on the first floor, and two large rooms up-stairs. Across the front is a deep veranda under a sloping roof, from which one looks out onto a wide circular drive and a garden with beautiful flowers and trees.

Woman's Hospital, Nellore. Adjoining the house is the hospital with the wards connected by covered verandas, the old dispensary in front, close to the road, the one-story nurses' home at the back of the hospital, and the land given by Mr. Lutchmi Redy stretching along the road to the corner of the street. Down there are the rows of little, one-roomed, white, Indian houses, which this Hindu gentleman provided for in his will, so that the relatives and friends of the patients might have a comfortable place in which to stay, while waiting for the invalids to recover. You may be sure that this gift has been a boon to the doctors and nurses of the hospital, for it has helped to remedy one of the unpleasant features of hospital life in the Orient, where the whole family comes and camps down until the patient can be

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taken away from these strange surroundings to the seclusion of her own home.

There is a path leading from the hospital, at the side, to a cunning little white, two-roomed house, where Doctor Nandama lives with Doctor Kanthama, who is also a graduate of Ludhiana Medical College and a valued member of the hospital staff. In the wards are women and children, on the beds, on the floor; they are in the corridors and even on the verandas. A hospital with room for forty-six beds and with sixty-six patients is naturally rather crowded, and this usually is the case at Nellore except in the rainy season, when it is not easy for the women to come to the hospital.

A Morning in the Old Dispensary. A morning in the old dispensary would do you good, watching the one hundred women and children who compose the daily average attendance, sitting quietly through the prayer service led by Elizabeth, the Bible-woman, and thinking how different you would be, if you had been born an Indian woman, bound by caste and without a knowledge or a background of Christianity. There are the women bringing their babies, whose little bodies are covered with sores or whose eyes are red with trachoma, the girl with anemia and the crazy woman, the broken bone in whose arm has been wrongly set. It is a comfort to know that soon it will be possible to remove this old dispensary and replace it, farther from the hospital but still near the road, by a new and larger building made possible by the Jubilee gift of New England women. Another change provided through this same source is a new septic ward where all of the contagious cases can be segregated. The present building used for this purpose is small, old, and dark, and like a sore thumb sticks up

IN FOREIGN MISSION FIELDS

in the face of all who come to the hospital, for it is in the front yard.

Village Dispensary at Kothuru. We have just come back from holding a village dispensary under a tree at Kothuru, ten miles from Nellore. We went out in the hospital car with some of the nurses, the Bible-woman and plenty of medicine. As soon as we arrived, we could see people coming from all directions across the fields and down the road. Nearly all were caste women, but there were a few Mohammedans and two or three men in the background. When a large enough crowd had gathered, the Bible-woman held a short service, singing a hymn, explaining its meaning, and repeating simple passages of Scripture. Then the doctor began her work. There were children with the itch, with eczema, and with sore eyes; a woman who complained of no appetite, and another with anemia and valvular heart trouble. One woman, who seemed more alert and friendly than the others, invited us to visit her home in the village across the field. We went through the gateless opening and into the hut of mud and thatch with no windows and a dirt floor. We sat down on a low, wooden bench, and the women, whose number seemed to multiply in a miraculous manner, crouched down on the floor. The Bible-woman led the service, which was conducted much as the one had been under the tree, but at the end the woman who was our hostess showed that she was not satisfied and demanded an English song. There were no church choir soloists in that little company, and our choice of a selection was very simple, but the woman seemed pleased and picked fresh coconuts from the tree in the yard to give us as we left her,

THE BAPTIST FAMILY

Annual Contacts of Nellore Hospital. Through the hospital, the dispensary, and village touring the Woman's Hospital of Nellore reaches over nine thousand women and children in a year and gives more than forty-six thousand treatments. We left Nellore grateful to God for the American women of our Family who, for fifty years, have been helping to relieve the bodily suffering of Indian women, and at the same time have been giving them a taste from the cup full of the Water of Life.

ELLEN MITCHELL MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, MOULMEIN, BURMA.

The last sentence of my letter to you from Nellore applies equally well, now that we are across the Bay of Bengal and safely in this old town of Moulmein, where there have been some of our Baptist Family since 1827. In all this time there was never a Christian hospital for women until 1916, when the walls of the Ellen Mitchell Memorial Hospital for Women and Children began to rise on the most commanding site in the town. As the hospital Ford climbed the hill from the boat landing, we looked up to the big gray pile of stone and saw carved over the entrance the motto of the hospital, "Not to be ministered unto but to minister." Capping the hill back of the hospital is a Buddhist pagoda, a dazzling, gleaming object in the brilliant Oriental sunlight, with its coating of pure gold-leaf. What a contrast—"The Light of Asia" and "The Light of the World"!

Ellen Mitchell Memorial Hospital. The Talain Christians, belonging to the race which was once the dominant people of Southern Burma, of whom there are four hundred and fifty who are members of our Baptist

IN FOREIGN MISSION FIELDS

Family, made this hospital a possibility by giving their thank offering of ten thousand rupees for the purchase of the land and the house now used as the home for the doctors and nurses. Many races, however, come to the wards and to the dispensary, from the town and even from fifty miles distant; its doors are open to the rich and to the beggar alike; it befriends the motherless babe and the woman who has no friend; it lives up to its motto and is always ready to minister.

The Story of a Missionary Baby. I wish that you could see the tiny new babies in their little cribs in the maternity ward. We look at each dark, puckered face, some with a smile and others from which is issuing just as big a protest as ever came from an American baby. Then our attention is arrested by what we see in a crib in the corner of the large room—a fair, white baby with light hair and blue eyes. Who is she and how does she come to be in this hospital in Moulmein among these babies of darker hue? A sad story of a missionary baby, born eight hundred miles away in the northern town of Myitkyina, whose young mother was called suddenly to her heavenly home, leaving her baby to the father and the Kachin nurse. Then came the hurried traveling of another mother through the Kachin hills from Bhamo to Myitkyina and on south for three hundred miles to Sagaing, taking this little baby to the safe, trained care of Doctor Gifford of this hospital in Moulmein, who had dropped her work and traveled five hundred miles to receive this precious responsibility. Dear Baptist women of America! These hospitals of our Family, in the Orient, are doing just what you have prayed that they might do. They are ministering in the name of Jesus Christ and teaching the big lesson of brotherly love.

THE BAPTIST FAMILY

A STEAMER PARTY FOR W. W. G.'S

S. S. KUMANO MARU,
CHINA SEA.

Dear World Wide Guild Girls:

This is a two-day trip from Shanghai to Japan, on this small Japanese steamer. It would be great fun to have one of your annual conferences on a boat like this. You could take Miss Noble and Mrs. Montgomery along for chaperones, and have a wonderful time. There is a full moon, and you know what you can do with that—and the most brilliant stars that look as though you might pick them right out of the sky. A lot of time is spent hanging over the deck rail, looking at the water and the flying fishes which are just like little bits of silver shooting through the air. Then there is sometimes an island with a white lighthouse or a funny brown junk with a yellow, patched sail. If any of you like to sketch, you will find plenty of material on this trip.

All of the ship's crew are Japanese—cabin-boys, waiters and all. You would laugh at the way the latter try to hurry us through our meals, for they can not understand why any should want to sit and talk and not give their entire attention to the business of eating. Last night we were dallying over the nuts and ginger at dinner, and the boy took everything off the table and finally pulled the cloth from under our plates. Then we thought it was time to go on deck and look at the moon.

American Nurses of Our Family in the Orient. Some of you, I know, are studying to be trained nurses or planning to do so, and you will be interested in some

IN FOREIGN MISSION FIELDS

of the nurses whom we have met over here in the Orient. I will tell you about the American ones first. They do so many things that you would never dream of doing at home. I have found more than one who is in full charge of a hospital with no doctor within sight and no telephone with which to call one. How would you like that? I tell you it demands more courage than any of us know we possess to be called suddenly to an Indian home, as Miss Wagner of Ramapatnam often is, and find a little mother whose baby must be brought into the world and, if possible, the lives of both mother and baby saved. When we were in Moulmein, we went in the hospital car to a plain, almost empty chapel, a ride of fifteen miles, where a dispensary is held once a week. One day not long ago, when the doctor could not go, Miss Geis, one of the trained nurses in our Family, went alone. She found a child ill with that dreadful disease of cholera; so she sent the car back to the hospital, post-haste, for supplies and two volunteers from the nurses in training, of whom there are twelve. Imagine it! All of them offered to go, but two only were sent back in the car. There, in that uncomfortable place, without any modern medical conveniences, Miss Geis and these two young girls stayed for a week and nursed three children through cholera!

Then there is Miss Nicolet of the Iloilo hospital in the Philippines. She has hardly an hour of the day or night that she can call her own. Imagine some of the trained nurses at home standing for that! They would leave at the end of a week, wouldn't they? But a missionary nurse expects to be subject to interruptions and all sorts of irregularity. She is ready for operations, looks after the drugs and the supplies, teaches and

THE BAPTIST FAMILY

watches the nurses in training, cares for the patients, answers outside calls, and is supposed never to be too tired to do something for some one else.

You must not have the idea, however, that these American women work all alone, for there are other members of our Family who are following the profession of nursing. In all of our twenty-nine Baptist hospitals there are more than two hundred young men and women who have either graduated from or are studying the nurses' training-course. You would love to meet Ma H'Lain of the Ellen Mitchell Hospital of Moulmein, who, after teaching in Morton Lane Girls' School, decided that she wanted to become a nurse. So she came to the United States and took a two-year course at the Missouri Baptist Sanitarium in St. Louis. Now she is one of the stand-bys in the Moulmein hospital.

Oriental Nurses of Our Family. Just a few months ago two young women returned to their homes in Assam from the Nurses' Training School in Nellore, South India, where they have been studying for two years. They are Leci of Gauhati and Grace Mary of Sadiya. Both girls made fine records in spite of the fact that they were obliged to take all of their work in the Telugu language, which was as new to them as Latin is to you. In the final examinations, Leci passed with distinction and Grace Mary only lacked one point of receiving the same honor. Now these girls are to begin a most interesting work. Leci is to be the school nurse at Satri Bari in Gauhati, and to do her best to keep the one hundred girls in good health, and Grace Mary goes to Nowgong where there are over two hundred students.

Then, over in Iloilo, there is Miss Jaranelli, who has just returned from graduate study in the United States

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and is to assist Miss Nicolet in the Nurses' Training School for the next two years. Scattered all through the hospitals of our Family in the Orient, we can find bright-faced, alert young women who are discovering in the profession of a nurse an avenue for Christian service.

STUDENTS' DISPENSARY,
ILOILO, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

Dear Boys of the Order of Royal Ambassadors:

Congratulations on this new Order! You have chosen a fine name, and I hope that every boy in our Baptist Family is in a hurry to be the first to enroll. I have just heard about you, and I am hastening to write this note to tell you that there are lots of boys who will be glad to join the order. You know, in a trip around the world, one sees lots of boys. There is one here in this dispensary, sitting at a small table and looking very important, for he is the committee of one who takes the names and addresses of all the boys who have a pain or an ache and who come over from the High School to see Doctor Thomas about it.

Student Dispensary, Iloilo. This boy's name is Alberto, and he is a bright-faced Filipino who is in high school and who hopes that he can study in America some day. He is a great help to Doctor Thomas, who adds to all the other things a busy doctor must do every day, an hour or two for this dispensary, which is a little brown house to which a bridge and a white gate lead from the road. The Government High School is just down the street, and at the noon hour any boy or girl of the three hundred who are enrolled, who needs the doctor, can find him in the little brown house. Doctor

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Thomas does more than cure a headache or tie up a sore finger. There is always, on his desk and also on the table where Alberto sits, a pile of little paper-covered books which are the Gospels, printed in the Visayan language, which all these Filipino boys and girls can read, for it is their language. These books are for sale, and it is surprising how fast they disappear. So you see, Doctor Thomas spreads the truth about Jesus Christ through these Gospels at the same time that he is sticking on a plaster or pulling out a splinter. No more now, but I am glad that you have come into existence. I salute you!

CLOUGH MEMORIAL HOSPITAL,
ONGOLE, INDIA.

Dear Donors of Memorial Hospitals:

Roaming about among our Family in the Orient, I marvel at the lives that live on and are multiplied through the memorials that are raised, like Ebenezers, along the way. Take, as an illustration, the memorial hospitals.

MEMORIAL HOSPITALS

Etta Waterbury. In an earlier letter home I wrote about the hospital at Udayagiri, South India, but I did not then more than mention the name by which it has been known for twenty-three years—the Etta Waterbury Memorial Hospital. A young girl of our Family, in the State of New York, lived her short life, and for more than twenty years since she went to her heavenly home, her name and her influence have touched thousands of suffering women and children, through this isolated hospital in India, fifty miles from a railroad.

IN FOREIGN MISSION FIELDS

Clough Memorial. Then of course you know about this Clough Memorial Hospital at Ongole, which is the result of an outpouring of gifts in memory of John E. Clough, whose life was lavishly given for India, and whose name is cherished by members of our Family, too numerous to mention. This hospital is really a good-sized plant, with a dispensary by the side of the road, a maternity, a men's, a women's and a children's ward, and an operating-room—all uniformly built of gray stone and red brick. It has recently been equipped with electric lights, electric fans and an up-to-date X-ray outfit, and is thus more fortunate than many of our mission hospitals. From a radius of thirty miles, it draws its patients of whom, last year, there were over six thousand. This is the sort of work you find going on here:

One of the outstanding features of the year has been the relapsing fever epidemic, of which Ongole seemed to be the center. Three hundred and nineteen cases were treated in the wards and almost all recovered. Some cases were brought in unconscious, with a high fever and nearly gone, but they were saved and sent home well. Frequently a whole cartful of patients were brought in at once—four to six of them crowded together in a two-wheeled bullock-cart. Large numbers of patients continue to come with eyes practically or completely ruined by malpractice. Pulverized red pepper and other equally injurious substances are put into the eyes when the patient gets the fever, to keep him awake; for if he should go to sleep, he might not wake up.

MOULMEIN, BURMA.

Louise Hastings Memorial. I am still writing to you about the memorial hospitals, for I find them very appealing. A month's journey from Rangoon, by train and pony, on the Chinese border, is Kentung, where

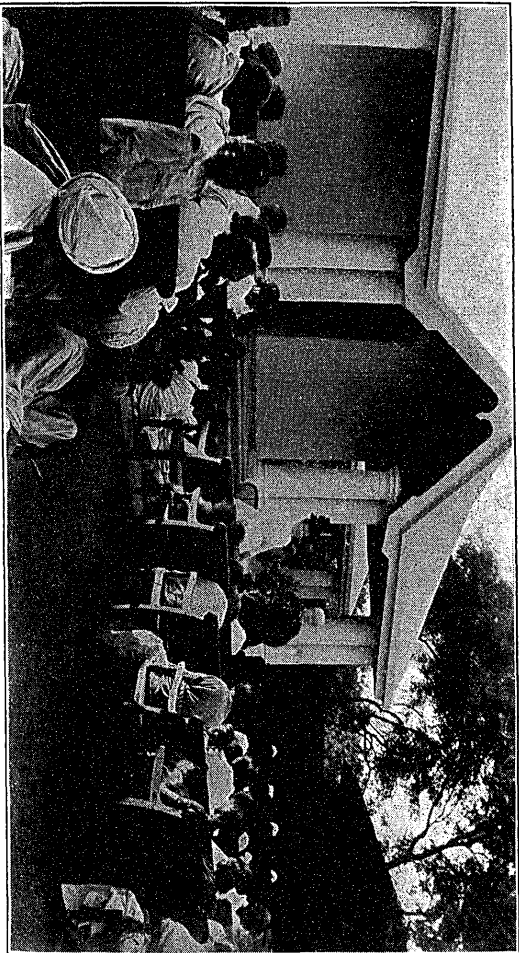
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there have been such wonderful ingatherings of Was and Lahus. In this most isolated place, an Ebenezer has been raised by a father of our Family in Chicago, and the sweet influence of his daughter lives on in the Louise Hastings Memorial Hospital, where, at the last annual report, four thousand and eight hundred patients had sought the hospital and while there had heard the Christian message.

Ellen Mitchell Memorial. Here at Moulmein is the Ellen Mitchell Memorial Hospital for Women and Children, erected in 1916, in memory of Ellen Mitchell, who thirty-six years before had gone to Burma as one of the first two women physicians to go to the Orient from our Family. All the years that she worked in Moulmein, she had no hospital nor equipment to render her task an easier one. As today one sees the fine stone hospital on the side of a hill, with its adequate equipment and staff, one hopes that Ellen Mitchell, in heaven, knows that her life lives on and that her Family is grateful for her unselfish service.

SWATOW, CHINA.

Edward Payson Scott Memorial. It is a far cry from a lonely grave in Nowgong, Assam, to the Edward Payson Scott Hospital, on the rocky hillside of this compound at Kakchieh, Swatow. Yet there is a close connection. After that grave was made in Nowgong, a widowed woman of our Family came to America with her little children, studied medicine in order to support them, and after they were grown and she was more than fifty years of age, she came to Swatow, learned the language, and began medical work here. This, in brief, is the brave story of Dr. Anna K. Scott, who for twenty-



OPENING EXERCISES OF HARRIET S. CLOUGH MEMORIAL
Ongole, India

IN FOREIGN MISSION FIELDS

five years in this memorial hospital "carried on" the life of the missionary husband of her youth.

Josephine M. Bixby Memorial. If we cross the Bay of Swatow and then, for a few hours, ride in a small launch, we reach Kityang. It is only a few steps from the boat landing to the Josephine M. Bixby Memorial Hospital, so named for Doctor Bixby who, after eleven years of faithful service, returned in broken health to America, to die. Now there are larger plans for this hospital for women in cooperation with a new one to be added for men, so that, on the bank of the Kityang river, there is to be a central hospital of our Family, to serve more largely the whole district.

Other Hospitals. This letter is already too long and I did want to write of the Pickford Memorial Hospital at Kinhwa, the Britton Corliess Hospital at Yachow, perpetuating the work of a beloved physician, and the William Howard Doane Memorial Hospital for Women and Children at Suifu, making the name of the well-known hymn writer a blessing to the suffering women and children of that great Szechuan province of West China.

EBENEZER—THE STONE OF HELP

EPISTLE III

THE FAMILY IN EDUCATION

OUTLINE OF EPISTLE III

AIM: To promote the realization among the Family that " educational work " is inseparably bound up with evangelism; that it has a vital bearing upon the extension and growth, not only of the life in our Baptist Family, but also throughout the whole of Christ's kingdom; that thousands of the rising generation are being reached through the Christian schools maintained by our Family, which would be otherwise impossible.

INTRODUCTION: THE CHARACTER OF THE TASK.

1. Keeping Up to Grade.
2. The Problem of College Presidents.
3. A Few College Graduates.
4. Royal Ambassadors in School.
5. Girls' Schools for the World Wide Guild.
6. Of Interest to the Crusaders.
7. A Japanese Madonna.
8. The Weakest Link Strengthened by Baptist Women of America.
9. Christian Service in the Mission School; of Interest to the Baptist Young People's Union and Christian Endeavorers.
10. A Word with the Laymen.
11. Baptist Fathers and Mothers.

EPISTLE III

A DAY OUT FROM YOKOHAMA, PACIFIC OCEAN.

Dear Denomination:

Do you realize how you would have to work if you should plan, in a year's trip through the Orient, to visit every one of the schools which are supposed to belong to the Baptist Family? Well, to relieve your mind let me tell you at once that it would be a physical and mental impossibility to attempt such a task, delightful as it would be, for it means visiting ninety-nine schools a day for the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year. Multiply these two figures, and you will know how rich we are in schools of all grades, from kindergartens to high schools, and topped off with two colleges, which are our very own.

Perhaps instead of visiting these schools, you are deciding to substitute a bow or a handshake or a word with the boys and girls who are enrolled as pupils. Worse yet! for that could not be done. No human being—not even a Baptist, could greet fifteen students an hour and keep it up continuously for every hour of every one of the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year. If you should stop to eat or sleep, or even to shoo off a mosquito, you would fall behind in the race.

A Noble Undertaking. We rarely visualize the size of the task we have undertaken, in helping to give a Christian education to the young people in the Oriental branch of the Family. You may have twenty-five schools in your town at home, and five thousand children en-

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rolled, but as a denomination we have three thousand six hundred schools, and one hundred and thirty-six thousand students in the Orient. A noble undertaking, upon the success of which you are justly to be congratulated.

Not Dependent Upon America. Please do not flatter yourselves, however, that all of this work is accomplished when each one of you has made a small contribution through your church to the foreign-mission work of the Family. Such a task is not so lightly discharged. This extensive system for Christian education is not run with just a little money from America. For one thing, the pupils themselves, through fees, pay nearly four hundred thousand dollars a year, and various governments, two hundred and fifty thousand more. Then nearly fifteen hundred schools, not quite half, are entirely supported locally and make no demand upon contributions from America. Add to these facts that all of these schools are supervised by some member of the Baptist Family—either a missionary or some of our trained Oriental relatives; that all have faculties that are overwhelmingly Christian; that in every one the Bible is regularly read and taught; that in many a town the school building is also the gathering-place for the church, or vice versa. As a result, out of this student body, many of whom are small children and others already Christians, there came last year three thousand who not only believed on the Lord Jesus, but were brave enough to acknowledge their faith in baptism and church-membership. This is the great goal and aim of these mission schools of ours, to produce young men and women, not simply who can read and write, but also who can take an intelligent place in the Christian life of the world.

IN FOREIGN MISSION FIELDS

IRRAWADDY RIVER, BURMA.

Dear School-teachers of the Family:

Here we are, twenty miles south of Mandalay, on this fascinating river, tied up for the night, for the channel is so uncertain that it is not safe for the steamer to travel after sundown. As I sit here on deck, I can count twenty pagodas on the opposite shore—the bulging lower part snow-white, and the pointed tops or *ti* covered with gold-leaf. The sky behind them is deep pink.

Keeping a School Up to Standard. You would be much interested in the course of study followed by our Baptist schools, in British India. Some people have an idea that a mission school can go along at any old pace, just as long as the pupils learn to read and write and the Bible is taught every day. I suppose our Family could have schools like that, if it wanted to, but there would not be any use in it. Only by keeping all of our schools, whatever the grade, up to standard, are we able to graduate students who can go to higher schools and ultimately come back to the mission school or go to a private or Government school as Christian teachers. This is a very important matter, because as the number of Christian teachers increases, so will the whole atmosphere of the schools in these non-Christian lands be changed, and the pupils learn to know what it means to lead the Christian life.

In India. It is both easy and difficult to keep our schools in Assam, India, and Burma up to standard. It is easy because the course, or code, as it is called, is all prepared and printed by the Department of Public Instruction of British India. Every detail is arranged for, every book selected, the size of the note-books decided,

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and the dates for examinations set, upon questions which come in envelopes whose seals are only broken in the presence of the class. Then once or twice a year, a Government inspector visits the school and either praises or criticizes the work. You see, all that is necessary is to follow this routine.

There are, however, some difficulties. For one thing, the majority of the courses must be given in the language of the country; the remainder in English. An American teacher must, therefore, do much of her work in an acquired language, and the same thing is true of the Oriental instructor. Then the code of study is built up along English, rather than American lines—and there is a marked difference between the two—and it is not specially designed to meet the peculiar needs of any group or locality, nor is there much elasticity or time allowed for adding the subjects that seem essential. That is why the Bible study is added wherever there is an opportunity, because it is not included in the regular code.

IN SIGHT OF THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

In Japan. I must hurry if this letter is to be mailed when we reach Honolulu and, at the same time, I finish what I want to tell you about keeping our schools up to standard. What I wrote about India applies very well to Japan, with the exception that the Japanese Educational Department is not so strict about the code or the examinations and does not send out sealed questions. Schools, however, must secure permission to add courses or grades and must be registered, if the graduates are to be recognized. Department inspectors periodically visit the schools and make comments regarding the type of work being done and the qualifications of the teachers.

IN FOREIGN MISSION FIELDS

In the Philippines. Over in the Philippines the course is largely given in English and built on American lines, because, as you know, United States teachers laid the foundations of the present fine educational system. The rules, however, are strict and teachers must keep on the alert if their pupils are to pass examinations and qualify for advance grades.

In China. China has not traveled as far as these other countries in the way of modern supervision of her educational system, for the Government has been too busy learning how to run a republic to give much attention to a code of study to govern the schools of her great country. Although there is a National Educational Association, the foundation work is being done by other private and mission associations. The result is that the schools of our Family are, more and more, following a carefully prepared curriculum, planned by the prominent educators of the country, both foreign and Chinese.

Congo. The Congo branch of the Family is in the most unsatisfactory situation in regard to its educational system, for it has none, either laid down by the government or the mission, that is in any sense binding. This is due to the political condition, the general backwardness of the people in making demands, and the fact that our Family in Congo has always been small and entirely inadequate for all the work the rest of us expected them to do. As you know full well, it takes time to plan a course of study and much more time to see that it is adopted and lived up to. There are many plans and high ideals among the Congo branch of the Family, but no one who has the freedom from other tasks to put them across.

THE BAPTIST FAMILY

S. S. EMPRESS OF ASIA,
BETWEEN MANILA AND HONGKONG.

Dear Baptist College Presidents:

Everybody knows what a hard time you have, directing colleges for a denomination that does not give you the money and equipment you need just when you are most anxious for it. It may comfort you a bit to know that some members of the Family are having even a more difficult time than you are experiencing. I write this with conviction, because I have recently visited the two colleges which are distinctly in our Family—Judson College in Rangoon, Burma, and Central Philippine College, Iloilo. We are deeply interested in several other colleges, but these are the only ones for which we are entirely responsible.

Difficulties of College Presidents. For several weeks I lived on the campus of Judson College, in one of the two hostels for the girls. I attended classes, met the faculty, became acquainted with the students, went to the college church, and in fact had the keys to the college, its buildings, its joys, and its sorrows. And I should not give one gasp of surprise if at this very moment a cable should come, saying that the entire faculty had gone insane, for I do not see how men and women can live normally under such constant strain plus heat, mosquitoes, and all the other inconveniences of an Oriental climate.

In the first place, although he must keep his institution of the same grade as the Government College, and in influence above it, the president never knows how long he will have a faculty or of what variety it will be. He is up against a restricted number from which to draw his faculty, against the competition and the lure of larger

IN FOREIGN MISSION FIELDS

salaries offered in other kinds of work, against the furlough question, the delay in the sending out of reinforcements from home in answer to his urgent request and the lack of money to snap up a teacher on the spot.

Judson College, Rangoon. This problem of finances is never out of the mind of the president of Judson College for one waking hour, and I am not sure but that he dreams of it at night. He sees promising young men turned away from a Christian education because the college has no money with which to give aid. He sees a strong, Christian professor lost to the college because he can not support his family on the meager salary paid by the college. He watches every mail from home, waiting for the word that the sorely needed chemistry or history teachers have actually sailed, but his vigil is long and he waits for years.

Present Crisis. In addition to these routine worries, Judson College presents another difficult and critical problem. It is a part of Rangoon University, the Government College being the other affiliating institution, and it is the Christian college of all Burma, with its twelve millions of people. The government has given land for a site in the suburbs of the city where the whole university can be located on one large campus; it has provided the money for its own college buildings, it expects Judson College to keep step—begin building at once and move its students to the other site. Judson College, however, has no money, the Family at home is slow in recognizing the urgency of the situation, makes no definite reply to the pleadings from the president of Judson College and sends no money for the new buildings. Thus it is that in the eyes of the Government and the non-Christian educationalists of Burma, the very

THE BAPTIST FAMILY

existence of this Christian college hangs in the balance. Does not the Baptist Family in America really care about the school which it has started? Has it changed its mind about the worth of a Christian education to the youth of Burma? Is the American branch of the Family bankrupt? Well, all sorts of questions are asked, and the poor president of Judson College tries to be loyal to the Family that he loves and at the same time come somewhere near telling the truth. Don't move, say you? But the present campus is already crowded to the point where no more students can be admitted. The buildings are old, and the equipment is inadequate. Besides, the Government is requesting that this college of the University be located on the same campus, and upon its favor depends the status of this Christian college in a non-Christian land.

You have no case parallel to it in all the college problems of the Baptist Family at home, for the whole fate and future of Christian education in the country does not hang on keeping open the doors of the particular college of which any one of you is the president. Please pass on among the Family the critical need of Judson College and its three hundred students. It would be a pity if any of the Family should fail to hear about it and so be unable to help.

Central Philippine College. The other college which belongs wholly to our Family is in Iloilo, on the Island of Panay in the Philippines. The Central Philippine College is only two years old, is of Junior College grade, and is a development from the Jaro Industrial School, to meet the urgent need for more highly trained men and women in our Filipino Baptist schools and churches. It is the only institution of its kind on the whole island,

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and gives promise of having a growing number of students, as the first two years are demonstrating.

The campus is large and has a number of rather old buildings, which used to house the Industrial School, a few newer residences and a very new dormitory for the boys. You can readily see what the opportunity is here for a strong, Christian institution which is absolutely up to grade scholastically, and maintains at the same time the highest spiritual atmosphere, sending every graduate out with an unswerving desire to serve his country as a follower of Jesus Christ. Our Family should also know about this college, for a new institution like this needs all the encouragement that we can give it and the tone that comes with being connected with a well-known Family.

VALUE OF STUDENT WORLD FRIENDSHIP

TOKYO, JAPAN.

Dear Baptist College Students:

It is such a pity that you cannot meet more of your cousins in other countries and know more of what fine young people they are. I am sure that we would hear less of race prejudice and also about the failures of the church, if this were possible, and if our Family could speak up loud, through you, to our politicians, to make them give more careful attention to the Christian relations which the United States should have with other nations. It is almost hopeless to try to make any of these young people real to you. There are so many; everywhere one goes in the Orient, one meets students and young teachers who have just graduated from normal school or college. They never have to hunt or wait

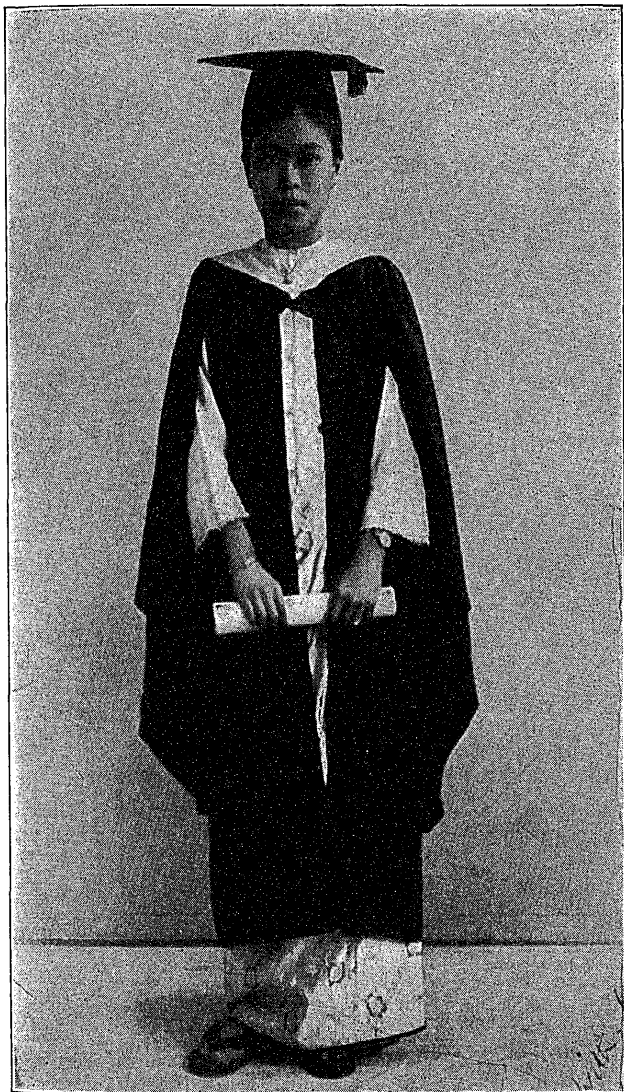
THE BAPTIST FAMILY

for a position, for they are snapped up before they finish school, for good teachers, especially those who have Christian training and ideals, are in great demand.

Ma Hmi. For instance, there is Ma Hmi of Mandalay, who is a graduate of our Burman Girls' High School of that city and, when only seventeen, had won a silver medal for her scholarship and was teaching in the Government Normal School of Mandalay. Since then she has married, has been left a widow with three children, has resumed her teaching and has now just finished her graduate work at the University of Rangoon and received her Master's degree. She has always shown a remarkable ability for acquiring the English language. When she was fourteen she used to be found reading and weeping over the stories in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. A few months ago she was invited to make an address at the laying of the corner-stone of Atlantis Hall, the new assembly and classroom building for the Burman Girls' School in Mandalay, and the Jubilee gift of our women of Atlantic district. This is a little of what she said, and it shows what kind of a young woman Ma Hmi is:

Ladies and gentlemen, this institution stands not only as a beacon light to the women of Burma, making it possible that they become an enlightened, educated race and loyal citizens of our beloved British Empire, but it stands for a religious purpose greater far than any which Burma has ever known. In the years to come, Burma will be better because, first and foremost, the women from this institution, who know Christianity, will interpret to this fair land the high and noble aspirations they have felt in these humble classrooms of our Girls' High School and in the chapel of this Hall in Mandalay.

The English Deputy Commissioner, who was present, said: "Never have I heard anything like this in Burma.



MA HMI OF MANDALAY, BURMA



IN FOREIGN MISSION FIELDS

I never imagined that a Burman could have such a knowledge of the English language." Her picture is being sent to you. Be sure to look carefully at it, so you will recognize Ma Hmi if you should ever see her.

Mr. Shi. Huchow is a fascinating city surrounded by an old stone wall, wide enough for a promenade, and almost more canals than can be counted. It is in the heart of the section of China that leads the world in the production of rice and silk. At any time, from the wall, the people in their houses and yards can be seen at work on the various processes of washing, drying, and twisting the silk thread. Mr. Shi lives here. He graduated from Shanghai College in 1921, and began teaching in the Boys' School in Huchow. Now he has been made the principal, but he will not stay in this position long, because soon a union normal school is to be established in the city, and he is to be the first principal. He is already the recording secretary of the association.

Miss Nyi. Over in Shaohsing there is Miss Nyi, who graduated from Ginling College, in Nanking, in the class of 1922, and has been the acting principal of the Girls' Junior High School in that city for two years. She is looking forward to a year of study of education in an American college in the near future; so watch out, you may see her face to face on your own college campus, some day. She is the daughter of a Baptist pastor, as is also Miss Chen, who was her classmate at Ginling College.

Miss Chen. The latter first taught Bible in the Y. W. C. A. Physical Training School in Shanghai, and is now to be found on the faculty of the Union Girls' School in Hangechow. Both of these young women have a wide acquaintance and influence among the students of China.

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Miss Nakaji. Do you know Miss Chika Nakaji, of Osaka, Japan? Her father was a judge in the old imperial city of Kyoto, and her family had a strong dislike for anything Christian. Without telling her mother, she stole away from home to see what the foreign Sunday school was like, which had been opened on a neighboring street. Later, her mother went with her, and both gave their hearts to Jesus Christ. She is a graduate of Hinomoto Girls' School in Himeji and of the Bible Training School in Osaka, both schools of our Family, and now holds the position of Dean in the latter institution. She has spent one year in America. That is why I am thinking that perhaps you remember meeting her. She has a remarkable influence over students and often attends Student Conferences. She has a most radiant personality, and it is a delight to talk with her and to watch her in her contacts with Japanese young people.

These are just a few samples of the wealth of friendships that are possible with other members of our Family—young men and women who are thinking deeply about life's problems and their relation to them, and about their country and its position in the great assemblage of nations. They, too, are trying to be Christian in their actions and in their point of view.

THE DATE-LINE

INTERNATIONAL DATE-LINE,
PACIFIC OCEAN.

Dear Order of Royal Ambassadors:

How many of you know where we are? And is this Date-line made of chalk or rope or barbed wire? You

IN FOREIGN MISSION FIELDS

might offer a prize to the Royal Ambassador who can explain clearly and correctly just what the International Date-line is and why there is such a thing in the world. At any rate, we crossed that line after dark, last night. Yesterday was Thursday, and today is Thursday, too, only it has another name—Meridian Day. It is rather trying, when we are counting the days and wanting to reach San Francisco, to have a day added to the week and to know that we can never get rid of that extra day, until we go back the same way.

Boys' High Schools. I suppose that many of you are in high school. Then you would enjoy driving from the steamer dock in Rangoon, Burma, down St. John's Road, passing the main building of Judson College, which belongs to our Family, and which is on our left, and straight across West Street through a wide gateway into a big schoolyard in shape like a triangle. Here are lots of buildings—houses, dormitories, gymnasium, recitation halls and a tall clock-tower—all shaded by beautiful trees and separated by winding roads and paths. This is Cushing High School. Of course you will want to go to the daily chapel exercises, so that you can see what the eight hundred boys look like. Their faces are not as white as yours, for these boys are Burmans, Karens, Indians, Chinese, Shans, Talains, and other races, too. And not more than one-fourth of them are Christian. The remainder are Buddhists, Hindus, or Mohammedans. Some of the boys are dressed like Americans; but many of them wear the colored, plaid or checked, silk shirt draped in loose folds in front, a white jacket, and a little silk cap with an end sticking down over one ear. They work hard and some of them have a bad time and flunk at the end of the term because for

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one thing they do not know how to study, and then almost all of their studies are in English. That is much worse than just having an hour a day in French or Latin. You know English is hard to learn, for we do a lot of queer things without any good reason.

Perhaps you will be fortunate enough to visit Cushing High the night of the concert and prize distribution. If so you will see a fine program. These are some of the numbers: club drill, tricks in cycling (this is wonderful, for the boy turns himself and his machine wrong side out and up-side down and then ends up all right), pyramid drill by the Boy Scouts (you expect the small boy at the very top to fall and break his skull, but he doesn't), scenes from the Merchant of Venice given in English, of course, and a fine chorus and duet. These boys, besides the chapel exercises, have regular Bible study and attend the Sunday services. Twenty-eight of them, last year, were baptized, ten joining their home churches, and the remainder, the college church.

Swatow Academy. Now we will take a steamer from Rangoon and go as fast as we can to Hongkong; then take a much smaller boat, that will roll badly if the sea is rough, for the night trip to Swatow. Here is another high school, Swatow Academy, with five hundred boys who are all Chinese. The school buildings are perched on a rocky hill and have a wonderful view of Swatow Bay. It must be rather exciting to go to school here, for a boy would never know when an earthquake might come along and shake his school down, or a typhoon that would lash the bay into a whirlpool, or an order from the Students' Association for a school strike. You see that there is plenty of opportunity for a holiday in Swatow—really more than in America.

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When these boys first enter the high school, the great majority are not Christians. I do not mean simply not church-members, but that they have never known anything about a Christian background or about Jesus Christ, but have been trained in the faith of Confucius or of Buddha. They go to the Bible classes for the first time, attend chapel and Sunday services, join a Bible class, hear about the Y. M. C. A., and most of all, watch their teachers and feel how different this school is from any other place where they have ever been. As a result, last year, thirty-nine were baptized, and others hope to follow soon. You may be sure that this is not an easy thing to do, for often they are strongly opposed by the home folks, and even punished.

Wayland Academy. Leaving Swatow on a small Chinese steamer, the only Americans on board, we have a three-day trip to Shanghai. You will surely be surprised at the fine, foreign buildings and the wide streets of Shanghai, and you need have no fear of the policemen. It is true that they are enormously tall and dignified, with their dark faces and big red turbans. You will soon learn that they are Indian Sikhs, brought to Shanghai by the British, and that the city is what is called an "International Settlement." This is not where we intend to stay, however, for we are going straight on by train, for five hours, to Hanchow, which is south of Shanghai and quite a city of schools. The one I especially want you to visit is Wayland Academy, which is not nearly so good to look upon as these other two we have visited. The buildings are plain and old, and the compound, although of good size, is in the heart of this city of eight hundred thousand people, without any wonderful view or wide streets and shady trees. How-

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ever, here are more boys whom you should know, because you both belong to the same Family—three hundred fine, manly Chinese boys. You ought to see them on the athletic field and watch them walk off with the honors of the day, winning in hurdles, running high jump, and other contests over all the hundreds of boys from the Government schools in the city. Then you would surely want to see them in chapel and hear them sing, and of course join with them. From this academy are coming some of the Christian men who are taking a leading part in the new China of today.

Mabie Memorial Boys' School. Three days away from Shanghai by steamer and train, in Yokohama, Japan, is another boys' school which you should be proud to know belongs to our Family. This is the Mabie Memorial Boys' School, which stands high on one of the hills of the city—or rather it did, before the earthquake of September, 1923, when all of the fine buildings went down like paper, and there was nothing left but broken pieces of cement and great masses of twisted iron. Those were the buildings, however, and not the real school, which is composed of four hundred and fifty Japanese boys who, with only a few exceptions, came back after the earthquake and willingly carried on in temporary shacks with almost no equipment. That is where you find them today. We will climb the hill, through the slippery mud, and take a look at the barracklike, unpainted, wooden buildings with galvanized iron roofs. Homely as they can be! But a brave bunch of boys!

Some of the graduates met a short time ago for dinner together, and this is what took place: one of the young men rose and testified to the struggle he was hav-

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ing to cling to his Christian ideals, and asked help of his friends. Other young men did the same thing. Finally a non-Christian teacher rose to say that for ten years he had been attending similar meetings, but never had he seen such power among the students. He added that this was the inevitable result of the spiritual training of the school. You see the Order of Royal Ambassadors is not confined to the American branch of the Family. Are you not glad?

WHERE GIRLS GO TO SCHOOL

BAY OF BENGAL, INDIA.

Dear World Wide Guild Girls:

Really I do not know where to begin to tell you all about the wonderful things I have seen since I last wrote you. If I should write you all I would like to, there would need to be a special steamer chartered to take the tons of pages home to you.

Golaghat. Well, I'll start with Golaghat, which is twelve hours on the train beyond Gauhati. I told how to reach that town in my very first letter home to the Family. The train leaves us at a station called Furkating, and the mission Ford takes us the last few miles. What you find there is not like any school you ever saw in America. All of the buildings are after the native style—one story, of plaster and mud, with roofs of thatch. The only real house is the new bungalow where our missionaries live. You see the plan is to teach the eighty-five girls how to live together as little families, keep house, cook, care for the younger children while they also go to school and learn how to read and write and do all the other things that schoolgirls do. So, be-

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sides the schoolhouse, there are several small houses, in which the different groups live. The girls come mostly from the small villages, and it is the first real school that they have ever attended, so you can imagine how they love it. The fathers of the girls are collecting money to build another house, to be used for classrooms, and do not expect to ask their relatives in America for any help.

Satri Bari, Gauhati. From Golaghat we might stop at Gauhati, where Satri Bari is, the school upon which Golaghat is modeled; but I think we will go on, back to Calcutta and then by train for several hours to Balasore, where another kind of an experiment is being worked out. Here, by the way, you may have your first drink of real milk since leaving America, for Doctor Bacheler keeps a cow and personally supervises her diet. This town is the center of a large number of our Family who belong to the Oriya race and who are much more responsive than are the Bengalis who live in the next province. There has been a grade school here for a long time, and it has such a pretty building, which is quite new. It is somewhat the shape of the letter U, back from the street, is white and has a veranda with columns on the three sides.

Girls' School, Balasore. The girls and their parents have been anxious to have a high-school department added, for they did not want to stop with what would be our grammar grade at home; but there was no money in the mission treasury of the Family with which to pay the salaries of more teachers. What could be done? Just nothing, but to do the thing, themselves. And that is what they are doing. Already there is a class of five girls to start with and a new teacher. How do you suppose they are raising the money? Every Christian who

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is earning anything is to be asked to give one month's salary within the year. Then the church voted that all the homes should be visited. The teachers have given out of their salaries, and so enough money is being gathered for the Oriya girls to have a high school to which to go. You do not need to work so hard at home, do you, to make a school before you can attend it?

Narsaravupet. On the train again for a day and a half, changing at Bezwada, and at last we arrive at Narsaravupet. Here a pony and a little two-wheeled cart meet us and take us to visit the one hundred and twenty Indian boys and girls in another of the schools of our Family. They all go to classes in what was once the church, with only one big room. What would teachers at home say to holding eight large classes in one room and expecting to get anybody to pay attention and learn anything? Of course, you say, there should be an addition at once, or partitions or something; but my dear girls, will you kindly persuade the Family to do this?

Emilie S. Coles Memorial. Even though we would like to stay longer at Narsaravupet and help settle the problem of this crowded school, we take the train and travel on for hours until we come to Kurnool. Here we are delighted to discover that a member of the Baptist Family has heard about the Girls' School and has provided a fine new building. It is of gray stone, with a wide veranda, plenty of large, light rooms and a dormitory for the girls who do not live in the town. This attractive building has been erected by the brother of an American woman of our Family, whom you can never know, for she died a few years ago, and it bears her name—Emilie S. Coles School for Girls.

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Girls' High School, Nellore. Back we go, long hours on the train, change at Bezwada to a mail train for Madras, stopping for a few hours in Nellore, just so you may see the Girls' High School, the only one our Family has for Telugu girls. There are one hundred and twenty of them, all dressed in fresh white saris in your honor. They will be rather shy, but be sure that they will look you over carefully and have lots of fun after we have gone, talking about your bobbed hair and short skirts. In one of the dormitory rooms you will see a small mirror on the wall, and the girls will smile with pride if you notice it, for it is the prize for having had the neatest room for a month. The mirror is in place of a banner and is often moved, as different groups of girls win it. You see a mirror on the wall is a rare object for these girls to own, for even a month. Think of the satisfaction of seeing yourself almost full length, when never before have you seen anything but the middle of your face!

CHANGING STEAMERS AT SINGAPORE.

Kemendine. From Madras we take a steamer for three days to Rangoon. I would give my new black ebony elephant if you could only attend chapel exercises at Kemendine, at half past eight of a morning. There are four hundred and fifty girls, marching two by two, making no sound because they are bare-footed, wearing bright cotton or silk skirts, white jackets, dark hair smooth as satin and piled high on their heads. They slip into their seats, and then sing in perfect time and harmony some of the Christian hymns that you have known all your life. To hear these familiar hymns sung with reverence and enthusiasm is a rare treat. The

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chapel is large and new, for it is the Jubilee gift of the women of New York district; but it is packed with these lovely girls.

Pegu Sgaw Karen High School. And I would like you to go to the Pegu Sgaw Karen High School in Rangoon, and see even a larger assembly of nearly seven hundred boys and girls. Oh, how they sing, for they are Karens and have a wonderful gift. You would be thrilled and want to bring them all home with you to sing at the next W. W. G. rally.

KAYING, CHINA.

Girls' School at Kaying. You will never know all the joys this world offers, dear World Wide Guilders, until you travel this road to Kaying, fifty miles up the Han river, into the heart of the land of the Hakkas. The route is as follows: a train for an hour from Swatow to Chaochowfu; change to a Chinese launch, loaded with Chinese, from the flat roof of which you watch the shore life and the crowds that gather as the boat stops at the little villages to leave passengers and freight—this continues for twenty-four hours, which includes a night in a tiny stateroom, sleeping on a board and with a window a foot square for ventilation; change again to a Hakka house-boat and for another whole day glide slowly up the river, which turns and twists in a most remarkable manner, and whose banks are lined with beautiful, feathery clumps of light green bamboo, and rows and rows of Chinese graves with an occasional small temple on the top of a hill. At five o'clock in the afternoon the boat landing at Kaying is reached, and then comes a ride of an hour in a sedan-chair, through the city streets, out through the valley in the twilight and the early eve-

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ning—and suddenly, twinkling lights appear, you hear voices, the men quicken their steps, and you almost fall out of your uncomfortable sedan-chair into the arms of some of the Family.

When morning comes you meet the one hundred and forty girls in the Girls' School, and especially those of your own age who are in the first high school that Kaying has ever known. There are forty of these girls, and some of them will shyly tell you that they hope to go to college—all the long way to Shanghai, Ginling, and Peking, so that they may be able to bring back to Kaying the best, educationally, that China offers to young women.

Glad to be in Kaying? Well, I should say!

SWATOW, CHINA.

Abigail Hart Scott Memorial. Yesterday was Sunday, and in the afternoon all the girls of the Abigail Hart Scott Memorial School went for a walk with their teachers, and you could have gone along, had you been on the spot. They decided to go up to the top of the hill where the new high school building is being erected, and where the W. W. G. Jubilee house is. After the climb, we sat down and looked out over the Bay of Swatow, at the city on the opposite side of the water and at the hills and towns in the far distance. Then some one said, "Let us have a prayer-meeting, and dedicate this hill to our school and our service to it and to China." Just the sort of thing you do at your rallies in America! You see, the girls of our Family who live in the Orient have the same variety of aspirations and desires that other girls have, and they long to be of use in this big, interesting world.

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CHAOCHOWFU, SOUTH CHINA.

Dear World Crusaders:

We had a parade today, and we never expected it. We came up here from Swatow to spend the day with Mr. and Mrs. Baker. It was only an hour's ride on the train, but when we arrived there at the station were fifty small boys, all in their school uniforms with black caps, with visors and a stripe of red, and their drums and horns. It seems that the older boys were having a holiday, and these little ones felt so deserted that they had been promised this trip to the station to escort the visitors to the school. Well, we were put into sedan-chairs, the band in front, then the boys, two by two, following, and the rear brought up by Mr. and Mrs. Baker. Slowly we went down one narrow street and then up the next, and all along the route people rushed to the doors and gates to see what all the noise was about. I peeked out through the curtain of my chair, and what do you think I saw? Fathers and mothers, toothless grandmothers, small boys, babies, dogs, and pigs. They looked at the schoolboys proudly stalking by, at the pale-faced Americans, and they wondered what could be going on at the Christian school on the next street. It was a strange sight to them, and of course they were curious.

Boy Scouts. In almost every school where we have gone we find Boy Scouts, or Cubs, as they are sometimes called. They all have the same khaki uniforms that you have at home, and they seem just as wide-awake and full of mischief as you do. Several times we have been invited to see them do stunts, and they surely are little acrobats. They form all sorts of figures, pile themselves into pyramids, drill, salute the flag, etc. They always

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look very important, stand stiff and straight, and never laugh or smile.

Girl Guides. The girls have an organization that is called the Girl Guides, and they can do as much as the boys, only in a different way. They gave the cutest play at our Girls' School in Mandalay, Burma. There was a girl in a dark room, ill with tuberculosis. In came nurse Milk Bottle, Doctor Sunshine, and Miss Fresh Air, and it was not long before the little girl was quite well again. Then at the Sgaw Karen school in Rangoon, the Guides gave a wonderful drill with round wands made of flowers. You would just love every one of the bright, smiling faces of those girls who are your own age.

A MODERN MADONNA

TOKYO, JAPAN.

Dear Baptist Mothers:

Such a lovely picture as I saw today. I must send you this bit of a note to tell you about it. I walked over to the Yotsuya Baptist church, this morning, with Miss Ryder, through the narrow streets, guiltless of sidewalks, passing all sorts of fascinating shops, to be present at the opening of the new year of the kindergarten. The church was new just before the earthquake and was only slightly damaged. The children have a large, sunny room, and looked very cunning in their tiny chairs, some of them quite modern in their European clothes, and others in the quaint kimono with big sleeves and broad sash. One chair was empty because the little man who should have occupied it was too shy and was clinging close to his mother, who sat just back of the circle of children with her child in her lap. I watched her for a

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long time—a woman with a strong, sweet face, gowned in the dark kimono customary for street wear, with her whole attention given to the children and the song that they were singing. There she sat, her head keeping time to the music and her lips forming the words of “Jesus loves me, this I know,” the little child in her arms—a Japanese Madonna.

ONGOLE, SOUTH INDIA.

Dear Baptist Women:

You have sponsored some very wonderful undertakings during the last fifty years, since, in fact, you realized that you could work beyond your own door-yard. Do you realize, I mean the great majority of you, what you have been doing? You really put your finger on the weakest branch in our Family tree, and have been working to strengthen it ever since. You have pruned and grafted, and now you are being rewarded by the choicest fruit that has ever been picked from a human tree like ours.

A Weak Link Strengthened. In those early days, your intuitions told you that a family needs Christian women if it is to produce a strong, virile race that is to help to move the world toward righteousness and God. Therefore, you began with the material you found to work with—fine material, but buried in ignorance, superstition, and suffering. And out of it have come women and girls, too many to number, who are now standing with you, shoulder to shoulder, to complete the task together.

The Cottage System for Girls' Schools. If you could only all see with the physical eyes, as well as the sight that comes through faith, the Christian schools that you

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have helped to start, there would sweep through your souls a great song of rejoicing. Take this one illustration of Ongole, in India, where one hundred and seventy Indian girls are enrolled in our mission school. If you should pay them a visit, they would all gather on the compound, in the shade of the big trees and in the shadow of the low, white school buildings, and give you a royal welcome. They would hang wreaths of marigolds around your necks, sing their songs, and shyly and in soft voices make their little speeches. The girls live in dormitories which are like rooms chained together in a row, one-story, whitewashed buildings not unlike their own homes. The same problem is being solved here as in Gauhati and Golaghat, Assam, namely, how to educate the girls so that they will not be unfitted for the village life out of which they have come. Therefore, in each dormitory or little cottage the girls live as in a family, electing a "mother" and being distributed so that there are big and little sisters, according to the ages of the girls. Adjacent to each dormitory is a simple kitchen with a small open fireplace, dirt floor, and shelf for the brass jars. Each family does all of its own buying and cooking, planning and serving of meals. Thus these Indian girls are learning habits of thrift and honesty and self-reliance from actual experience, in addition to what they find in their daily lessons in the classrooms.

A School Shop. The older girls decided to open a School Shop where the goods in most constant demand would be on sale, such as grain, curry-stuffs, oil, soap-nuts, kerosene, pencils, bowls, and thread. This gave them all sorts of new experiences. It was necessary to whitewash the shop, to secure the goods, to decide upon the hours when the shop would be open, whether credit

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should be given, etc. When all was ready they arranged a short program and opened their new venture with prayer and the singing of Christian hymns.

Value of Christian Living. At least one-half of these girls are from Christian homes, and the others who come in contact with Christian living every day, in school, in their own little family group, and in all the contacts they make on the compound, realize the difference between the old life of the Christless village and the possibilities that are open before them, in accepting Jesus Christ.

ACCEPTANCE OF JESUS CHRIST, SENDAI

SENDAI, JAPAN.

*Dear Young People of the Baptist Young People's Union
and Christian Endeavor:*

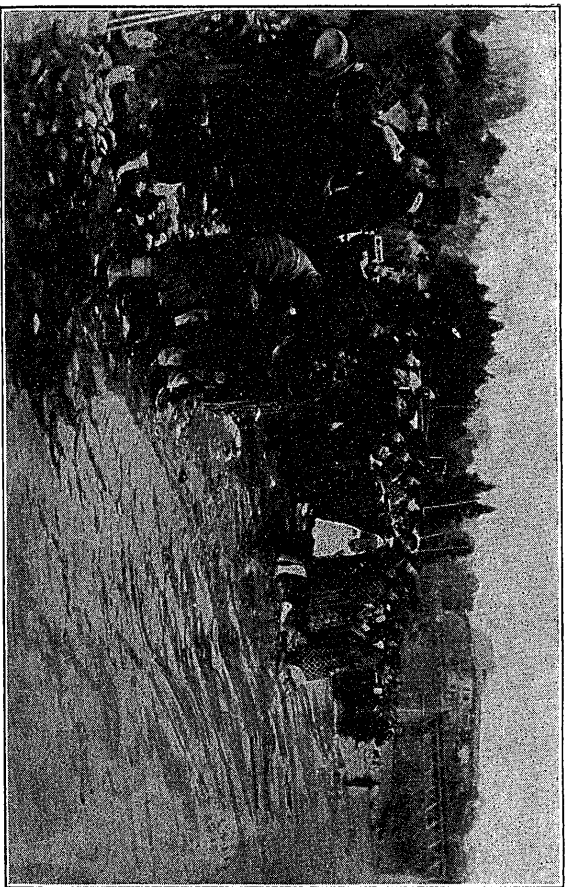
This is a grand place in which to start a letter to you. Sendai is eight hours by train from Tokyo, the most important city in the north of Japan, and here our Family has one of the finest schools for girls in all the world. The compound is beautifully located, high on a bluff above a twisting, turning river. The buildings on both sides of the road are of gray stucco—chapel and classrooms, residence, and dormitories. The school ranks high in the estimation of the Japanese, and recently was granted the privilege of entering its graduates in the Imperial University Colleges of Law or Literature—an honor held by few schools in Japan. The school also has a fine record for the Christian baptism of its graduates before they leave its care. You will be interested to know that recently, having expressed a desire to know more about Jesus Christ, these three hundred

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and twenty earnest girls were given an opportunity to listen to Mr. Yasumura, Bible teacher at the Mabie Memorial Boys' School in Yokohama, who spoke to them for three afternoons. The girls were at liberty to talk with him individually and seek answers to some of their questions regarding the true religion. As a result, a third of the student body expressed the wish to be baptized and thus publicly acknowledge Jesus Christ. On a Sunday in April, in the clear, cold water of the river, thirty-five were baptized, and others have been following as they have secured permission from their parents.

Christian School Activities, Sunday Schools. Please do not receive the idea that this is the only school, among all those in the Orient belonging to our Family, that has an active record for conversions or for aggressive Christian service. There is scarcely a school of any size but has its Christian school organization under one name or another, meeting regularly once a week. Then many a school conducts Sunday schools on Sunday afternoon and even on a week-day, for children in the neighborhood or in the near-by villages. For instance, Mary L. Colby School for Girls, with an enrolment of over three hundred, situated on a bluff commanding a magnificent view of Yokohama Bay, conducts fifteen such schools every week; the one hundred and eighty girls in the Hinomoto Girls' School, Himeji, radiate the fine Christian spirit of their training through fifteen weekly Sunday schools; at Iloilo in the Philippines, the boys of Central College are busy with eleven, and the girls on the Renfreville compound, nearer the city, have fourteen more.

Enumerating Other Activities. This is only one outlet, however, for the strong desire that all these groups



BAPTISM, SENDAI GIRLS SCHOOL
School in Distance

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of young people have for Christian service. Temperance societies, Bible classes, prayer groups, leading meetings both in the school and outside, attendance upon conferences, are a few of the lines of Christian activity in the Orient, as at home among the American branch of the Family.

At Kemendine. Just listen to what one school is doing regularly to pass on what the young people, themselves, have received. This is at Kemendine, five miles out from the center of Rangoon, where there are nearly five hundred girls. They have their own church, because, as you can see, they would overcrowd any of the city churches, should they attempt to attend. They take collections at the church services and at the Sunday school, and pay their preacher about three dollars a Sunday. Then they give ten dollars a month for the support of two orphans in the school; support six outside Sunday schools and provide for two hundred cards a week; pay the traveling expenses of a delegation of girls to sing, every Sunday afternoon, to the women in Dufferin Hospital; give about thirty dollars a year for home missions and fifty dollars toward the entertainment of the annual Convention; contribute from five to twenty-five dollars for the work of the Convention, the Baptist Orphanage, Christian Endeavor Union, the Sunday School Union, the Burman Seminary, the two Women's Bible Schools, delegates for the Summer Conference at Maymyo, the Burman School for the Deaf, and the Evangelistic Society. Don't you think that those girls have an active interest in the work of our Baptist Family in the spread of Christ's kingdom in Burma? They seem to be standing loyally with you in all your fine plans for service.

THE BAPTIST FAMILY

Student Bands at Judson College. Then at Judson College in Rangoon, the boys and girls have what they call "student bands," and these go out, week-ends, to near-by towns. Their visit to Tharrawaddy is a sample of the sort of work they do. The program began with a basket-ball game and there was a tie score which, of course, created a fine feeling of comradeship between the local and visiting teams. Thursday evening the college glee club gave an excellent concert to five hundred school children plus a hundred of the officials and elders of the town. Saturday morning there was a short general assembly, Bible classes, and testimony meetings, with the subject "The Sinfulness of Sin." In the afternoon, the Bible lesson was on salvation. At three-thirty, there were games followed by a football game which the school won. In the evening there was a sacred concert and a sermon. More Bible classes were held Sunday, and meetings in which the college boys told how they had been led to Christ, and about the temptations and opposition they had been forced to overcome. The aftermath of such a visit was that twenty of the boys immediately indicated their wish to be baptized, and others wanted to know more and joined classes for special study of the Bible. These college teams have been to Pegu, Maubin, Henzada, and many other towns, and everywhere the response has been the same—a new respect for the gospel and an active desire to know more about it.

BASSEIN, BURMA.

Dear Baptist Laymen:

May I have a word with you? I promise not to take any more time than is necessary, and I will make this

IN FOREIGN MISSION FIELDS

letter to you as brief as possible. I am not writing for money or to interest you in any proposition where money will be needed later. I want to tell you about some other laymen who belong to our Family, and what they are doing, so that you will not feel that the whole responsibility of educating Baptists and preaching the gospel rests upon your shoulders.

Karen Laymen of Burma. I am making reference to the Karens of Burma, who years ago must have migrated from Western China until now there are nearly two million of them in the country. They were originally subject to the Burmans, the ruling race of Burma, but when Great Britain assumed charge of India, they were protected and free to develop their own racial characteristics and talents. This they have done along almost every line. Today Baptist Karens have nine hundred and eighteen organized, independent and self-directing churches with over two hundred ordained pastors and five hundred who have not been ordained. Their total registered, baptized church-membership is in excess of fifty-six thousand.

Thoroughness of Their Plans for Education. All of their work is organized, and they believe in education. It is not a matter of theory, but of fact, for every church is taxed for the support of the Karen schools. If the rice, pigs, goats, bamboo, etc., are not forthcoming, the children of that church are not permitted to continue in school, unless there is evidence that arrears will be made up. Every Karen Christian center has its large school in English and the vernacular languages. Some of these schools have enrolments of many hundreds; for instance, Henzada with three hundred and eighty, Tharrawaddy with five hundred, Rangoon with six hun-

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dred and eighty, Bassein with seven hundred and sixty. Every Christian village also supports its own local day-school, so that, in all, there are twenty-six thousand Karen boys and girls who are in schools provided for them by the Christian parents of our own Family.

Property of Karens at Bassein. Nor it is a matter of support simply, for there are the buildings and the equipment to be supplied. Doubtless you have heard of this new building at Bassein, which has just been completed at a total cost of one hundred thousand dollars. It contains twenty-two classrooms, a library, and an auditorium seating fifteen hundred. You would be very much impressed if you should come driving up the hill, turn in at the gate, and go through the building. Yet, this is not the only building that this school possesses. You could be made quite weary with a tour of this compound, for there are twenty-six buildings—dormitories, gymnasium, steam laundry, steam-cooking plant and class buildings, besides the residences which the mission has erected. Even now you are not done with the Karens of the Bassein district, for you must see the saw-mill property and the rice-mill in the town, which are valued at seventy thousand dollars and whose income is used to meet the expenses of this educational work, as an endowment. If you make further inquiry into the financial backing of this school, you will be told that there is an additional endowment of thirty-five thousand dollars on interest in America.

This Sgaw Karen mission in Bassein is probably the best organized and the most successful of any Christian Family anywhere in the world. We feel a certain legitimate pride in the fact that it belongs to our Family, and that it is an outgrowth of Baptist faith and work.

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VALUE OF THE CHRISTIAN HOSTEL

TOKYO, JAPAN.

Dear Baptist Fathers and Mothers:

Lewis Memorial Hostel. I am sending this letter to you because I know you appreciate having the right kind of surroundings for your boys and girls when they leave you to go to school in some big city, or are out of your sight under conditions with which you are not familiar. Well, parents are much the same, the world over. So it is a matter of real comfort to Assamese parents that, on the banks of the broad Brahmaputra river as it flows by the town of Gauhati, our Family has erected the Lewis Memorial Hostel for the students in Cotton Government College. It accommodates thirty-five boys who daily come under the influence of a member of our own Family who is in charge, and many more join the Bible classes and make use of the reading-rooms and the library.

King Hostel. In the heart of the city of Madras stands King Hostel, the gift of members of the American branch of our Family. It is only two years old, but its comfortable, quiet rooms opening onto an inner court are always filled with Tamil, Telugu, Parsee, and Malayalis college boys, who covet the atmosphere of this Christian home. Twenty-five young men, carefully selected, are thus guided and cared for, each year, and given a vision of how to meet their country's need and how their own lives may be used in the service of Christ.

Pegu and Benton Hostels. In Rangoon, when Judson College first opened its doors to the girls, parents hesitated to send their daughters on such a new venture as a college education in classes with young men. Then

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Pegu Hostel was opened and was soon crowded with twenty-five girls, and more were turned away. A member of the Family in America heard of the need and soon a large, comfortable house next door was added, as the Caroline Benton Memorial Hostel, and now fifty happy, lovely girls meet, morning and evening, for prayers and are carrying the influence of that Christian living throughout Burma, as they leave those beloved homes of college days.

Five Hostels in the Philippines. The student hostels of our Family in the Philippines are five in number; two in Bacolod on the island of Negros, two in Iloilo on the island of Panay, and one in Manila. In these central towns of these islands are fine Government high schools to which boys and girls from the villages come. To many Filipino parents, upon the proper answer of the question, "Where will our child live at school?" depends the fate of the high-school course for many an eager boy or girl. Thus these five hostels are always full, and two hundred young people, every year, through the foresight of our Family, are safeguarded and given definite instruction in the Bible and in Christian living.

At Waseda University. Our Family has two hostels here in Tokyo, Japan. One is in connection with Waseda University and is composed of two fine, new brick buildings: Scott Hall, the gift of an American woman of our Family, and the center of the church and religious life of the students; and Alvah Hovey Memorial Dormitory, the home of the students. No one can estimate the influence of the work of this hostel upon the future leaders of Japan, for it is a high type of student that attends Waseda University, and this openly Christian service rendered by members of our Family is frankly favored

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by the authorities who control this non-religious institution.

Young Women's Dormitory. The second hostel in Tokyo is for young women, and no one unfamiliar with the conditions in this great city realizes the temptations to which a young woman student is subjected, when left to find her own lodging. Forty lovely Japanese girls, students in the leading schools of the city, find a real Christian home and a friend and mother in Miss Ryder, who has charge of this hostel. Recently an American woman of our Family has made possible a remodeled and new dormitory. Through the wooden gate which spells security and peace, these girls pass every day, the cherry blossom petals drop softly about them, the red maple leaves gleam richly in the sunshine, and one by one these girls come to know the love of God that is to be their strength as long as they live.



EPISTLE IV

**THE FAMILY TRAINING ITSELF
TO BE USEFUL**

OUTLINE OF EPISTLE IV

AIM: To set forth the value and significance of some of the Training-schools in the Baptist Family; to show what it means to have, not only educated members in the Family, but also some who are specially trained for definite Christian service.

INTRODUCTION: The Foresight of the Family in Establishing Training-schools, and Their Variety.

1. A Visit to Kurnool, South India, and to Ningpo, East China.
2. Seminaries—of Special Interest to Baptist Pastors.
3. Baptist Gardeners—Agricultural School, Pyinmana, Burma, and Gardens at Ongole and Nellore, South India.
4. Congratulations to the Woman's Societies and a Tour of Inspection.
5. Attention of School-teachers—Normal Training-schools.
6. Where Kindergarten Teachers in the Orient Are Trained.
7. World Wide Guilds and Nurses' Training-schools.
8. Baptist Laymen and Applied Christian Business.

EPISTLE IV

IN THE WHAMPOO RIVER,
SHANGHAI, CHINA.

Dear Denomination:

We have been on this steamer all day, waiting to sail, but we can not leave until the last of the eighty tons of silver bullion has been unloaded. It is worth seven million dollars—just think of that! And each piece looks like a big loaf of frosted cake and takes two men to carry it off the steamer.

Foresight Shown in Establishment of Training-schools. All that I have yet written you regarding the schools of our Family in the Orient has been about those that follow rather closely the regular course for a general education. I have saved for this letter what I want to tell you about the special training that our schools give, fitting boys and girls and older people for some definite line of service. Some of this work is given as a course or a department of the schools about which I have already written, but there are also separate training-schools, so many of them and doing such good work that I feel that a special letter should be written you about them. Our Family has been very wise in recognizing the need for specialization and in attempting to provide for it with a strong Christian background and atmosphere. It is inevitable that the preaching of the gospel, all the evangelistic work of our Family in the Orient, the medical work, educational, etc., will more and more be carried on by the branch of the Family indigenous to that district or country. Therefore special training is required as much

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in the Orient as it is at home, if the Family expects to accomplish good work and raise up strong men and women to guide the future growth of Christ's kingdom.

Variety in Training-schools. The training-schools that belong to our Family in the Orient cover many different lines of activities. They prepare men to be ministers of the gospel, men and women to be evangelists, Bible teachers, Sunday-school and church workers; they fit them as Christian teachers in the grade and high schools of the mission and the government, as kindergartners, as nurses; they train them to use their hands in agriculture, in mechanical work, in handwork of all kinds; they dignify labor and glorify the earning of the daily bread; they give to mothers and homemakers the necessary knowledge that will rear a generation of healthy children and make the home a place where the wife can take her place as the equal of her husband and sons.

Industrial Department at Kurnool. Let us pay a visit to Kurnool, where our Family is hard at work. This is a town on the banks of a river with no water in it for many months of each year. This saves, as you can see, the necessity of building a bridge, for the river may be crossed in a two-wheeled cart drawn by two or four bullocks, or on foot through the sand which is ankle deep. Kurnool is almost in the Deccan and so shares with that native state of India the isolation and the poverty of the people. One of the finest plants of our Family in the Orient, however, is to be found at Kurnool, including a Boys' High School with an enrolment of two hundred and fifty. The Industrial Department is an important part of this school, which is housed in substantial gray stone buildings, and bears the name of the

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Coles-Ackerman Memorial School, well-known names in our American Family. Here you find a carpentry shop where the boys are at work on chairs, tables, chests, and desks; a weaving shed with big looms where you watch the boys guide the shuttles, making bath towels, colored plaid cotton for dresses, and wonderful blue and white bed-spreads (if you have an eye for attractive souvenirs to bring from India, you will order one of these spreads immediately). Putting on pith sunhats, we can walk over the sixty acres which the school has under cultivation. Possibly you will be satisfied to see just the fine gardens where all sorts of green things are growing in even rows, without a weed in sight. Then there are some fine-looking cattle that are being scientifically cared for—a lesson in itself to these Indian boys, who have had no knowledge of sleek, healthy cows, and have not thought such animals possible. Well, it would pay the denomination to visit Kurnool, for it would be justly proud of what is being done there in training boys to learn a trade under Christian direction.

Balasore and Moulmein. You would have just as interesting a visit at the Industrial School for Boys at Balasore, in Orissa, India, where there are seventy-five in the shops; and at the Karen School in Moulmein, where you would surely leave an order for a carved teakwood chest.

Christian Homemakers' School, Ningpo. A very different type of training-school is found at Ningpo, China, in the Christian Homemakers' School for Women. The buildings are close up to the grim, gray wall of the old city, and are thus shut away from a view of the yellow river flowing close by. A narrow, paved street, which is not as wide as many a sidewalk at home, leads to the

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gate, whose two solid wooden halves swing open just as the old gateman sets fire to a string of firecrackers to welcome you. You jump, of course, and then smile and bow in acknowledgement of the greeting. When once inside the yard, you find one old and one new building, sixty women and twenty children. The name of the school tells its purpose. These women want to know how to keep house, to care for their children, to read and understand the Bible, to work with their husbands in church and school, and to be real homemakers. Thus they come for instruction, some of them leaving children, and others bringing their children with them, who then serve to illustrate the teachings of the school and are brought up according to the best methods. The courses give the women much practical help along many lines, and they will gladly tell you about it if you will step into their assembly-room and take a chair. They will also serve you with tea and noodles which they have made with their own hands and some crisp fried cakes which are quite a treat.

Schools of Mothercraft at Huchow, Shaohsing, and Kaying. Other schools which are giving a training similar to this school at Ningpo are the Schools of Mothercraft at Huchow and Shaohsing in East China and Kaying in South China. The first two have fine, modern buildings, the special gifts of American women of the Family, bearing the names of the Shirk Memorial at Huchow and the Brooks Fleet Pyle School at Shaohsing. The school in Kaying has no building of its own and really nothing to work with, and yet it is growing.

If you ever travel in the Orient, please be sure to visit these schools. They are much more worth while than the temples and the shops.

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THEOLOGICAL SEMINARIES

INSEIN, BURMA.

Dear Baptist Pastors:

Two at Insein, Burma. We are spending the afternoon and evening here in this suburb of the city of Rangoon, because there are two theological seminaries here which belong to our Family. One of them is for the Karens and the other for the Burmans and all other races. This last statement was well illustrated this afternoon in the assembly of the students of the Burman Seminary. They repeated John 3 : 16 in their own language or dialect, and it was said sixteen times: in Talain, Burmese, Lahu, Sgaw Karen, Pwo Karen, Black Karen, three dialects of Kachin, Chin, two dialects of Hakka, Shan, Tounghu, and two dialects of Chinese. Yet those wonderful words were understood by all, so much so that the thirty-six men in this seminary want to devote their lives to preaching the gospel.

The Karen Seminary has always had a larger enrolment than its neighbor on the same compound, a fine location on a shady hill, and is the oldest seminary in the Orient as far as is known, having been started in 1845. Both schools are held in high esteem by the Christians of Burma, who carry almost the entire support. The men are not college graduates, many of them, but the grade of work is just as high as it is possible to give them and fitted to the type of work they will be obliged to carry on when they become pastors.

Ramapatnam, South India. Another seminary that you would enjoy visiting is at Ramapatnam, in South India. It occupies a fine, large compound close to the sea, with many beautiful banyan trees and green par-

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rots, a few hours train ride north of Madras. There is a substantial red brick building for classrooms and assembly, and then several white bungalows along the driveway and rows of little houses for the student families. One hundred and fourteen men and women are taking their training on this attractive compound, and go out into the villages for their practical training.

Evangelistic Meeting. One evening we went to the village of Tettu, three miles away, to hold a street meeting. We took lanterns along, and a graphophone to draw the crowd. As soon as the music started, the people began to gather. Dark forms, wrapped in white or red blankets, crept out of the shadows like ghosts, and silently sat down on the ground, their knees up to their chins. A regular service followed, with singing, a short talk, and prayer. After it was over, the tall figures melted away and were lost in the blackness around.

Special Training for Wives. The first building you pass, after turning in at the gate of the Seminary compound, is a little white house that looks so attractive that you want to stop at once and find out who lives there and what goes on there, especially as you see a number of Indian women on the veranda and a comfortable American nurse, who certainly must belong to our Family, talking with them. You soon discover that this is the dispensary of the Seminary, where the women and children from all the villages around come with their aches and pains. It is more than this, however, for regular classes are held here for the wives of the Seminary students. It is some of these women who are gathered on the veranda as we drive along the road. They study physiology, simple anatomy, the delivery and care of babies, remedies for the simple, prevailing ailments of

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India, and other things that will help them to be of real assistance to their husbands and to the women of the village to which, later, they go. These are not all the lessons that these women learn at the Seminary. They have regular work in Bible study, Sunday-school methods, woman's work, and play for children. Often this last-mentioned course is put to good use in the village and proves to be the only way by which an unwilling mother is led to listen to the story of Jesus Christ.

For the last few years the Canadian Baptists, our neighbors and near relatives, have been sharing with us in the work of this Seminary. Final arrangements, however, have not yet been made for a permanent union.

29 SANAI CHO, USHIGOME,
TOKYO, JAPAN.

Seminary in Tokyo. This Seminary for our Family in Japan was rather shaken by the earthquake and the buildings look the worse for the experience, but they both stood, although plaster and tiles and chimneys fell. A rather long, steep hill leads to the seminary gate, but because of this the location is most desirable.

Doctor Chiba. It is pleasant to be greeted by Doctor Chiba, the president of the seminary, who is one of the Christian leaders in Japan today. Some of you may remember him, for he is a graduate of Colby College and Rochester Theological Seminary. He also has received the degree of LL. D. from an American University. His service has been conspicuous in matters of interdenominational cooperation and in the promotion of Christian education. He is a recognized scholar throughout Japan, has made many valuable contributions to the Christian

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literature of his country, and is much in demand as a public speaker and preacher. Although the number of students in the seminary has always been small, yet the personal influence of such a man as Doctor Chiba makes a strong and permanent impression upon these young men.

Bible Departments. Many other schools have special departments of Bible study, as Swatow Academy, the Jorhat Christian schools in Assam, and the Central Philippine College in Iloilo, which prepare men for the work of preaching. Then there are Bible departments in some of the Union Colleges, where we share the responsibility with our neighbors; but I hope to devote one whole letter home about these schools and colleges, and so will not write now about them. You would find a journey planned to visit these Seminaries and Bible Departments most enjoyable, especially if you could stay long enough to discover the problems and difficulties these men of our Family assume when they undertake to preach the gospel in the non-Christian lands of the Orient. I am sure that you would be stimulated and surprised to find how little our theological discussions at home bear on the vital question of giving Jesus Christ to those who are ready to accept him, without the trappings of the Western civilization in which we have wrapped him.

AN AGRICULTURAL SCHOOL

PYINMANA, BURMA.

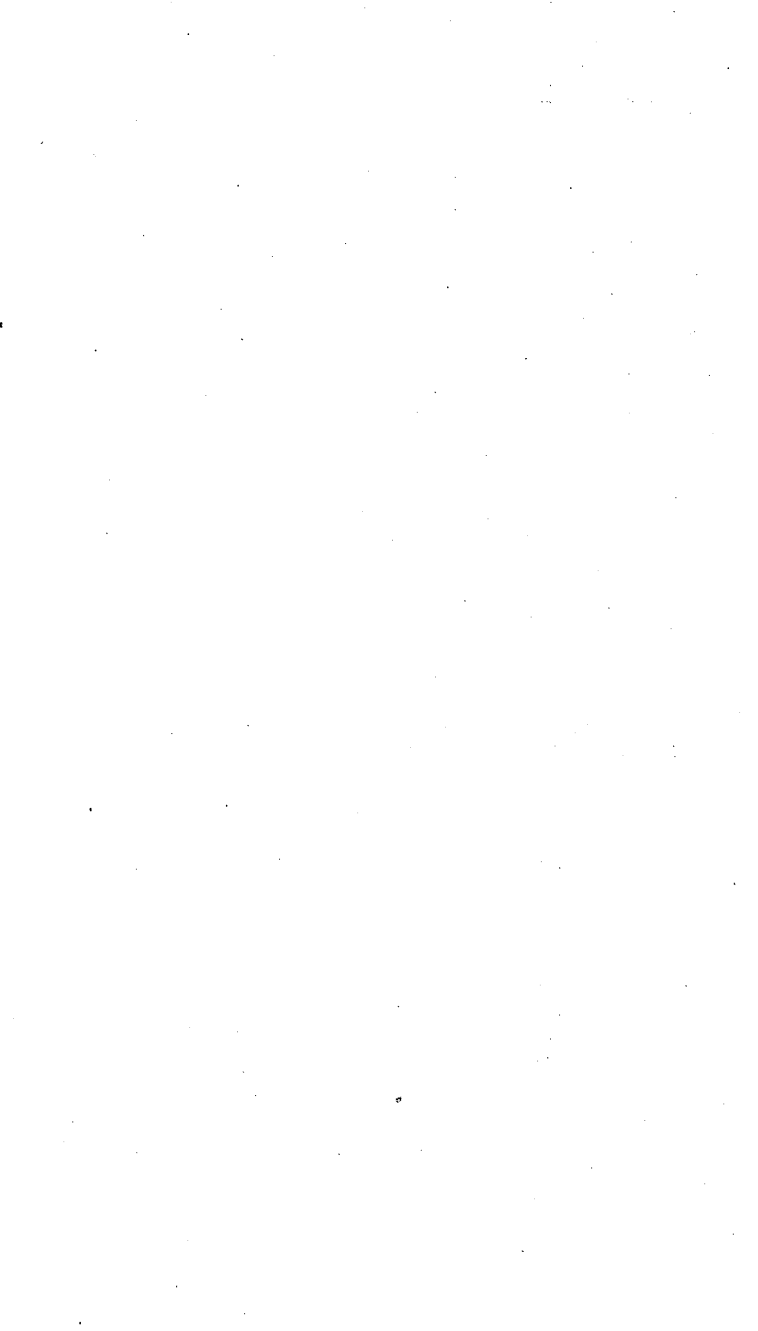
Dear Baptist Gardeners:

You would love it here—two hundred and twenty-five miles north of Rangoon on the main railway line to



THE TRACTOR AT WORK ON THE PYNNAMA AGRICULTURAL SCHOOL FARM

It Does the Work of Fifty Men and One Hundred Oxen and Plows Up the Land in the Dry Season when the Ground Is Baked so Hard that Oxen Cannot Touch It with Ordinary Plows



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Mandalay, where "the flying-fishes" do not play, with all due respect to Mr. Kipling's famous poem. This is one of the most fertile sections of Burma. The rice-fields are a bright green, the great clumps of bamboo, the tall banana trees with their flapping, broken leaves and big bunches of half-ripe fruit, the vegetable gardens with their even rows of growing things, and the coconut and date palms, and many other trees and plants, too numerous to mention, are a delight to see. Why do we come here? Well, because we must see this new Agricultural School that belongs to our Family, and know about it and tell the rest of the Family. It is only two years old but it has fifty-six students enrolled. You see, we have needed such a school as this, for there are fifty thousand villages in Burma where most of the people live. The figures say that eighty per cent. of the twelve millions in the country are engaged in agriculture. In spite of this they are very poor and have an average income of only a few cents a day. This is because they use old methods and know nothing of soils and pests, seed selection and modern machinery. It is a practical way of helping our Christian Family in Burma and making them better able to assist themselves and to pass on this help to their villages and communities.

Let Mr. Case, who is our host and the principal of the school, tell us in his own words what these young men are doing:

As the school aims to teach boys to use their hands as well as their heads to learn to work, they must work to learn. Among the new students three were sent by chiefs of the Shan states. One of these is the son of the prime minister of the Yawnghwe Sawbwa. The agricultural subjects studied by the first year

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students are vegetable and fruit gardening, soils and botany, and each student has a one-twentieth-acre garden-plot which he takes care of as his own garden project. The second year students study field crops, and chemistry and physics as related to agriculture. They have one-acre farm plots where they carry on projects in field crops, each growing two or more crops. All students are required to work three and a half hours each morning at the general farm work, for which they are paid two cents an hour.

The religious spirit of the school is good. Most of the students are Christians. Last year the only three non-Christians of the school were baptized before the close of the year. There are a good number of young men growing up in the school whom we believe will become strong Christian leaders of rural life in Burma in the near future.

If you are interested in this subject of the gardens of our Family you will enjoy a trip across the Bay of Bengal, and a ride by train from Madras to Ongole, where the school children cultivate three large gardens which are enclosed with substantial stone walls, and each provided with a well. Gardening in India takes time and infinite patience, for the water is often drawn from a depth of forty feet by hand, and carried by the same means.

School Gardens. On the return trip, Nellore should be visited to see the fine gardens of the Coles-Ackerman Memorial School for Boys. There are three hundred students and some of them are keenly interested in the agricultural work. George, one of the older boys, will gladly show you his roselle garden. You are not familiar with this plant in America. It grows as a rather low shrub and bears bright red berries which make a delicious sauce or jelly, which looks like cranberry but is not so tart. Quantities of these berries are grown in India. Then you surely must stop to see the hens and tiny yellow chickens in their comfortable, enclosed run-

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way. The scientific care of poultry is a new field for the Indian, who has been accustomed to let hens roam and eat what they can pick up or nothing at all, if they are soon to be sold for food. Weighing the food, counting the eggs, etc., opens a whole new department of education.

BIBLE SCHOOLS FOR WOMEN

SWATOW, CHINA.

Dear Baptist Women:

Swatow. You surely started something worth while when, more than fifty years ago, the first school in the Orient for training women in the knowledge and use of the Bible and in evangelistic work among women and children was opened by the women of our American branch of the Family, in Swatow, China. Through all the years that school has continued its work, and hundreds of Christian Chinese women have passed through its doors, having gained a new knowledge of their Saviour and a vision of what their personal work for him can mean to the women of China.

You probably know that the city of Swatow is on one side of the Bay of Swatow and that our Baptist mission compound is on the other side, really built on a mass of rocky hillsides and big boulders. There are beautiful trees, lovely shady paths, flowers and the houses and school buildings tucked in odd places, on the side of a cliff, on the top of a rocky hill, apparently sliding off here and perched up there. There are beautiful views of water and land from second-story windows, and plenty of exercise for any one who has work to do on this compound. As a result, however, there has been

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created at Kakchieh, as it is called, one of the most beautiful garden compounds of any family in the Orient. Well, it is in this setting that this school of yours has lived and thrived all these years.

The school building and dormitory is close by the path, but it is much built up and supported at the back, because it hangs more or less over a deep ravine. Passing into the main hall and through the classrooms, you notice big iron rods running parallel with the ceiling and firmly imbedded in the walls. Then there seem to be big cracks in the plaster which have been filled in, but which suggest some sort of a geography lesson. All these have come to be, because of the earthquakes with which this compound is so familiar. A few years ago this building was severely shaken by an earthquake which did many thousands of dollars worth of damage to all the buildings at Kakchieh.

There are fifty-four women now in the school, who entered at a younger age than students did when the school was first started and with a better education upon which to build their Bible study. They come from all parts of our South China field for this training, and there is never any lack of demand for the graduates from this school.

In the wake of this first school, many others have followed, because of your loving thought in America for other women in our Family. If you are ready, let us go on a tour of inspection. We will begin with Assam where the school is new—the building and the name are.

Gale Memorial. Three hundred miles up the fertile valley of the Brahmaputra river, in the shadow of the foothills of the Himalaya Mountains, is the town of Jorhat, where we find the Gale Memorial Bible School

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for Women, the gift, as many of you know, of a devoted lover of the women of Assam, who among the last things of her earthly life planned for this need of her sisters. The new buildings consist of a hostel and classroom building and a bungalow. The trees and shrubs are growing, and soon the compound will lose its appearance of newness, and the low white house so close to the long brown road will be the realization of a dream that the Assam women of our Family might have a suitable place in which to come for Bible study and for preparation for Christian service.

Gurley Memorial. From Assam we come back to Calcutta and then take the mail train for nearly two days to Nellore in South India. You will be delighted beyond words when you see, here, the Gurley Memorial Woman's Bible School, another name that many a woman of our Family in America holds dear. Walk up the path, in through the wide open door, to the central hall from which the classrooms lead. Deep verandas shade the windows from the glare of the Oriental sun. Such immaculate spotlessness we have never seen before, and we are delighted to be told that the students hope to keep the building in just such perfect order. What would please the average woman is to own a house which has a door, opposite the front one, leading out to a garden, and to be able to see a framed vista of green at the end of the hall. Well, you find just this at Nellore in the new home of the Woman's Bible School. As the door is open, let us walk in the garden. It is surprising what these thirty-three girl and women students have been able to accomplish in the short time since the building was completed. They are raising all of the vegetables for their own use, and having some to sell.

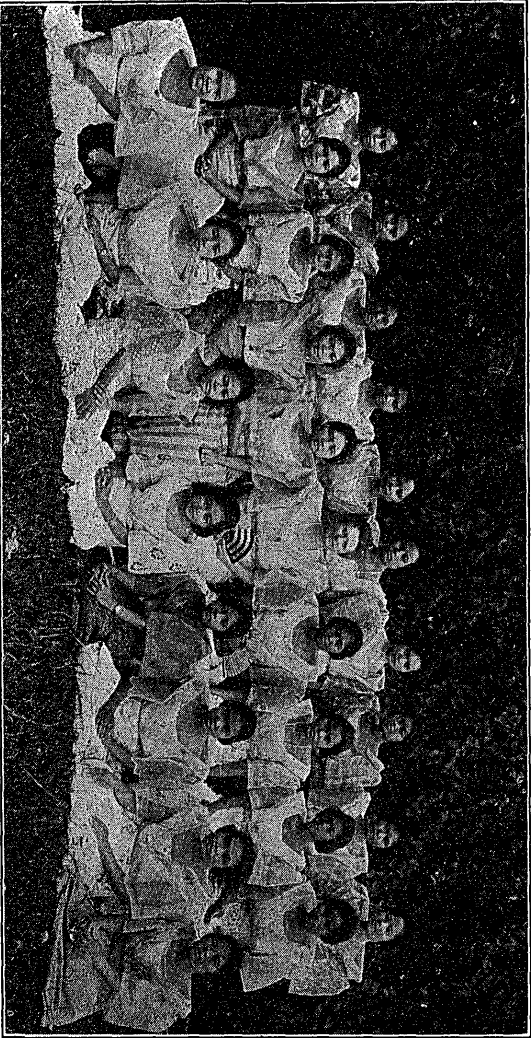
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You must exclaim over the large tomatoes, for the girls are very proud of them.

The Alumnae Association has recently begun the publication of a little paper, called the "Message of Light," which is to go to all the graduates of the school, to keep them in touch with the latest things, not only in the school but also in world news, and to give them new inspiration for their Bible study and their prayer life. Many of the alumnae have already subscribed for the paper.

Karen Woman's Bible School. We go back to Madras and then by steamer for three days to Rangoon, where there are two more of these Women's Schools for Bible Study. One is for the Karens and was started twenty-nine years ago by Mrs. Rose, who will be remembered by many of our American Family. There are sixty-five girls in the new dormitory, which is a memorial gift from the women of the Southern New York Association. There is also a new chapel belonging to the Pwo Karens, where all the classes are held. Both of these buildings are on the compound known as "Ahlone" and situated several miles from the center of the city. Large trees shade the buildings and give glimpses of other houses also belonging to our Family. This school is practically supported by the Karens, who take a very active interest in it and in keeping it supplied with fine young women for students.

Burman Woman's Bible School. At Insein, a suburb of Rangoon, we find the other school, which is for Burmans and other races in Burma, excepting the Karen, on a shady, quiet compound, about a mile from the two Theological Seminaries. There are twenty-nine young women here, representing six different races. When



GIRLS IN HIGH SCHOOL

Living in Baptist Dormitory, Hilo, P. I.

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they return from vacation it is always interesting to hear them tell of the practical work they have tried to do in their villages; some lead women's meetings, teach in the Sunday school, start a young people's society, distribute leaflets, witness to Buddhist relatives and guests, tell Bible stories and teach the Bible and Christian songs, an hour every day, in a school, at the request of a Buddhist teacher.

Bible Training School, Iloilo. As fast as we can we will go on our way to Hongkong, and there change steamers for Manila, P. I., and then again to a smaller one, finally reaching Iloilo, where our Family has still another school for Bible training. Fifty girls greet us here, smaller and more youthful in appearance than those of the other countries we have visited, and show us where they live and study. It is a roomy compound with nine brown houses on it, tucked in behind lovely vines and big trees, with deep veranda roofs which make the houses look cool and inviting. These houses were built before the school took possession, so they have been adapted for dormitories and classrooms, but they serve their purpose and give the young women an excellent idea of Christian home life. On the same compound is our Girls' Dormitory and Doane Hall, which is the center of Christian activities for the students of the Government High School which is on the adjoining property. Thus the girls of the Training School are living all of the time in an atmosphere of religious fervor and are seeing, at first hand, the use to which their training can be put, later, after their course is finished. They have been holding evangelistic meetings in a home where one of our kindergartens meets. Sixty mothers attended, sixteen of whom signed slips, at the close, for

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Bible study, and four for baptism. Down-stairs in the house, forty children were hearing about Jesus, and in an adjoining house sixty-five more were being taught by the Training School girls.

Woman's Bible School, Osaka. There is only one more stop to be made in this tour of inspection, and that is in Japan. We leave the steamer at Kobe and take the train for a ride of an hour and a half to Osaka, which is an enormous, spreading city of one million, six hundred thousand people. There are vast manufacturing and industrial plants that belch out black smoke, just like Pittsburgh in the United States. In one of the suburbs, called Juso, there is a narrow, hedge-bordered lane which leads to four gray stucco buildings with white trimmings—one of the prettiest compounds in any land. And it belongs to our Family and to our Bible Training School. There is the residence, the recitation hall, the dormitory, and the Jubilee building which is the newest and the one which is nearest to the street, the gift of the women of the Northwest District. This last is a busy place all the time, with its club-room, kindergarten, classes in Bible, in cooking, in dressmaking, in English, its night-school, and its children's meetings with two hundred eager little people. Its door stands hospitably open to meet the need of that rapidly growing section of the great city. Outside is the playground with sand-boxes and swings, basket-ball and tennis.

All that goes on in the Jubilee building offers excellent practise for the students and enables them to put into use everything that they learn in the classroom, and much more, in the way of Christian patience and living. This school is set down in one of the needy places of the world, where its light is not hidden, and

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where it shines forth into the homes and lives of Japanese men and women, and makes the hearts of little children happy.

So our tour ends, and you must surely realize anew that you in America have been, in very fact, reaching out a helping hand to many of the Family with the Bread of Life.

P. & O. S. S. KALYAN,
EN ROUTE TO HONGKONG, CHINA.

To the Hosts of Baptists Who Teach School:

You may want to know, first of all, what all these initials stand for, at the top of this letter. Well, P. & O. do not refer to a post-office out here, but to the line of steamers on which we happen to have taken our passage. One is not long in the Orient before learning that the Peninsular and Oriental steamship line is one of the largest and most important that plies between England and Japan.

Normal Training-schools. What I have especially on my mind to say to you in this letter is from the text of the Normal Training-schools that I have seen in the Orient that belong in our Family. There are others besides ours, but I have no time to write about them today. In fact, I do not know where to begin, for I am very anxious that you realize what a fine thing we are doing in trying to raise up a throng of young people with high Christian ideals for the profession of teaching, and with as careful preparation as we have had, ourselves.

Nowgong. I think we will begin with Assam and the town of Nowgong, which is in the very center of the Assam province. It is not on the main line of railroad,

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but is reached by a slow, infrequent line of a branch road, or by five miles of motoring over what might be called, at home, a poor sidewalk. At the end, however, all the two hundred and more girls of the Training School are lined up on either side of the driveway, each one holding a lighted candle. Can you imagine the impression created by those white-robed figures, bright dark eyes, and smiling faces, as your car turns at the gate and you know that there is dinner and a comfortable bed and a warm welcome prepared?

The next morning you see the girls by daylight and find them just as attractive as they seemed by candle-light under the stars. The larger number of them are Assamese, but there are some from the Garo, the Naga, and Kuki tribes. You roam through the classrooms, visit the rows of low, connected houses which are the dormitories, and spend much time in examining the work of the students. There are charts of nature study, maps of India which show infinite pains, samples of different stitches used in sewing, neatly arranged in books, and outlines and notes of the various studies. It was interesting to notice the importance attached to each detail because soon the Government inspectress will come to review the work. It means much to this school, so isolated and with no competition, to maintain, continuously, its reputation for sending out well-prepared teachers, for whom there is a demand which is far in excess of the supply. The girls do some fine weaving, not only the yards of cloth used in the ordinary dress, but a white silk somewhat of the quality and roughness of pongee, and to this they add an elaborate pattern in gold thread for the border at the bottom of the skirt and the edge of the long scarf. These garments they save

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for their wedding-day or for very special occasions. Many of these girls begin their life in this school with the kindergarten or primary grade, and then remain for the normal training, which means that they are, for six or more years, in this Christian atmosphere, attending Bible classes, and learning at first hand the meaning of the Christian life. Small wonder that the majority graduate as acknowledged Christians.

Bapatla. From Nowgong it will take three days to return to Calcutta and then to go by train, south along the coast of the Bay of Bengal to the first stop which we must make, at Bapatla. Here is located the only Normal School in our Baptist Family in South India which trains Telugu men to be teachers. There are about one hundred and fifty students and a large Model School for practise work. These men naturally develop a strong attachment for the school, where they form congenial friendships and where their highest ambitions are fostered and their Christian life strengthened. It is a matter for courage and determination to leave all this and go out into a town or village where illiteracy and ignorance are appalling, and to give to the people there a desire for an education and a feeling of need for Jesus Christ.

Jangaon in the Deccan. Back up the railroad for a few hours, changing trains at midnight, and we reach the little town of Jangaon in the Deccan, just in time for *chota hazri*, which means toast and tea and guava jelly. It is rather a barren town, but there is one place which we must surely visit! Preston Institute, which might be called a Tuskegee for the Deccan. It is only a year or two old, has nothing in the way of buildings or trained teachers or equipment, but it is big in faith

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of what it may become. You may be inquisitive if you want to, and ask why there is another Normal School for men in South India, when already the Family has one at Bapatla. The answer is an interesting one—that this is the Deccan, ruled over by a native prince. A young man trained in a school like Bapatla, in the territory under British rule, and receiving some grant-in-aid from the government, is not at liberty to teach in any native state until he has given a few years of service in the district where he received his training. So the poor Deccan is like the cupboard of Old Mother Hubbard—bare of teachers most of the time, because a young man who leaves home for years of study and then of teaching, is not likely to come back to the self-denial and the hard work of teaching in a village community in the Deccan. All success, then, to Preston Institute in its self-imposed task of giving Christian teachers to the Deccan!

Nellore. The two normal schools named above are for the men, and we shall need to stop in Nellore, seventy miles south of Bapatla, to see some of the girls of our Family in their school for similar training. Turn in at the wide gate and drive along the winding, shady road, past the white church and the outdoor baptistery, in front of the big and the little bungalows, catching a glimpse of the Gurley Memorial Bible School and the Girls' High School through the trees, and at last arrive in front of the low, creamy white building which is the Elementary and Normal School for Girls. The two hundred and fifty girls you have already seen, for they have lined the driveway ever since we turned in at the gate, and you have heard them, too, for they have been singing a song of welcome.

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There seem to be many piles of bricks about, and it looks as though building was in process. And that is just the case, for the dormitory is almost finished, and soon the girls will be able to move out of their cramped quarters where they have been since the old dormitory roof fell in, two years and more ago. It is a large, fine-looking building, of brick and white plaster, to match the older classroom building—the gift of an American man of our Family in memory of his sister, whose name it is to bear, Emilie S. Coles Memorial Dormitory. Near-by are two smaller, twin cottages, almost completed, in which are to be started the same sort of “cottage system” as I have already described in some of my earlier letters from Gauhati, Golohat, and Ongole, where groups of girls of varying ages live together and carry on all of the daily activities of the regular Indian home. This sort of training promises to meet a real need and to make the years that the girl is out of her own home less likely to wean her from the simple life of her country. She must be fitted to live among her own people as one of them, showing, however, in persuasive character and in practical worth the difference which Christian spirit and training have made.

Normal School for Boys, Rangoon. We take the train again for the ride of one hundred and eight miles to Madras, and it is astonishing how many people, mostly Indians, with about ten bundles apiece, want to occupy exactly the same space that you are trying to secure for yourself. From Madras, three days and a comfortable steamer bring us to Rangoon, where you will find plenty to occupy your attention, even if you only visit the Normal Training-schools of our Family. It is really surprising how much work along this line our Family is

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doing. On the same compound with Judson College and Cushing High School is the Normal School for Boys, which was until recently a department of the latter.

Normal Departments, Kemendine and Morton Lane. In the suburb of Kemendine our Girls' School of five hundred students has a strong department of normal training, and a night's journey away in Moulmein is another department connected with the Morton Lane Girls' School, which has five hundred and fifty girls enrolled. From these three institutions, which are of high grade and which have the unqualified approval of the Educational Department of the Government, graduate every year at least one hundred well-trained Christian teachers who go into the schools of Burma to make their impress for something more than the mere scholastic training which they have received. If there were time, you might go into small village and town and city schools and, as you meet the young women teachers at afternoon tea on the lawn or in their classrooms, ask them the question, "Where were you trained for your work as a teacher?" Many a time the reply will be "At Morton Lane" or "Kemendine." You can see what our Family is up against in Burma, with nine hundred and thirty schools of all grades and sizes to be supplied with Christian, trained teachers.

Need of Trained Teachers. And there is no use in keeping up a school where the teachers are of any other variety. If the schools are to have any reason for existence, they must be of the best grade and must be permeated through and through with the spirit and teaching of Jesus Christ. I am sure that you are in accord with this ideal which the Family has always had for its schools in the Orient.

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KINDERGARTEN TRAINING-SCHOOLS

NIKKO, JAPAN.

Dear Kindergarten Teachers:

If you ever come to Japan, be sure to visit this wonderful place among the mountains and the magnificent trees. We have just returned from a morning spent in wandering through the courts and carved gates and torii which finally lead to the tomb of Ieyasu, the famous founder of the Shoguns of Japan. I wish that I could give you the picture, as I saw it this morning, of the stone stairs and gallery overgrown with moss, lichens, ferns, and liverworts until it was all a soft green with the gray of the old stones peeping through here and there. This is also a wonderful place in which to rest and catch up with letter-writing.

In India. We have seen so many delightful kindergartens. I would like to put some of them in my pocket to bring home to you. Then we have been interested in the schools where the kindergarten teachers get their training. In Nowgong, Assam, where our Family has such a fine normal school, there is a Kindergarten Department and there is one also connected with the training-schools at Nellore, in South India, and Kemendine and Morton Lane in Burma. You should see the practise class of tiny tots at Nellore, out of doors under a big banyan tree, with a frog tied to a string for the object-lesson. They were watching him with their bright, dark eyes, and learning all about his legs and arms and nose as the young pupil teacher talked about them.

Swatow. Then in Swatow, China, on that same charming, rocky hill which I have described to some of

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you in an earlier letter, and which is called Kakchieh, is a Kindergarten Department connected with the Woman's School. Down on the Bund, which means a strip of land along the shore of the bay, where the consul lives and other business and official people, is the dearest kindergarten of cunning Chinese children for the practise school. The girls as well as the boys wear trousers down to their heels and the thick, padded jackets that give them a stuffed appearance. Although outwardly they look so different from the children that you have in your kindergartens at home, their eyes are just as bright, they are hugely amused with all the songs and marching, and there is never any shyness about offering to lead in a game when volunteers are called for. One little boy, in particular, was most agile, waved his hand vigorously, and was always the first to arrive.

Iloilo, Philippines. There are about fifteen young women studying to be kindergarten teachers in our training-school in Iloilo, P. I. They are a fine group and hard workers.

Tokyo, Japan. Then in Tokyo, Japan, is the Kindergarten Training School with Kiku Ishihara San as the principal. Many of you remember her, for she has been twice in America. She is a graduate of the Cincinnati Kindergarten Training School and has her Master's Degree from Teachers' College, Columbia. If you send her word of your presence in the city, she will be at the door to welcome you when you roll through the gate in your jinrikisha. You need not try to go in an auto, because the streets in that part of Tokyo are too narrow.

The compound, which goes by the name of Haramachi because of the section of the city where it is located, is small. The residence, built in foreign style, and the

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Japanese wing, used for the school and the dormitory, are in need of repair, especially since the earthquake. The buildings, in fact, were never intended for kindergarten purposes and have only been meagerly adapted for such use. Yet thirty-five girls are there for this special work and, every morning, a roomful of cunning children from the neighborhood. The mothers are much interested and come regularly to a mothers' meeting where a Christian message is always given, and they send the children to the weekly Sunday schools. There has been talk of moving this school to another site and erecting a building suited to the needs of what ought to be one of the leading kindergarten training-schools in Japan. Our family, however, is sometimes slow about making these changes and, I must add, loses some fine opportunities for Christian service thereby. At any rate, be sure to have the correct address for this school when you come to Japan.

Problems of Kindergarten Work in the Orient. You know, it is not as easy to start a kindergarten in the Orient, as you may casually think when you only spend a few hours in visiting one of them. For one thing there is a dearth of teachers. Take Suifu, West China, for instance—too far, worse luck, for us to go and see conditions for ourselves. The Cecelia Kindergarten has one hundred and fifty children and three teachers whom it has always been obliged to train as it went. This has been no easy task in a country where real play is not known, and where it has never been the practise to amuse or teach a child with a systematic plan in view of developing its faculties and mind.

Then consider the question of books and material—you who simply send to the publishers when you want a

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new group of songs or have heard of something specially attractive. It is a different matter when there are no books in print in the language used by your children, when you must first adapt and then translate the songs you wish to use, and when there is nothing to give the pupil-teachers but what you dictate and they copy, painstakingly, into their note-books. This has been one of the problems which has been faced by all of our kindergarten training-schools in the Orient.

Even though the work and progress have seemed to be slow, yet every attempt has paid, not only in the direct results attained but also in the by-products—such as mothers' meetings and clubs, Sunday services, night classes, and entertainments for the parents, access to the homes, general effect upon the whole neighborhood, etc. Look up the story of the Zenrin Kindergarten of Kobe, Japan, for an illustration of this last-mentioned point, which for thirty years has had the reputation of being a transformer of communities. Working in a slum section of this large port city, often called "The Gate of the Gods," it has seen the surroundings improved, the house rents raised, and the entire standard of the neighborhood improved—and then, Zenrin moved to a poorer section.

STEAMER HAIMON, BETWEEN SWATOW AND HONGKONG, CHINA.

Dear World Wide Guild Girls:

I have accumulated some more things to tell you since I last wrote you. If this steamer does not do too much rolling, and if I can find a comfortable seat on deck, I will begin my chat with you. It is impossible to sit in

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this combination dining-room and writing-room, for all the windows are shut and have been, apparently, since the boat was built; so outside we go.

It is pleasanter out here, because we can see the Chinese junks and sampans with their funny patched sails and the big blue eyes painted on the bow of the boat. And why not? How does the boat know where to go if it has no eyes? Having settled that point, we will proceed with the subject in hand, which is, what I have found some of the girls of our Family in the Orient doing in the hospitals.

Here is a new kind of an arithmetical problem: Given twenty-nine hospitals and fifty-five dispensaries which our Family has in this part of the world, fifty doctors and thirty nurses who have come over here to represent the American branch of the Family, and two hundred and eighteen thousand patients every year receiving more than four hundred and eighty-seven thousand treatments. Problem: Who does a good share of the work?

Nurses' Training-schools. You are all such bright girls that you guess the answer immediately—that some other members of our Family must be doing a lot to keep our hospitals and dispensaries in constant service. You are right. In practically every one of these medical centers, there are girls who are in training to be nurses, or those who have finished the course and are regularly attached to the hospital—at least two hundred of them. You see it is absolutely necessary to do some training, unless the hospital is near one of our established nurses' training-schools, and even then there is always some teaching being done because of the impossibility of planning very far ahead for anything in the Orient.

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Nellore. One of our largest nurses' training schools is at Nellore, South India, in connection with the Woman's Hospital. This is what the doctors there say about these girls:

There are eighteen nurses in training. In September, thirteen of them went to Madras for the South Indian Medical Missionary Association examination. Seven of the girls passed "with distinction," and four "with credit." At the beginning of the year, we had charge of the Child Welfare and Baby Exhibit during the Annual Health Week. It was the first one ever held in Nellore, and we thought that if forty babies came it would be worth while. Much to our surprise, there were nearly five hundred. It was a difficult thing to manage such an unruly crowd, as every mother felt that her baby should have the prize, and was not at all backward in expressing it. Demonstrations in proper bathing, lectures in infant and child welfare, care of the mother, etc., were given.

You can easily imagine how busy all these young nurses were during this week, and how much practical information they were able to gather.

Moulmein. Over in Moulmein, Burma, there is another nurses' training-school, connected with the Ellen Mitchell Memorial Hospital. In fact, one important reason for the establishment of this hospital was that nurses might be trained from all the different races of Burma, and then, after graduation, go into the villages to give practical training and help—somewhat after the fashion of our district nurses at home. There are thirteen girls here, and they come from Burman, Talain, Kachin, Karen, and Shan homes.

Swatow and Kityang. And now we have just left the two hospitals where girls are trained in South China for this same kind of work—at Swatow and Kityang. You must understand why the number of these girls is never

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large anywhere in the Orient, because the work of a nurse is considered degrading. It is only with the love and knowledge of Jesus Christ that they begin to understand the beauty of service and realize that they can win for themselves an honorable name in relieving physical suffering.

MANILA, P. I.

East China. After we left Swatow, we found three hospitals in East China where there are well-established training-schools for nurses. The hospital at Ningpo has twelve girls, that at Shaohsing, seventeen, and at Kinhwa, ten.

Iloilo. In point of numbers, the largest school of this kind that belongs to our Family, is at Iloilo, P. I., where there are thirty-two girls in training. They are also better off than any of the others, in that they have a more comfortable place in which to live. You need not tell Miss Nicolet, who is the American nurse in charge of the school at Iloilo, that I made that last remark, for she does not agree with me because she lives in that house with the Philippine nurses, and she knows that it is in need of many repairs and really ought to be a new house. Yet, in spite of this, the nurses have more room and are less crowded into all sorts of queer corners than they are in the other schools. The big, rambling hospital, with its seventy beds, is across the street. There the girls receive their training, and they often go out to the district dispensaries where they learn the close connection between ministering to the body and to the soul, which is the real reason for the existence of the Christian hospital in the Orient. This twofold ministry is both welcomed and fruitful.

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SHAOHSING, EAST CHINA.

Dear Baptist Laymen:

(Particularly those of you who are business men. As usual, when the denomination talks about "the laymen," it means the women, too, so we will include them in the salutation of this letter.)

This city of Shaohsing, where representatives of our Family have been for fifty-six years, is an interesting old place. It is estimated that the population numbers three hundred thousand, of whom about one-quarter are engaged in the manufacturing of spirit money. You probably know what this is—paper money in various shapes, covered with a thin coating of tin-foil and used in the idol worship of the temples. You can easily understand the acuteness of the problem of a man or woman who, engaged in this business, learns to know Jesus Christ and wants to acknowledge him in church-membership. He can not go on with his business and be true to his new-found faith, nor can he give it up and readily find anything else to do. How are we helping him to meet this situation?

This problem began to be solved five years ago, when Miss Dowling of Shaohsing began the manufacture of dolls and thus started an industry which now employs two hundred people, largely women, who are free to worship their Saviour without losing their means of livelihood. It also gives independence to some who can not live at home after they have become Christians. Today there is a successful business built up in Shaohsing, not only in the manufacturing of all kinds of Chinese dolls, but also in the cross-stitch work which is seen so much at present on luncheon sets and handker-

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chiefs. Here is one illustration of a by-product of this Industrial School:

A young woman from an upper class family from another city heard preaching in the church which she sometimes attended with her relatives. She was determined to become a Christian and was eager to understand the Bible's teaching, so-when she heard an announcement of the Woman's Bible School, she decided to become a pupil. Though there was no active opposition, she was given to understand that she could not secure her father's support if she allied herself with the Christians. After a term in the school she sought some means of self-support whereby she might continue to study. The Industrial School provided the way by offering shelter and half-day work. This young woman is developing rapidly and is growing more and more useful to the industrial life and the work of the church. Because of her good mind, innate culture and sweet disposition, we feel that she is a valuable addition to our work, and we shall continue to train her to become a Bible teacher for the industrial women.

SWATOW, SOUTH CHINA.

Here comes a Chinese woman along the path from the bay, with a bundle tied in a cloth. She comes up on the veranda where we are sitting, and opens the cloth, disclosing a big pile of beautiful embroidery—all sorts of things, tea-cloths, luncheon sets, pillow-covers, handkerchiefs, etc. Everything is so much cheaper than in the shops at home that we buy for every one of the Family whom we can think of, quite unmindful of the fact that Uncle Sam will meet us at the landing dock and hold out his hand for a generous fee in the shape of a custom duty. This woman and her whole family make their livelihood by embroidering these dainty, salable articles. And not this woman only, but hundreds more in Swatow and other parts of China.

The story of the beginning of this industry is interest-

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ing and not unlike that which I have already written you about Shaohsing. The people, as they broke away from their heathen relatives and surroundings, needed an industry whereby they could support themselves and their families. Missionaries of our Family taught some of the women what is known as "Chinese drawn-work," made designs for them, suggested the making of articles that would sell readily, and even found a market for them. That was many years ago, and now the business has grown far away from the control of a few missionary women, although many of the Christians are carrying it on. It has spread all over China, and the products are to be seen in almost every linen and dry-goods store in America. In volume, it equals a million dollars a year. Through the years it has added much to the physical well-being of members of our Family in China, and has contributed to the strengthening and development of the Christian church by giving, not only ready money for many projects, but also self-respect and independence of character that come with the possession of an honorable trade.

EPISTLE V

THE FAMILY AND ITS NEIGHBORS

OUTLINE OF EPISTLE V

AIM: To set forth the relations that the Baptist Family holds with its neighbors; to show the necessity of living and working together, if Jesus Christ is to be presented to non-Christians in all the strength of his high and soul-transforming ideals.

INTRODUCTION: Evans Missionary Home, Shanghai, China, and the value of cooperation with our neighbors in what is called "Union Work."

1. Shanghai College.
2. Inventory of Union Schools With Which Our Family Is Connected.
3. A Long Way From America; West China Union University, Chentu, and Congo Evangelical Training Institution, Kim-pese, Congo.
4. Baptist Donors to the Seven Oriental Colleges:
 Woman's Christian College, Madras, India, and Woman's
 Medical College, Vellore, India.
 Ginling College, Nanking, China, and Woman's Christian
 College, Tokyo, Japan.
5. Preparatory Schools for World Wide Guild girls.
6. Woman's Christian Medical College, Shanghai—Grade A.

EPISTLE V

EVANS MISSIONARY HOME,
36 QUISAN ROAD, SHANGHAI, CHINA.

Dear Denomination:

This is a most interesting place in which to stay when in this part of China. Of course it is not as pretentious as the Astor House, nor is it as expensive; but if you come to China with a real desire to know what is being done and thought and said, and by whom, you will come here, rather than engage your room at a hotel. The house is really a series of houses that have been added one by one, and which make of the second and third floors a labyrinth of corridors with odd steps in dark corners, and doors and windows at the most unexpected turns. The rooms are large and high, and furnished with heavy old-fashioned furniture, and each supplied with a tiny fire-basket and a wooden box for coal. The Chinese boy will always start your fire for you early in the morning, if you leave word at the office the night before. What makes this Home so worth while is that the ends of the earth meet here; men and women passing through Shanghai or waiting for a steamer or gathered for some conference. The thought of Japan, of West China, of the North and South, of the Philippines, India, Siam, Java, etc., mingles around these small tables in the dining-room and in that circle which gathers twice every day for prayers in the large living-room.

Need of Union Work. I have already written to you four times. I hope that the letters have reached you,

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In all of them I have tried to give you some impression of our own Family as I have seen its members working away on this problem of bringing Jesus Christ to the world. Today I want to write you about the Family in its relation to some of its neighbors and the sort of team-work they are doing together. You know, it is all very well for a family to live independent of everybody else in some respects, but in others a united stand of several families makes a far greater impression and brings to pass more conclusive results. Thus it is in the Orient. Our Family has accomplished some markedly important work in the preaching of the gospel of Christ through all of the different methods it has employed, but some things that were necessary were far and away too big and too expensive for our Family to attempt alone. It is a broad-minded family that recognizes its limitations, and yet finds a way to do what it knows ought to be done. Thus we have what is called "union work," which is nothing more or less than the things our Family and some of the neighbors who think as we do, are doing together.

Approach to Shanghai College. You have heard of it, of course, but many of you do not realize its importance, its fine development and its extent. You may be proud of what has been accomplished. When our steamer came up the Whampoo River a few days ago, to Shanghai, every one was out on deck to look at the shore and to comment on the scenery and buildings. On our right, we passed a group of red brick and concrete buildings apparently belonging together, and I heard some of the passengers asking what business concern had such a fine plant. You can just imagine how proud I felt to be able to turn to the tourists and say that those buildings

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did not represent any business firm, but rather that we were passing the campus of Shanghai College, one of the outstanding Christian institutions in the Far-East. And then I added, for the edification of the company, that the two largest Baptist Families in the United States, the Northern and the Southern, were uniting in the administration of this college.

Size of Shanghai College. The campus stretches along the shore of the river, in all fifty acres of level land, on which are located nine large buildings and twenty smaller ones, including about twelve residences for the faculty. When the college is approached from the city, these buildings are scattered along a driveway for more than a quarter of a mile. Do you realize that all this makes a good-sized college campus that compares favorably with those that the Family has at home? It is a beehive of activity, for there are five hundred and seventy-five boys and fifty girls in the student body, in addition to a faculty of over sixty, many of whom live on the campus with their families. There are three main departments among which the students are divided as follows: College department, three hundred; middle school (the same as our high school), two hundred and fifty; theological seminary, twenty-five.

An Afternoon on the Campus. It would be a great experience if all of you could spend a week here, visit the classes, and meet the entire student body in daily chapel. (Please come prepared, for you will be asked to speak, and if you are a minister you will be invited to preach a sermon.) You will wish to walk up- and down-stairs to examine every building, stop for an hour in the beautiful Haskell Gymnasium, look at the laboratories in the Science Hall and at the glass cases in the museum,

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exclaim over the recently completed Woman's Building with its well-appointed library, classrooms, and dormitories, and even go down into the kitchen and peek into the big rice kettle and talk with the cook. It will be a real satisfaction to chat with the students as you meet them on the campus and to return their friendly, cheery nods. Then you will be delighted to meet all of the faculty at afternoon tea at the home of the president. The Chinese woman who has the honor of pouring the tea attracts your attention, and you are glad to meet her and her husband, for they are Doctor and Mrs. Chen, who have both been in America. He is a graduate of Shanghai College, with higher degrees from Brown and Yale Universities, and is now in charge of the biology department, and is vice-president of the college. Mrs. Chen has been a student at Mt. Holyoke College and Brown University. A friend of theirs who sees them every day on the college campus says:

When the history of Chinese Christian homes is written, the Chen home will have a prominent place. Doctor Chen, a first generation Christian, and Mrs. Chen, a third generation Christian, are in their home, where Jesus is a daily companion, offering another bit of foundation rock for the structure whereof the maker and builder is God.

Present Student Feeling at the College. Of course you are reading in the newspapers and our Family papers of the student movement in China, and of the recent unrest since the student shooting affair in Shanghai, the first of June, 1925. You may be sure that it is no easy task, these days, to conduct the affairs of a college composed of nearly six hundred of these eager, inexperienced, susceptible young people, who know what they want for China but are not always wise as to how

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they are to secure their ends. This is how Doctor White, the president of the college, feels about the situation:

One of the things that has pleased me most is the way the Christian teachers and students have reacted to the anti-Christian movement. Some of you know of the splendid closing of our religious services in June, of the baptisms, especially of seniors, on the last day, and of the fact that we had more in attendance at the last communion service than we did during the year. You probably know how, at the beginning of each year, I make a public statement to the students that this is a Christian institution and that they may expect to hear about Jesus Christ every day. Doctor Chen, Mr. Lee, Mr. Ching, and Mr. Pan have taken these words out of my mouth this year, and said them better and stronger than I could have said them. If we have a little more anti-Christian opposition, I think the kingdom of God will come in China. Last year was the most troublous year since the Boxer year of 1900, not even excepting the year of the revolution in 1911. We have all the elements for just as much trouble this coming year, but in spite of all this, there seems to be a deepening sense of the fact that there will be no peace for China until she has peace in the Lord Jesus Christ, and so we have that peace in our hearts and know that God is bringing His Kingdom to pass in the hearts of the Chinese.

College Activities. It is a pity not to be able to tell you more in detail about this wonderful college—about the seminary students who are organized into a Volunteer Band and have a regular program which includes a yearly retreat and plans for recruiting for the ministry; about the experiment in coeducation which is really an experiment no longer, for it is proving to be a success in more than one way—teaching a new respect for the ability of women to make a real contribution, not only to their college, but also to their country and their church; about the organization called Village Work, which operates a Model House outside the gate among the fac-

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tory workers and the ignorant, superstitious villagers, where there is a Sunday service and a Sunday school, a night-school, recreation, a health department, etc.; about the new Kindergarten Training Department which has just taken possession of its newly erected building, and many other delightful features of this college, which is the result of the union of the forces of our Family and our nearest relatives, the Southern Baptists.

This is, however, only one of the illustrations that might be given of what our Family is doing in cooperation with some of its neighbors. Do you realize that we have a share in eighteen different institutions—colleges, medical schools, hospitals, seminaries, and preparatory schools? And you would glow with pride, just as you have in this visit to Shanghai, if you could see what fine, Christian institutions they are. Really you do not half appreciate what a contribution our Family is making, in showing to these keen-minded student groups the daily application of the ideals and teachings of Jesus Christ. If you wish to know and understand the significance of the work of our Family in the Orient, you must become acquainted with these large Christian centers where the thought of the rising generation is being molded.

I have said that there are eighteen of these institutions in which our Family is materially interested. Shall I name them for you? In South India, in Madras, the Christian College for Men and the Woman's Christian College; and in Vellore, the Union Missionary Medical School for Women; in China, in Shanghai, the Woman's Christian Medical College and Union Nurses' Training School in connection with the Margaret Williamson Hospital, and Shanghai College; in Nanking, Nanking

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University and Ginling College; in Hangehow, the Union Girls' High School; in Ningpo, Riverside Academy for Girls and Ningpo Academy for Boys; in Huchow, the Union Hospital; and in Chengtu, West China Union University, Bible Training School, Middle School, Normal School—all for men, and the Union Normal School for Girls; in Tokyo, Japan, the Woman's Christian College; in Kimpese, Congo, the Congo Evangelical Training Institution.

If this letter grows much longer, I fear that you will not care to read it. Besides, the mail steamer leaves tomorrow. I will, therefore, bring it to a close with the hope that you will soon be able to come to judge for yourself of the value of these schools and be thankful that our Family and our neighbors are cooperating to such good purpose.

SHENANDOAH V,
YANGTSE KIANG, CHINA.

Dear Baptist Travelers:

It is only the most adventurous of our Family that ever travel as far from home as West China. As we want to arrive as quickly as possible, avoiding delays from the bandits and soldiers, and from shipwreck in shooting the rapids, we will take one of the first aeroplanes to make the trip.

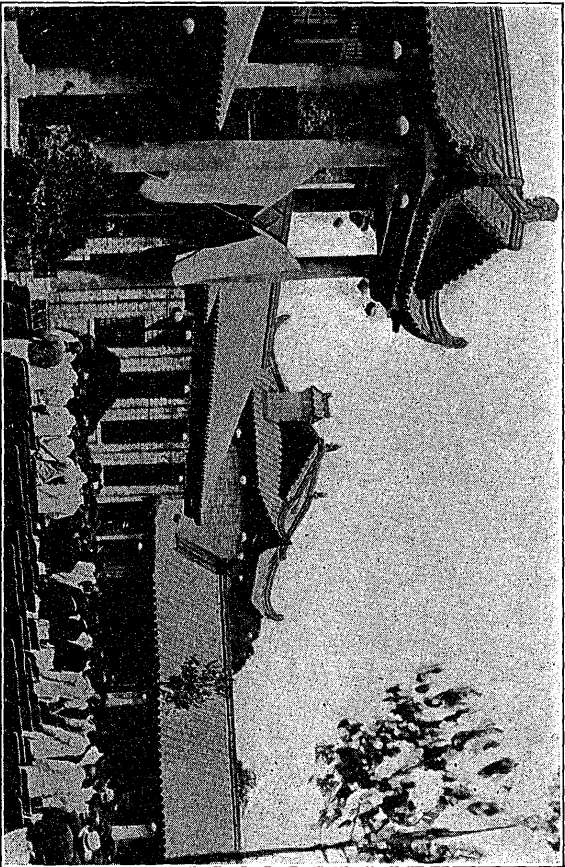
Chengtu, West China. Our objective is the city of Chengtu, the capital of Szechuan Province, one thousand and eight hundred miles up the Yangtse Kiang. It will thrill you through and through to find yourselves in this city with half a million people, surrounded by a great wall which is ten miles in circumference, with paved streets and electric lights. It is the cultural

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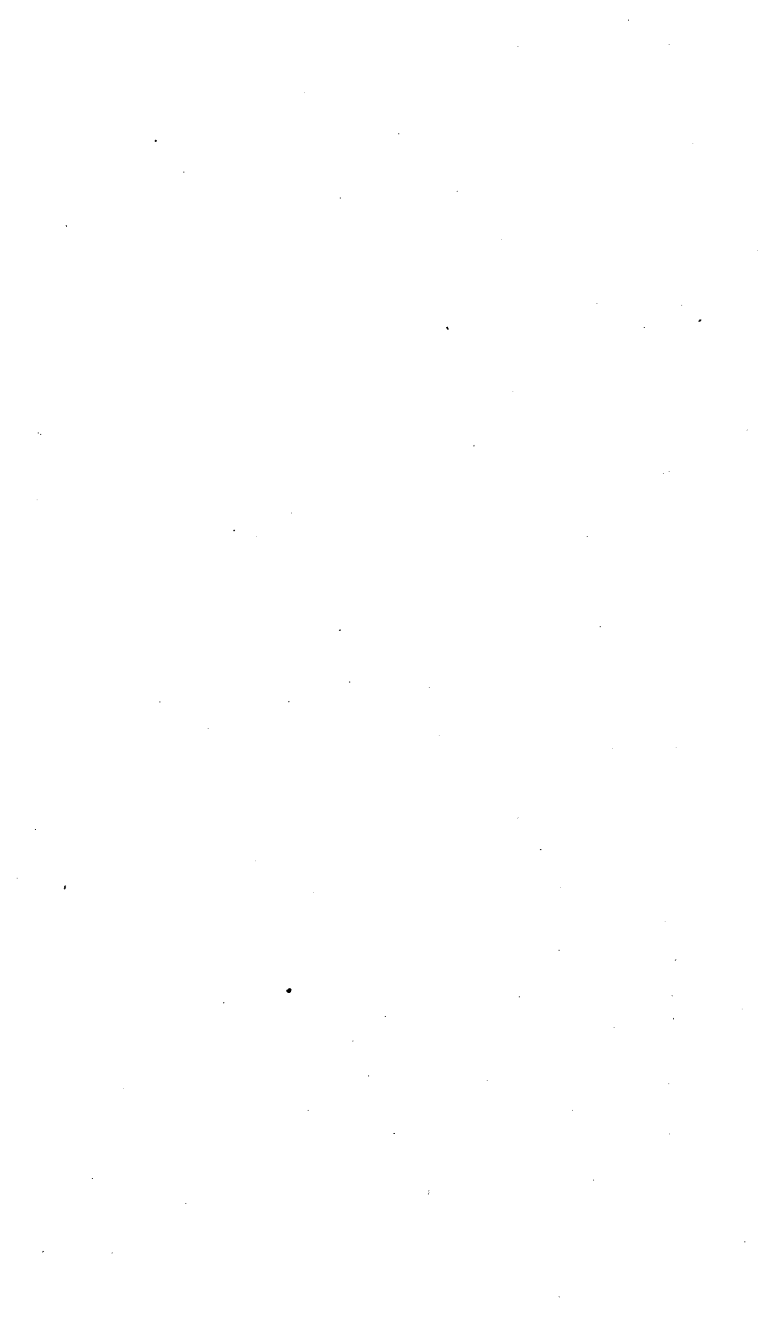
center of this province, which is the largest and richest in China, and it just teems with students. It is in the heart of Asia and here you can hear the life throbs of this great and increasingly important country.

West China Union University Campus. We have come especially to spend a few hours at the West China Union University, the only institution in all Central Asia that is offering general college and university work to young men and women. There is a campus of over one hundred acres outside the old city wall, with seven of the most attractive college buildings that you can find in any land, as well as a number of residences and dormitories. Thought and time have gone into the planning and erection of these buildings so that they would, when finished, really belong to the Chinese atmosphere and setting. Thus they have roofs that are distinctly Chinese in architecture, with the curving, turned-up corners, colored tiles, and little doglike images, round doorways, and latticed windows. Every one of you utters exclamations of delight as you drive or walk over this campus—it is so quaint and so entirely “foreign” to our Western eyes. Our Family can claim the credit for providing Van Deman Hall, two of the dormitories used by the middle school, and five residences.

There are more than six hundred young men living and studying on this campus, and eight women—a busy place. They are all at work in the general arts course or specializing in education, religion, medicine, or dentistry. You will be specially interested to meet Doctor Yates of our Family, who is the first Western dentist West China has ever seen, and who conducts a dental clinic on the campus, which is immensely popular. Just



OPENING EXERCISES OF MIDDLE SCHOOL
West China Union University, Chengtu, West China



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think of all the teeth that have ached through the ages in the city of Chengtu, and the false teeth that have never bothered anybody because they never existed!

Chengtu Baptist College a Part of University. There are six different families, including ours, that cooperate to make possible this University, of which the Chengtu Baptist College is a part, with an enrolment of forty-seven students. One of these is a young woman from Yachow whose father is a leading business man of that city and who thoroughly believes in education, for he and his brother have, between them, nearly twenty of their children in the mission schools of our Family. There is one in the medical department of the University, and another who is studying dentistry. This young woman student is a member of our Baptist church and has recently taken one of the annual scholarships. Nineteen of the forty-seven Baptist students are church-members and as many more have made an inner decision to follow Christ. Such are the fruits of Christian education in this institution.

Religious Life in the College. Their lives show that this is a fact, but for family reasons they are prevented from the outward acknowledgment which comes from church-membership. Rev. Dryden Phelps, who has been the college pastor, says:

The students are thinking independently and honestly as they never have before; their acceptance of Christianity is deeper, more ethical, more real than it ever was. Workers in the various stations of our West China Mission are beginning to feel the caliber of these lads and to realize that they are not so easy to "manage" as in the days of yore. But they are learning Christ for themselves. During the fall term, each week I had about fifteen regular half-hour personal conversations with selected non-Christian students. Stories and parables in the New Testa-

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ment were the basis of our talks together. I look back upon such work with more satisfaction than to any other of the year. A number of these men will probably enter the church in the spring.

En Route to Matadi, Congo. Delightful as it would be to linger longer in Chengtu and on this beautiful university campus, we must fly away in our aeroplane, in order to catch the steamer from Antwerp, Belgium, for Matadi, Congo-Belge. Now none of you need hesitate to sign up just because the ordinary tourist never includes this part of the world in his itinerary. It is perfectly safe and not an expensive trip—only one hundred and seventy-five dollars from Antwerp to Matadi, first class. These Belgian steamers are very comfortable, and you will enjoy the nineteen days on shipboard (if you are not sea-sick in the Bay of Biscay), for we go steadily south into a warmer climate, where the sky is blue and cloudless, and there is nothing to make us do a thing until we arrive at Matadi, which is rightly called the “Gateway to the Congo.” There are some of our Family at the dock to meet us, and soon we are wending our way up the hill to the two acres of ground and to the house which our Family owns. We are to wait here for the train for Kimpese, and while we are doing it we will have a refreshing cup of tea and watch the life of this little town—the docks with the boats unloading, the piles of boxes and bundles around the custom-house, and the black, shining bodies of the Negroes who are carrying the baggage from the dock to the railroad station on their heads or pushing big barrows laden with fruit or rubber or cotton. We must also marvel at this wonderful river that is the second largest in the world, and with its tributaries is navigable for ten thousand miles.

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Congo Evangelical Training Institution, Kimpese. Yes, we are going on just as fast as a train in Congo will take us, the one hundred miles to Kimpese, because we are making this trip especially to visit the Congo Evangelical Training Institution. This is surely a wheezy engine and a decrepit railroad, but a new one is under construction and it will be finished when you come. Dr. Catherine Mabie is at the little station to welcome us, when the slow, dusty journey is over, and Mr. and Mrs. Moon and thirty men and twenty-nine women students in the school. Then all the children are there—either on their own feet or in their mothers' arms—a hundred laughing brown babies and little folks. We feel like some royal personage, surrounded by our entourage as we walk from the station to the campus of the Training Institution. And after we arrive and have rested a bit, had a cup of tea and used all our adjectives in admiration of Doctor Mabie's roses and of her yards and yards of scarlet and yellow cannas and Dutch red lilies, we start out to make the rounds of all the buildings and see what is really going on at Kimpese.

Purpose of this Institution. Our Family and our near relatives, the Baptist Missionary Society of England, are working here together, to train Christian workers for the service of Congo and of Jesus Christ. They are convinced, as Doctor Mabie puts it, "that an illiterate Protestant Church can not stand the test of time. Its very genius demands an intelligent membership." To bring this ideal to pass, there are at Kimpese a small chapel, three bungalows, two dormitories, twelve double houses for the students, workshop, smithy, printing-shop, store, and classrooms, and the rising walls of the new Bentley Memorial Chapel which will soon

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be ready for use. Everybody works at Kimpese, even the children when they are old enough. The student families live in the two-room, brick half-cottages, back of which are small cook-houses and a good bit of ground for a garden. If we go into one of these homes, we will find the cement floor scrupulously clean and the furnishings consisting of a native made table and chairs. The garden is laid out in neat rows of sweet potatoes, peanuts, corn, peas, and beans, while off in the distance we see magnificent banana gardens. These one hundred and nine men and women, one hundred children, and fifty workmen are in the classroom a part of every day, and are supervised in their industrial work for the remainder. Let Doctor Mabie chat with us as we walk about the campus:

Mothercraft is one of the chief subjects studied at Kimpese, and we have a good supply of clinical material. This year we exceeded all previous records. Twelve babies were born to thirty student families during eight months. Of all my babies, I was proudest of a tiny one that weighed barely three and a half pounds. For many days we kept him wrapped in cotton wool in a little nest lined with hot water bottles. His mother's intelligent and untiring devotion and cooperation with my determination to conserve the little life were splendidly rewarded, for at three months he weighed ten pounds and was in perfect condition. Mr. Moon is having a large evening school for the boys and workmen. He has, also, a French class for the more advanced young fellows. Mrs. Moon has the afternoon school for the children. I have the dispensary in the morning, and am occupied with the revision of physiology text and proof-reading in the afternoons.

Timotio's Sermon. As we stop to pick and eat some of the ripe tangerines and oranges, Doctor Mabie continues:

I wish you could have listened in on the talk Timotio gave us on Sunday. His text he said he had been thinking about for two

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weeks, had wrapped it about him as one does a blanket and had slept with it and waked thinking about it: "He that doth not take his cross and follow after me, is not worthy of me." He drew his chief illustration from the old days when rubber and slaves were the main source of barter and wealth. A certain steward had gathered many loads of rubber which he wished carried to the great market at the seaside. He sent out for carriers. After each had agreed to carry rubber to the market, he was given his load nicely adjusted to his strength. From that moment it became his load, and he must carry it, preserve it from thieves, and never lay it down, even though sick unto death, and never desert it. The steward goes ahead to the market. While he barterers rubber for salt, knives, cloth, etc., the carriers rest and eat until the master calls and gives to each his return load with a promise of reward at the end of the three weeks' hard tramp. Soon the master leaves the caravan in charge of the head man, whom Timotio likened to the Holy Spirit, the Master himself hurrying on home to buy pigs and goats, peanuts, bananas, palm nuts and other food for the great feast when, their loads laid down, the Master would bid them sit down with him, and when he would no longer call them burden-bearers, but friends. In graphic fashion he pictured the aching necks, the bruised shoulders, the lame backs, which the head man treated with hot leaf packs, continually encouraging them to carry on and endure the loads (crosses). One carrier fell by the wayside under his load, but that was no shame. Another deserted his load as too heavy. Only shame and possible death would be his portion on arriving at home, and his family would suffer disgrace and have to pay for the deserted load. In his graphic portrayal, he held every eye and ear in his audience, and drove home the truth with great skill and earnestness, encouraging us all to carry on. Would that we had a score of such preachers in the Lower Congo! Timotio is one of the men into whom much has been put for many years, and we are reaping the results of intensive training such as we have given to few others.

It's a long, long way to Chengtu, West China, and to Kimpese on the Congo, but our hearts are right there with our Family and our neighbors who are, together,

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trying to lead young men and women to use their lives, intelligently, in the service of Jesus Christ.

THE CAMPUS AND BUILDINGS

WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN COLLEGE,
MADRAS, SOUTH INDIA.

Dear Baptist Donors to the Oriental Colleges:

What do you think! I am actually feeling of one of those seven Oriental colleges we talked about so much three years ago, and looking at it, too, whenever I glance up from this pad of paper. We drove over this afternoon from Vepery, the part of Madras where Doctor and Mrs. Ferguson live, in the car that Miss Bent's church in Glens Falls gave her, and have made the tour of the buildings and the grounds of this beautiful college located on the banks of the Cooum river in the heart of the residential section of Madras. The old mansion that was here, when the property was purchased, sets back from the street and has so many white pillars, both inside and out, that it looks like a stately home of a century ago, in Virginia. This is Doveton House, where the one hundred and thirty-six lovely Indian girls attend classes, and find their library and dining-room. The new Science Hall, on the right, has pillars to harmonize with the original building, and is connected with it by a covered, white colonnade, as is the dormitory on the left. Also at the left are curving covered walks through a garden with a fountain and big trees, and flowers, in the quiet of which I am sitting and writing to you, on the spot. The girls just love this retired place, away from the street and from observation.

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It is a fitting vestibule to the chapel, to which it leads, where there is no chair or anything to distract the eye. The girls take small mats from chests by the entrance, and sit on the floor in true Indian fashion when they gather in assembly. You would be delighted with the atmosphere of this chapel, especially with the carved, openwork brass globe that hangs in the chancel, lighted every evening with a single electric bulb, so that the girls can come in and sit in the dim light and pray or meditate. Miss McDougall, the president of the college, says that there is always some one here whenever she looks in during the evening.

College Girls and Christian Service. One day Gulban, a Christian Telugu college girl, from Hanamakonda, spoke to some of the coolies who were at work on the new Science Hall. She found that they were Telugus, and so she sang to them and repeated some passages of Scripture. They were much pleased and invited her to their village, which is really nothing more than a certain section of Madras. She eagerly told Miss Sarber, one of our Family who is on the college faculty, and asked her to go and take all of the sixteen Telugu students, on the next Sunday afternoon. When Miss Sarber asked who would pay the expense of the carriage, Gulban replied that they must walk, because this Telugu village is very poor, and it would not look well for them to arrive in a carriage. So on Sunday, these girls, who are not accustomed to long walks on public streets, started for the Telugu village of the builders. They did not know the way, so the first village in which they stopped proved to be where the dhobies or laundrymen lived. They were urged to stay and hold a service, so four of the girls decided to remain while the others went

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on to the village of the builders. Now, the two villages visited regularly on Sunday have increased to four, and Friday afternoons have been added for the sake of the children, whose hair is combed then, faces washed, sore eyes treated, and many a Bible verse and story told to the eager little listeners. Thus these Indian college girls are learning the joy of Christian service and are living out the motto of the college that they love, "Lighted to Lighten."

DOCTOR SCUDDER'S BUNGALOW,
VELLORE, INDIA.

We left Madras yesterday at one o'clock for the three-hours train ride to Vellore. We had our tea on the train—sandwiches which Mrs. Ferguson prepared for us and the tea-tray, which was handed in at the window at one station and taken out at the next. Oh, yes, and there were some monkeys who climbed up the side of the train to finish our sandwiches, and ran along the track as the train started, vainly hoping for another bite. Well, you can imagine our unalloyed joy in finding Dr. Ida Scudder at the station to meet us. And ever since, we keep pinching ourselves at intervals, to make sure that we are really here in Vellore.

Evening Prayers at Vellore. It was just sunset as we rode into the compound, and Doctor Scudder asked us if we were too tired for evening prayers with the girls. Of course we were ready. We did not come to Vellore to go to bed and sleep all of the time. We followed her to the upper veranda of the Rachel Fillebrown Hostel, and there found sixty-eight Indian girls, students in the Medical School, in their white saris or dresses, sitting on the floor, ready for their good-night service.

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We sang together and talked about the love of our heavenly Father for all our Family, wherever his children might be, and prayed together before we said good night.

Indian Pilau. Then we came over here for dinner, and what do you think we had? As you could never guess, I will tell you. It was glorified *pilau*. Are you any wiser? It is more wonderful than rice and curry, and made of steamed rice with bits of chicken, raisins, peanuts, eggs, and other good things mixed in the rice and served on a huge platter looking like an enormous snowy mound. When some of it is on your plate, you cover it with sliced banana and curry sauce and begin to eat. It is such fun to find these nice surprises, first a fat peanut, then a raisin.

A Morning in the Hospital Bus. Today has been more delightful even than yesterday, for we have been, all the morning, with Doctor Scudder in the hospital bus, twenty-three miles to Gudiyattam, stopping under the big banyan trees by the roadside to hold a dispensary with the collection of people who had gathered there. The bus was filled—three on the driver's seat and a whole row of little white cotton bags filled with the remedies most in demand, hanging from hooks on the dashboard. In the bus were the pupil doctors and nurses, the Bible-woman, boxes of drugs, instruments, various vessels, etc. Wherever we stopped the children came with their hands full of flowers for the beloved doctor with the sweet, smiling face. And never was a little one disappointed, but received for his more or less wilted bouquet a pretty colored card. The patients, of course, touched our hearts—the old man with boils which needed to be lanced, children with sore eyes that

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were swabbed in spite of the screams of the little patients, an old woman with a crushed finger in which all kinds of dirt had collected, who was afraid to go to the hospital where she could be given proper treatment, a woman with swollen face and three teeth which were immediately extracted, children with enlarged spleen, etc. All the time that Doctor Scudder was examining and prescribing for these patients, the Bible-woman, at the back of the bus with her colored chart, was telling the story of Jesus to the crowd who had gathered.

A Village Dispensary. When we reached Gudiyattam, we found a neat little building which is the village dispensary, over which a charming young Indian woman presides. She is Miss Navamoni David, one of the first graduates from the Medical School with the degree of L. M. P., which means when translated, Licensed Medical Practitioner. If such trained women and such sanitary, orderly headquarters can be multiplied throughout India, the suffering of Indian womanhood can be greatly alleviated.

The New Site and the Future. This afternoon we have been out to the new site for the Medical College, where it is planned to put the dormitories, the administration building, the residences, etc. It is a glorious spot, four miles from the town—part of it fine, level ground, and across the street a rocky hill with a magnificent view. We climbed to the top and talked of what Indian girls will be able to do and to be, with a vision and an inspiration like the one from that hill-top, for all the years of their medical course. Then, with the possibilities of all that this school may become, in our thought, we came back to this compound, where the doctor lives and where the new dispensary is just

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completed, for afternoon tea on the lawn with the students who are to help to make this school what it is to be in the future. So much depends upon the reputation that these first graduates give it by their work and their Christian example. I wish that I could save to bring home to you some of the crisp, brown cakes and sugary, syrupy balls that we had for tea. I can only send in this letter my joy that our Family has a share, with three of our neighbors, in such a school as this.

A NEW COLLEGE IN AN OLD SETTING

GINLING COLLEGE,
NANKING, CHINA.

“Ginling forever, long may she live,
Loyal devotion to her we give.”

So say the one hundred and thirty-seven girls who make up the student group for 1925-1926, and so says every visitor to China who is fortunate enough to spend a few days at Ginling College. The old Mandarin house where the college lived for five years was a fascinating place with its round doors, spirit walls, roses, and wistaria. But the new campus with its gently rolling acres in full view of Purple Mountain, is a delight and an inspiration. No wonder that the girls love it. Although the buildings are so new and the college only ten years old, the antiquity of China impresses one here as it does everywhere else in the country. The view is at least two thousand years old. Climbing to the highest point on the campus, with some of the girls as guides, you can see a Buddhist temple built a thousand years ago in memory of a pious monk who found, on this “Hill

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of Eternal Greenness," a place where he could meditate. Even the name of the college suggests age, for it is the old name of the city of Nanking, given to it two hundred years before Christ. Off to the west of the campus is the city wall, hoary with time, and near it one of the lovely gardens of the city, which is dedicated to the memory of soldiers who died in the war of 1921, and in which is the pool of the Black Dragon, which has never run dry since the days of Abraham—and no one knows what it did before that.

The Student Body. These students surely represent the thought and life of China, for they come from eleven of her eighteen provinces and from thirty-four different preparatory schools, thirteen of which are either private or Government schools. One hundred and ten of these girls are Christians and members of churches—ten different denominations being represented. They are at present deeply concerned over China, and were much affected when the shooting of students occurred in Shanghai, on May 30. They took part in the student parades and meetings in Nanking, but continued their ordinary classroom work so that the college closed as usual, the last of June, although with the customary Commencement Day festivities omitted.

Difficulty of Student Work in China. Dear women, few of us in America realize what it means to conduct a Christian school in China today, especially when its students are mature, thinking men and women. Given a seething background of bitterness and hatred toward foreign nations and policies, constantly stimulated by the propaganda of the anti-foreign movement and the ill-considered articles of the newspapers, a complicated, trying situation can very quickly be developed. The

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student body at Ginling, however, is overwhelmingly Christian and, as a result, there prevails a calm, controlled frame of mind and clear thinking, which makes possible the continuance of the college work.

A Retreat for College Students. Recently the students planned for a "retreat" when they might quietly consider their college motto, "Abundant Life," and how better to attain it. One of the subjects which claimed much of their attention was the observance of Sunday. This is what one of the students suggested:

In the morning, to go visiting neighbors, and to go to church, either to worship or to teach Sunday school. In the afternoon, a quiet hour to give us a chance to think about our doings, later to have a Sunday school at the college for poor children, and a class for women who have not heard about Jesus. In the evening, there should be a Y. W. C. A. meeting for all students and a chapel service for the school servants. So we thought that Sunday is our rest-day, but it is also the only day we can help both ourselves and others to enter into the Abundant Life.

Ginling Attaining Its Goal. This college, like all of these Oriental institutions, aims, as its major task, to train Chinese young women to become Christian leaders and teachers—in the home, the school, in social and civic life, in the church. Is this goal being attained? That is a most natural question and should have an answer. At the end of ten years, the college has sixty-eight graduates. Far more than half of this number are teaching—the majority in mission schools, seven have married, ten are doing graduate work either in China or America, four are studying for the medical profession, and two are evangelistic workers. There are now four Chinese women on the college faculty, three of whom are Ginling's own alumnae.

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I could go on endlessly writing about Ginling, its charming new buildings which you made possible and which are a joy to see, with their Chinese roofs with the turned-up corners guarded by funny little carved figures. I will close, however, with this last word: I am thankful from the bottom of my heart that some of our Family and four of our neighbors were brave enough to lay the foundation of this Christian college for Chinese women, and to put it in such a glorious setting, with all the beauty that speaks to the heart of a girl, whether she lives in China or in America.

WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN COLLEGE,
IOGIMURA, TOKYO-FUKA, JAPAN.

En Route to Woman's Christian College of Japan. Isn't this an imposing address? It is difficult to remember and more difficult to reach in actual fact, especially when, to save time, the trip is undertaken in a hired taxi. Many of the roads of Tokyo were never made for automobiles, particularly in the suburbs, whether they are considered from the point of width, or lack of pavement, or the depth of the oozy mud. When you attempt to reach this address by taxi, you place your one nose, the crown of your head, and your only remaining presentable hat in grave danger of complete annihilation. But what matter! The fun of watching the chauffeur and his assistant is worth all of the bumps and jolts. Yes, I said his assistant, for the chauffeur in Japan is not allowed to drive without one. You see, when the car needs to turn into a street narrower than the preceding, it is necessary for permission to be secured from the policeman who sits in a funny little house with a peaked roof at the street corner. So

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the assistant jumps out of the car, doffs his cap, and makes a deep and most respectful bow to the policeman, who, having listened to all the reasons for desiring to use that particular street, grants permission, and we proceed. This performance has been repeated about a dozen times in the hour's ride to the college.

The Campus. Everything out here is new and a real lawn and driveway do not yet exist, and there is no view. There are, however, enough new buildings to make it possible for the college with its three hundred girls to operate as a full-fledged college. The architecture of the dormitories is unusual and somewhat resembles a Russian cross. Two of the arms are finished and occupied, and the central kitchen which serves all of the radiating dormitories, is a most interesting place. The big flat stove of brick and cement, with enormous holes for the rice kettles, is in the place of honor. You can walk all around it and peer into the depths of the receptacles and open the doors of the fire-boxes. One of the classroom buildings, the gymnasium, one faculty residence, and the president's house are also completed, so that there is already quite a plant, even though many buildings still remain on paper.

A Japanese Woman President of the College. This college has the unique distinction of having for its president a Japanese woman, Doctor Yasui, who is a graduate of the Higher Normal School for Women in Tokyo, and has studied at Cambridge and Oxford Universities and Cardiff College. Her teaching experience has been varied. In addition to being on the faculty of three prominent schools in Tokyo, over a period of eighteen years, she was for three years at the Queen's School in Siam, at the request of the government, and for a month

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this last year in Formosa, giving lectures and inspecting schools. She received the honorary degree of Doctor of Literature from Mt. Holyoke College in 1923. Her strong, Christian character, quiet dignity, and familiarity with the problems of education make her a great asset to this new college, in these early years of its history.

Students in Christian Service. Miss Jenkins of our Family, who is a member of the college faculty, tells us some interesting things about the students and alumnae, as we sit at tea in the faculty parlor:

Last April the college Y. W. C. A. started a Sunday school for the neighborhood children. In spite of a very rainy day the first Sunday, seventy-five children came, and before the end of the term the number had increased to almost one hundred. You can see what that means in the lives of the children if I tell you of their background. I had a conversation with the father of four of those children soon after he had come to the neighborhood, which is rather sparsely settled. With his eyes big as saucers and in great excitement he told us that across the fields he had seen a light first here, and then there, and he could not understand it. He thought it must be a white fox that was around the neighborhood, that might work harm to his children, make them dumb or lead them away, or do some such thing. It was pitiful to see his very real distress, and we hope that the message of the God of love that the children will week by week bring home may lead him to a clearer vision.

A word about our graduates. One is studying in England, four in the United States—one at the University of California, one at Mount Holyoke College, one at Vassar College and one doing graduate work in New York City after receiving her degree, last June, from Ohio Wesleyan University. One of our Baptist girls who graduated three or four years ago wanted to teach in one of our mission schools. But there did not seem to be just the place for her, and she took a position in a government high school. The next year we had three successful applicants for

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admission to college from that school, whereas other years the applicants from that school had failed to enter. In answer to the question put to the class as to why they came to our college, those three girls all said it was because of the character of our graduate who had taught them. She was so patient, so kind and friendly with them, that they wanted to go to her college. Last spring she was married, and in a letter written about that time she gives as her ambition the making of a Christian home which should be an example and an influence for the highest things. Another graduate is in the Osaka Y. W. C. A., as a factory worker. She goes to certain factories and business houses, and has meetings and classes and clubs at the noon hour and after work is over; a meeting with eighty bank girls, with one hundred and fifty girls in a department store, with four hundred factory girls, or with twenty matrons whom she teaches so that they can pass it on to the thirty-five hundred girls in their care.

Is our college worth while? Our Family and five of our neighbors say that it is.

HANGCHOW, EAST CHINA.

Dear World Wide Guild Girls:

Union Girls' High School, Hangchow. I wish that you were here this minute. It will be four weeks before you can possibly receive this note, and I want you to see this fine Union Girls' School here in Hangchow. It is out in the new part of the city where the streets are broad and there seems to be more air to breathe. You would not mind preparing for college in a school as good-looking as this. There is a large classroom building, two dormitories, one residence, and an outdoor gymnasium on one compound, and across the street the most attractive kindergarten building you ever saw. The circle room, especially, is so bright and has such pretty pictures just on a line with the eyes of the fifty cunning Chinese children who occupy the chairs! In the rest

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of the school there are three hundred girls, more than half of them of about your age. They are a happy crowd and one reason is that they are having this chance to secure an education. It can not possibly come to every Chinese girl as it does to you at home—rather as a matter of course—because there are not enough schools to go around. In fact, there are only two more as large as this for girls, in all China. Just think about that for a moment, when sometimes you feel like leaving school and going to work. You notice that I said that this is a union school. Well, our Family and two of our neighbors are maintaining it—the Northern and the Southern Presbyterians.

Riverside Academy, Ningpo. Over in Ningpo, five hours by train and a night on a steamer away from Hangchow, is another fine school, called Riverside Academy, which is also a union school, for here our Family and the Northern Presbyterians are working together. This school is only about three years old. The building which is new, is the Jubilee gift of the women of our Family who live in the East Central District. It is right on the bank of the Ningpo river, and kept from falling in by a bund—which is a strip of ground with a wall of stone like a breakwater. Our Family has its grade school, called the Sarah Batchelor Memorial School, about an eighth of a mile away, also on the bank of the river, while the Presbyterian grade school is across the river. You can see it if you look straight across from where we are standing on the bund. Both of these lower schools are the feeders for Riverside Academy.

Union Normal School for Girls, Chengtu. There is one other school to which I wish to refer, although it is too

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far away to think of going to see it, for it is in Chengtu, one thousand and eight hundred miles up the Yangtse Kiang. If we could only manage to get there, we would receive a royal welcome, for visitors from home are rare at the Union Normal School for Girls, which is another example of how well and happily our Family can work with its neighbors. This is the smallest school of the three—less than forty girls—and it has no fine brick-and-stone buildings on a broad street or on the bank of a river, for it has never had a present of enough money to buy any. All the home the school has ever had is an old Chinese house with its courtyard from which numerous little rooms lead. It sounds very romantic. Think of living in a real Chinese house and going to school there! But when winter comes, and the sunless days, and there is no fire to warm the stone floors and, in spite of your fur-lined boots, your feet develop chilblains, you sigh for a warm house and are willing to let the romance rest for a bit. And the girls and the Faculty of the Union Normal School of Chengtu agree with you. There is not the slightest chance for an argument. They have been asking for a long time for suitable buildings—yet, they keep right on coming to school.

Popular Education Movement. The girls in these three schools and in many others throughout China are tremendously interested in what is known as the Popular Education Movement, which means teaching every one of the four hundred million people in China how to read the one thousand characters that are most commonly used, so that the nation may become a literate nation instead of remaining as it now is, with ninety-five per cent. of its people unable to read. These young

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students realize that a country can not solve its problems if the citizens can not read or write. Thus it is that wherever one goes in China today, the students are found to be busy either teaching classes themselves; after school hours, or raising money to pay the salary of a teacher or to buy books for the pupils. You see, these young folks care very deeply about their country and are eager to help and are following her relations with other countries with keen interest. I am sending you an essay written by one of the girls in the Union Girls' School in Hangchow, that you may see what a young girl of your own age is thinking, and how she is trying to prepare herself to be ready for service. This essay, by the way, took second prize in a recent contest and is copied for you without any corrections:

A CHINESE SCHOOLGIRL'S LETTER

WHAT CAN I DO TO HELP CHINA?

China is so big and her needs are so many. Whenever I think of helping our nation, I can't but have a sense of impotence the feeling that I can do very little to help my country; along with this comes a feeling of discouragement and indifference. In China there are about four hundred million people. I am one of them. So to help China is my obligation. The one thing for me to do is to open my eyes and do what China needs me to do.

It is a mistake that I divert attention from near and possible duty and fix it upon remote and difficult tasks. According to my period now I should say, "Be a good student" is my duty which I can do to help China. But what is a good student? First, I must learn self-control, be honest and diligent, because I am the example of other people and the pillar or master of future China. Secondly, whether in school or in summer vacation, I must use my opportunity to help others. If I abandon my present opportunity and did not form a serviceable habit, how could I help China in future? The place to help my country

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is where I am rather than where I am not. Thirdly, to help China is not an easy thing to do. So I must determine my mind and never change it even in trouble.

Be a good student is what I can do now to help China. But after I finish my school work the main thing I hope to do is to help the women in China. In old days the position of women in China remained subject to the men, they received little or no education, no freedom, knew nothing about her rights or their country. Today women fortunately could have education, receive equal rights as men, give up their old customs. But I am sorry to say that these benefits are only enjoying in the big cities. The women in inland of China are still like the old days. So I make up my mind to help them, and hope to establish a school in interior of China for them. As we know the woman is the mother and the real center of a nation. She has the responsibility of education. If she is illiterate how could she help her country? Only a hindrance of progress.

So the thing which I can do to help China is not only to be a good citizen myself, but to help the illiterate women, make them to cooperate with men in order to glory China.

MISS WU MOH, HANGCHOW UNION GIRLS' SCHOOL.

MARGARET WILLIAMSON HOSPITAL

STEVENSIDE,
SHANGHAI, CHINA.

Dear Baptist Doctors and Nurses:

We have just had coffee in Doctor Lawney's room in this pleasant house which is the doctor's residence and is about three blocks away from the hospital. I mean, of course, the Margaret Williamson Hospital for Women and Children, which has been one of the acknowledged blessings of Shanghai for forty-two years, since it was started, in a two-room hut, by Dr. Elizabeth Reifsnyder. It originally belonged to the Woman's Union Missionary Society but claimed the special attention of our Family

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about five years ago, when we joined with three of our neighbors to make it a union hospital and to add to it a Nurses' Training School and a Medical College for Women.

Recent Changes. It is astonishing what can be accomplished in five short years. In the matter of buildings, the Nurses' Home has been erected and is now occupied, and the Bennett Memorial is finished and is in use for clinical work. Land has been purchased across the street from the hospital, where a second residence is being erected for the American nurses and, on this compound with Stevenside, the ground is broken for a forty-thousand-dollar dormitory to accommodate sixty medical students.

New Medical College for Women. Already the Medical College is in its second year with ten students enrolled and many others taking their pre-medical science in the colleges. Unless every present sign fails, five years from now there will be fifty students in this Medical College where all the work is given in English and which is one of seven institutions in China to be recognized by the China Medical Association as of A grade. The faculty of this new college is already a strong one—nine foreign doctors and five nurses, and an equal number of qualified Chinese women doctors and nurses. Great results should follow when this new medical college with its strengthened faculty and its increased facilities offers its larger service.

A Pioneer from West China. You will be interested to know that one of these medical students is the daughter of a Baptist pastor in our West China Mission. Her name is Helen Shuai, and when she graduates she will be the first Chinese woman to be a practising physician

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in all of Szechuan province with a population of sixty-one millions of people.

A New Hospital Needed. The Margaret Williamson Hospital, through the years, has built up a large clientele in Shanghai, and so is able to maintain itself, aside from the salaries of the missionaries. About twenty-five thousand dollars a year is received in fees and local contributions from the Chinese. At the present time the hospital buildings are old and dingy and should be replaced as soon as possible. Money is now being raised at home for a four-story building to cost two hundred thousand dollars. Each floor will constitute a separate department—the medical, the surgical, the children's, and the maternity wards.

Extract from the New Booklet. I am sending this letter to you, Baptist doctors and nurses, for I am sure that you will want to tell others about this new college for Chinese young women and help to secure the new buildings and equipment. This is what one page of the exceedingly attractive new booklet has to say about the babies in the hospital:

In the maternity department of the hospital, more than a thousand babies are born yearly. The year 1925 has seen as many as one hundred and twenty babies putting in an appearance in one month. The nursery, filled to overflowing, has baskets, bathtubs, and every available kind of bassinet. That a baby can be made exceedingly comfortable in a miniature bathtub has been successfully demonstrated. The clinic coolie, cleaning up one night, saw in the corner of the room a small bundle of rags. The coolie's curiosity divulged a wizened and shrunken little morsel of humanity. With arms and legs horribly misshapen, the small waif seemed to have a spark of life struggling to endure with insistent pathos. The coolie took the child to one of the nurses and today little Margaret Williamson, as she has been named, may be seen about

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the corridors as normal a child as it would be possible to imagine. She had been deserted by her parents, and her physical condition was due to starvation. Innumerable other stories of suffering and tragedy, coupled with fortitude and comedy, can be garnered from this American hospital in a section of the Chinese city teeming with life and activity.

EPISTLE VI. THE POSTSCRIPT

MORE LETTERS ABOUT THE FAMILY

OUTLINE OF EPISTLE VI. THE POSTSCRIPT

AIM: To gather up some of the fragments that remain which, in many instances, may prove to be of as great significance as anything yet related. This is, however, the reputation of postscripts. Therefore no apologies are offered.

INTRODUCTION: The Beginning of the Postscript.

1. The Mission Press, Rangoon, Burma.
2. The Subject of Christian Literature.
3. Two Rest-houses.
4. Social Service for the Sake of Jesus Christ.
 - Khargpur and Jamshedpur in India.
 - Tuberculosis Home, Taunggyi, Burma.
 - Tinghae in the Chusan Islands, China.
 - Leper Colony and Children's Orphanage, Swatow, China.
 - Fukuin Maru, Inland Sea, Japan.
 - Christian Center, Waseda University and Misaki Tabernacle, Tokyo, Japan.
5. Schools for Missionaries' Children.
6. Philanthropy in the Orient—Old Folks' Home, Kityang, China.
 - All-Burma Baptist Orphanage, Moulmein.
7. Growing Self-consciousness in the Oriental Branch of the Family, and Attitude of Family in America.

EPISTLE VI. THE POSTSCRIPT

P. S.—Being a woman, I am entitled to a postscript. I think that I will claim my rights, not simply to make a display of my independence, but rather to say some of the important things that I have had no time to write thus far.

RANGOON, BURMA.

Dear Baptist Readers:

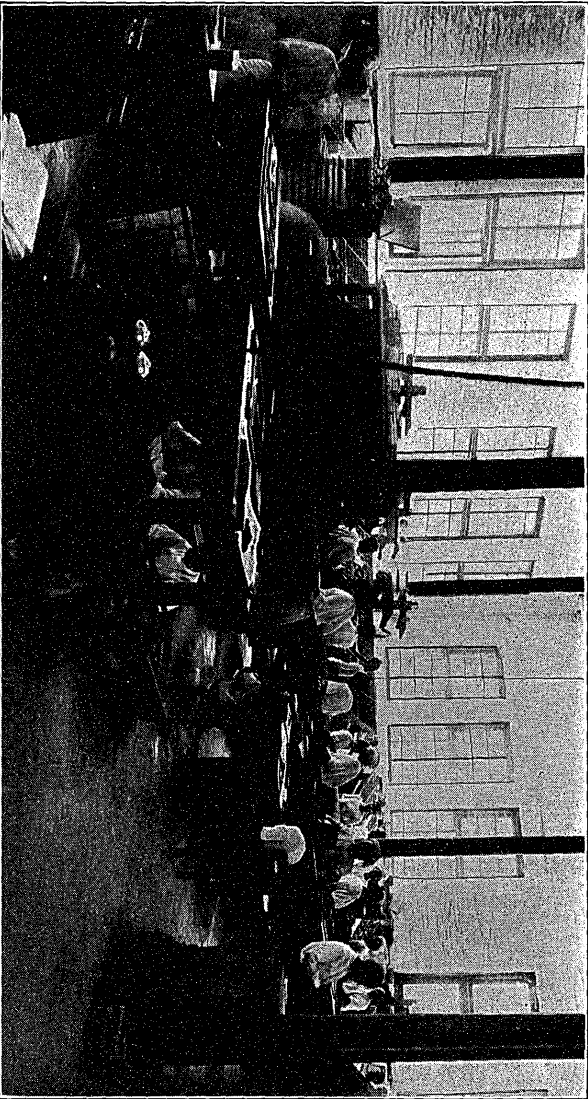
You do not know the relief experienced, when the steamer docks at the jetty in Rangoon, to have Mr. Snyder or Mr. Green of the Mission Press there to greet you and to look after your baggage. Not a worry nor a further thought about it, however many coolies may try to attract your attention. And this is only the beginning. A check cashed? Yes, go to the Press. Your passage reserved to America? Just write the Press. Your American Express Checks and passport kept in safety while you go to Upper Burma? Put them in the vault at the Press. A new book, stationery, kodak, typewriter, Christmas card? Go as quickly as you can to the Press and buy.

By-products of Mission Press, Rangoon. This is a true story, but all this service, rendered with a smile and apparently, as far as you are allowed to see, with no effort, is simply a by-product of the real work of the American Baptist Mission Press of Rangoon, Burma. I am adding this postscript because I fear that you do not realize what a progressive business institution our Family owns in this large city of the East. Begun in

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1816, it took possession of its present building in 1904, which is a plain red brick structure with no ornamentation, on a corner of one of the principal streets in the down-town section. The attractive display of books and pictures in the plate-glass show windows reminds you of home, and so does the salesroom inside, where the counters are covered with the latest books and magazines, and in addition, many English and Eastern publications which you do not readily find in the United States. All this, however, is another by-product of the real work of the Press. Upon invitation, you will be shown the Composing-room, then the Press-room, the Power-room, the Type-foundry, the Paper Stock Godown, the Bindery, and the Office. As you make the rounds you realize what an establishment this is for providing all the different peoples of Burma with a literature which they can read in their own language.

The Work of the Press. The compositors will interest you—sixty or seventy of them setting type in Burmese, Karen, Shan, Tamil, and many other languages. The little, queer characters look all alike to you, and you marvel how these men are prevented from mixing the type, but they are generally working in their own languages, and so know what they are doing. If you understand the printing business, you will be interested in the two fine linotype machines that set Sgaw Karen, and another two that set the Burmese character. In this special line of work, our Press leads all the others in India, for none of them has ever adapted a modern composing machine to any of the vernacular languages. It is one thing to carry on a successful printing business in English, and quite another to add all of the following languages: Burmese, Sgaw and Pwo Karen, Shan,



COMPOSING-ROOM, VERNACULAR END OF MISSION PRESS

Rangoon, Burma



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Kachin, Talain, Chin, Lisu, Lahu, Tamil, and Telugu, and still have it a self-supporting concern. Since 1882, when the superintendent was given one thousand dollars for new machinery by our Mission Board, no appropriation has been made from the Family pocket-book, except for the new building in 1904 and the two Burmese linotypes which bear a small brass plate stating that they are the gift of Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Edmands. The furnishings, the equipment, the running expenses, the salaries of the three hundred employees, are all met from the income of the Press, and its profits are used for increasing the equipment and the stock of school material which is made necessary by the demands of the growing educational program of Burma.

One Year's Work. In reporting the work of the year, Mr. Snyder, the superintendent, says:

Our list of religious and school publications embraces about sixty-five titles. In the list are included commentaries by Mr. Cochrane and Doctor Tilbe, a reprint of the Shan Bible, two editions of the Sunshine Hymn and Tune book in Sgaw Karen, reprint editions of both the Hymn and Tune book and the words-only-edition in Sgaw Karen, a Gospel of Mark in Lahu, and the usual run of tracts and Gospel portions. We are also at work on a series of school books in Sgaw Karen, by Saya Po Lin Tay, approved by the Government Text Book Committee. We are at present working on an edition of the Bible in Burmese for the British and Foreign Bible Society.

An Honorable Record. One reason why this Mission Press has such a marvelous business record and has so successfully accomplished its purpose of giving the Bible and a Christian literature to the people of Burma, is that during the one hundred and six years between 1816 and 1922, it has been served by only three superintendents—the founder, Rev. G. H. Hough, for twelve years; Rev.

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Cephas Bennett, for fifty-two years, and Mr. F. D. Phinney, for forty years. What a record of faithful, consecrated service is bound up in this bald statement of the number of years that these three men of our Family have, without any blare of trumpets, been quietly helping to build the foundations for a Christian world structure.

Importance of Christian Literature. In this connection, there are several other things I want to write you regarding this subject of literature. One is that, all through the work of our Family in the Orient, there has been felt this need of books in the language of the people so that as men and women come to Jesus Christ they may have something upon which to feed their souls—a need which at home we supply by going to the nearest bookstore and making a selection from dozens of books. Thus we find that missionaries, in addition to the regular demands made upon them, spend time in writing and in translation. Just start your memories and imaginations to working, and recall how you used to dread those lessons in Latin prose, and how slow you would be now to put a letter into French or German. Then turn the pages of the last annual report of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society—that sort of thing that is supposed to be dry and which many members of our Family shun as they would a contagious disease—and see what you find:

Individual Effort. Beginning with Assam:

Mr. Selander has translated John's Gospel and thirty-nine gospel hymns into Abor; Mr. Tanquist has continued the translation of the New Testament into Angami Naga and now only Matthew, Mark and John remain to be prepared for the press; Doctor Mason has finished the translation of the Bible into Garo, and

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Mrs. Harding and Mrs. Ewing have translated the Sunday school series into the same language; Mr. Pettigrew has completed the translation of John, Luke and the Acts into Thado Kuki.

From Burma Mr. Harris writes: "I have continued to prepare comments in Karen on the Sunday-school lessons." Doctor Hanson says that the fourth edition of the Kachin hymn-book is under preparation and that the translation of the Old Testament is completed as far as the prophetic books; also that six hundred and twenty-five copies of the Kachin News are printed every month.

Congo tells this story:

We have hand printing-presses at most of our stations. Doctor Clark has revised the four Gospels and the Acts, which are now being printed; Doctor Leslie has a story of Jesus' Life ready for the press; the Banza Manteke press is publishing a small quarterly magazine in the vernacular; a text-book in Physiology and Hygiene is being put through the Kimpese press.

Well, this is not half the story of the individual effort that is going on all of the time in an attempt to supply this sorry lack in the life of the new Christian, for something that will sustain and inspire. A man gives his heart to Jesus—and there is no Bible in his language for him to read. A young woman learns the meaning of the Christian life in the mission school, and there is not a suitable book for her in her home village, nor a magazine or newspaper. A young man, eager to know the faith, finds nothing in his own language to meet his need.

Appointment of Union Literature Committee. So overwhelmingly important did this problem of giving an adequate Christian literature to the Orient become to all the denominational families in 1900 that a Union Committee was later appointed by the Foreign Mis-

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sions Council to plan wisely and definitely to supply a literature in greater amount and of wider scope than individual families could ever hope to do. Partly through the efforts of this committee and also through the initiative of representatives of one or more denominations in the Orient, there can be found today Christian Literature Societies in almost every country. There is time to mention only one of these in this letter, but you can easily find out about others if you are interested in this subject. The Christian Literature Society for China was organized thirty-five years ago because of the need for the preparation of school-books. The work has grown through the years until we find from the last annual report that the total number of pages printed for the year exceeded fifteen million. Let us run over the list of books: For pastors and evangelists, a Commentary on Romans, "Life and Letters of Paul," etc.; for students, "How to Read the Bible," "Three Vital Questions," etc.; for young people, "Lovey Mary" and "The Famous Missionary Series"; for women and girls, "Women of the New Testament," "From the Seen to the Unseen," etc.

Woman's Committee on Christian Literature. These last-mentioned books suggest one further development of this subject about which I wish to write you before I close this postscript, and that is the work of the Committee on Christian Literature of the Federation of Woman's Foreign Boards of North America, which was appointed in 1912. Two years later, when Mrs. H. W. Peabody and Mrs. W. A. Montgomery were visiting the Orient, they realized the need, especially for magazines for children and young women. After that, things began to happen, and it was not long before the Christian

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Literature Society of China was supplying funds, the China Sunday School Union was printing, and Mrs. MacGillivray of Shanghai was editing a most attractive magazine for children, under the name of *Happy Childhood*. Now, twelve years later, seven thousand copies are printed every month, reaching, as nearly as can be estimated, sixty thousand readers. In the wake of the magazine have come Christmas picture-books, an edition of twelve thousand selling immediately, and quite recently a "Life of Christ" in four small volumes with many illustrations for children and ignorant women. The work of this committee now includes *The Woman's Messenger*, edited by Miss Laura White of Shanghai, the *Ai No Hikari* for coolie and fisherwomen of Japan, a little newspaper sheet edited by Miss Amy Bosanquet, and *The Treasure Chest* for boys and girls in India, edited by Miss Ruth Robinson. This last magazine is published in English and is then reprinted into some of the vernacular languages, already having appeared in Urdu, Tamil, and Marathi. Its success has been phenomenal, and at the end of its second year three thousand paid subscriptions had been secured in India. The vigorous growth of this little folks' journal is full of promise.

The Duty of the Church. Even though you read this long postscript to the end and are interested, none of us in America can visualize what it would mean to live without books or to have a desire to read good books and be able to find none. Evil and pernicious reading is scattered far and wide. There seems to be plenty of money for the publication and the dissemination of such material, but the church of Jesus Christ has been slow to assume responsibility for such a strategic method for filling the minds and hearts of new followers of the

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Saviour with high and stimulating thoughts. I shall never forget a visit paid to the half-mile of bookstores in Tokyo—on both sides of the street, like stalls, entirely open to the public, the shelves lined with books, the counters two and three deep with young people, mostly boys, absorbed in the books they were reading as they stood there. We looked at the titles and the authors—French, Russian, Norwegian, and then, off on a shelf in the corner, a small group of books by Christian writers. The work of our Family in every detail is vital and should be supported loyally by every member. Yet when I think of this important matter of Christian literature for non-Christian countries and of the quantity of reading matter that we constantly and thoughtlessly discard at home, I recall the words of Jesus: “These ought yet to have done, and not to leave the other undone.”

SHIRK MEMORIAL REST HOUSE,
MAYMYO, BURMA.

Dear Folks Who Are Tired:

Do come here for a rest. You would have a lovely time. Here is really Maymyo, fifty miles from Mandalay, the hot weather capital of the government of Burma, in the hills of the northern Shan states. Just to see the hedges of flaming red poinsettias reaching to your shoulders would do you a world of good, and the beautiful trees and magnificent views. Best of all would be the quiet and comfort of this simple but most attractive home, provided for the tired missionaries of our Family in Burma by a thoughtful sister and friend in America. What a joy it is to have such members in our Family, and how thankful we are for them!

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Shirk Rest House, Maymyo. As soon as you arrive at the Rest House, Miss Craft will take you in charge and see that every possible want is supplied, and some that you never dreamed you possessed. Fresh milk, vegetables, and fruit revive your weary spirits, and long nights of quiet sleep. Then it is peace to sit with "Mother Craft" and enjoy the optimism of a woman who has lived long and yet finds work and happiness in living. And the parrot—do not forget to make friends with him. He surely believes in "safety first," for he calls a hundred times a day to all who will listen, "You better be careful."

Doane Rest House, Baguio, P. I. The last copy of *Missions* (January, 1926) has just come in the mail, and I must call your attention to a picture of a second Home in the hills, provided by another member of our Family who knows what tired people need. This one is "Doane Rest" and is very new and is located at Baguio, north of Manila, in the Philippine Islands. It is the hill station and the summer resort for the white people who live and work in these islands. It is a garden spot, five thousand feet above sea-level. Here, in the midst of glorious mountain scenery, "Doane Rest" is located on a little plateau, a house of stone and stucco covered with vines and surrounded by a beautiful garden, laid out in all sorts of brilliant beds of plants that blossom in luxuriance. Then there is a magnificent view of hills and the mountains beyond, and sunsets that can not be excelled in any other part of the world—all the qualifications, as you see, for a perfect vacation.

Restful Hill Stations. There are other hill and mountain spots where our Family can "steal awhile away" and rest with their year's correspondence to make up,

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financial statements to finish, translation work to do, language study to continue, and all sorts of plans to make for the new year. You would have a great time just making a tour of these wonderful hill stations scattered through the Orient. There's Darjeeling and Shillong in Assam, Coonoor and Kodaikanal in India, Mokansan, Double Island, Kuiling in China, and Karuisawa in Japan. Isn't it fortunate that such places exist for those for whom an Oriental climate with its continuous heat and enervating effects proves too heavy a strain?

JAMSHEDPUR, INDIA.

Dear Baptist Laymen:

There are a number of intensely interesting projects that our Family has under way, that do not technically come under the regular classification of mission work, and yet they show where we stand in some of the big social issues of the present day, and that while we believe in supporting our own Family, we are not turning a deaf ear to calls for what might be termed "social service" with the name of Jesus Christ written large all around it.

Khargpur, Large Manufacturing City. Take Khargpur, for instance, where we were yesterday, a city of seventy thousand people, seventy-two miles west of Calcutta on the road to Bombay. Visiting such a place makes one realize what Great Britain means to India, for it is the largest railroad manufacturing center in the country. All the engines and rolling-stock are made here, so of course there are huge factories to visit and enormous chimneys belching out smoke and fire. The town is divided and about half the population lives in-

IN FOREIGN MISSION FIELDS

side the railroad settlement where the streets are wide and the houses of red brick for the officials and English workmen are arranged in sections according to the rank and the social position of the men and their families. There are special quarters for the Indian workers—rows and rows of small, one-story houses with small verandas, and in the gutters, at intervals, a faucet from which the families are supplied with water. The drainage system is complete, and everything about the houses exceedingly neat. You would smile to see the section where the dhobies or laundrymen live, for it looks as though every article of wearing apparel in all India was hanging on the line or was spread on the ground to dry.

Our Christian Work in Khargpur. Our Family carries on two lines of work among these people, one for the English-speaking and the other for the Indian people. There is a good-looking red stone church and residence within the settlement for the former, and although the membership is small because of the shifting character of the population, the church exerts a strong moral and spiritual influence in the community and affords a gathering-place especially for the young people and children, where they are learning the principles of Christian responsibility and leadership. There is also a church for the Indian people, who have come from all parts of India to work in the shops. The building is the gift of an American member of our Family, and bears the name of the Ward Memorial Church. The Indian pastor, Rev. K. C. Mohapatra, has been with the church for twenty years and has seen it grow from six to two hundred and thirty members. I wish you could meet him. He speaks four or five different languages

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and he has use for them all, as his parishioners represent Bengali, Oriya, Hindustani, and Telugu people. Last year he received twenty new members into the church, and fourteen were waiting for baptism. He has fine plans and a great opportunity for a hostel for Indian young men who are in Khargpur without their families, and here's hoping that he will be able to realize them.

The Pittsburgh of India. Three hours on the train, to the west of this large railroad center, and we reach Jamshedpur, which is even more interesting, in that it is larger and not a British development, but the result of the initiative of a Parsee family of Bombay. Mr. Jamsheedji Tata became interested in the steel industry, visited the United States, and now today, eighteen years later, Jamshedpur has grown from a small village with a few mud huts to a city of eighty-seven thousand people, with enormous factories, beautiful houses, parks, roads, schools, hospitals, and clubs. It is often called the "Pittsburgh of India." Nine hundred tons of pig iron are turned out daily and four hundred tons of rails, besides tin plate for cans, and other allied products.

The great majority of the people are Indian from all parts of the country, as at Khargpur, but the general manager is an American, and the leading positions in the various factories are taken by Americans or British. You can very well imagine the sort of conditions that prevail among the English-speaking group—young men who have come without their families, lured by the promise of high wages, far from home, lonely, weak, susceptible to the drinking and gambling of the club life; families where the man and woman care more for social standing than for their Christian example; a huge Indian population looking on and marveling at

IN FOREIGN MISSION FIELDS

the ways of the white man. This is the setting for the work that our Family is trying to do in Jamshedpur.

The Church of Christ. In April, 1925, the attractive church was completed and dedicated, and, known as "The Church of Christ," is proving to be a blessing to the whole community. The weekly calendar bears these striking words, "A Human Church with a Divine Program." As Rev. and Mrs. Brown, of our Family, who are in charge of this work, entertain us, let us listen to bits of the conversation:

Saturday evening we had our annual church meeting. One hundred and seventy-five sat down to tea together—English, Scotch, Welsh, American, Anglo-Indian—all ranks from the general manager to a few poor Anglo-Indian young men. It was a great sight and a real triumph in Christian brotherhood. . . We have used our home more than ever this year—one college man from the States, of fine family, we rescued from the drink habit. He has not touched a drop for seven months. Four others are trying hard to resist. . . Our Indian Christians are working faithfully under Rev. A. L. Maity, and their church has one hundred and ten members. There are many non-Christian Indians here. Only last week, an Indian couple came to call. He has the degree of Ph. D. from Oxford University, and she is a woman of education with the college degree of B. A. They said, "Our parents are good Hindus, but we really are nothing."

Well, there is much more to say about Jamshedpur, but my time is short, and so is yours for reading all this. Just remember to include this interesting city in your itinerary when you visit India. And also give a serious thought to the difficulties that surround all of the work that our Family is attempting among the English-speaking people in British India. This group includes not only the Americans and British who may be here for government and business reasons, but also

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the large number of Anglo-Indians, who have mixed blood in their veins and who belong socially to neither one nor the other of these dominant peoples. As in Khargpur and Jamshedpur, so also in Madras, Maymyo, Rangoon, and Moulmein, there are churches and Christian work for this group, and in the two last-named cities there are also schools which our Family has established; the English Baptist High School on the same large compound with Cushing High School in Rangoon, and the English Girls' High School in Moulmein. Both of these schools have attractive buildings and are well worth a visit. Baptists who contemplate a visit to the Far East should not fail to plan to see these institutions.

Tuberculosis Home, Taunggyi. There are several other "side-issues" or "by-products" or whatever you choose to call them, that I want to mention before I close this long postscript. Up in Taunggyi, Burma, there are two women of our Family, a piece of land already selected, and a gift of money from a woman of the Family in America, and soon there will be a home with wide porches, big fireplaces, and simple comforts where girls and women of Burma can come to arrest, if possible, in that clear bracing atmosphere, the progress of that dread disease, tuberculosis, which makes such inroads upon the life of the Orient. More than one girl is waiting for that house to be finished, in the hope that her life may be spared. One dear friend in particular is vividly in my mind, the head of the Normal Department at Kemendine, a dainty young woman, one of the best teachers and one of the most beautiful Christian characters in Burma. No place to go! If only the Taunggyi Home is ready in time!

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TINGHAE, CHUSAN ISLANDS, CHINA.

Chinese Money, Christian Supervision. Never heard of this place before. Where are we, any way? I will tell you that you are safe and sound, in the care of Rev. L. C. Hylbert of Ningpo, on the largest of the Chusan Islands in Hangchow Bay, and you made the trip on a small launch. You simply must stop here long enough to find out what a fascinating thing our Family is doing. No money needed (what a relief!), no urgent appeal for a building (that's good), no heart-rending call for a missionary (what can be the matter?). Yet there is a splendid new plant of five buildings for the Tinghae Academy for Boys, an enrolment of several hundred, and a Christian Chinese educator, Rev. T. E. Tong, as the principal. Who has done all this? The Chinese gentry and wealthy merchants have given more than a quarter of a million dollars to found and conduct this school. In addition, a six-grade school for the girls has also been started because of a substantial gift from Mr. O. S. Liu, who, a non-Christian, is the founder of the Boys' Academy. Miss Anna Chow is the principal. She is the daughter of Pastor Chow of Ningpo and Kinhwa, of whom I have written in an earlier letter, and she resigned a much more lucrative position in order to answer this call to missionary service.

All this is interesting—Chinese money for Chinese schools, given by non-Christian men of wealth on the understanding that the supervision shall be by members of our Family, because these men recognize that there is something in the Christian education and training and in the ideals of Jesus Christ that they desire for their children. This seems to them the goal.

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SWATOW, CHINA.

Leper Colony, Swatow. There is no more distressing sight in the Orient than the lepers that one sees sometimes begging or huddled in a heap by the side of the road. It is a common occurrence in the city of Swatow, and so the Christian Institute of our Family undertook the work of instructing the community about the danger involved in allowing lepers to roam about the streets. The result has been that the Chinese mayor has bought a site outside the city and set aside twenty thousand dollars for buildings, with the request of Doctor Speicher that he find a Christian superintendent for the colony. So, today, Pastor Lim Liang-Ti is in charge. He accepted this call in the spirit of prayer and sacrifice and with these words to Doctor Speicher: "Teacher, for twenty-seven years we have been friends and coworkers; with God's blessing, I will accept and together we will work out the problem of a leper colony."

Children's Orphanage. Another interesting demand upon our Family at Swatow has been made as a result of the typhoon wave which swept the coast in 1922 and killed thirty thousand people. Hundreds of children were left orphans; and out of the relief funds raised by the Chinese merchants of Hongkong, an orphanage was founded and some tens of thousands of dollars given as an endowment. There was, of course, urgent need of a superintendent, and although Mr. Heng Sio Cu, who was in charge of the Hongkong funds, was not a professed Christian, he turned to the Christian Institute and its staff of workers for aid and asked Miss Sollman of our Family to become the superintendent of the orphanage.

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TOKYO, JAPAN.

A member of our Family, in visiting Japan, should surely have on his or her itinerary three important items the like of which are to be found in the work of no other Family and which are rightly called "outstanding contributions to the advance of Christianity in Japan." I am referring to the Fukuin Maru, or the Gospel Ship of the Inland Sea, the Christian Center connected with the Waseda University, and the Misaki Tabernacle, both in Tokyo.

Fukuin Maru of the Inland Sea. In some of my earliest letters home, I mentioned the Fukuin Maru, forever connected with the life and sacrifice of Captain Bickel. I hope that some time it will be your good fortune to spend a week-end on the ship, sleep in one of the tiny bunks, eat breakfast in the light of a glorious sunrise from behind one of the hundreds of green islands, sit on deck and watch two boat-loads of children approaching for service on board, go on shore at Mitsu-nocho to visit the kindergarten and the charming Christian young woman in charge, and end this fairy-land day by gliding over the moonlit water to Tashima, where a Christian Japanese business man has taken out all the sliding partitions in his home to make room for the three hundred and fifty men and women who have gathered to hear a talk on "Eternal Life" and see lantern slides on the life of Jesus Christ. The only means by which the thousands of people in these islands are hearing anything of Christianity is through the occasional visits of the Fukuin Maru. Small wonder that they watch and pray for its return as they have done for these many years!

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Christian Center at Waseda University. Nearly twenty years ago a member of our Family began to preach and teach at Waseda University, where ten thousand of the youth of Japan are studying. His work met with favor on the part of the authorities of this non-Christian institution, who recognized the need for moral and religious influences upon the students. From this early beginning the work has grown so that, today, in addition to the actual classroom teaching by representatives of our Family, there is the compound near the University with three buildings on it: Scott Hall for the student activities, Alvah Hovey Memorial Dormitory, and the residence for Doctor and Mrs. Benninghoff, in charge of the work. What of the results, after twenty years? We can mention only a few: Mr. Fujii, a graduate of Waseda, after study in America, is the pastor of the University Baptist Church; Mr. Mukotani, another graduate, is the secretary in charge of the administrative work; five other Baptist leaders, one of them the Dean of Mabie Memorial School for Boys, have all been brought into Christian service through the evangelistic work at Waseda; on the faculty of the University are men who have been in the Baptist Dormitory, as three of the professors and the Assistant Dean of the Department of Commerce.

You will need to allow a full half-day to see Waseda University and the Christian Center, and if possible you should save a Sunday morning for the University Baptist Church, where you will meet the students, for what I am writing you does not begin to tell you of all that goes on here in the way of Bible classes, athletics, Sunday schools, social activities, etc. One of our Family who has often worked with Doctor Benninghoff, says,

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“ The secret of the success of the work lies in the quiet, steady, personal evangelism which the missionary trains the boys to carry on.”

Misaki Tabernacle, Tokyo. If you would visit a beehive in Tokyo—and you surely must want to—come over to the Misaki Tabernacle, another constructive line of service that is known all over the Japanese Empire, and that has no duplicate. It had an enviable record before the earthquake wrecked all but its outside walls, in 1923, but after that, although sadly crippled, it became the center for relief work and received the cordial assistance of the Red Cross and the Japanese government. With a soup-kitchen on the ground floor, fifty families of refugees living in tiny rooms made by dividing the wall-less interior of the building with mat partitions, an emergency hospital in the old galleries, a kindergarten and a day-school in full swing, the Misaki Tabernacle was an angel of mercy to many dazed and homeless Japanese. Fifteen hundred people were vaccinated for smallpox, fourteen thousand dollars worth of relief supplies were given to needy people, and always the major goal of the Tabernacle kept in sight, for thousands had placed in their hands, with the material help, a Scripture portion, a Bible verse, a tract with a Christian message of hope and courage.

Now the Tabernacle is renovated, the regular work of kindergarten, day- and night-schools, church, dispensary, reading-room, employment agency, etc., are in operation. In addition, however, the Tabernacle has as never before the cooperation of the people and of the city government and leading officials, for in a time of dire need it did not fail, but ministered as Jesus would have done, to the sick and the dying; the homeless and the

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hungry, the lost and the mentally distracted—and the Japanese will never forget these acts of Christian courtesy and the lessons of brotherhood and sacrifice that were silently taught.

AMERICAN SCHOOLS IN THE ORIENT

S. S. PRESIDENT LINCOLN,
YOKOHAMA BAY, JAPAN.

Dear World Wide Guild Girls and Royal Ambassadors:

We have said good-bye to all our friends in Japan, and are just getting up steam for the long journey across the Pacific Ocean. As there is not much to see on deck, I will write a last postscript to you and have it ready to mail when we reach San Francisco.

Kodaikanal. You would have an awfully good time if you could go to school out here in the Orient. I do not suppose you have ever really stopped to think much about where the girls and boys of our Family go to school, whose fathers and mothers are missionaries out here. Until a few years ago, they were all obliged to come home and be separated for years at a time from their parents, until sometimes they felt like strangers. Now it is quite different, for it has been found possible to start schools out here, in locations where this warm climate is not injurious to growing boys and girls. For instance, there is one such school in the Palni Hills of South India, at Kodaikanal, a lovely place, where there are about forty boys and girls of our own Family in attendance. Ten other mission families besides our own are cooperating to make this school a possibility, and have just finished two large new buildings, with an electric light plant installed, and are hoping that some-

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body will give two more. This school has a curriculum like ours at home, and twelve teachers.

Taunggyi. Over in Burma, in the Shan Hills, at Taunggyi, there is another school which belongs entirely to our own Family. The boys and girls have named it the "Skooffomich." Can you translate that? It has a glorious location, wonderful view, and all that, but it is weak when it comes to buildings. One house is rented, another is a shack with bamboo walls and roof, and a third, where some of the boys sleep, is Dr. Ah Pon's home. In fact, I do not know what this school would do without Dr. Ah Pon and his wife, Daw Mi, for the latter plans all of the meals and has the school dining-room right in her house. I wish you could see Daw Mi. You would love her, just as every one does who knows her—especially when she wears her dark red longi, or skirt, with a border of hand-painted pansies at the bottom. She is a graduate from our Morton Lane School for Girls in Moulmein, and is a great help, in more ways than one, to the teachers in the Skooffomich.

Shanghai. One of the new "sights" to be seen in Shanghai, China, is the American School where the boys and girls of our Family go until they come back to America for college. This school is in what is known as the French Quarter of the city, on land recently purchased and in beautiful new buildings. To see them you would feel as though you had suddenly been transported to New England, for the main building looks like a reproduction of Faneuil Hall, with its white columns and its belfry tower. This is one of the largest of the American schools in the Orient, because there are more families to cooperate and because the American population is larger in Shanghai, and there are many

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men connected with important business firms who are only too glad to help in maintaining such a good school for their children.

Tokyo. It is quite another story in Japan, where the American School went down in the earthquake. Ever since, the students have been in rented houses, quite unsuited to their work, and have been without proper equipment. Their pluck, however, is on a par with that of all the other brave folk in Japan, who have gone right straight on ever since the disaster. The Tokyo school hopes, some day, for new buildings and all the laboratories and equipment that preparatory schools at home have, and here's hoping that some good fairy brings them what they want. Aside from just doing that, it is a worth-while piece of work to demonstrate in the Orient the character and curriculum and fine spirit of comradeship that are such a large part of our schools in America.

OLD FOLKS' HOME, KITYANG

KITYANG, SOUTH CHINA.

Dear Baptist Philanthropists:

You help so many worthy causes at home, I know you will be interested in what some other members of our Family are doing to help others. When we arrived here yesterday, in a small steamer from Swatow, among those at the landing to greet us was a group of old people who smiled and bowed and stuck to us like burrs, wherever we went. Upon inquiry we found that they belonged to the Old Folks' Home not far from our own compound. After we had looked about a bit, we walked over to the Home, a low, whitewashed house with out-

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buildings and on the veranda were a number of old men sunning themselves. Each member of the Home has a bit of a garden, so that there are plenty of green things growing in the front yard, in nice, orderly rows. You would fall in love with Mrs. Huang, who has one of the sweetest faces I ever saw. I did not need to be told that she is a Christian, and I was not much surprised when I was told that she has a fine Christian son who has received some of his training for the ministry in America. Then there was Mrs. Thai, who is blind, but so happy, and a little old lady who is deaf, but who walked everywhere with us and kept patting our hands and bowing and smiling. This Home is managed by the Chinese Christians, and almost entirely supported by them, too, only our missionary Family helps them with an occasional gift.

All-Burma Baptist Orphanage. While we were in Burma, we saw another successful undertaking of this character which is being carried on by the Christians of that land without much help, aside from advice, from the members of the American branch of the Family. It was the All-Burma Baptist Orphanage in Moulmein, where the Baptists of all races in the country are trying to feed, clothe, and educate one hundred orphans. Some of these children are in our various mission schools, the older ones in some training-school, and the little ones, about fifty of them, in the Home in Moulmein under the motherly care of Ma Thein Mya, who is a fine Christian woman and was for twenty-five years a teacher in Morton Lane School. This Orphanage is a good example of the supervision and support that the Oriental members of our Family are learning to give to worthy work of this kind.

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REPETITION OF AIM OF THIS EPISTLE

HOMeward BOUND!
PACIFIC OCEAN.

Dear Denomination:

Tomorrow we shall pass through the Golden Gate and step once more on American soil. As I start to write this last postscript, I am rather appalled by what I have not had time to tell you. One by one I recall some attractive, successful piece of work, some school with the classrooms full of bright faces, loyal missionary members of our Family, all of whom I would gladly mention by name to you—omitted, not because I would not write about them if there were time, but because of the end I have kept constantly before me of trying to help the Family at home to focus on the type of work which we are trying to do—its constructive character, its value when the larger issues of the world needs are considered. We are making a contribution which is helping to turn the affairs of the world toward peace and the abolition of race prejudice, and we should realize how our share, well done, adds to the mosaic which all the Christian Families are making together in the name of Jesus Christ.

There yet remain several phases of this subject which I wish to mention before I finally, and “for keeps,” end this postscript. Ever since we can remember, we have heard about the work of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society and the Woman’s American Baptist Foreign Mission Society, and we have rejoiced in all that the years have accomplished. Our money has rightly gone through these two channels and should

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continue to do so—now, perhaps, more than ever. There is, however, in the minds of many of our Family, the idea that here at home we can dictate and direct and guide just as was possible in the early days when our foreign mission work was in its beginnings. In this connection I would call your attention to a few facts that are plainly evident to a traveler among the missions abroad, or to a careful reader who remains at home.

A FEW FINAL, IMPORTANT FACTS

Of Concern to Our Own Family. In an earlier letter I described the Association meeting at Bibejai, Assam—several hundreds of Assamese Christians gathered to consider the evangelization of their own country and people. This is typical. The Christians of Bengal-Orissa have their own Baptist Convention and to the evangelistic board of this body has been transferred the conduct of the evangelistic work and the engaging and paying of the pastors and evangelists.

The Telugu Baptist Convention of South India has full charge of the Kandukur field and is carrying on the work there in a commendable way. New societies are constantly being organized—The Allur Rural Christian Educational Society and the Kanigiri Telugu Christian Education Society, for instance—to augment and supplement the plans of the Convention.

The annual meeting of the Burma Baptist Convention is an event that one might well travel half around the globe to attend. Two to three thousand delegates are registered; such men as Saya Ah Syoo, pastor of the Moulmein Baptist Church, Saya Bate, an outstanding Christian leader of Burma, Saya Toe Khut, the head

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master of the Maubin Pwo Karen School with an enrolment of four hundred and fifty students, are three of the men who have served as presidents. The Convention is entirely independent and self-supporting. It maintains evangelists in fifteen centers in Burma and supports the All-Burma Baptist Orphanage at Moulmein.

You probably all know what took place in South China when the Chinese Baptist Convention met in 1925 and, acting for the five thousand baptized Christians of the churches, voted that hereafter they would assume the responsibility and control of their own church work. Not only in the South, but in the East and West China missions as well, there are Conventions of Chinese Baptist Christians who are assuming more and more responsibility for their own church work, facing problems through their Home Mission Societies, Evangelistic Committees, and other local organizations.

In Japan, all matters of general administration relating to the progress of the work of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society are considered by the Japan Joint Committee, which is composed of twelve members—six missionaries and six Japanese of our Family. All financial questions are referred to this Joint Committee, such as the amount of money to be asked from the American and the Japanese churches; the salaries of Japanese workers and the division of the funds among the schools and churches. The Committee also passes on the opening and closing of work, the designation of the missionaries, and many other items.

In Cooperation with Our Neighbors. Does this weary you? Please do not permit it to, for I have not finished. All of these groups to which I have referred have been entirely within our own Baptist Family. The story,

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however, does not end here, for there are relationships with many cooperative societies which can not be ignored if we would keep abreast of the progress that our Family is making in proclaiming Jesus Christ. There is the National India Council which is promoting the Indian Christian Church; the National Christian Council of China, the Executive Committee of which has twenty-one members, eleven of whom are prominent Chinese Christian leaders—a Council which is actively at work to develop strong Christian churches in China, to promote religious education, to introduce Christian standards into China's industrial and commercial life, to fight against opium and narcotic drugs, etc. There is, in China, a Christian Educational Association, a Medical Association, a Council on Health Education, a Daily Vacation Bible School Movement, and many others. These organizations reach out into all parts of the country and it is a matter of satisfaction that members of our Family are occupying positions of trust on committees and boards.

A Critical Period. I am trying to make it clear to you that in these present days the branches of our Family are working more and more together, and that this cooperation is likely to increase as the years go on and as some members of our Family grow stronger in their Christian faith and in their understanding of their own responsibility. It is a critical period in the life of our missions and of the Christian members of our Family in the Orient—a time when the stronger American branch should stand by, with every indication of its confidence and its financial, moral, and spiritual support. Our missionary representatives should feel that they are free to seize the strategic opportunities that are arising

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at such unexpected moments and through such unpremeditated channels, and make use of them to strengthen the cause of Jesus Christ, in which the Family so firmly believes, as the solution of the sin and the woes of the world.

The Cost. What price do we pay? First, some of our money—regularly and consistently until all we have undertaken is finished and there is nothing more for us to do, financially, in carrying out the last command of Jesus Christ; until we have helped the weaker members of our Family until they are able to stand alone; until our strength, joined with that of other Christian bodies, has presented the last necessary, united effort for a Christian world. Second, the full weight of our example and influence as one of the largest of the Protestant, Christian Families on the side of right living in America and abroad that, in recreation and in society, in business and in politics, in all the relations that emanate from this Christian country to the lands that are classed as non-Christian, the ideals and principles of Jesus may prevail. Any thoughtful person who travels on ships and on trains in other lands, tarries in the large cities of the world, meets other men and women who are also on the move, has it brought home with almost staggering force that, if the Church of Christ is to win over all the evil that exists, the members of that Church must live the life, in very truth, of which Jesus Christ is the example. What we do in America is heralded around the globe. Our Family has the opportunity to take a stand in a wonderful, united effort for the promotion of peace and good-will, righteousness and Christian brotherhood among the nations. May we do it in all the strength of our manhood and womanhood,

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of our student body, our boys and girls and little children—in the full knowledge that what we do as a Family contributes to the only really worth-while accomplishment of a follower of Jesus Christ—to bring the world to Him.



A FEW PROJECTS OF THE FAMILY

A FEW PROJECTS OF THE FAMILY

EPISTLE I CHURCHES

ASSAM

Ward Memorial Church, Gauhati.
Shirk Memorial Church, Golohat.

BENGAL-ORISSA

Ward Memorial Church, Khargpur.
The Church of Christ, Jamshedpur.

SOUTH INDIA

Coles Centennial Memorial Church, Kurnool.
Day Memorial Church, Madras.
Kurtz Memorial Church, Narsaravupet.
Chambers Memorial Hall, Nellore.
Jewett Memorial Church, Ongole.

BURMA

Immanuel Baptist Church, Rangoon.
Vinton Memorial Karen Church, Rangoon.
Lammadaw Church, Rangoon.
Judson Memorial Church, Mandalay.
English Baptist Church, Moulmein.

CHINA

Kakchieh Baptist Church, Swatow.
Swatow Christian Institute, Swatow.
Tai Bing Fong Church, Hangchow.
West Gate Baptist Church, Ningpo.
North Shanghai Baptist Church, Shanghai.

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JAPAN

Misaki Baptist Tabernacle, Tokyo.

University Baptist Church, Tokyo.

First Baptist Church, Sendai.

CONGO

Bentley Memorial Church, Kimpese.

EPISTLE II

FAMILY HOSPITALS AND DISPENSARIES IN THE ORIENT

BURMA

Haka—Emily Tyzzer Memorial Hospital.

Kengtung—Louise Hastings Memorial Hospital.

Mongnai—Mission Hospital.

Moulmein—Ellen Mitchell Memorial Maternity Hospital.

Namkham—Mission Hospital.

ASSAM

Gauhati—Woman's Hospital.

Impur—Dispensary.

Jorhat—New hospital to be built.

Kangpokpi—Dispensary.

Tura—Mission Hospital.

SOUTH INDIA

Hanumakonda—Victoria Memorial Hospital.

Mahbubnagar—Dispensary.

Nalgonda—Woman's Hospital.

Nellore—Hospital for Women and Children.

IN FOREIGN MISSION FIELDS

Ongole—Clough Memorial Hospital.

Sooriapett—Mission Hospital.

Udayagiri—Etta Waterbury Memorial Hospital.

BENGAL-ORISSA

Bhimpore—Sterling Memorial Hospital.

SOUTH CHINA

Hopo—Chinese Christian Hospital.

Kityang—Josephine Bixby Hospital for Women, and
Hospital for Men.

Sunwuhsien—Hospital.

Swatow—Edward Payson Scott and Martha Thresher
Memorial Hospital.

Ungkung—True Word Hospital.

EAST CHINA

Huchow—Union Hospital.

Kinhwa—Pickford Memorial Hospital.

Nanking—University of Nanking, Medical Department.

Ningpo—Chinese-American Hospital.

Shaohsing—The Christian Hospital.

WEST CHINA

Chengtu—Union Medical School.

Suifu—Hospital for Men; William Howard Doane
Memorial Hospital for Women.

Yachowfu—Britton Corliess Hospital.

CONGO

Banza Manteke

Kimpese

Ntondo-Ikoko

Vanga

} Hospital and Dispensary work.

THE BAPTIST FAMILY

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Capiz—Emanuel Hospital.

Iloilo—Baptist Hospital.

EPISTLE III

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES OF OUR FAMILY

BURMA

Judson College, Rangoon.

Burman Girls' High School, Mandalay.

Cushing High School for Boys, Rangoon.

English Baptist High School, Rangoon.

English Girls' High School, Moulmein.

Judson High School for Boys, Moulmein.

Kemendine Girls' High School, Rangoon.

Kelly High School for Boys, Mandalay.

Morton Lane Girls' School, Moulmein.

Pegu Sgaw Karen High School, Rangoon.

Sgaw Karen High School, Bassein.

Tharrawaddy High School, Tharrawaddy.

ASSAM

Jorhat Christian Schools, Jorhat.

Satri Bari Girls' School, Gauhati.

BENGAL-ORISSA

High School for Girls, Midnapore.

Boys' High School, Balasore.

Girls' Middle English School, Balasore.

SOUTH INDIA

American Baptist Mission High School for Boys, Ongole.

IN FOREIGN MISSION FIELDS

Coles-Ackerman Memorial High School for Boys,
Nellore.

Coles Memorial High School for Boys, Kurnool.

Nellore Girls' High School, Nellore.

Elementary and Normal School for Girls, Nellore.

SOUTH CHINA

Girls' High School, Swatow.

Kaying Academy, Kaying.

Rhoda Roblee Barker Memorial High School for Boys,
Hopo.

Swatow Academy, Swatow.

EAST CHINA

Sarah Batchelor Memorial School for Girls, Ningpo.

Ningpo Academy for Boys, Ningpo.

Shaohsing High School, Shaohsing.

Tinghae Boys' School, Tinghae.

Wayland Academy, Hangchow.

WEST CHINA

Girls' School, Suifu.

Munroe Academy for Boys, Suifu.

JAPAN

Ella O. Patrick Home School, Sendai.

Hinomoto Girls' School, Himeji.

Mary L. Colby School, Kanagawa.

Mabie Memorial Boys' School, Yokohama.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Central Philippine College, Iloilo.

Home School, Capiz.

THE BAPTIST FAMILY

EPISTLE IV

FAMILY TRAINING-SCHOOLS

BURMA

Burman Theological Seminary, Insein.
Karen Theological Seminary, Insein.
Pyinmana Agricultural School, Pyinmana.
Burmese Woman's Bible School, Insein.
Karen Woman's Bible School, Rangoon.
Baptist Normal School, Rangoon.

ASSAM

Normal Training School for Girls, Nowgong.
Gale Memorial Bible School for Women, Jorhat.

BENGAL-ORISSA

Balasore Industrial School, Balasore.

SOUTH INDIA

Union Baptist Theological Seminary, Ramapatnam.
Gurley Memorial Woman's Bible School, Nellore.
Bapatla Normal Training School, Bapatla.
Normal Training School for Girls, Ongole.

SOUTH CHINA

Ashmore Theological Seminary, Swatow.
Woman's Bible Training School, Swatow.

EAST CHINA

Brooke Fleet Pyle Bible School, Shaohsing.
School for Christian Homemakers, Ningpo.
School of Mothercraft, Huchow.

IN FOREIGN MISSION FIELDS

JAPAN

Japan Baptist Theological Seminary, Tokyo.
Woman's Bible School, Osaka.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Bible and Kindergarten Training School, Iloilo.
Doane Evangelistic Institute, Iloilo.

EPISTLE V

WITH OUR NEIGHBORS

SOUTH INDIA

Madras Christian College, Madras.
Woman's Christian Medical College, Vellore.
Woman's Union Christian College, Madras.

EAST CHINA

Shanghai Baptist Theological Seminary, Shanghai.
Shanghai Baptist College, Shanghai.
Nanking University, Nanking.
Ginling College for Women, Nanking.
Hangchow Union Girls' School, Hangchow.
Riverside Academy, Ningpo.

WEST CHINA

West China Union University, Chengtu.
Union Normal School for Girls, Chengtu.

JAPAN

Woman's Christian College of Japan, Tokyo.

CONGO

Evangelical Training Institution, Kimpese.

**SUGGESTIONS FOR KNOWING THE
BAPTIST FAMILY**

SUGGESTIONS FOR KNOWING THE BAPTIST FAMILY

For All the Folks:

1. Read all the letters, whether the superscription seems to apply to you or not. You will find that there is a continuity and connection which you will miss if you skip about.

2. The suggestions which follow are adaptable to older and younger ages. Read them and you will see.

Suggestions:

1. Make the AIM of each epistle clear.

2. Carrying out the family idea through the study of the book, notice:

(1) *The Family Inheritance*: The Bible. Show how as Baptists our faith and practise are founded on the New Testament. Judson and Rice became Baptists from reading the New Testament, and parted from the body which had appointed them. John 3 : 16; John 20 : 31; Matthew 28 : 19, 20; John 15 : 1, 2, etc, are "our charter of salvation." Such passages may be used in devotional services throughout the study. This part of each program may represent the Family Altar.

(2) *The Family Head*: Jesus Christ. "Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named." "Heirs of God, joint heirs with Jesus Christ." Show that the gospel of Jesus Christ is the heart of the missionary message, by whatever means it may be carried.

(3) *The Family Circle*. This includes the local churches and organizations, as Sunday schools, Young

THE BAPTIST FAMILY

People's Societies, World Wide Guilds, Woman's Societies, as suggested by the letters of Epistle I. Find as many different members of the circle as you can. Are all of these represented in your church? Are they all interested in our whole Baptist Family?

(4) *The Family Interests.* Here would be found the countries of the Orient in which our Baptist Family is at work. Become familiar with all our mission fields, where they are, how to reach them, climate, government, etc.

(5) *The Family Projects.* These would be the hospitals, schools, colleges, etc., belonging to the Family or carried on in union with others. You will become acquainted with these in Epistles II-VI. (See list at the end of the book.) The Family Projects are financed by the Family Purse.

3. *Family Visits.*

Make itineraries for a trip around the world, visiting as many of the members of the Family as possible. Give routes, steamship lines, time, means of transportation, etc. Include places where the Family may be found other than those mentioned in these Epistles. Illustrate these itineraries with pictures cut from magazines, circulars, etc. Have the class sign up for most interesting itinerary and base programs on various stops to be made en route. Each member of the class might plan an itinerary. There is no better way by which to make the world a reality to young or older people than by a study of routes, port cities, methods of travel, etc.

4. *Family Trails: Maps.*

(1) Use these in connection with the itineraries and show with colored tape or pencil the routes to be fol-

IN FOREIGN MISSION FIELDS

lowed, the cities and towns to be visited to find members of the Family.

(2) On an outline map, mark with a capital E (for Evangelism) places where churches, Sunday schools, young people's societies, are to be found—following Epistle I. Connect these with a dotted colored line.

(3) In the same way, for Epistle II, mark map with capital H for hospitals; for Epistle III, with capital S for schools; Epistle IV, with capital T for training-schools; Epistle V, with capital U for union work; Epistle VI, with capital B, for by-products. The same map, if large enough, might be used throughout or a series of six smaller ones for individual note-books. These maps might be made by members of the class and special commendation given for the largest number of letters appearing on the map, in the correct position.

5. *The Family Album and Heirlooms: Collections.*

There is a great field here for interesting all sorts of groups and making different aspects of our Family life more familiar to them.

(1) Pictures of all the different races and tribes represented in our Family in the Orient. Mount these on cardboard or arrange them in book form.

(2) Samples of the languages spoken by the different members of the Family.

(3) Costumes and clothes considered "good style" by our Family. Dress small dolls or collect pictures or begin a costume wardrobe for use in the Guild or Order or class.

(4) Stamps used by the Family in its correspondence.

(5) Kinds of money used and as many illustrations of them as possible.

THE BAPTIST FAMILY

(6) With all of these collections many interesting methods may be followed, such as one collection to which every one adds; individual collections for which an honor roll is started; the class divided into groups, each one of which makes a different collection, which are all brought together on a given date for an exhibition. This might be quite a feature of the year's work.

6. *Our Family as Property Owners.*

(1) Make a study of styles of architecture, materials used, cost of building, causes for frequent need of repair, etc.

(2) Gather illustrations of church and school buildings, hospitals, residences, etc.

(3) Institute a property match, choose sides, and "spell down" by identification of unlabeled pictures. *Missions* and other literature of the Family abound in these illustrations.

7. *Family Lineage.*

Have an Ancestor Party at which our ancestors are impersonated and their life-stories told in the first person. For instance: Judson, Brown, Day, Clough, Jewett, Phillips, Ashmore, Goddard, Kelly, Vinton, Susan Haswell, Maria Ingalls, etc. There is a long and noteworthy list.

8. *The Family Environment.*

Make each station visited live in the minds of the class.

(1) Describe the arrival—the route, the hour, etc.

(2) What missionaries are there to welcome the guests? Impersonate them and know their names.

(3) Make a tour of the schools, church, hospital, etc.

IN FOREIGN MISSION FIELDS

(4) School children in costume sing a song of welcome.

(5) Visit the town. Describe the principal sights.

(6) Make a model of the compound—buildings, etc., based on pictures to be found, on information of missionary at home on furlough, etc. Even though buildings are not accurately placed or exact reproductions, such information will be gained and many impressions given which will help to make more real the life and work of our Family. This study of one or more stations would make an excellent program for a prayer-meeting or Woman's Society.

9. *Post-office Program.*

(1) Postmaster with a bag of Oriental mail.

(2) Letters claimed by proper persons and then read. For instance, a gray-haired person represents the denomination; a boy, a Royal Ambassador; a young man or woman in cap and gown, the college student, etc., depending upon which Epistle the program is based.

10. *Impersonation Party or Program.*

Select Oriental members of the Family, who are mentioned by name in the Epistles, and impersonate them, representing them in the costume of their own race and telling their story in the first person. This list from the Epistles may easily be increased by reference to any of the current annual reports of the two Foreign Mission Societies, *Missions*, and recent leaflets and books on missions.

11. *Family Portrait.*

Stereopticon slides can be used to excellent advantage to illustrate any or all of the Epistles. Take the topic

THE BAPTIST FAMILY

of Family Property in the Orient, a most valuable program and study could be arranged through slides of types of buildings, cost, materials, location, etc. As a Family, we need to be more intelligent on such subjects and the knowledge would surely deepen our interest.

12. *A Puzzle Program.*

Fits to every church, hospital, school, and college mentioned in the Epistles, the missionary members of our Family who belong there.

NOTE: Do not be satisfied with only the illustrations cited in these Epistles. Remember that the book is limited in its page space and that there are many fine illustrations of our work which may be used to supplement those of the Epistles. Institute a search among the class for such material in *Missions* and elsewhere.

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