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Life and Light for Woman



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Woman's Boards of Missions
of the Congregational Churches

BOSTON

CHICAGO

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Vol. XLII.

MARCH, 1912

No. 3

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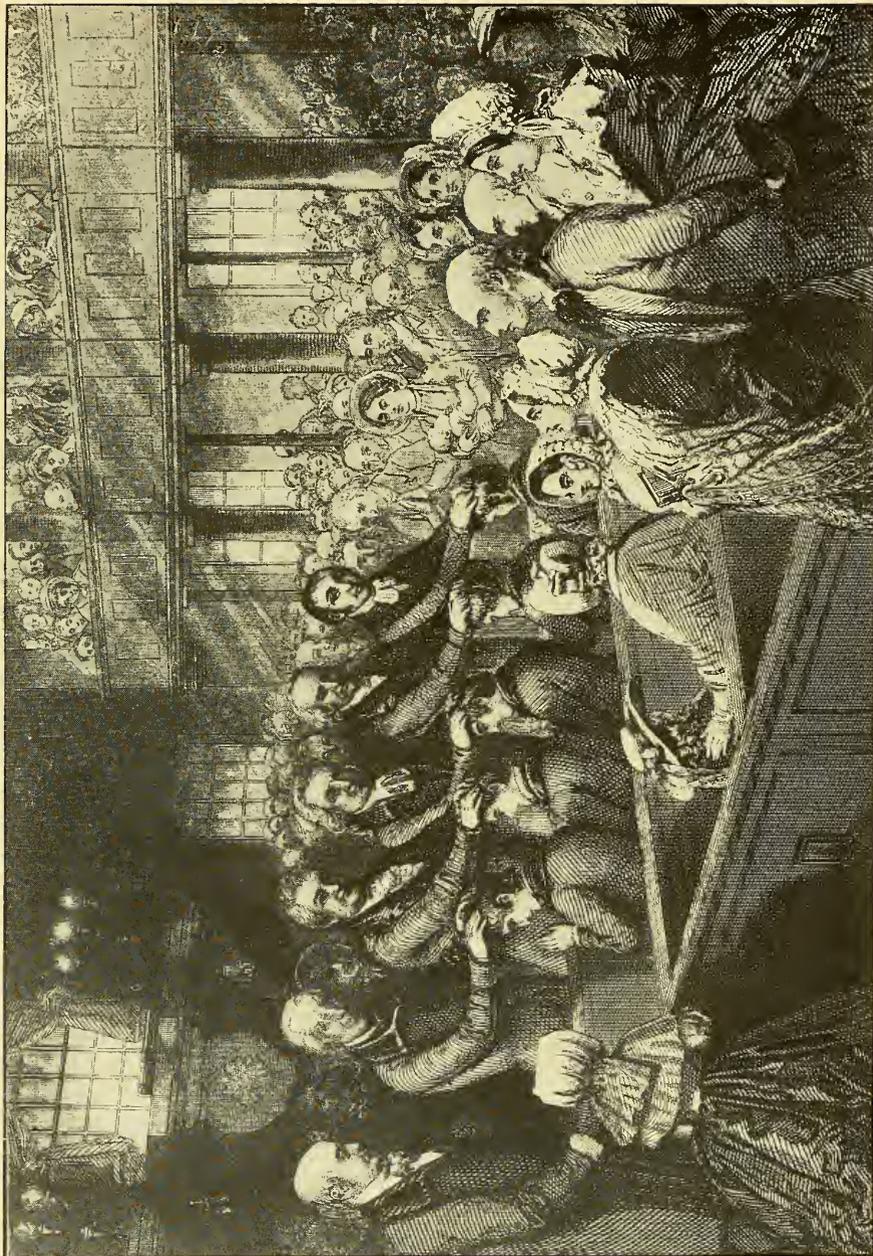
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ORDINATION SERVICE AT SALEM, FEBRUARY 6, 1812. (See page 97.)

Life and Light

Vol. XLII.

MARCH, 1912

No. 3

THE GREAT CENTENARY IN SALEM TABERNACLE CHURCH, FEBRUARY 6, 1912

BY REV. JAMES L. HILL, D.D.

It is Ann Hasseltine Judson, the bride of a day, who is pictured in the ordination scene of February 6th, one hundred years ago, kneeling in the aisle of the Tabernacle Church in Salem, when Adoniram Judson, Gordon Hall, Samuel Newell, Samuel Nott, and Luther Rice were ordained as



THE FIVE YOUNG MEN ORDAINED IN SALEM, FEBRUARY 6, 1912

the first missionaries sent from this country to foreign lands. She has been often called the "woman of the century." No other wife in missionary service ever witnessed and passed such scenes of suffering or made such efforts to effect freedom as she did during her husband's im-

prisonment of one year and seven months, nine months in three pairs of fetters, two months in five, six months in one pair, and two months a prisoner at large." She showed a tact and inventiveness in caring for him and in finding the means to visit him, and in her efforts for his liberation that would never have occurred to a man. When her heart is involved a woman has an insight and an ingenuity that men do not possess. A martyr to her sufferings and superhuman efforts, she had the joy of announcing to him his liberty.

In commemoration of that early ordination, after an exact century, James K. Lyman, assigned to Turkey, William R. Leete, to China, S. Ralph Harlow, to evangelistic work at Smyrna, Jerome C. Holmes, first of a band of four from Hartford Seminary, to Japan, Charles H. Maas, a native of Germany, to the Marshall Islands, which are under German control, were ordained. They are all under appointment by the American Board. The young men occupying the same settee used by the Immortal Five, were solemnly consecrated to the gospel ministry in foreign lands in a great ceremonial, at the Tabernacle Church, February 6th. Thirty-six hundred persons are estimated to have composed the audiences of the day.

The same bass viol led the singing as a hundred years ago,—the one vocal link with the past,—the mite box was present, which in woman's meetings in 1812 collected the gifts for the first missionaries, and to have the analogy complete, Mrs. Harlow *née* Stafford, married February 1st, was the center all day of a group of admirers.

Everybody wanted to entertain her, just as they did Harriet Newell who was present at the solemnities one hundred years ago and was married at eighteen to Samuel Newell three days after the ordination.

The families that entertained the two young women while they were waiting for the Caravan, which sailed from Salem, on a bitterly cold day, soon after sunrise, February 19, 1812, would now like to have tablets placed on their homes stating that they opened their doors to them "for thereby some have entertained angels unaware."

Harriet Newell was the first American to lay down her life for the cause of foreign missions of which she stands forever as an unrivaled ornament. Her life is but very little more than a girl's autobiography, as Dr. Woods simply got hold of her letters to her mother, and a few written by her husband to her mother, and some others, and published them. But that volume, not large, became, after her sacrificial death at the age of nineteen, the greatest dynamic in early missions.

At the great Centenary people would pull over piles of pictures to get the photograph of Harriet Newell, which takes hold of the public mind for exactly the same reason that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* does, which is, on account of its immortal pathos. People are always attracted to a struggle, as is seen in athletics as witnessed everywhere, and that part she supplies with uncommon power. The contest implied being not with others but in her own soul, between her natural love of life on the one hand, and her affection and conscience and sense of duty on the other.

"What women these Christians have," said a pagan orator of the second century, and so say we of February 6th, 1812 and 1912. They are the moral priestesses of the race. They touch the springs of action on some reformatory lines that very much need attention in foreign parts, leading us to believe that there is more than one evil of paganism that yet will be slain ingloriously like Abimelech and Phyrrius by the hands of women. Religion needs to go into some foreign quarters home first. The influence of a Christian home proved to be the power to move the heart, one hundred years ago, and reappeared in undiminished strength and with equal human appeal at the great Centenary just held in Salem, which many thought to be the most affecting ceremonial they ever witnessed.

The programs for the three sessions carefully arranged by the pastor of the church, Dr. De Witt S. Clark and his willing assistants, in conference with the officers of the American Board, moved forward with dignity and impressiveness, and nothing which could add to the comfort of the guests was left undone.

Dr. Clark's able address gave the setting of historical reminiscence needed to throw out the sharp contrasts between a century ago and the present day; the young men gave abundant evidence of their fitness for their chosen life work in their statements before the ordaining council; the presence of the mother and father of Mr. Harlow and the father of Mr. Leete, both pastors of Congregational churches, added much to the interest of the occasion.

The right hand of fellowship, given by that splendid veteran missionary, Dr. George T. Herrick of Constantinople; the note of triumph in Dr. Barton's charge to the young men; the tenderness and comprehensiveness of the ordaining prayer, offered by President Fitch of the Andover Theological Seminary; the ringing challenge to the "Home Guard" sounding in Dr. Calkins' "Godspeed of the Churches," made an hour never to be forgotten.

The evening address by Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, on Christianity, a Religion for Paganism at Home or Abroad, held the audience captive. Dr. Hillis kindly gave up another engagement to take the place of Dr. Lyman Abbott, who was detained by illness. The closing moments of devotion led by Rev. E. H. Byington, brought all into the immediate presence of the great Head of the Church.—THE EDITOR.

We are fortunate in being able to present to our readers this month an article by Irving F. Wood, professor of Biblical Literature and Comparative Religion, at Smith College, "The Verdict of the Jury." This illuminating résumé of the study of the text-book will be a valuable aid in preparing the program for the eighth chapter as outlined by Mrs. Daniels on page 128. The little poem by Professor Wood on page 106 may well be used to close the program.

In this number will be found also material for the study of Chapter V, as given by Mrs. Mary Stanley Gammon in her thoughtful consideration of "The Asiatic Christians and the Old Faiths."

Mrs. Gammon's life in China, supplemented by the opinions of other missionaries on this topic, has given her wide knowledge from which to draw.

Mrs. Francis E. Clark, now traveling with her husband in Turkey, contributes additional information for the study of this chapter in "Christians and Non-Christians in Asia," written in her own inimitable style.

In the *EASTER LIFE AND LIGHT*,—the April issue,—further testimony will be given to the power of the Christian ideals,—both from the missionaries and from writers of spiritual insight in this country.

Owing to the political situation in the Turkish Empire and the quarantine imposed in various localities because of the prevalence of cholera, it

A Change of Plan. has been deemed expedient by the Prudential Committee of the American Board to abandon for the present the plan of sending a deputation to that country and also to postpone indefinitely the All Turkey Missionary Conference which had been partially arranged for next July. This word having reached Miss Lamson and Miss Day while in the Madura Mission, it was thought wise inasmuch as they must give up their extended tour of the missions in Turkey, to change their plans altogether. Accordingly they engaged passage on the *Austria* for Yokohama, sailing from Bombay, February 6th, after a month spent in the Marathi Mission.

Because of the unsettled conditions in China, it will probably be out of

the question for them to visit our missions, but they will spend a day or two in Hongkong and Shanghai *en route* for Japan where they purpose to remain two months. While sympathizing with them in their broken plans and the great disappointment this will bring to our workers in Turkey, we rejoice that such an opportunity to visit the Sunrise Kingdom and confer with our missionaries there is before our deputation.

As we enter upon the season of Lent with its reminders of our Lord's suffering and death, it is the custom in many auxiliaries to ask from the **Our Lenten** women of the churches a self-denial offering. The **Lenten Offering.** letter has this year been written by Mrs. Mary H. Mitchell of the Springfield Branch, and breathes a spirit of loving devotion to the claims of those for whom Christ died, but who as yet have not been blessed with the glad shining of the "True Light of the World." These letters and the accompanying envelopes will be sent in any numbers desired, on application to Miss Hartshorn.

The Executive Committee has accepted with pleasure the cordial invitation of the Andover and Woburn Branch, of which Mrs. **Annual Meeting** E. Y. Hincks is president, to hold the forty-fifth annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions in the historic town of Andover, Mass., November 13 and 14, 1912.

It was a pleasure a few weeks ago to greet Miss Gertrude Cozad of Kobe, Japan, though we regretted that her stay in this vicinity was so brief. **Missionary** Miss MacGown of Tientsin, China, has also been with us, **Personals.** improved in health and joyful in the hope of a speedy return to Tientsin. Miss Page of our girls' school in Barcelona reached her brother's home in Waltham, Mass., in December. As it seemed desirable that she should have special treatment she went almost at once to the Sanitarium at Clifton Springs, N. Y., where she will have everything possible done to insure her comfort.

Dr. Harriet Parker whose well-earned furlough is long overdue expected to sail December 22d for China, thence returning to America *via* Japan, and spending some weeks with friends in California before reaching her New England home.

A recent letter from Miss Marion P. Wells who went to Kusaie in 1909 to teach in the girls' school speaks of the relief felt at the news that the Misses Baldwin were on their way to give assistance to Miss Hoppin, in the event of Miss Wells' approaching marriage to Rev. Frank Woodward.

Miss Baldwin and her sister were expected late in November and it was

Miss Wells' plan to go about the last of January to Ocean Island and to be married in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Channon. She and her husband will take up the work of touring among the Gilbert Islands,—a hazardous and self-sacrificing life.

At an impressive service held in the American Board rooms, January 29th, Luther Richardson Fowle, son of Rev. and Mrs. J. L. Fowle of Cesarea, Turkey, and grandson of the beloved veteran missionaries, Dr. and Mrs. Farnsworth, was commissioned for missionary service in Turkey. Mr. Fowle sailed from New York, February 14th, and will join the Central Turkey Mission, being stationed at Aintab.

Mrs. Fowle had recovered sufficiently from her recent surgical operation to be present at this service. A daughter, Mary Caroline Fowle, is a missionary of the Woman's Board at Sivas, where she assists Miss Graffam and Miss Rice in the girls' school.

The friends of Miss Alice Seymour Browne, scattered all over the world, will be deeply interested to learn of her transfer to Peking, after nearly seven years of service at Tung-chou. At the request of the North China Mission and the trustees of the Woman's Union College, Miss Browne goes to the College to assist Miss Luella Miner, the president.

The loss to the work at Tung-chou is very great but the missionaries there are generous and self-denying, realizing the wider range of influence thus opening before Miss Browne. To meet the immediate emergency, the Woman's Board of the Interior have loaned Miss Lucy I. Mead of Peking, to share with Miss Leavens in the care of the girls' boarding school at Tung-chou. Miss Browne expects to come to America next summer for her furlough.

THE FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD

RECEIPTS FROM DECEMBER 18 TO DECEMBER 31, 1911

	For Regular Work.	For Buildings.	For Work of 1912.	For Special Objects.	From Legacies.	Total.
1910	\$4,887.85			\$296.37	\$2,570.01	\$7,754.23
1911	6,043.49	\$781.50	\$423.50	102.00		7,350.49
Gain	1,155.64	781.50	423.50			
Loss				194.37	2,570.01	403.74

FOR THREE MONTHS TO DECEMBER 31, 1911

1910	16,405.86	4,821.50		386.67	4,675.76	26,289.79
1911	17,680.89	1,695.89	4,388.84	650.61	1,435.00	25,851.23
Gain	1,275.03		4,388.84	263.94		
Loss		3,125.61			3,240.76	438.56

A cable dispatch received January 9th brought the news of the entrance into the heavenly life of Mrs. Elizabeth Ballantine Harding. Mrs. Harding **An Honored Life.** was a daughter of the Rev. Henry Ballantine, formerly of Ahmednagar, and a sister of Dr. W. O. Ballantine, of Rahuri. She was a student at Mt. Holyoke Seminary and taught there for some years. In 1869 she married the Rev. Charles Harding of the Marathi Mission and for many years their home was at Sholapur where their eldest daughter Mary, is now a useful and beloved kindergarten teacher, under the care of the Woman's Board. Their daughters, Mrs. Annie H. Burr and Mrs. Alice H. Churchill, are also missionaries of this mission, living in Ahmednagar, while one son resides in this country.

Dr. George Harding, another son, it will be remembered was a medical missionary at Ahmednagar from 1901-1903, but laid down his life while practicing his profession, having contracted blood poison.

Mrs. Harding will be remembered in this country as a very welcome speaker at women's meetings, and in her last furlough in 1903 was much in demand for this work. She was eagerly welcomed by the missionaries on her return to India, and during these later years of her life, as in all the years previous, her influence and presence have been a blessing to the missionaries and to the people among whom she has labored so long. Her death occurred in Ahmednagar, just after she had celebrated her seventy-fourth birthday. Hers has been indeed a full and honored life and her children and her grandchildren are rising up to call her blessed and to carry on the work of their father and mother in India.

Miss Lamson and Miss Day were present at the impressive, though simple, funeral service and write: "It has been a great privilege to be with the friends here in this time of sorrow and of triumph."

The remaining Prayer Calendars for 1912 will be sold now for fifteen cents with five cents additional for postage. Those desiring one of these Prayer Calendars and daily reminders of missionary friends should order at **Other Publications.** once.

Readers of LIFE AND LIGHT have been aware of the fact that the many helpful and attractive leaflets prepared for use at the Jubilee meetings and in connection with the study of the *Light of the World* have not met with the ready sale we had anticipated. To avoid a loss in the publication department, and, primarily, to secure for these little booklets the greatest possible usefulness, a *Bargain in Literature* is now offered. See last page of the cover of this magazine. These sets, or series, selected with care, are to be sold at just about the cost of printing.

In order to facilitate this sale still further a circular letter has been sent to Branch officers, asking them to supply their auxiliaries with the printed notices of this "Envelope Series." It has furthermore been suggested that the March meeting be called a "Leaflet Meeting." Whatever the program planned it would surely be possible to have the value of such missionary literature briefly presented and to have this series on sale.

Please send your order to Miss Hartshorn, *enclosing check or money order for the number of sets desired.*

All the officers of the Board have been encouraged and delighted with the long lists of new subscribers received from many places during the month of January. It has kept Miss Conley and her helpers busy and delayed the mailing of the February magazine nearly a week, but everybody is happy and appreciative of the efforts that have been made. The goal of 2,000 NEW SUBSCRIBERS is not yet won, so let the good work go on!

Mrs. Elizabeth Brownscombe Whiting who entered into rest, November **An Aged** 20th at Colebrook, Conn., was a charter member of the New **Subscriber.** Haven Branch and a subscriber to LIFE AND LIGHT for nearly forty years. To the last she maintained her subscription, sending it in each year early in December, and eagerly welcoming each number as it came.

The first number of the *International Review of Missions*, the quarterly published by the Continuation Committee of the Edinburgh, is at hand.

A New It is published in Edinburgh with J. A. Oldham, M.A., as **Magazine.** editor-in-chief, and an advisory editorial Board containing such names as Eugene Stock of England, Julius Richter of Germany, Robert E. Speer, John R. Mott and President Mackenzie of the United States.

The Missionary Education Movement, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, acts as agent. Price, 75 cents per single copy; \$2 annual subscription. The January number is filled with able editorials and articles dealing with the vital missionary problems of the day by such writers as Ambassador Bryce, President Harada of the Doshisha, and Dr. Goucher, formerly president of the Woman's College, Baltimore.

With keen regret we accept the fact that Miss Ellen C. Parsons has laid down the editorial pen which for twenty-five years she has wielded in connection with *Woman's Work for Woman*. Earlier in her **Resignation.** career she was a missionary in Turkey under the auspices of our Congregational Woman's Board, an efficient teacher in the Constan-

tinople Home, now known as the American College for Girls. This experience, a large acquaintance with missionary workers, and opportunities for observation in visiting mission fields, added to unusual natural endowment and cultivated discrimination, have helped toward the remarkable success which she has attained. We are sorry to have her go, but when she makes excuse that "the sun is in the west and the traveler is thinking of home" we can only wish her peace and hope and joy now and when the day is done.

E. H. S.

"THE VERDICT OF THE JURY"

BY PROFESSOR IRVING F. WOOD

REASON

EACH of these religions has met the deeper needs of the human heart in some measure, or it would not have lived and grown. God has spoken to men through each of them. But God speaks more plainly through some than through others. As man searches for the best of all things, so we must search for the best religion.

It must be a religion which satisfies every need of his heart; which is so independent of any particular civilization that it can be at home anywhere; which rests on great principles and not on little precepts; which is therefore capable of infinite progress; which shows to man, not only the highest in humanity, but God himself; which does not ignore evil, but teaches man how he may overcome it; which helps the helpless; which is able to bring God and man into real harmony. These are reasonable demands, and I see that the religion of Christ meets them. But let us hear the verdict of the experience of the race.

EXPERIENCE

As I look back at the long way humanity has traveled, it sometimes seems a weary road. Every age has searched for God. Of all the experiments of man, none has covered so wide a field as his experiments in religion. He has laid all the realms of his nature under contribution, from the lowest passions to the highest ideals. The most earnest men in the world have been the leaders in the search. They have all brought back to their fellows something good—here a moral precept, there a great ideal, yonder a feeling of union with God,—but always there has been some grave defect. The religion was ineffective for the common people, or its

morality was soon outgrown, or it gave too much power to the priesthood, or it was too local to bear transplanting, or in some other way it missed being a religion for all people and all time.

A complete, well-rounded religion, that can meet the needs of all the world for all time, I trust has been found in Christianity. I say, I trust, for it has not yet made perfect any civilization which has professed to accept it. Experience has no right to give a verdict on any religion beyond its actual results.

FAITH

As I look at the way over which humanity must go in the future, the road seems bright to me. We are only in the morning yet, and the sun has not scattered all the shadows in which men are walking. The very fact that men have sought so eagerly and widely for God shows that God himself impelled the search, and will never let it cease till men find him. I see that the "broken lights" will only make more glorious the bright shining of the sun in all his strength.

All the best things in the religions of the world are summed up in the revelation of God through Christ. This religion can overcome the human imperfections which have made others fail. It fully and permanently satisfies the spiritual needs of men. It uplifts the lowly. It brings out the best expression of brotherhood. Its power and its spread depend upon the activity of those who profess it. I have confidence that God will inspire them to help their fellows, so that the long search may at last end in Christ.

THE WORLD'S SEARCH

Long have I sought for the Lord of Life;

Weary the search doth often seem;

Yet he calls me—calls me—I cannot think

That the voice I hear is only a dream.

I have thought I found him in river and hill,

I have bowed to his form in sun and star,

I have searched my heart to feel him there,

I have cried to him as to a God afar.

Is it true that he calls me—calls me now,

Through the life and words of the Nazarene?

O ye who have known him! Tell me—you—

What you have heard from him, what you have seen.

IRVING F. WOOD.

THE ASIATIC CHRISTIANS AND THE OLD FAITHS

BY MARY STANLEY GAMMON

“IT is the land of graven images and they are mad upon their idols.” In the Orient one realizes the truth of this. Everywhere, in village, town, city, is the temple, the idol, the devotee. For countless ages the inhabitants of Asia have been seeking; seeking in mystical lore, in ascetic observance, in moral precept—peace; and there was no peace.

The Star which was seen in the east became dim; religion, however pure in its inception, became a mass of superstition, and so myriads of human beings have lived through sunless ages. But the day dawns.

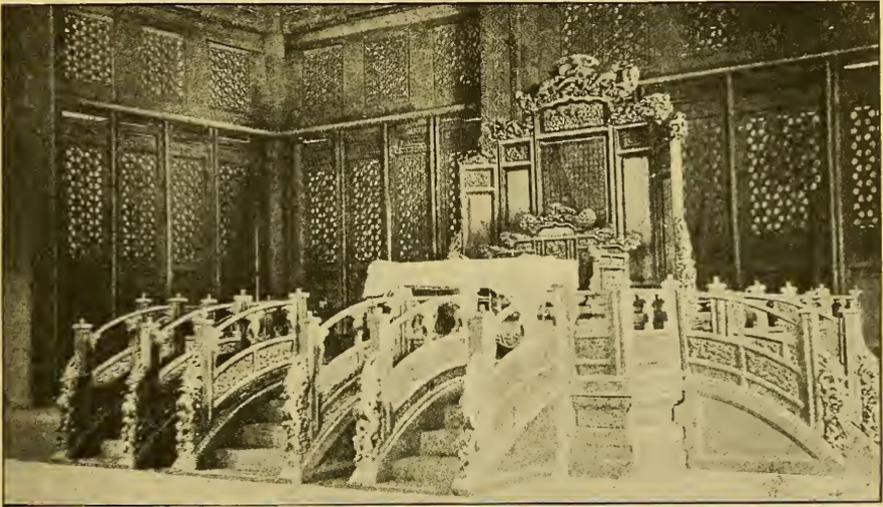


Photo by Charles F. Gammon

EMPEROR'S THRONE IN CONFUCIAN TEMPLE, PEKING

Darkness is fast being dispelled, nations are coming into the light, and again the Star is seen in the east, leading old and young to the throne of the King of kings.

None, perhaps, can judge more clearly between Christianity and the non-Christian religions than those men of Asia who have come out of the old systems and embraced the Christian faith,—those to whom the cleaving to the new has been oftentimes a matter of life and death, or if not that, a tremendous sacrifice based on a firm conviction that in the Christian religion alone is to be found what the soul has sought and craved—that in

the "Way" alone is to be found that dynamic force which, into cold morality, inert and negative precepts, instills life.

It is interesting to note that Western scholars rather than the Orientals themselves make much of the similarity between the great old world systems of religions and beliefs and Christianity.

Dr. Timothy Richards says, "Chinese and Japanese Buddhism after all is not Buddhism proper, but imbedded Christianity." We find, however, that the testimony of those who have come out from these beliefs into the light of the gospel is along the line of considering the points of contact to be incidental rather than fundamental; that too much emphasis must not be laid on likenesses, lest there come a spirit of compromise, and that the points of contact are in reality less apparent than is supposed by some, or more apparent than real.

Yet it may be fairly maintained that in some measure Christianity has influenced and revolutionized the religions of the Orient, thereby preparing the way, somewhat, for the glories to be revealed. It is sometimes true that a half truth is the greatest lie, but we who believe that God is guiding the world out of half truths and darkness into the truth and light must be grateful if it shines ever so dimly "through a dull, horn lantern of ignorance and superstition."

It has been correctly said that, "Heathenism consists largely of false standards of duty." In the case of the Chinese they are deficient not so much in a system of morality as in clear and correct notions of God, redemption and immortality. Confucius writes of the perfect man, but Christianity alone holds up as an ideal *the* Perfect Man—a reality, revealing the Father, leading the seeking soul ever upward with never a backward look.

From the myriads of Christians in the Orient comes the witness of the inadequacy of their own systems—"you can call them teachings, but not 'way' or 'road.' A 'teaching' has no power to change men's minds." To this quotation from a Chinese statement one might add that a teaching lacks power to change men's hearts or lives, which is the fact and the meaning probably intended.

Many instances come to mind of changed lives and new hearts: the village bully, at first making the lives of his Christian neighbors hideous, finally impressed by their patience and love, unwillingly listening to the words of truth and one day transformed from the dreaded tormentor into a kindly, helpful, humble Christian; or the sorrowing widow, testifying after the death of an only son—"No pilgrimage, no offering, no incense

burning nor giving of alms comforted me or brought me peace. One day a neighbor said, 'Go you to the Jesus Church and there they will tell you of the Way.' I went and found joy, peace, comfort and hope."

There is agreement among all who testify that only in Christianity is there found any teaching of the personal relationship between God and man; that these other systems lack reality, "faith being no more than a philosophical idea and not in any wise a statement of fact based upon divine revelation or trust in the Divine." Love, the fundamental of Christianity, is unknown, love in action, doing unto others, self-less-ness, unheard of—and for women, no place.

Of the native Christian's attitude toward the non-Christian religions in India, a lady who has done much work among the Hindus writes: "It is a difficult thing to say just what is the attitude of the Hindu convert toward the non-Christian faith. If the person be a recent convert, one direct from Hinduism, not a born Christian, he if from the higher castes, will have but little sympathy for Hinduism, and will not hesitate to express himself. Realizing how absolutely futile it all is, and having found peace in something better for himself, he is likely to try and show others the way.

"Sometimes they will publicly argue or write books and articles against it all, but are more likely to work among people quietly. If out of the out-caste class, they are likely to know little of Hinduism—only enough to say, 'It never did anything for us and cannot give anyone peace. The new religion does this and you had better try it.'

"On one occasion a caste convert, an unmarried woman, silenced a whole room full of Hindus who were objecting to the preaching of the men teachers, by telling the story of her own conversion, asking if Hinduism had anything of the same kind to offer and saying she knew both religions and where she had found peace.

"There are a number of books by Hindu converts which show they have neither faith in nor respect for Hinduism as lived and practiced by its followers. The second or third generation know but little of the faith of their fathers and do not as a rule attempt to say much about it."

Even more interesting is the expression of a Chinese, educated in the old Confucian teachings and in Western learning and the son of Christian parents,—a scholar in both the ancient Confucian teachings and in Western ethics: "I write you the following points as they appear to me.

"1. Christianity teaches man the love of one true God, whereas Buddhism is a pantheism and Taoism is a polytheism and in both we find the

most absurd and preposterous stories of superstitious beliefs. Confucianism, though teaching high moral philosophy, is yet not free from the depraving admixture of the worship of the inferior spirits. None of these is capable of existing by itself and people could find in neither of them the only true religion. Hence they accept them all and yet fail to get any help or comfort from them.

"2. Christianity helps man to go onward and upward, while Confucianism leads man to go back to the time of early ages. Buddhism maintains personal annihilation, while the fundamental principle of Taoism is 'back to the early Arcadian simplicity.' As a whole these religions have weakened the minds of the people and are mainly responsible for the national retrogression."

The writer a "born Christian" has only a theoretical knowledge of heathenism, he has never known idolatry, nor gone into a temple save as a sightseer.

The woman of Samaria left her waterpot and hurried into the city saying to those whom she met—"Come"—and so the convert from idol worship spends little time telling of the emptiness, wrong and futility of that worship. He too, says, "Come—come, for I have found the Way."

One, who speaks with authority, says of the Chinese Christians: "They have no 'attitude' to the complex superstitions which they have left. By the time they become self-conscious enough to get one they have no recollection of the faiths from which they were delivered a generation or two previous."

"The Light of Asia" is setting in darkness and obscurity, the purifying beams of the Sun of Righteousness are penetrating earth's remotest bounds. Thank God for the brave and loyal ones of every land who say, "I have found that for which my soul craved, the Light of Life, and it is well with me."

CHRISTIANS AND NON-CHRISTIANS IN ASIA

AS A TRAVELER SEES THEM

BY MRS. FRANCIS E. CLARK

IN FAR JAPAN

IMAGINE yourself in Japan visiting some of the numerous temples and shrines which abound "on every high hill and under every green tree." These words will come often to your mind as you journey through the country, for wherever you see a little rise of land or a little grove of

green trees there you will usually see also a temple, or at least a little shrine, and there you will always find worshippers. On the floor you will see many small coins thrown down before the gods as they offered their petitions.

In some of the larger temples you will find great chests placed there to receive the offerings, some of them so large that they remind you of that contribution box used in the time of King Joash, when "Jehoiada the priest took a chest and bored a hole in the lid of it and set it beside the altar as one cometh into the house of the Lord." And we are told that the Levites, when they saw that there was much money in it, came and emptied the chest and carried it back to its place again, and "thus they did day by day and gathered money in abundance" for the work of God's house. And so, one would think it might be in Japan, as one looks at these immense chests and the many coins thrown therein, small though the coins may be.

But what of the worshippers? As we watch them drop their coins in the box, or throw them on the floor, as we see them bow their heads and clasp their hands and repeat over and over the words, "Nama Butsu, Nama Butsu, Nama Butsu," we wonder how much the prayer can mean to them, as they repeat the name of their god over and over, and hope to be heard for their much speaking. We see no look of hope or joy on their faces, though it seems to be real worship so far as they understand what worship means. We watch them rub the eyes or the hands of the wooden idol, and then rub their own eyes or hands hoping thus to cure their ailments, and we think of those words of the Psalmist, "Eyes have they but they see not." How then can they help others to see!

We see the worshippers chew their paper prayers, and then rolling them into a tiny ball throw them at the screen before the god, and they believe that if the paper sticks their prayers will be answered, and as we look and listen we long to tell them of a better way.

But, says one, these are the common people, the poor and ignorant, and superstitious. True, but there are thousands of such worshippers in Japan, for the common people as well as the poor we have always with us, and they need the joy and comfort which comes only with the knowledge of a Saviour.

But talk with the educated people and what do you hear? They will speak perhaps of salvation, by which they mean being delivered from the power of the evil spirits, or from the ills of this world; others have given up Buddhism or Shintoism, and now have no religion. None of them can

speak of such joy and comfort and peace as is experienced by believers in Christ, and none of them can tell of any joyful looking forward to a future life.

Now go on a Sunday morning into any mission church or chapel and look at the bright, earnest, worshipful people gathered there. Talk with those who have known sorrow and trouble, and see how their faith has



OSAKA SCHOOLGIRLS

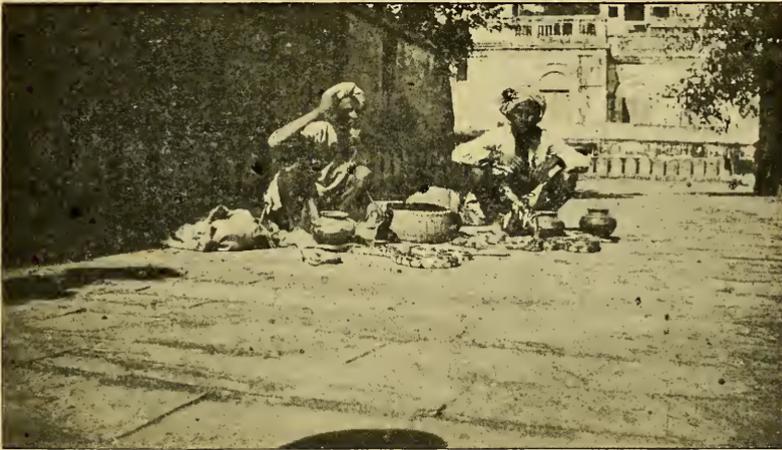
been strengthened, and how they have grown in grace and in the knowledge of God, and you will have no question as to the comparative value and help for these people, of the Christian and non-Christian religions.

INDIA'S MANY GODS

In India one sees even more of the hopeless and sorrowful condition of those who believe in the many gods that will certainly do them harm unless appeased by prayers and offerings. Everywhere the temples abound, some of them wonderful works of art, and many of them filthy and dirty beyond description, and everywhere one may see worshipers bowing down before hideous idols, or doing penance that they may obtain merit.

One visit to Benares, the sacred city of Hinduism, the center from which the teachings of that religion have gone forth for centuries, should be enough to convince any one of the value of the Christian religion to these people. The city is full of temples, and of pilgrims from all over India, for to go through all the ceremonies prescribed here makes them sure of salvation, as they believe.

Let us look into just two or three of the most famous of these temples, beginning perhaps with the Monkey Temple, which you will find occupied by numbers of such filthy, mangy, secondhand looking monkeys as you have never seen before. Pick your way carefully over its dirty, slimy pavement and stand there for a few minutes watching the worshippers.



SNAKE CHARMERS AT BENARES

You see no joy or hope in their faces, not even reverence or anything that looks to the observer like worship. They are simply a crowd of dirty, ragged, degraded-looking people, feeding these sacred monkeys (!), bowing down before the image of the idol, and acquiring thus a certain amount of merit but looking no happier therefor.

Let us go next to the Cow Temple, another of the most famous temples in Benares. On our way we pass several of the sacred cows, wandering about the city at their own sweet will, or standing right across your pathway in the street apparently absorbed in meditation. You may not disturb one of these holy cows, and should it happen that one of them stands across the way, so blocking up the narrow street that you cannot pass,

then you may simply wait until the cow gets ready to move, or give it up and go back to your hotel.

In the Cow Temple, if you succeed in getting there, you will see other worshipers, dirty, ragged, many of them with loathsome diseases, but one and all intent on going through the proper ceremonies, laying their hands on the bronze image of a cow, hanging garlands around its neck, anointing it with oil, ringing a bell to call the attention of the god to the fact that they have worshiped, and then going away with no more peace or happiness in their faces than before, but believing that they have acquired merit.

You make your way out over the shiny, slippery pavement covered with decaying flowers, and wet with the Ganges water spilled by the worshipers and the oil dripping from the bronze image, trying not to rub against a leper in your pathway, and go on to the Golden Temple, perhaps the most sacred of all. There you find it even dirtier and filthier than the others if possible, yet here too are worshipers who find their only solace in such worship as this.

But again some one says, These are only the ignorant and superstitious, you will not find the higher classes here. Let us go then to the Hindu College, founded by Mrs. Besant, whose portrait hangs on the wall in the college hall.

We find good buildings, not unlike some of our mission colleges, but inside the resemblance ceases for our mission schools are clean and these are not, and we cannot help wishing that this non-Christian college taught cleanliness as one of the virtues.

We talk with some of the young men, for many of them speak English, and we find them bright and intelligent and interesting. They show us the goddess of knowledge in a little shrine in front of the college, and they tell us of their system of philosophy, and of certain rituals and religious ceremonies, but none of them can tell us of their faith in a personal God, or of any hope of heaven, and we come away wishing that these young men might know the love of God which passeth knowledge.

“WHOM THEREFORE YE IGNORANTLY WORSHIP”

Just one more excursion before we leave this sacred city of Hinduism; this time we will go out on the river in the early morning and watch the people bathing in the dirty waters of the sacred Ganges, which they believe will wash away their sins. All along the shore the river is covered with decaying flowers, and other refuse; occasionally a dead body

floats by; at the bathing ghats on the shore the bodies of the dead are being burned and their ashes strewn on the waters. The river is full of bathers, washing their bodies, putting the loathsome water into their mouths, and even swallowing some of it, that they may be pure without and within.

Such is the glimpse a traveler gets of what Hinduism in its most sacred city offers to its votaries, and such is the indication its worshipers give of their consciousness of sin and their longing to be free from it.

If we go back again into the city and talk with some of the English speaking people who have lived there for years, we shall learn from them something of what the worship of Krishna means in this stronghold of Hinduism, stories that cannot be written and can hardly be listened to, so revolting are some of the rites.

We go away with saddened hearts from this dirty, crowded, forlorn, wretched, God-forsaken city of gods, the holy city of Hinduism.

Surely no one who has seen what Hinduism offers to its worshipers in its most sacred city, can question the duty of the Christian world to send to these non-Christian peoples, our weak brothers and sisters for whom Christ died, the knowledge of Jesus Christ, our Saviour and theirs.

“HIM DECLARE WE UNTO YOU”

As we journey on to other lands, to Burma and China and Korea and the islands of the sea the same story might be told over and over again. Everywhere one finds ignorance and superstition, everywhere a consciousness of sin, everywhere a longing for freedom from sin, and everywhere a searching after God, if haply they may find him. Whom therefore they ignorantly search for, and long to worship, Him let us declare unto them, and if in their own religions we find here and there some glimmerings of light, some half truths or glimpses of truth let us lead them to Him who is the Light of the World, who will reveal himself to them as the Way, the Truth and the Life.

WITH THE DOCTOR IN MADURA VILLAGES

BY MARY METCALF ROOT

SOME time ago I had an interesting itineracy of several days. Dr. Parker went with me to superintend the medical work. One of her medical assistants accompanied her, and I also had my medical evangelist. Medicine boxes and book box formed a considerable part of our luggage. Thus equipped we started out to heal the villages!

When we consider the superstitious fears of the people, it is wonderful that they are so willing to take our medicines. Men, women and children crowded around us at every stopping place, anxious to tell their various bodily ills. We try to make it very plain to them that we come with medicine for their souls as well.

In the accompanying photograph a number of our Bible women are assembled with the medicine boxes spread out in sight. We were in a rest-house along the roadside, and the opening preaching exercises were in progress as we stopped for a few minutes to let the photographer do



MISS ROOT AND HER BIBLE WOMEN

his part! A few Hindus are seen off at one side near the stone pillar. The patients were not numerous at this place, which was only a small collection of houses, with the big rest-house and a few small native bazaars. It was mainly a stopping place for travelers along the road to Madura.

We soon draw a crowd as we halt with our paraphernalia, and begin to sing the gospel message. Sometimes they are ready to receive needed medical help at once, and nearly overwhelm one as they describe their

various ailments, sitting or standing before us, gesticulating and crowding around. At other times they are cautious, willing to tell of their troubles, but hesitating a little before they actually take the doses.

We often encourage their taking the medicine then and there, lest a sudden fear turn their minds and the medicine be wasted! Although each case cannot be followed up, such casual medical work as this still has its place. Some slight ailment helped encourages the patient to come to the hospital for further treatment. They see the good effects of English medicines and begin to place less confidence in the harmful native drugs.

They are not unmindful of the kind treatment they receive and the earnest words concerning their spiritual welfare. It all makes a strong influence for humanity, civilization, and the religion of Jesus. Leaflets are given away, and thus some spiritual message can be carried with them to their homes.

At one of the large villages, we had a crowd that surged up around us until we hardly knew where to begin. When order was established, patient followed patient in quick succession. The sore eyes, fearful wounds, bruises, fever, headache, rheumatism,—all the ills of man were represented. One sighs to see the impossible cases,—the blind, deaf, lepers,—all eagerly expecting some help! We went to one village, the name of which translated into English meant "Lotus flower village," where a small congregation was established, and a young teacher and his wife were bravely holding the fort. There had formerly been trouble and discomfort for the Christians, but they had conquered, and the villagers are now friendly.

A good church building is being built, and we hope in the future this will be a strong Christian center. We had the street preaching and the dispensing of medicine in a pleasant mango grove. We found many interesting people. The patients were so numerous that we never came to the end, and were obliged to leave many disappointed ones.

In one village a group of Bible women who had preceded us were invited into the most pretentious house in the village. In front of the main building was a long enclosed veranda, with little trees planted along in front. We were invited into this pleasant roomy house, and had a little visit with the mother of the family. We could have held our dispensary there, but we knew that the crowd it would bring would not be pleasing to the inmates, so we stationed ourselves under some big trees not far off and began operations.

In my book box I carry Bibles and Testaments, small Bible portions,

tracts, schoolbooks, etc. I sell as many as possible for I find they prize what they give a small price for, and are more likely to keep them carefully. I give away books of all kinds when it seems best.

The master (as they so often say) of the large house, was a portly, gray-haired man adorned with rings of many sorts. He attended our dispensary for some slight ailment and was very patronizingly kind.

In the next village when they saw us coming they quickly brought wooden benches for our use which we found very convenient for our boxes. We carry along our own folding chairs. Here we had many patients.



MISS ROOT AND DR. PARKER IN CAMP

Thus we went from village to village endeavoring to help in all ways all whom we could. It is a rewarding work, even though we may not always see direct results.

The Bible women who accompanied us visited some thirty villages during the few days we were out. They went off in groups to the villages on all sides within walking distance. Sometimes four or five were with us to help in the dispensary preaching, and afterward to go to different parts of the village to talk to all who were willing to hear.

MORE MESSAGES FROM NEW WORKERS

From Zada A. Curtiss, Madura, India:—

Time flies as fast in India as in America. I am still enjoying my work and life here as much as at first. Every day seems to bring something new and interesting. Especially has that been true the past few days, for it has witnessed my first mission meeting.

One of the most interesting events of the week has been a three days' meeting with native Christians. Representatives came from all the mission churches, pastors, catechists, Bible women, and boys and girls from our Madura and Pasumalai schools.

All these people met at East Gate in the morning, formed in line and marched through the city to the college hall where the meetings were to be held. I wish you could have seen the procession. It was about two thousand strong, with banners flying, a band leading and different groups singing hymns and lyrics. They all looked so bright and clean and happy. Such a contrast with the Hindus around. I felt so proud of them all—especially our girls—and so glad I was here. We missionaries rode in carriages in the rear.

There were so many in attendance that the large college hall was crowded—the men sitting on one side and the women on the other. The missionaries were obliged to sit on the platform the first day. After that there were not so many present, and we could sit down in the audience. The morning's program consisted of Sunday school and Christian Endeavor rallies. I could not understand much but enjoyed watching the people's faces. The afternoon session was given over to a Home Missionary program. The native people support a home missionary and his work in a district where no other Christian work is being done. Some of the converts were present at the meeting and gave an exercise. They speak Telugu, not Tamil, but I could understand one as well as the other.

Thursday was devoted to business and addresses so I didn't attend. There was to be a big moonlight evangelistic service that evening but it rained so very hard that it was given up. We are now approaching the rainy season and never can be sure that it will not rain in the afternoon. This was the hardest and longest rain we have had. So hard that by the time we were ready to retire the chorus was almost deafening. Really, I never heard anything like it.

The session on the next morning closed with a prayer meeting. I could understand nothing that was said but I could feel the spirit of it.

There were no long pauses but as soon as one stopped praying another began. The Lord's Supper was celebrated in the afternoon. It was the first time I had seen that service here and the quiet reverence and devotion of the people touched me deeply. All through these meetings Paul's injunction "Let the women keep silence in the churches" was strictly obeyed. For no woman took part in the meetings, aside from singing. That is nearly always true here in mixed gatherings. But the women can take part in their own meetings, and that too, very well and readily. This was illustrated Monday evening of this week when our girls held their Christian Endeavor anniversary. When I went over to the hall a short time before the exercises were to begin I found it very prettily decorated and the girls all looked very attractive, sitting on the floor in their fresh, clean dresses. Everything on the program was well done. They had songs, recitations and a dramatization of the story of the fiery furnace. This last they arranged themselves and sang most of the words to Tamil music. At the end of the program they took up an offering. Each girl gave some article of use or beauty which was afterwards sold at auction.

Such occasions as these are very inspiring and give variety to our ordinary daily routine of study and work. But this daily work is very pleasant in itself. The girls try so hard and are so pleasant and attractive that it makes one feel that anything that can be done for these Indian people is well worth while.

From Dora J. Mattoon, Harpoot, Turkey:—

Here I am, safe and sound, and quite as happy and contented as any young missionary could be. I reached here just three weeks ago to-day, yet it seems longer than that, so much at home do I feel here. Several months before I came here I said I did not feel at all that I was going among strangers, and I have felt even more at home than I expected.

When we reached Beirut, we were met by Mr. Emrich of Mardin, with the very welcome news that Mr. and Mrs. Carhart wanted us to be their guests. Mr. Carhart is a brother of our Miss Carhart at the Broadway Tabernacle, and I especially was very glad to met them. The Emrichs were being entertained at Dr. St. John Ward's just around the corner. Mr. Carhart is librarian at the Syrian Protestant College, and lives in the house formerly occupied by Dr. Post, whose position in the college Dr. Ward is now filling. Beirut is a beautiful city, and to my mind the Carharts' house has one of the finest locations there. From the porch at the rear of the house one can see away off onto the Lebanon

Mountains and out across the harbor. I wish I could describe to you the wonderful view as we slowly climbed by train up the Lebanons after leaving Beirut. We wound round and round up the mountain side, thinking each view of Beirut was to be our last, only to emerge from a rocky pass to catch another glimpse of the blue sea.

The Sunday we were in Beirut we attended chapel at the college, and it was certainly an inspiring sight to see eight hundred and fifty young men—many of them Moslems and Jews—singing so heartily our Christian hymns and bowing their heads at the sound of a Christian prayer. In the afternoon we visited Miss Taylor's school—so-called—a girls' school exclusively for Moslems and Druses. Miss Turner, now in charge, says the Moslem parents seem quite willing that their little daughters should attend the other Christian school. She says that many of them become Christians. Some of them are obliged to read their Bibles in secret after they go back to their own homes, but others are allowed to read them openly. The girls come to them at five or six years of age, and they can usually keep them till they are twelve or thirteen, at which age Moslem girls are usually married. Their Sunday school was over when we got there, but Miss Turner called the girls together for us and asked them to sing some of their songs. One little tot not over five years old brought the tears to my eyes when she sang so sweetly "Jesus loves the little children." Miss Fenenga spoke to the girls in Arabic, and told them a little about her own school in Mardin. We also visited that same afternoon one of the other mission Sunday schools.

From Beirut we went on to Aleppo, and there we were obliged to remain practically a week, waiting for our baggage. We were rescued from a miserable hotel in Aleppo by the family of Dr. Altounyan, and spent a most delightful week with them. The doctor had just built a hospital in memory of his wife, and it was a pleasure to us to see the good work he is doing.

We had a Sunday in Oorfa, which we spent with Mr. and Mrs. Gracey, who are carrying on Miss Shattuck's work. We enjoyed so much the many anecdotes they told us about Miss Shattuck and her wonderful work in Oorfa. Our trip would not by any means have been so pleasant if we had not found such warm hospitality among the missionaries at every place we stopped.

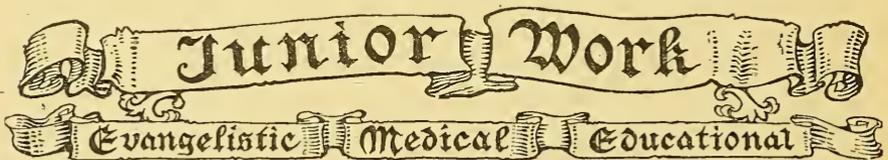
We were met at Diarbekir by Mr. Browne of Harpoot. We got there about eight o'clock on a Thursday morning, and left again in two or three hours for Harpoot, in the endeavor to reach there by Saturday night. The trip from Diarbekir is a wonderful one.

Finally, on Saturday morning we came out at the top of the last mountain where the whole Harpoot plain lay stretched before us. We looked across to Harpoot itself on the opposite mountain, and Mr. Browne told me it was twelve or fifteen miles, though it looked only three or four. At the foot of the mountain we were met by nearly all the Harpoot station. It was good to be welcomed by Miss Harley and Mr. Livengood who had been here then about seven weeks. Almost my first remark to Miss Harley was, "Well, you do not look as if you had had a homesick day," and I know she is quite as happy to be here as I am. We reached Harpoot about five in the afternoon, and it did seem so good to be "home."

I devoted a part of the next week to getting settled and then began my studies. Some of the sounds in Armenian are so difficult, and though I twist my tongue in all sorts of ways I can't seem to get them. We have a splendid teacher, the wife of the pastor. I am so anxious to get the language and be in a position to do some real work. As it is now, I do not feel that I am doing a thing but I suppose I must be patient.

As I can find time, I mean to go calling with Mrs. Riggs and Miss Riggs, even though I cannot speak the language, and thus gradually get in touch with the people and become acquainted with their customs. Mrs. Riggs has been calling a good deal on the Turkish women here in Harpoot and has been very cordially welcomed.

The first Sunday I was here a new church was dedicated. The old one was burned in the massacres of 1895, and since then the little congregation have been worshiping in Wheeler Hall or in other of the college buildings.



HELPS FOR LEADERS

CHAPTER IV

BY MARY PRESTON

For several months our Mission Band members have had the pleasure of traveling far and wide in the Gleam. Would it not be a good plan to vary the proceedings when the fourth chapter of the text-book is studied and invite some of the Moslem boys and girls from Turkey to visit America? Make

the suggestion after the opening hymn and let the children vote for it. Then while the car is on its way across to Constantinople and back there will be opportunity for a brief map drill, a little description of Turkey as a country, and the explanation—in connection with which a slight review may be naturally introduced—that Moslems are not idolators, but worshippers of one great God like ourselves. The leader should at this point, just before the return of the Gleam, pray that the Mission Band members may be missionaries at home this afternoon so that the visitors cannot go away without learning about Jesus Christ and longing to know more of him.

The Gleam now arrives bringing five Turkish children. The leader's assistant or some older person, representing a missionary teacher or Herman Harpar, may well escort them. If boys, let them wear red fezzes—paper will make very good ones—sashes about their waists and, if feasible, long loose trousers. Some sort of costume should be attempted that they may be recognized at once as foreigners. After the first greeting between the leader and the boys the missionary may remark that they have been much interested on the way in contrasting Turkey with America and have missed many features of their own country.

In response to the question of "what?" let the first visitor speak of the minarets which they failed to see in flying over the cities. This will lead on to the story of Santa Sophia, for America has shown them nothing like that. The second boy will very naturally refer to the call to prayer, describing how it is given. Let it be intoned, if possible, or chanted, or at any rate repeated impressively. The missionary might interrupt here to emphasize the beauty of such a habit, telling its effect upon him and the wish that Christians had a similar custom. A third boy could mention the conglomeration of nationalities one finds in Constantinople, the costumes of the people as seen on the street, and the Turkish schools. (Send to the Board Rooms for a five cent leaflet called, "Child Life in Turkey." See also, "What the Star Children Saw," in the January *Dayspring*, and use the material in the text-book on the university in Cairo.) As this will introduce the word Koran, let the fourth boy explain what that book is.

This will in turn lead on to Mohammed himself, and the next visitor in response to the question, "Who is he?" should re-tell the story of the Prophet as the text-book gives it, ending with, "But don't you believe in Mohammed too?"

This gives an opportunity for the leader to explain that we are followers of Jesus Christ and in the briefest, simplest fashion to tell about his life. Be sure to bring out the contrast between Mohammed's "sword" and

Christ's teaching of love, and between the treatment of children and women in the Christ land and that in Moslem countries.

Then she may ask the Mission Band boys and girls to help still further in the explanation by giving Bible verses which tell of Christ and his teachings. (Slips bearing such verses, carefully selected, should be distributed long enough before the meeting for the children to read them over beforehand.) The following verses are suggested; others may be substituted or added.

John iii. 16 John vii. 37 John vii. 12 John x. 14, 15 John xiv. 27
 John xiv. 12 Matt. v. 7 Matt. v. 8 Matt. vii. 12 Matt. xix. 14

This exercise will prove very impressive if the children are made to feel that they are really telling something new to their Mohammedan visitors. The leader should give the last verse herself, and then after bringing out the final thought of the chapter, that truth must eventually triumph, close the meeting with the hymn, "I Love to Tell the Story."



"THE TESTIMONY OF THE SAINTS"

On the sixteenth of January there passed on into the higher service from her beautiful, century-old home in Winsted, Conn., one whose face and name have been long familiar among the Litchfield Hills and throughout the territory of the New Haven Branch. Miss Mary Pitkin Hinsdale was connected with the Branch from its formation in 1871 and for nearly all that period had been a vice president. Her devotion to the cause of foreign missions was coincident with her broad outlook upon human needs and her tenderness for human suffering wherever found.

The direct descendant of an old and honored Colonial family, she was patriotic to the last drop of blood in her loyal body and was a Colonial Dame, as well as a Daughter of the American Revolution. The poor of Winsted and of the hill towns about knew well the practical, sympathetic kindness which filled her big heart, spoke in her gentle tones and shone out from her rugged features. But her charity, while beginning at home, flowed out in a wide, bounteous stream of good deeds "into all the world."

Her constant reading of the best books and magazines, her keen interest

in the affairs of the day from Connecticut to Cape Colony made hers a companionship much to be coveted. As was said by a former pastor at her funeral,—one of the most impressive services ever known in the little city of her birth,—

“She had her life in eighty-three of the fullest years this world has ever seen, and in these later years she was like a palimpsest of the nineteenth century written over afresh with the burning thoughts of the twentieth century.”

Yet with all this breadth of intelligence and this holding fast to the choicest spirits of her acquaintance, no humblest soul was ever overlooked or made to feel insignificant in her gracious presence.

As long as her strength permitted she used to drive over the rough roads to the remote villages to hold missionary meetings and to carry copies of her beloved missionary magazines into shut-away homes. It was said of her that, like the religion of which her life was a constant exponent, “the more good cheer she diffused the more she seemed to have left!”

Living to the age of more than fourscore years, she retained to the last her post of usefulness in church and Sunday school, and the end came as she most desired,—in the midst of her activities, without lingering pain or weakness, she “was not for God took her.”

Her friends are already planning some visible memorial for her in a Mary P. Hinsdale Building Fund to be used on the mission field, and every dollar given for this purpose will be doubly consecrated by the thought of the dear, strong, faithful saint whose life has been a benediction to so many.

TOURING IN THE SOUTHEAST

BY THEODORA CROSBY BLISS

I wish I could take the entire LIFE AND LIGHT sisterhood with me to these sunny cities of the South and bring you everyone in touch with the noble army of “honorable women,” who are bravely carrying the burdens—and they are not light—of their own Southern problem. “It is our problem,” insisted a prominent Atlantan, “and we shall solve it.” They are not only carrying this and kindred local burdens, but nearly everywhere the women of our Congregational churches are working and studying and praying for the other peoples across the seas, and feel that they too are a part of the Woman’s Board and that for which it stands.

One auxiliary seriously objected to joining the Philadelphia Branch,—“We

would rather belong to the Woman's Board," they said,—and great was the relief when I told them the Board was the Tree through which God gave the fruit for the healing of the nations, and the Branches were part of the Tree.

Charleston, S. C., has a right loyal group of women and an auxiliary which, under the inspired and inspiring leadership of Miss Lance, has made itself felt in every department of the church life. A church of sixty-two members, every woman present at the Jubilee Rally, and bringing with them gifts from every organization in the church, from the church corporation of business men down to the babies—more than two dollars per member was the average; and this from a small church without a pastor, and standing alone of our denomination in that city.

It is difficult to tell the story of our own work and workers apart from the Jubilees. The spirit of the Jubilee was everywhere.

Jacksonville, under the energetic and untiring leadership of Mrs. Hanscom, has a live auxiliary. "We make a 'function' of our meetings. Last year we met at the parsonage, which was decorated as if for a reception. The ladies were told to wear their prettiest gowns, and before the season was over the parlors overflowed into the hall, and women sat on the stairs." It was just an ordinary auxiliary meeting so far as program went; yet it was dignified into a "function," and people thought it worth while to come. Here as in Charleston much of the success of the Jubilee was due to our Congregational women,—as one of our Jubilee troupe said "they were the livest."

At Atlanta, the Congregational women were on every committee of the Jubilee, several being chairmen, and Mrs. Zachary, the president of the auxiliary, seemed to be everywhere at once and to think of everything. Here and at Demorest the auxiliaries have much the same problems as those of the North, and are meeting them in the same manner, only with this difference, they feel their isolation and do not have the help and encouragement that come to us who can meet together for consultation and prayer.

In the Florida churches, we find the conditions very different, but wherever we have auxiliaries there is the same indomitable courage and high endeavor and "honorable women" not a few. I like that term. It fits and means so much!

With Jacksonville for a starting point, Mrs. Hanscom had arranged my itinerary, not only making all appointments but even carefully looking up trains and writing out every detail for me.

Ormond, Daytona and New Smyrna on the East coast were visited. The

first is a very small church of very live people, who filled the pleasant reading room of the library where the meeting was held notwithstanding the rain fell in a tropical downpour. Daytona had a union meeting and had invited the young people from the schools, which were to close earlier so they could come. But the rain pursued me here, and the plan was not carried out. The problems of these three Florida auxiliaries are much the same as those of the North, with the added di-advantage, keenly felt, of distance from the fountains of inspiration and supplies.

But when New Smyrna was reached, conditions changed. A church made up of all sorts and conditions of men and women, struggling to hold their own, and too intent on their own local problem to reach out a helping hand to others. But they had a union meeting which filled the church to overflowing, and there was no lack of interest, and while there is no auxiliary I could not but feel it is due rather to a lack of knowledge than to anything else. There are "live" women here also, but their local needs and problems are taxing them to the utmost.

At Sanford, too, the local burdens are great, but a well-organized church, under a very earnest pastor and wife, with a goodly number of other consecrated men and women, give promise for a strong influential Congregational center.

They are rejoicing in a new stone church and struggling to pay for it. The auxiliary is working and studying, and the children under the fine leadership of Mrs. C. R. Walker are making scrapbooks, which they send direct to India and Turkey, and so know that missionaries are "real folk."

Winter Park has the advantage of being a college town and something of a Congregational center. Here a union meeting was held, with all the pastors and Dr. Blackman of the college present, and the room was filled. The next morning I had a parlor meeting of the women who are leading in the missionary work, and they are planning with great enthusiasm and wisdom for an advance on all lines.

Orange City and Lake Helen have small churches but here again the women are well and wisely organized, and good work is being done. There are several other churches having auxiliaries, which could not be visited for lack of time.

To sum up, nearly all the Florida churches receive aid from the Home Missionary Society, and therefore when they organize for foreign as well as home work, they do it, counting the cost, and in sober earnestness give themselves to the task for assuming their share of the responsibility of the world's work.

I am persuaded that in no part of the field of our Woman's Board of Missions is there greater promise for the future than in these little Florida churches.

But they need help, they feel their isolation keenly, and to them in some instances the work of the "Woman's Board in Boston" and even the Board itself does not seem very "real"!

Nearly all these places are visited by tourists or winter residents. If our Congregational women would pack their missionary literature with a goodly supply of missionary enthusiasm when they pack their trunks, and carry it into the midst of these brave women of the sunny Southland, they would be good, do good, and as I know by experience, *feel good* every step of the way.

The Woman's Board has reason to be proud of these gentle Southern women who are so quietly and loyally doing with their might what their hands find to do, and Mrs. J. W. Westlake of Lake Helen is the untiring leader to whose wise counsels and loving service the promising outlook is largely due.

SUGGESTED PROGRAMS FOR THE SEASON 1911-12

The general program-scheme providing for eight meetings, based upon the text-book, *The Light of the World*, appeared in our August issue. The complete set of eight programs is now published in leaflet form and may be obtained from our rooms at *five cents* a copy.

PROGRAM VIII

TOPIC: Christ the Only Light. The Final Pleas. The Verdict.

Material: The entire text-book; Vol IV of *The World Missionary Conference*; *The Main Points* by Dr. Chas. R. Brown, or any stimulating book upon the Christian faith; The Bible.

Aims: To hear a final appeal from the old-world religions at their best. Thus a review is brought about, always helpful at the close of any course of study.

To hear the response of Christianity.

To hear the verdict, the jurors appointed at the last meeting, Experience, Reason and Faith, having performed their duty.

Suggestion: Omit Scripture at the opening and after the other preliminaries necessary, proceed at once to

- I. Final appeals of
- | | |
|---|---------------|
| } | Hinduism |
| } | Buddhism |
| } | Shintoism |
| } | Confucianism |
| } | Taoism |
| } | Animism |
| } | Mohammedanism |

* See sample below. Aim to set forth the *best* in its true meaning. Give without notes, in earnest manner, as if a real plea, one following another, two minutes each.

II. Why I am a Christian.

A thoughtful paper or talk, fifteen minutes, which forms Christianity's last word. It would not be amiss to have the pastor give this, in many cases.

III. Verdict of the Jury.

Reason speaks a few sentences from the standpoint of the reasoning powers; Experience refers to history, results, man's life, etc.; Faith to the spiritual realities, and announces the decision that Christianity is supreme. (See article by Professor Wood on page 105.)

IV. The judge declares, therefore, that "Christ is the Only Light," and calls for a hymn, "The Light of the World is Jesus," or one of a similar subject.

V. Close with promises and prayer. Let many repeat promises which have been tested in various experiences of need. Speak of this in advance that thought may be given to them and search made in the Bible for those most beautiful and precious. (Use poem by Professor Wood on page 106.)

*Confucianism offers you a pure morality. Never have we Confucianists divorced pure morals from the religious life as some religions have done. We condemn all the silly spirit worship of primitive religions. We want a practical, matter-of-fact, everyday righteousness, and isn't that just what Jesus Christ taught? The Bible teaches, "Honor your father and mother." So teaches Confucius, and indeed we are so earnest in this line that we worship our ancestors. We cultivate great honor for our government and our Emperor, the Son of Heaven. The solidarity of the family—do you not need that very principle emphasized in America?

BOOK NOTICES

The Yellow Pearl. By Adeline M. Teskey. Published by George H. Doran Company, New York. Pp. 208. Price, \$1 net.

Bound in yellow this story tells us how our country impresses a young girl born in China, the daughter of a Chinese mother and an orientalized American father. Left an orphan her father's family sent for her to come to them—grandmother, aunt and uncle—in New York, and in the girl's diary we learn how our vaunted civilization impresses an Oriental. When Mozoomdar of the Brahma Somaj was here from India he did not suppress his criticism over the throngs of people, all of whom were in a hurry. He too was shocked with the dead birds as hat adornments as is this little Chinese maiden.

Her worldly-minded aunt tries to pass off her niece in society as a Spanish signorina but the little Oriental has positive ideas of her own and is hard to manage.

At the theatre she is shocked at the décolleté gowns worn on the stage and in the boxes, and her cheeks burn at the questionable things that are said before hundreds of men and women. It is a well-written story and reminds one of the *Letters of a Chinese Official* and *The Lady of the Decoration*.

G. H. C.

 SIDELIGHTS FROM PERIODICALS

The most important event in the periodical world so far as missions are concerned is the advent of a new magazine, the organ of the Edinburgh Continuation Council, published quarterly in Edinburgh, London and New York, called *The International Review of Missions*. The first number published in January is full of good things, but we note specially, "Impressions of a Traveler Among Non-Christian Races," "Vital Forces of Christianity and Islam," and "Present Position of Christianity in Japan."

CHINA.—"Yuan Shih-Kai and the Manchu Dynasty," *Review of Reviews*, February. "China, a Retrospect of Fifty Years," and "A Modern Miracle in China," *Missionary Review*, February. "Russo-Chinese Relations," *Edinburgh Review*, January. "Present Conditions in China," and "Populous and Beautiful Szechuan," *National Geographical Magazine*, December.

INDIA.—"Changes in India," *Nineteenth Century*, January.

TURKEY.—"Turkey Under the Constitution," *Quarterly Review*, January.

The *Missionary Review* for February has articles of interest on "Missions in Formosa" and "The Plight of Tripoli."

F. V. E.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS

Receipts from December 18 to December 31, 1911

MISS SARAH LOUISE DAY, Treasurer.

MAINE.

Eastern Maine Branch.—Mrs. J. Gertrude Denio, Treas., 347 Hammond St., Bangor. Bangor, Forest Ave. Ch., Ladies' Aid, 3.21; Old Town, Ch., 10; Penobscot County, Friend, 3; Thomaston, Aux., 16. 59 21

Western Maine Branch.—Miss Annie F. Bailey, Treas., 52 Chadwick St., Portland. Bridgton, South, Aux., 5; Hallowell, Aux., 5.60; Norway, Aux., 10; Portland, Second Parish Ch., 34.94; Woodfords Ch., Aux., 66.59; Sanford, North Parish Ch., 20; Westbrook, Ch., 9.57. *Jubilee*, Gifts, 545 50, 697 20

Total, 756 41

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

New Hampshire Branch.—Miss Elizabeth A. Brickett, Treas., 69 North Spring St., Concord. Claremont, Mrs. S. C. Chapin, 5; Dover, Aux., 12.70; Exeter, Aux., 2; Nashua, Aux., 35.80; Portsmouth, Aux., 17.25; Raymond, Aux., 10; Swanzey, Aux., 6.50, 89 25

VERMONT.

Vermont Branch.—Miss May E. Manley, Treas., Box 13, Pittsford. Ascutneyville, Aux., Th. Off., 1; Barton, Aux. (Th. Off., 11.40), 30.63; Bennington, Second Ch., C. E. Soc., 18; Berkshire, East, Aux. (Th. Off., 7.55), 13; Brattleboro, Ladies' Soc., Th. Off., 46.01; Chester, Aux., 20; Danville, Aux., 10.25; Hero, South, Friends, 11; Hinesburg, Aux., Th. Off., 5.80; Jericho Center, Prim S. S., 5.18; Manchester, Aux. (Th. Off., 13.97), 58.54; Norwich, Aux., Th. Off., 8.95; Orwell, Aux., 11; C. E. Soc., 25; Post Mills, 10.25; Randolph, Bethany Ch., Aux. (to const. L. M. Mrs. Jessie L. Metzger), 25; Rutland, Earnest Workers, 8.50; Salisbury, Aux., 10; Saxton's River, Merry Rills, 2; St. Johnsbury, North Ch., Aux. (Th. Off., 49.20), 102.05, S. S., 11.80, Miss Ide's Ch., 2; Underhill, Aux., Th. Off., 18.20; Waterbury, Aux. (Th. Off., 21.50), 28, 482 16

MASSACHUSETTS.

Andover and Woburn Branch.—Mrs. E. S. Gould, Treas., 58 Thorndike St., Lawrence. Andover, Seminary Ch., Aux., 126.20; Lawrence, Lawrence St. Ch., Aux., 10; Lowell, Highland Ch., Aux., 15; Methuen, Aux., 8.50, 159 70

Barnstable Branch.—Miss Carrie E. Mitchell, Treas., South Dennis. Hyannis, Ladies, 6 00

Berkshire Branch.—Miss Mabel A. Rice, Treas., 118 Bradford St., Pittsfield. Lee, Second Aux., 124; North Adams, Aux., 29.78, C. R., 13.51; Stockbridge, Aux., 10.25 Less expenses, 5.33, 172 21

Essex North Branch.—Mrs. Wallace L. Kimball, Treas., 16 Salem St., Bradford. Ipswich, Aux., 11.20; Merrimac, Aux., 10, C. R., 6; West Newbury, First Ch., Queen Esther Band, 5.50. *Jubilee*, Haverhill, Centre Ch., Ladies' Soc., 11, 43 70

Essex South Branch.—Miss Daisy Raymond, Treas., 120 Balch St., Beverly. Gloucester, Trinity Ch., Aux., 41.35; Lynn, Chestnut St. Ch., 4; Magnolia, Union Ch., 10. *Jubilee*, Lynn, Central Ch., Aux., 50, 105 35

Franklin County Branch.—Miss J. Kate Oakman, Treas., 473 Main St., Greenfield. Greenfield, Second Ch., Aux., 14.53, Prim. S. S., 5.47. *Jubilee*, Greenfield, Second Ch., Aux., M. L. D., 10, 30 00

Hampshire Co. Branch.—Miss Harriet J. Kueeland, Treas., 8 Paradise Road, Northampton. Belchertown, Aux. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. Alvan R. Lewis), 45; Cummington, Village Ch., 6.33; Northampton, Edwards Ch., Aux., 27.19; Southampton, Sunshine Band (to const. L. M. Miss Hazel Tyler), 25; Worthington, Ch., 11.40, 114 92

Middlesex Branch.—Mrs. Frederick L. Claffin, Treas., 15 Park St., Marlboro. South Framingham, Aux., 8 00

Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch.—Mrs. Mark McCully, Treas., 95 Maple St., Milton. Abington, Aux. (Th. Off., 21), 23.37; Brockton, Porter Ch., Aux., 194; Easton, Aux., add'l Th. Off. (with prev. contri. to const. L. M. Mrs. Mabel Wortley Fryling), 2; Plympton, C. E. Soc., 7; Sharon, Aux. (Th. Off., 35.90) (with prev. contri. to const. L. M. Mrs. Emma P. Colburn, Mrs. Florence D. Hixson), 42.50, Dau. of Cov., 10; Stoughton, Aux., Th. Off., 15.50; Whitman, First Ch., C. E. Soc., 5, 299 37

North Middlesex Branch.—Miss Julia S. Conant, Treas., Littleton Common. *Jubilee*, West Groton, Cong'l Ch., Miss Bertha C. Bixby, 10 00

Old Colony Branch.—Miss Frances J. Runnels, Treas., 166 Highland Ave., Fall River. Attleboro, Second Ch., W. F. M. S., 75, Miss Lizzie B. Day, 50, 125 00

Springfield Branch.—Mrs. Mary H. Mitchell, Treas., 1078 Worthington St., Springfield. Holyoke, Grace Ch., 30; Ludlow Center, Aux., 5; Monson, S. S., Home Dept., 10; Westfield, First Ch., S. S., 25, 70 00

Suffolk Branch.—Mrs. Frank G. Cook, Treas., 44 Garden St., Cambridge. Friend, 200; Allston, C. E. Soc., 60; Cambridge, First Ch., Shepard Guild, 30, North Ave. Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 4. Pilgrim Ch., Aux., 25, Prospect St. Ch., S. S., 25; Chelsea, First Ch., C. R., 9; Dorchester, Central Ch., Aux., 25.25, Harvard Ch., S. S., Philaetha Cl., 5, Pilgrim Ch., Aux., 15, Second Ch., Go Forth M. B., 5; Faneuil, Aux., 30; Newton, Eliot Ch., 11.25; Newton Centre, First Ch., Aux., 70; Newtonville, Mrs. D. Brewer Eddy, 200; Roxbury, Highland Ch., S. S., Kinder and Prim. Dept., 9.03, Imm.-Walnut Ave. Ch., For. Dept. (with prev. contri. to const. L. M. Mrs. Mary A. Amsden, Mrs. Grace M. Babcock, Mrs. Sara E. D. Bell, Miss E. E. Bishop, Miss Bishop, Mrs. Aurora A. Brown, Mrs. Ella L. Chamberlain, Miss Martha D. Chapman, Mrs. Caroline W. Coffin, Mrs.

Alice B. Dunn, Mrs. Charles E. Hale, Miss Alice H. Hammond, Mrs. Josephine M. Hunt, Miss Alda C. Masten, Miss Emma Merrill, Miss Alice Miller, Miss Annie C. Miller, Mrs. Marion L. Raymond, Miss Katharine H. Shute, Mrs. Katharine H. Upton, Miss Helen D. Vincent, 33, Y. L. F. M. S., 10; Roxbury, West, South Evangelical Ch., Aux., Th. Off., 50.50; Somerville, Broadway Ch. (Th. Off., 16.20), 20.20, Winter Hill Ch., Woman's Union, 27; Waltham, Aux., 60; Wellesley Hills, Aux., 8. *Jubilee*, Neponset, Trinity Ch., Stone Aux., 5, 937 23
Worcester Co. Branch.—Mrs. Thomas E. Babb, Jr., Treas., 12 Clearview Ave., Worcester. Stamp Money, 50 cts.; Leonminster, Orthodox Ch., Prim. Dept., S. S., 10; Petersham, Ladies' Union, 41; West Boylston, Aux., Thanksgiving Off., 15, Mrs. Cummings' S. S. Cl., 3.91; Winchendon, Aux., 70.45, 140 86

 2,222 34

RHODE ISLAND.

Rhode Island Branch.—Miss Grace P. Chapin, Treas., 150 Meeting St., Providence. Kingston, S. S., 5; Pawtucket, Mrs. Helen Blodgett Stark in mem. of Miss Sarah Blodgett, 250, Smithfield Ave Ch., Helping Hand Soc., 10; Providence, Plymouth Ch., Aux., 12, 277 00

CONNECTICUT.

Eastern Connecticut Branch.—Miss Anna C. Learned, Treas., 255 Hempstead St., New London. Bal. from expenses of Annual Meeting, 360; Colchester, Aux., Th. Off. (with prev. contri. to const. L. M. Mrs. J. E. Leffingwell), 21; Lebanon, Aux., Th. Off., 9.55; Old Lyme, Aux., 42; Stonington, First Ch., Aux., 16, 388 55

New Haven Branch.—Miss Edith Woolsey, Treas., 250 Church St., New Haven. Friend, 297.54; Ansonia, 27; Branford, Aux. (to const. L. M's Mrs. C. W. Prann, Mrs. G. R. Stannard), 50; Bridgeport, West End Ch., 20; Cheshire, Aux., 66 10; Cornwall, Second Ch., Aux., 15 06; Colebrook, C. E. Soc., 5; Darien, Aux., 25; Goshen, C. E. Soc., 25, Jr. C. E. Soc., 6; Harwinton, Aux., 1.50; Kent, 23.17; Litchfield, Aux., 103.86; Meriden, First Ch., S. S., 13.50; Middletown, First Ch., Aux., 16.19; New Haven, Grand Ave. Ch. (to const. L. M's Mrs. Charles Aldrich, Miss Augusta Brooks, Mrs. Minnie Buck, Mrs. Albert Stover), 100, Pilgrim Ch., Y. L. M. C., 25; Plymouth, Aux., 12; Sherman, 25; Southport, S. S., 30; Stratford, Miss. League, 20; Torrington, Center Ch., Aux., 78.91; Washington, Aux., 26.85; Whitneyville, Aux., 8, 1,030 68

Total, 1,419 23

NEW YORK.

New York State Branch.—Mrs. F. M. Turner, Treas., 646 St. Marks Ave., Brooklyn. Berkshire, Aux. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. Jessie M. Legge), 30; Blooming Grove, Kyle Miss. Soc., 45; Brooklyn, Central Ch., Aux., 266.68, Flatbush Ch., Aux., 52.20, Jr. Rally, 2.50, Lewis Ave. Ch., Aux., 50, Evangel. Cir., 40, Earnest Workers Band, 25, Ocean

Ave. Ch., Jubilee Aux., 10, Park Ch., Aux., 12, Richmond Hill Ch., 30, Aux., 30, C. E. Soc., 15, C. R., 35, South Ch., Miss Cir., 275, S. S., 30, Tompkins Ave. Ch., Aux., 200; Brooklyn Hills, Aux., 10, C. R., 10; Buffalo, First Ch., Aux., 120, Canerott Aux., 28 10, Logan Cir., 5; Canandaigua, Aux. (100 of wh. to const. L. M's Mrs. Alice E. Anderson, Mrs. Augusta Buell, Miss Frances H. Gaylord, Miss Mary Hickox), 285, Alice Band, 5, Misses Rice Band, 5; Eldred, Aux., 5; Flushing, Aux., 10; Greene, Aux., 5; Harford, Pa., Aux., 18; Henrietta, Aux., 10.80; Homer, S. S., 7.43; Honeoye, Aux., 10; Lockport, First Ch., C. R., 9; Mannsville, Aux., 12; Middletown, First Ch., Aux., 10, North Ch., Aux., 10.08, Mrs. Cox's S. S. Cl., 2.50; Miller Place and Mt. Sinai, C. E. Soc., 9; Newburgh, Aux., 15; New York, Manhattan Ch., Guild, 10; Mt. Vernon, First Ch., Aux., 23; Norwich, S. S., 18.72; Ontario, Earnest Workers, 6; Oxford, Aux., 30.25; Patchogue, Aux., 25; Riverhead, Sound Ave. Ch., Aux., 27.77; Spencerport, Aux., 63; Susquehanna Assoc., 10; Syracuse, Geddes Ch., 3; Ticonderoga, Aux., 7.34; Walton, Aux., 45; Warsaw, Aux. (125 of wh. to const. L. M's Mrs. H. E. Hovey, Mrs. Martin Munger, Miss Laura Munger, Mrs. Martin Stortz, Miss Julia Taylor), 134.89, Loyal Volunteers, Mem. to Mrs. Ray Munger, 12.25, C. R., Birthday Off., 1.40; Wellsville, Aux., 10; West Winfield, Aux., 25; White Plains, Aux., 50. *Jubilee*, Brooklyn, Central Ch., Aux., add'l, 25, Nazarene Ch., Aux., 5, South Ch., Miss. Cir., add'l, 25; Homer, Mrs. F. E. Williams, 5; Katona, Mrs. J. W. Thayer, 50; New York, Forest Ave Ch., Aux., 5; Walton, Aux.; add'l, 25, Miss Ruth Haulenbeck, 5; Woodhaven, Aux., 5. Less expenses, 398.91, 2,009 00
North Pelham.—Ch of Covenant, 4 20
Woodhaven.—First Ch., 10 66

 Total, 2,023 86

PHILADELPHIA BRANCH.

Philadelphia Branch.—Miss Emma Flavell, Treas., 312 Van Houten St., Paterson, N. J., D. C., Washington, First Ch., Aux., 40; N. J., Plainfield, Aux., 15; Upper Montclair, Aux., 3.50, 58 50

GEORGIA.

Demorest.—Woman's Miss. Soc., 11 60

FLORIDA.

St. Petersburg.—Flor. Miss. Soc., 10 14

Donations, —\$6,043 49
 Buildings, 781 50
 Work of 1912, 423 50
 Specials, 102 00

Total, \$7,350 49

TOTAL FROM OCT. 13 TO DEC. 31, 1911.

Donations, \$17,680 89
 Buildings, 1,695 89
 Work of 1912, 4,388 84
 Specials, 650 61
 Legacies, 1,435 00

 Total, \$25,851 23

Board of the Pacific

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MRS. R. B. CHERINGTON,
Porterville, Cal.

Foreign Secretary and Editor.

MRS. E. R. WAGNER,
San Jose, Cal.

Treasurer.

MISS HENRIETTA F. BREWER,
770 Kingston Avenue, Oakland, Cal.

The order has come! "All women and children are to go to the Coast at once, and men are urged to arrange their affairs so as to do the same Under as soon as possible." So there is only one thing **Marching Orders.** for us to do. You cannot possibly know how hard it is for us to go. It seems so like running away. But it is much more than that. We love our work and the ones that work with us and the ones for whom we work. . . . In some way good will come out of this experience for our church members and for us. We are not forgetful of this great nation and of the lessons God is teaching it these days. May they be learned without the bloodshed that has marked the birth of most nations.

SUSAN B. TALLMON, LINTSINGCHOW, CHINA.

OUR WORK IN ARUPPUKOTTAI, MADURA

BY MRS. MAUD B. JEFFERY

Your Pacific Board Appropriation of \$500 for scholarships is doing a magnificent work here. The school has besides your appropriation, a small one from the W. B. M. Government gave us a grant last year of \$109, the children as far as possible pay a small fee, sixteen cents per month, which helps a little. With all this as a certain income, we still have a burden; and have to plan carefully to make the income equal the outgo. The fact is we still depend on friends helping with special scholarships.

Our school has just been inspected by the Government Inspector. I was as proud of my eighty-seven girls and sixty-five boys as I could be. First the school met on our veranda and greeted the Inspector with a special song for the occasion. Then with "God Save the King" they went to their class rooms. In the front room of building No. 1 we hold the kindergarten, comprised of children of First and Infant Standards. I have given personally more time to that department than any other.

The entire morning is given up to kindergarten, nature study and all that goes with it. The afternoons are spent in reading, writing and arithmetic.

The Inspector was pleased with our kindergarten, and I have taken solid satisfaction in it myself. It starts the children so beautifully into a new life. Some girls seemed too large to put in the kindergarten. I thought it over, and decided to have them come in for awhile. It has



“OUR CHILDREN AT ARUPPUKOTTAI”

done them good. They have learned all the songs, entered into the games, marches, etc., and are so unconscious in it all. It is helping them physically and mentally, and spiritually. All of our teachers are doing such excellent work, I was sure the Inspector would be pleased, and he was!

I wish you could have seen the girls in their drills of various kinds, dumb-bells, doll drill, scarf drill, native games, with sticks and without. The precision and perfect execution won just praise.

Bible study claims the first hour every morning. We do our best in that also. In the annual Bible examination last year, competing with other boarding schools in our mission, one of our girls took the first general prize, two other class prizes were won, and our school won the banner as being the school having highest rank.

A group of our children went to Madura to the mission meeting in September, and received the banner in the presence of a vast audience. As it is your school also you will pardon my expressing myself so plainly. I am proud of my children,—“our children,”—and when we stop to think what an influence is going out from this school, through these children, one receives a continuous inspiration to do all in one’s power for them. We will probably have to close school for longer vacation during Christmas holidays than we wish to, because of our money giving out.

We are daily mindful of all the help you are giving us, and we want you also to realize that your efforts are well spent. Work for children is as fruitful here, as at home.

God bless you all, at that end of the line.

PROGRESS AT THE DOSHISHA

BY ANNA L. HILL

I am writing now to tell you the good news that the corner stone of the new building for the girls’ school which the good women of the Pacific Coast have so generously promised to finance, was laid with appropriate ceremonies this morning. To-day was the anniversary of the founding of the “Doshisha” many years ago, and so it was thought appropriate to have the corner stone of the new building placed to-day.

A speech was made by President Harada giving the history of the building to be and speaking of the generosity of the ladies of the Pacific Board. Hymns were sung; prayers offered and a strong tin box was placed beneath the corner stone containing the records and history of the building and its donors. ’Twas a cold damp day and standing about on the piles of earth and rough stones was rather uncomfortable but we were all so glad to think that the new building was actually going up, and good foundations were already laid. The work is progressing slowly but satisfactorily, and I hope in the course of time it will be finished, but that will be several months hence.

I shall be so glad to see Miss Denton in comfortable quarters, for she is almost camping out now, and she cannot use the ladies’ home until the recitation rooms are moved over into the new building. She makes no complaint, but she deserves a comfortable place where she can have proper meals and a comfortable bed. There was absolutely no place for me to be tucked in anywhere in the school compound, so I am boarding with Dr.

and Mrs. Cary, about ten or fifteen minutes away and I go back and forth every day. We are all as busy as we can be all the time. I have been having two Sunday schools every Sunday, one in the forenoon and a Bible class in the afternoon, but I am going to give up the morning Sunday school to another missionary who has no school work during the week.

The name of the new building is "Seiwankan," and it is named in honor of the Pacific Board. You would be interested in noticing the way the Japanese hold their scaffolding together with straw ropes instead of nails! The building is to be of brick, as I presume you already know, and will be similar in appearance to those buildings of the Doshisha, which are in the men's compound.

I am having some of my classes in a little wooden room built on as an afterthought apparently to a small building, which is used partly as a dormitory and partly as a recitation hall. The walls are cracked and stained and in severe rains, leaks occur, which saturated the floor near my desk. There are cracks and holes on all sides, and even now I am obliged to wrap up head and ears to keep warm, for there is no stove in the room. I even wear my hat, gloves and overshoes for the floor is so cold and damp, being so near the ground. A small firebox was brought into the room, a few days ago, which helped to temper the atmosphere somewhat.

The thermometer does not fall so low as at home but the cold is so damp and penetrating that the chill of the atmosphere here in Japan is almost indescribable. The Japanese in their cotton wadded garments, being used to the climate, do not notice the chill as the foreigners do.

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FIRST IMPRESSIONS

BY MYRA L. SAWYER

I arrived in Pang-Chuang quite ill. After an unbroken record of good health and freedom from seasickness, etc., I was unfortunate enough to be taken ill the last night before arriving, with pleurisy and complications, and I made the seven mile journey from the house boat to Pang-Chuang, rolled up in bath robe and blankets, in a cart padded with mattresses, drawn by a donkey. We came very slowly for the jolts hurt cruelly—pleurisy at best is not comfortable! But I shut my teeth and made the best of it. Dr. Tucker, who came with me, was anxious enough at best. So to make a long story short, I made a most ignominious entry into Pang-Chuang, instead of arriving in state with speeches and fire crackers as the others of the party did who preceded us.

I was glad to get to bed and my first two weeks were spent chiefly there and on a couch or steamer chair. It was hard to arrive in such crippled condition, but I tried to be brave. All were so good to me. I had every possible attention from the doctor and the ladies. I am just now, after five weeks, able to be up all day, and begin to feel more like myself, though not wholly strong.

I am sitting in the sun while at study, trying to recover as soon as possible. I have begun with the language work and have had my teacher

about ten days. He comes from ten to eleven and three to four daily, and I study in addition as strength allows, averaging about five hours in all. Later on I can use him for longer periods. The study is hard, taxing to brain and nerves, but interesting. The teacher seems pleased with my progress, however, so I peg away at each day's tasks, not daring to think of the thousands of words and characters ahead! I have mastered the writing of fifty of them this week, and as I wrote them this afternoon for "Chao hsien sheng," he said "hen hao," which means "very good." I will not bore you with "shop talk" about study, though, for it would not be intelligible or interesting.

Let me tell you my name, however,—it is "Su" (Soo), and my title is "Chiao Shih" (Jowsha), meaning teacher. We have to coin a word for nurse, there is none such in this language. The character is part of that for Jesus—it means "reviver of spirits," and when Dr. Tucker gave me my name, after conference with others of the mission, it was with the prayer that I might be worthy of its significance.

All in the station have been most cordial to the newcomer,—Chinese and foreigners alike, and in many ways I begin to feel quite at home. Partly by reason of my weakness and because of necessity, my time must go chiefly to language work. I have not entered into much of what is going on. But I've had my eyes and ears open and have seen much at my very door. I have been into the hospital several times with the doctors to see special cases, though not to work, and my heart fills with marvel and praise for what has been done. Many of the cases are pitiful, coming as they do in their last extremity; others are happy in relief from suffering, all eager for a word from their beloved doctor whom they're so glad to have back. I am glad that some day all will be blessed with a better place to work.

As the cool days and cooler nights come and I am kept warm with heavy clothing,—sweater-coat, abundance of bedding, a stove in my study and bedroom both,—my thoughts and heart go out to the many about me who will suffer this winter.

The last two Sundays I have been allowed to attend the morning preaching service, Pastor Wu in charge. The tunes sung are familiar and I sing English to them; some one tells me where the Scripture is and I follow along the text. So I get the spirit of the service if not the spoken message! I take note during the sermon of the words I hear and recognize,—it is good practice for my ear and relieves the monotony of sitting under an address one cannot understand.

AN AFRICAN KINDERGARTEN

BY JANETTE E. MILLER, OCHILESO, WEST AFRICA

The beginning of the year has three big events in view—opening of school, examination and Christmas. I shall be glad to make the plunge into real work though it seems a wee bit like a dive into ice water just now, with my uncertain tongue.

We have a new primary Sunday-school room which will be my kindergarten. It is a low wall covered by a round thatched roof high enough to leave a good big space for air. The floor is mudded and marked in squares. It looks very nice, but I shall take pains to get the cracks filled up for they catch too much dirt and jigger seeds. The benches are not yet made, so the children who were cleaned up for Sunday went after leaves to sit on. The classes have to go out under trees to separate but it is a great improvement upon the dirty and dangerous saw pit where they have met for so long. The only advantage about the saw pit was the roof for shade and pieces of wood and logs to sit upon. The big folks have been getting most of the attention and all of the advantages, but we feel that the children should have most because they are the future. They do not show such shining results at once, but work with them will lay a foundation which is greatly needed here for really effective work.

My kindergarten is a fine new "onjango" just finished. It is a circular wall surrounded by a round thatched roof but there is a good wide space between the two, so we have plenty of light and air. The floor is mudded so it is like cement and I have a box cupboard, a sand table, two long low tables marked with squares, and strong benches. I have not much kindergarten material but I do not need more at present. My first "gift" is a basin of water. They march in singing "Good morning, kind teacher" (only I am thankful to say, the Umbundu words leave out the "kind"). Then we sing another song or two, and the prayer with bowed heads. I have no music so I have to learn the tunes myself before I come to school. The children are the dearest cunning things and they do want to learn. I wish you could see Susinda, Sakelo's little girl, learning to wash. She is as pretty as she is good, and a regular little woman. She is clean usually. I told you how she trotted all over the platform on Christmas Day. She is older now and knows how to behave. Her youthful uncle, our little Isaya, is my helper. He makes wonderful landscapes on the sand table.

Well, we have just begun, but my plans are already laid, and I think

you would find my kindergarten quite different from those you know. I want to give these children what they have not at home, and lay a foundation for character building. What their eyes get of color, their hands of form, and their ears of tune, will be extra, but I hope to find time for it all.

CONFERENCE OF CHRISTIAN WOMEN WORKERS AT FOOCHOW

BY EMILY S. HARTWELL

We are just finishing our first Union Conference of Christian Women Workers. The meetings were held in the kindergarten room of the Methodist Girls' Orphanage. We have been planning this for many months and at the last a severe typhoon with protracted rains made it doubtful whether the program could be carried out. In spite of the walls of the kitchen of the English Mission Woman's School having melted in the rain, and many other damages, the fair weather made it possible to have the gathering and it has been a great spiritual feast. Miss Searle of the English Church Mission gave most searching daily Bible readings upon the Christian life. Each afternoon an hour was given to teaching the women to draw the map of Palestine, both on blackboard and on paper, and with the height of mountains marked as well as names of cities.

Immediately after the practical map drawing, followed an hour each afternoon upon Sunday-school work with model classes and full explanations and suggestions, a most helpful series during the five days, shared in by speakers from all the missions.

After each morning Bible reading, came a talk on some practical subject, such as hygiene, or how to reach the women in their homes, or how to open day classes to teach the women the Bible. We feel sure that the hundred women workers attending this conference from our three missions, start out on their fall work with a great impetus toward more thorough consecration and better methods.

We missionaries also went to the conference with our hearts quickened by the most deeply spiritual talks of Dr. White of the Bible School of New York, who came to us in the midst of a typhoon, climbed Kuliang in the wind and rain of the raging elements and for four days addressed an audience which had also braved the bitter blast. Mr. Campbell White came with his brother and gave us a broader insight into the needs of the home churches and our personal responsibility and relationship with

them. His talks were full of facts and most suggestive of methods for increasing our usefulness as missionaries in our relation with the home workers. We hope that Union Bible Schools both for men and women workers may in the future grow out of this visit of Dr. White and his brother to Foochow.

WORK FOR GIRLS AT TALAS, TURKEY

BY STELLA LOUGHRIDGE

The work of the school has continued steadily through the year. The teachers have done faithful work and have lost practically no time through illness. The girls have shown unusual earnestness resulting in a higher standard of work than ever before.

Our number is slightly smaller than in the previous year and our graduating class numbers only three girls. We have been unable so far to get a large number of day pupils. Talas is not a city. It is only a town and a town in which sectarian prejudice is strong. The people here, are very slow to feel the need of a higher education for girls than they can get in their own church schools. In this respect, however, we have seen improvement within the last two years, for we are getting some girls from good Gregorian families after they have graduated from their own schools.

We have hope that a closer relation between these schools and ours may grow out of a teachers' club which has been formed among the teachers of the Gregorian schools of Talas, and our own teachers.

Cesarea is the large city to which we must look as the source of supply for our schools. But Cesarea has never been awakened educationally and never will be, until we can organize a regular system of primary and intermediate day schools there under our care. This we hope to do.

A beginning has been made, for, in addition to Miss Burrage's kindergarten, we have a flourishing primary school, and our plan is to open another primary or intermediate school there this fall. At present, girls coming from the native schools of Cesarea must study six or seven years in the Talas school before graduation. That is a long time for the girls to be spared from home and if we had suitable day schools in Cesarea, the preparatory work could be done with much less expense and for a much larger number.

We are pleased to notice an increasing desire among our graduates for further study and training. Some of them, after teaching a few years have been able to go away for a year or two of study in the normal school at Smyrna and others are planning to do so.

Every one of our class of seven girls, graduated last June, is teaching in the cities and villages of the Cesarea field and most of them expect to continue in the coming year. Reports which come to us of their work, assure us of their faithfulness, and we feel that they are real forces in the uplift of their communities.

A WORKER AMONG MOSLEM GIRLS

(Extract from a personal letter.)

“I am very thankful that I had opportunity to visit my Moslem friends this summer. I am glad God helped me to find them and to talk friendly to each other. I am glad some of our friends are truly becoming a really ‘Musli Iman,’ but needs some good workers in this great work. I found that some of them are ready to understand which is right and what is wrong. I met a young lady about twenty-eight years old. She married when eleven years old, with a fifty years’ old husband. She said she was an orphan child. She said her uncle took fifteen *liras*, and gave her to this old man. She never knew anything about her soul or herself also. She used to live in this house. She never thought about other life of eternal. She have a nice house, and such a dear girl named Asha, poor child. She looks so unthoughtful, more than her mother. I saw many things on her hair braids,—several *miscas* and blue and white beads, and many different colored threads tied with the several knots on her arm. I ask to Asha, ‘What are this things, do you know?’ She said, ‘Mother said all these threads a dervish tied for to save me from every kind of sickness, and these things that you see on my hair are to save me from bad eyes,’ and poor thing, she believed that as long as she carry them on her she is safe enough from every sickness. I talk for a long time with them and took Asha to my school, and she is learning that they are nothing; they have no power to keep the people from harm. And she learned small verses from Bible and little prayers, and after three weeks she came to school with the bright eyes, and hands and face are very clean. I saw all kind of thread gone from her arm. I ask Asha ‘What is the matter with you, where are the threads?’ She said, ‘*Tester haji* (Sister Esther), I know that they are useless, and I don’t want to put on

any more. I believe that Haag Taala (God) can keep us from every bad things. I'll pray to Allah Taala Azim eull Shan (Great God). He can do every good thing to us.' Dear Asha had a very bad sickness, and I went to visit her. Her mother was crying. There was more than fifteen women near to her bed. If you saw them you will think that they came only to kill her. I went to see her face. I felt she have very high fever. I opened the windows. I gave her a *lamoornits* (lemonade) to drink,—poor thing began to talk. Now time came to talk about the threads. Some of them said, 'This sickness came to her because she took out the threads.' Some of them, 'This is a punishment to her.' Some of them wants to tie them again, but poor Asha does not want to tie them. We had a 'great big' conversation with them. I gave her a nice warm bath, and I ordered to give two times every day, and I took a doctor there, and after a week she was up from her bed. Now she is coming to my school. She is very kind one and learns very fast. I wish I could write those conversation which we had near the sick bed with the Moslem women.

'I met also some teachers. They began to say, 'Your work, your books and your millet is not good.' Always my answer is this: 'Let us love our Father in heaven with all our hearts and be good and help to them that needs our helps; let us be Christians, no matter.'''

SHANSI IN SUMMER

BY LUCY I. MEAD

Miss Mead, who has been loaned by the W. B. M. I. to the Tung-chou station to assist Miss Leavens temporarily, writes happily of an excursion into Shansi made last summer before the work and workers there were shadowed by the sorrows of war and famine.

You will see by this date that I am off on a glorious vacation, and may be interested to hear of our recent trip to Kusi Lin Ti, four of us girls, in company with the De Haans and Mr. Martin, out on a two days' "lark." The first day we went through the finest scenery I have seen in China,—a gorge through the mountains twisting and turning so that we could not see two hundred yards ahead of us, with the steep rock sides of the canyon changing to a slope terminating in the high peak with its mantle of green. Oh, it was all so beautiful and wonderful!

From the gorge we turned into a very narrow valley. It would have been a gorge too, if the sides of the mountains had been steep instead of a gentle green slope, and there we started up the real donkey trail. Soon we were at the narrow pass and stopped to look.

Behind lay peak after peak which we had passed, though we could not follow the gorge. Beyond lay the high plateau among which was Futai

valley and our mills and beyond that lay the great plain, and as a speck on it was Fenchowfu's pagoda and the smoke from the city, and way beyond was the eastern range of mountains.

After a brief rest for lunch we started on and our path, as we approached the mountain with terraced slope well cultivated, turned at right angles into a long, broad, almost straight north and south valley, with hardly a breath of air stirring. The early afternoon Oriental sun beating down on us and our beasts, made pith hats, sun umbrellas and dark glasses a happy combination, and I did not have the slightest headache.

Last year a party took the trip, spending a day at the place known as Kusi Lin Ti. It was a surprise to us, and we almost doubted our cook when he pointed to a wee village of about eighteen families, living in the most forlorn, dilapidated mud houses, and inside and outside everything dirty and ill-kept, and said that was our destination. We had heard that last year some of the parties slept on the roof, but we saw no roof that looked inviting, though a Christian family was most delighted to do anything and everything for us.

We were ready to camp out in the woods if necessary, but yonder spied a white temple off by itself upon the hillside, and upon investigation decided to stay there. Inside was one large room, outside a large porch, a nice large court. We used an old door on two of the paniers for a table, opened out our cots for seats, and had five o'clock tea, an old Christian man bringing us many jars of boiled water.

Gertrude Chaney, Grace McConnaughey and I decided the top of yonder highest peak was too much of a climb, so we let the others go up, while Grace and I went up another slope into the pine woods where we picked all kinds of flowers, sat under the trees and watched the changing lights and clouds over the peaks on all sides. The others were on top of two ridges with two valleys between them, and we could hear and distinguish their voices. The air was so clear and the place was so far away from sources of other sound waves, that it had but slight interference, which made me appreciate the work of wireless waves more than ever.

It was dark when we reached the temple, and all went to bed by candle-light. The two foreign men and the cook slept on the porch outside and the ladies inside the large room. Opposite the door was the long altar with twelve idols about a foot high. Next to it at the right was a big hideous idol, and next that were two sedan chairs—in one a big idol and in the other a small one. They are the rain gods, which in time of drought were carried out and worshiped with due ceremony. Two of our cots were placed lengthwise in front of these idols with our feet toward a huge empty wooden coffin and our heads toward the center of the room. At the other end of the room with head toward us were two other empty coffins.

It rained in the night, though I am sure the rain gods did not leave the temple, and after breakfast it continued a fine rain, but it was Saturday and we wanted to get home. The village people begged us to stay and hold service, but none of us had been in the country twenty months so we could scarcely hold a real service.

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