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APRIL, 1912

NO. 4

Life and Light For Woman

Jesus Christ . . . hath
abolished death, and
hath brought life and im-
mortality to light through
the Gospel. :: :: ::

Congregational Woman's Boards
of Missions
PUBLISHED IN BOSTON

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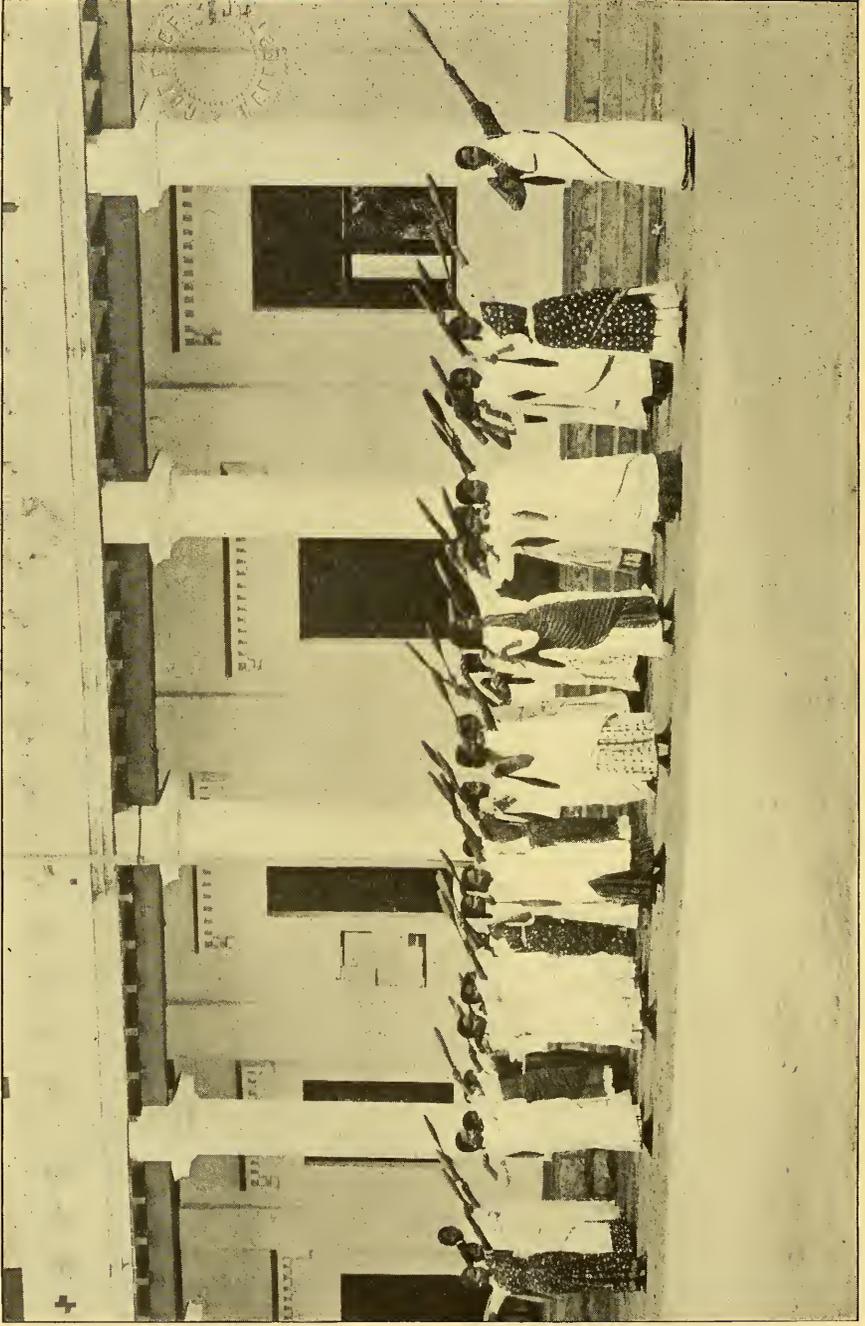
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SCHOOLGIRLS AT MANGALAPURAM, MADURA. (See page 163.)



THE FESTIVAL OF JOY

BY MRS. EMILY L. MCLAUGHLIN

Blue skies! Sunny streams! The breath of new life in woods and fields! These are the signs of its coming.

Soon the glad Easter bells will ring out from steeples far and wide! Once again the churches will be thronged with worshipers (let us hope). In any event no empty pews at Easter! Spring flowers will shed their fragrance on the air, and give subtle hints of resurrection glory!

Church organs, newly tuned, will peal forth triumphant strains of music! The old Doxology at its best will strike a note of victory all its own! The "Chief Singers" will once more arise to the inspiring occasion and chant in stately measure the great Apostolic affirmation,—

"Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept."

Then the familiar chapters, the prayers, the sermons and the hymns of victory! "From every land, yes, thanks be to God, from every land, a multitude on earth, that no man can number, will join the unnumbered hosts of heaven, to swell the mighty Hallelujah chorus of the glad Easter-tide!"

The Hosannas of little children will once more be heard in the temples, and fresh young voices will rehearse the sweet old story of Mary at the Saviour's tomb.

Nor will this joyful oblation of the church militant be the "fruit of the lips" only. To crown the festal day, offerings will be brought. Love-gifts will be laid at His dear feet,—gold and silver, that will enrich His treasury, and which transmuted into service will help to send the Easter Message on its way, and to infuse new life into the work of His Kingdom everywhere.

The sick and the shut-in ones, and those who minister in His name in difficult places and at isolated posts of duty, will be held in grateful re-

membrance, and will share in the Easter blessing. From the hidden shrines of patient, suffering hearts will ascend the sweetest incense of praise and thanksgiving unto Him who hath loved us and hath by His death and resurrection, "Opened the gates of Everlasting Life to all believers!"

Above the quiet resting places of our beloved, who "Sleep in Jesus" "Until the day break and the shadows flee away," will shine the Easter Star of Hope—that sure hope which is faith's fruition and which resting on the promise of God enters "into that within the veil." "For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him."

But the mystery of it all! If only one could know just a little more! Who has not sent up this passionate appeal to the silent heavens, in some crucial hour of life! How slow of heart have we been to learn the lesson of the mysteries!

But Easter has come again! We are once more beside the empty tomb. It is the voice of the risen Lord that breaks the stillness of the resurrection morning! Before Him stands a woman with a radiant face, and a heart that is almost ready to break for joy because she has found Him! She would clasp his feet in rapturous adoration—but no—not yet: "Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father."

What can this mean? On the very threshold of her glad discovery she is met by mystery: "Go to my brethren, and say . . . , I ascend,"—a message the full meaning of which of course she has not the faintest conception. She does not seem to mind. She is completely absorbed by the Master himself. Already her powers of thought and endurance are taxed to their utmost limit by what she does know. He is living! She is looking into His dear face! He knows her, and has called her by name! And oh, the unspeakable joy of doing something for Him!

Mary cannot understand mysteries *but she can trust and obey*, and if there be such a thing as "Immortal Fame," if to be closely associated with the greatest event in history; if to reveal to the world unconsciously one of the heart-secrets of the Christian life, and to have one's name spoken tenderly wherever the gospel is known, to the end of time,—if this be it, then Mary Magdalene has won "Immortal Fame"!

Love is a wonderful teacher. Faith and obedience must precede knowledge in the realm of the spiritual. That Christianity has mysteries is its glory! That it is large enough to compass two worlds; that it has to do with eternal truth, with infinite resources, and with Life Everlasting, is the crown of our Easter rejoicing!

“The secret things belong unto the Lord our God,” but are we not greatly encouraged to think upon them? The Bible within easy reach, it is our happy privilege to “dream dreams and to see visions” of that

“Land of pure delight
Where saints immortal reign.”

A well-ordered imagination may be a helpful stimulus to faith, and nothing is too good to be true, since “Christ the Lord is risen!”

Heaven begins here. For all who would know the deeper and richer experiences of the inner life there is an ample supply. Let us remember, however, that “Spiritual things are spiritually discerned.” It is ours to cultivate the spiritual faculty, that by communion with Christ, by fellowship with His friends, by study and service and sacrifice, there shall be secured a clearer apprehension of truth and of duty, a broader outlook, and a finer sense of personal obligation.

And when at last, “Love crowns all,” and the yearning of the spirit is, “That I may know Him and the power of His resurrection,” then those things which are revealed will not only satisfy the deepest longings of the heart, but will call into exercise the highest intellectual processes of which the mind is capable, and the mysteries will take care of themselves.

As Dr. Marcus Dods so truly says: “What we need now and always is not men who can witness to the fact of the resurrection, but those who can bear in upon our spirits the impression, that there is a risen Lord and a risen life through dependence upon Him.”

Christ’s Easter gift to the early church was the “Baptism of the Holy Spirit.” He was given for all time. “Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you” is the promise. Let us with grateful hearts accept the priceless gift.

The demands of our work are imperative! We need spiritual reinforcement that will enrich our service and thus bring joy to the heart of our risen Lord and Saviour, unto whom “be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen!”

“Not to the vanquished
Heaven opens its portals;
Rest is the glory given
To crownèd immortals.
Think not of mere release,
Welcomed victorious
God giveth more than peace,—
His rest is glorious!”



For many years the name of Harriet Seymour has been a household word among those who love the work of the Woman's Board. She was born in Rochester, N. Y., January 5, 1831, and "They Rest from Their Labors." went to Harpoot as a missionary of the American Board in 1867, remaining there thirty-seven years,—a term of service broken by only one furlough in America. During most of that time she was strengthened and blessed by the companionship of her friend and associate, Miss Bush. Together they had charge of the girls' school for several years, together they toured the great Harpoot field, passing through marvelous experiences, bearing joyfully the spoiling of their goods for Christ's sake and the gospels in the terrible massacre days of 1895, when they proved themselves to be veritable angels of mercy to the stricken people. In the little booklet, "The Story of Two Friends," written by Miss Bush and published by the Woman's Board, may be found some details of the devoted life of "Saint Harriet" as she was often called by the "Harpoot-lis." But no earthly record can adequately tell the story of this beloved missionary and of the hundreds of women among whom she labored and who will now mourn for the dear friend who has passed into the heavenly life. Among that "multitude whom no man can number" must be many of the daughters of sorrow who were comforted and led to their Saviour by Miss Seymour. Since her return to this country in 1904 she has been tenderly cared for in the home of her niece, Mrs. D. Kennedy, in Lansdowne, Pa., a suburb of Philadelphia. Though frail in body, her spirit was as strong and radiant as ever and even in the midst of the suffering of the last weeks of her life, occasioned by a fall which fractured her hip, she murmured bright messages to dear ones, and as a member of her family said, "was a perpetual benediction in the house," till on February 15th she passed on in the triumphant strength of her Lord's abiding presence on earth to his immediate presence in glory. Miss Bush lingers to bless the friends in the Missionary Home at Auburndale and the wider circle who bear her in tender remembrance in these days of sorrow.

On the evening of the same day, February 15th, Miss Florence A. Fensham died suddenly of heart failure in Chicago. This announcement will recall to many her years of association with foreign missions under the auspices of the Woman's Board of Missions, in Turkey first as a teacher in the Constantinople Home, and later as dean of the American College for Girls when that institution became a college. Those who knew her best will bear testimony to her efficiency as an instructor,

especially in biblical literature and comparative religions, and to her usefulness as a strong spiritual force.

During an absence from Turkey in the midst of these years, she took a course in Chicago Theological Seminary, where she held the "high honor scholarship," and in 1902 received the degree of bachelor of divinity.

Since returning to this country she has been engaged in important work, and at the time of her death was dean of the Congregational Training School for Women in Chicago, and was a valuable member of the executive committee of the Woman's Board of the Interior, apparently strong and well and intensely active in a useful career now so suddenly terminated.

Hand in hand with these tidings came word of the release from suffering of Mlle. Zeline Cronier, beloved friend and companion of Dr. Harriet E. Parker of Madura, whose death occurred January 14th. Though not under appointment by the Board, she was no less a true missionary and has given unstintedly of herself ever since she left her home in Paris, France, to join her friend in Madura in 1897. For some weeks Mlle. Cronier had been weary and ill in body, but seemed better when Dr. Parker sailed for America in December. The news of her death after a sharp, short illness, has come to Dr. Parker as she begins her furlough in California, herself spent in strength, and brings a burden of sorrow grievous to be borne. A further account of Mlle. Cronier's lovely service will be given in the May *LIFE AND LIGHT*.

With this issue of *LIFE AND LIGHT* we bring to a close the series of articles upon the United Study of Missions. Appropriate indeed for an **An Easter** Easter topic is the subject of the fifth chapter of the text-book, **Number.** "Christ the Only Light of the World." The meditation on "The Festival of Joy" by Mrs. Emily L. McLaughlin, the summing up of the chapter by Miss Ives' practiced pen, and the vivid illustration of the human power to reflect that Light as shown in Mrs. Pettee's tender "Appreciation" of the sainted and lamented Miss Talcott of the Japan Mission,—all bear directly upon the glory of Easter.

"In the Shadow of Meenatchi's Temple," by Miss Lamson, and the bright description of the new building at Marsovan, are scarcely less illuminating in their sharp contrasts and their ascriptions of praise to the "Name that is above every Name." Miss Caldwell, who contributes the latter article, is a sister of Mr. S. L. Caldwell, one of the professors

in the International College at Smyrna. She is kindly giving her services at Marsovan this year and is a blessing both to the faculty and students.

Miss Hubbard's Easter story and the latest news from "Our Field Correspondents" will give additional material for program makers as well as for those who are month by month eager readers of the news from the "firing line."

Early in March Rev. and Mrs. John S. Porter said good-by to their friends in the United States and sailed from New York, March 2d, for

Missionary the land of Huss to take up again their self-denying labors
Personals. in Prague. They prolonged their stay in this country hoping to raise needed funds for the proper housing of the Church of Christ in Bohemia, and are returning cheered by the substantial gifts of several kind friends, though the whole sum desired has not yet been received.

Mrs. Robert A. Hume of Ahmednagar, Mrs. Henry T. Perry of Sivas, Turkey, and Rev. Philip A. Delaporte and family from the Marshall Islands, are among the friends who have visited the Rooms the past few weeks.

Miss Esther Fowler and Miss Edith Gates of the Marathi Mission are expecting to sail April 8th for America. Miss Fowler comes on special leave at her own expense, and Miss Gates anticipates her regular furlough by a few months in order to attend her class reunion at Mt. Holyoke College.

The missionaries of the Bitlis station, Eastern Turkey Mission, have sent an urgent appeal that the Woman's Board will enable them to retain

A Much-needed the services of Miss Laura McDowell who is a trained
Nurse. nurse, and whose salary, at present supplied by the hospital funds at Van, where she formerly served, will expire April 1st.

One of the missionaries pleads the case in this way: "Bitlis is the only station of the mission that has no missionary physician or hospital, and it is the only station that has no reliable native physician. In case of serious illness we should telegraph to Van, but it would take Dr. Ussher three days in winter to come—over fearful roads.

"Since we have no physician, it is some comfort and relief to our minds to have an experienced and capable nurse at hand. Should Miss Charlotte Ely have an attack of pneumonia, for instance, as she did nearly two years ago, only a trained nurse would know what to do, and in such an illness good nursing is half the battle. She would know, too, when an illness was serious enough to justify summoning Dr. Ussher,

Then there is Mr. Maynard with his strength not fully restored after his operation, and the baby who gave his mother many a terribly anxious hour last winter because he seemed so ill and she did not know what was the matter or what to do for him. What a relief to her mind to have Miss McDowell here, who has had much experience in a children's hospital. She brought our pastor's wife through a case of erysipelas which seemed likely to prove fatal. Then, in case of illness in our boarding schools—!"

Miss McDowell herself adds: "I began medical work here soon after my arrival, and aside from clinic two afternoons each week, I have averaged a call six days out of each week. This has given me a splendid opportunity for meeting the native people, especially Turkish women. Almost one fourth of my patients are Turkish women.

"I miss my nurses and my hospital very much, but I don't want to return home until I must—for my heart should still remain with the native people. I hope to spend my life in Turkey. And the Misses Ely are a daily inspiration for one so minded. Oh, but they are a devoted couple to the Lord's work in Bitlis! And it is not without its appreciation from all in the city."

The sum needed is \$418 to be paid annually, either all at one time or in several payments as the donor or donors may arrange. Will not some one respond to this call for help? The Misses Ely, who went out in 1868, have drawn only one salary between them all these forty-four years and have given with lavishness of their strength and worldly goods for the people among whom they love to work. For further details write to our assistant treasurer, Miss S. Emma Keith.

THE FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD

RECEIPTS FROM JANUARY 1 TO FEBRUARY 18, 1912

	For Regular Work.	For Buildings.	For Work of 1912.	For Special Objects.	From Legacies.	Total.
1911	\$14,069.46	\$1,165.00		\$289.10	\$5,820.16	\$21,343.72
1912	13,122.83	1,407.89	\$143.30	163.11	1,600.50	16,437.63
Gain		242.89	143.30			
Loss	946.63			125.99	4,219.66	4,906.09

FOR FOUR MONTHS TO FEBRUARY 18, 1912

1911	30,475.32	5,986.50		675.77	10,495.92	47,633.51
1912	30,803.72	3,103.78	4,532.14	813.72	3,035.50	42,288.86
Gain	328.40		4,532.14	137.95		
Loss		2,882.72			7,460.42	5,344.65

It was a coincidence interesting to American citizens that the morning papers of February 12th—Lincoln's birthday—announced the abdication of the Manchu rulers of China, as declared in an edict saying, "We decide the form of government to be a constitutional republic." This same edict appointed Yuan Shi Kai as president "to organize a provisional government, consulting the people's army as to the union of the five peoples,—Manchus, Chinese, Mongolians, Mohammedans and Tibetans." Yuan Shi Kai's first edict followed the next day, declaring that China shall be known henceforth as the Ching Hwa (Chinese Republic) and calling on the Powers to recognize it as such. Dr. Sun Yat Sen having resigned his position as head of the republican government at Nanking—apparently from purely patriotic reasons—Yuan Shi Kai was elected president in his place.

Grave and deep-seated difficulties lie before this little company of progressives in the midst of a great, illiterate, superstitious, heterogeneous nation. The first manifestation of the dangers which threatened came March 1st, with the news of mutiny among the soldiers the previous day, followed by serious fires, looting and the killing of many natives in Peking. Such conditions make the position of our missionaries and of all foreigners extremely precarious. A cable that day reporting our missionaries in Tung-chou and Peking to be safe came as a great relief. On March 5th another reassuring message was received stating that everything was quiet in Peking and that the Mission was under the protection of American soldiers. But the situation is very grave and gives much cause for apprehension.

The mind staggers before the thought of the hoary Empire of the Dragon transformed, in name, into a self-governing people; and the red, white and blue of China's new flag is a sight to make the nations wonder. The old order has passed, the new order is not established. No one can venture to prophesy what may transpire in the near future in the evolution of a safe and sane government. But yet, may we not dare to hope that, in time, greater liberty, more widespread knowledge and greater opportunity to establish the Christian faith will come in "the vast, wretched, wonderful, ignoble, splendid" land of China.

Meanwhile Central China is in the grasp of a mighty famine. Three millions of people are on the verge of starvation. The floods of last summer destroyed the crops and no harvests can be hoped for until May. President Taft, as president of the Red

Cross in America, has issued an appeal, asking for help for these famine sufferers, most of whom are honest, hard-working farmers.

A strong Relief Committee in Shanghai will receive and disburse the funds which will be forwarded through the State Department at Washington, with no deduction for expenses.

Headquarters for the China Famine Relief Committee in America is No. 1 Madison Avenue, New York City; Treasurer, Jacob H. Schiff.

One million dollars is the sum desired. Many churches observed Sunday, March 10th, as China Relief Sunday.

The ninth triennial conference of Woman's Boards of Foreign Missions of the United States and Canada was held in Philadelphia, Pa., February 28th and 29th. The sessions were held in the **Triennial Conference of Woman's Boards.** enant Methodist Episcopal Church, except the evening session of Wednesday, when an open meeting with a large attendance was held in the Calvary Presbyterian Church.

One hundred and seventeen delegates, representing thirty-eight Boards, registered. Topics of great interest were discussed; among these were, "The Plan of Federation," presented by Mrs. Henry W. Peabody, "Cooperation with the Student Department of Young Women's Christian Associations," by Miss Bertha Condé and others, and "Literature for Women of the Orient," by Miss Clementina Butler.

Notable addresses were made by Mrs. Peabody on "Fruits of the Jubilee," by Mrs. Montgomery on "China, the Church's Challenge," and by Mrs. H. S. Prentiss Nichols on "The Scientific Efficiency of Missions."

Mrs. W. F. McDowell, president of the Methodist Episcopal Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, presided graciously and skillfully throughout the Conference, and Miss Calder served as secretary and treasurer.

The spirit of prayer and of personal consecration were marked throughout all the sessions, and those in attendance felt it was a gathering of great value.

The ninth session of this school for women's foreign missionary societies will open Friday evening, July 12th, and close Friday noon,

Northfield July 19th. For preliminary circular apply to Miss **Summer School.** wood, 704 Congregational House, Boston. For accommodations, rooms and board, apply to Mr. A. G. Moody, East Northfield, Mass.

By invitation of the ladies of the auxiliary in Wellesley, Mass., the semi-annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions will be held in **Semi-annual** the Congregational Church of that delightful town, May **at Wellesley.** sixteenth. Further details of the meeting will be given in the May number of our magazine. Large delegations from as wide a circuit as possible will be expected and cordially welcomed. There will be a basket lunch.

It is certainly a pleasure to announce that the efforts made by our friends in various places during the year have resulted in an increase of **A Gain in** nearly thirteen hundred subscribers to LIFE AND LIGHT. In **Subscribers.** point of numbers, the Central Church, Brooklyn, heads the list with over a hundred subscribers, a large proportion of them being new. The Second Church, New London, Conn., is a close second with ninety-two names upon its list. The Asylum Church, Hartford, has made large gains. Glastonbury, Conn., has doubled its numbers and reports no subscriptions discontinued. Brattleboro, Vt., and Glen Ridge, N. J., have much more than doubled their number of subscribers, and doubtless many other societies would show a large proportion of increase, Albany, perhaps, having made the largest per cent of advance.

Our appreciative thanks go with this word to everyone who has helped to secure this gratifying gain, but let us not forget that we need seven hundred more names to reach even the modest goal of TWO THOUSAND NEW SUBSCRIBERS IN 1912. If each society can secure one more new subscriber during April we shall more than accomplish this result. With April, the four months end during which we are permitted by the post office rules to carry unpaid subscriptions. Please renew at once if you have not already done so, for she who pays quickly pays twice almost literally, in the saving of time, postage and labor. Make check or money order payable to Helen S. Conley.

The wonderful success of interdenominational study classes this year ought to lead many to try the plan. New York, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, **A New Plan** Brooklyn, among large cities, and Montclair, Beverly, Newton **of Study.** and Newton Centre, are striking examples of "How to do it." For those circles of women who find the study of Dr. Speer's book difficult, we would advise that they combine with other societies in the town or city and ask the pastors to give the lectures. They will gladly assent and the course can be covered in six weeks with one lecture a week. The only requirements are that the members of the class have the book

and read the chapter in order to understand and to take part in the discussion that should follow.

If the study for this year has not been followed, we urge a trial of this plan. Dr. Speer's book is quite too valuable to miss. We, as Christian women, greatly need these lessons. If a community is so fortunate as to have several able leaders among its women, or one pre-eminently fitted to take the entire course, it will do as well, though there are certain advantages to be gained from pastoral leadership.

"CHRIST THE ONLY LIGHT"

BY ELLA GILBERT IVES

Miss Ives, who is the National Superintendent of the Department of Co-operation with Missionary Societies, W. C. T. U., and who is well known in literary circles, kindly contributes this review of Chapter VI of Dr. Speer's text-book.

IN the previous chapters of Mr. Speer's admirable book, he has given candid examination and generous appraisal to the non-Christian religions. Each is star-like in a sky that arches a darkened world. By their feeble light, mankind gropes onward and upward through the night, following the gleam. Then suddenly—

"Day!

Faster and more fast,

O'er night's brim, day boils at last:

Boils, pure gold."

Christ the only Light puts out the stars. Chapter VI might be called "Sunrise."

As if to enhance the glory of Christianity, Mr. Speer precedes his final chapter with "Asia's Own Opinion of the non-Christian Religions," given by men in whose hearts the day-star has arisen. Nothing could lead up with more finality to the conclusion that the august claims of Christ are valid,—that he and he only is the Light of the World.

It is the aim of the book to buttress that claim by the modern method of strict scrutiny and fearless comparison. The last chapter is a climax of cumulative evidence and irrefutable logic.

The difficulties in the way of a just comparison are not minified. Conclusions reached by Oriental minds making similar comparisons, are humbling and instructive. It is well for us to face such facts and inferences as are recorded by Uchimura in his *Diary of a Japanese Convert*. It begets tolerance and sympathy for those without the pale, to admit his charges

against Christendom, of pauperism, gambling, drunkenness, thefts and murders—summed up in the words of his traveled countrymen, “Christendom is a beastly land.” To reply, “Christianity does not shelter or excuse these evils,” brings the retort, “Neither do our religions sanction the immoralities of their followers. They, too, point out the path of morality and command us to walk in it.”

Let it be conceded, then, that the ethical standards of Mohammed, Buddha and Confucius are in some particulars as lofty as those of Jesus; that there is truth to build upon in their religions, and capacity for truth in their followers. The fact remains that there is an immeasurable difference between the founders of those religions and the founder of Christianity. The living argument is conclusive. Christ is unanswerable. His last command is binding.

The author does not fail to examine the prevalent and specious arguments against that command—the Christian’s warrant for missionary enterprise,—viz. : “Each Religion Best for Its Own Adherents”; “All Religions Essentially One”; “Each Religion a Way to God”; “The Final Religion to be a Symphony of All Religions.”

Demolishing to these positions is the great body of evidence gathered from missionaries at the World Conference in Edinburg. The final report is quoted in proof of the assertion that the non-Christian religions are chiefly valuable in revealing those elemental needs of the soul which Christianity alone can satisfy.

The Christian religion having been compared with the non-Christian religions in its faith and doctrine, it is then tested by its fruit and vitality. It alone reveals God as holy, just and merciful; conceives of sin as transgression of his will, and of salvation as conformity to that will. It alone reveals the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. It alone elevates woman to her rightful plane of equality with man, and recognizes the child as the hope of the race. If Christianity had done nothing else than to open a door of hope to girls, it would have an irresistible claim to the allegiance of half the human race.

This just valuation of the sexes, and the discovery of the significance of childhood are among the Bible’s chief credentials. The Bible challenges comparison with the sacred books of all time.

Finally, Christianity being a life and not a mere system, the non-Christian religions being each a system and not a life, the two, strictly speaking, are incommensurable. This fundamental and divisive distinction is well put by Uchimura in his *Diary*:—

"Christianity is more and higher than Heathenism. It is Heathenism plus Life. . . . It of all religions works from inside. It is what Heathenism has been searching and groping after with much weeping. It not only shows us the good, but it makes us good. . . . It provides us not only with the way, but with the Life as well; with the Rail as well as with the Engine."

The frontispiece of the book conveys the same truth. The lost sheep hovered over by the eagle with cruel talons, is saved by the good Shepherd. The crook, the halo about the bowed head, the compassionate, out-stretched arm, belong to one only among all founders of religions—the matchless, the adorable Christ.

"THE POWER OF AN ENDLESS LIFE"

ELIZA TALCOTT, JAPAN, 1873-1911: AN APPRECIATION

BY MRS. JAMES H. PETTEE

NEW ENGLAND born and bred, of the stanch old Puritan stock that crossed the Atlantic in 1612 and settled in Connecticut, with the stamp of cultured womanhood from years as pupil and teacher at Miss Porter's still famous Farmington school, "our Miss Talcott" brought across land and sea in 1873 just the rare personality needed to begin and carry on that work for the new Japan which filled her heart and mind for thirty-eight long years.

One of the first lady missionaries to take up work for this exacting, critical people, she early mastered the difficult idioms of this difficult language so that when Dr. Imbrie's *Handbook* appeared in 1880, the young women of the Okayama Station were wonderfully helped in their study by the modest but enlightening comments and emendations "to make our words and phrases more acceptable to the ears of the Japanese ladies" she loved and sought to reach.

Well I remember the condition on which was granted to the writer, then young and green, permission to accompany Miss Talcott in a week-end visit to an out-station, a mountain village twenty-five miles from anywhere.

"You may go if you will learn to use the polite forms of salutation, to sit upon your heels and bow to the floor, to eat the native food with the native chopsticks, and keep up the reputation for good breeding which the foreigner has in that mountain town."

It was worth the long tiresome jinrikisha ride, the cold, cheerless hotel, the hard bed, the poor food, and the aching limbs to see the almost mascu-

line virility and strength of body and mind, the intimate knowledge of and tireless patience in observing the forms and ceremonies of Japanese etiquette, the utter forgetfulness of self, and the wise and tender leading into the "Jesus Way" of the men and women who gathered in her room from early morn till far into the night. It all made a never-to-be-forgotten object lesson and commentary on the Acts of the Apostles in times both ancient and modern.

Miss Talcott's parish was the whole empire, though her first years were spent in Kobe, where with the help of Miss Dudley, her fellow-traveler, she founded in 1875 what is now Kobe College.



MISS ELIZA TALCOTT

In 1880 the new interior station of Okayama called her, and all through this province her spiritual children are still living in city and town, in hamlet and village. Here she found and saved the earnest little Bible woman, Mrs. Sumiya, once a fascinating *geisha*, then the petted mistress of one of Okayama's foremost citizens. Like a mother she taught and cherished the girl who literally gave up all for Christ, and together they two have saved and blessed hundreds of the lonely, the sorrowing, the sin-sick women of this land of all ranks and conditions in life. She traveled wearisome

miles in *jinrikisha*, in small boats, in springless carts, to carry words of counsel and comfort to her friends in out-of-the-way places, and on one such occasion only her own calm sweetness and the timely help of a Christian neighbor preserved her life against an attack made upon her with a huge kitchen knife by an infuriated husband who thought she was trying to get away from him his Christian wife,—one of Miss Talcott's former schoolgirls.

She knew no fear for herself. By day and by night, through crowded city streets or lonely byways, by the beds of the sick, and those dying of fever, smallpox or cholera, loving, tender, helpful, she moved in her sweet womanly dignity, the magically soothing touch of her hands or the gentle persuasiveness of her voice bringing peace and quiet to sufferer and nurse alike.

For four years she was the efficient evangelistic head and house-mother of the Doshisha Nurses' Training School. Patients and nurses alike still

talk of her tender sympathy, her intuitive understanding of their peculiar needs, and the quick life-giving help rendered to all those within her reach.

In 1894 during the Chino-Japanese war she was in Hiroshima, then military headquarters, spending long days in the hospitals cheering and nursing the sick and wounded soldiers, keeping at her self-appointed task through the heat of a terrible summer till she was laid low by the cholera raging through the city. Her life was saved only by her own calm judgment and the prompt attention of her physician and nurse, but she never entirely recovered from the effects of the dread disease.

Miss Talcott never lost hold of those she had once known and helped. Her correspondence was almost unlimited and as her spiritual children moved from place to place, she followed them with letters and helpful books. Like Paul, her prototype, she wrote to missionaries and Christians alike, commending to their care those whom she had loved and led into the light.

With all a gentlewoman's love of dainty clothing and the comforts possible in a missionary's life, many a time has she worn an old gown or gone without something greatly desired that she might put a warm garment on some poor sufferer, or quietly slip into the hand of a fellow missionary a generous offering for a needed charity.

To Mr. Ishii of Okayama Orphanage she has given freely for many years of her sympathy, her wisdom and her substance. He is and always will be loyal to her with the love of a *samurai*. She is the "mother of his faith." Mr. Muramatsu's Home for Discharged Convicts in Kobe has lost its best friend. She has stood by its head in his often discouraging work, has helped him physically, morally, financially, to an extent no one can really know.

In her gentle, deprecating way, she has also sometimes brought to the notice of her friends the needs of the Sakonjo School for the Blind, and we who gave her pennies for this knew she was giving not only dollars, but her own precious time and waning strength.

Fifteen years ago, frail and worn and weary, she returned to America. After several years of patient resting and recuperating with the sisters and others of the family circle so dear to her heart, she recovered sufficiently to go to Hawaii. In that genial climate she was able for two or three years to reach, comfort and lead to her beloved Master hundreds of the Japanese toilers, who welcomed her Japanese tongue and Japanese ways as a message from their own far country.

We wanted her back in Japan, we needed her, and she reluctantly

obeyed the call to the Woman's Bible School in Kobe, for the work in which she was then engaged was always the dearest to her heart.

In 1902 she began teaching the Bible women, and a glance into her well-stocked library shows she not only taught but studied, keeping abreast



FIVE VETERANS OF THE JAPAN MISSION

From left to right: Miss Barrows, Miss Parmelee,
Dr. J. D. Davis, Miss Talcott, Miss Julia Gulick

Photograph taken at Arima, 1908

of the best thought of the times in her own department of Bible research and practical evangelistic house-to-house visitation.

Her unbounded faith in human nature and charity for the erring were proverbial, and rarely did she lose heart even over the worst case. She was always seeking to find the best and most helpful environment for all her many weak or sinning children.

Her last illness was brief. With characteristic self-forgetfulness she asked the doctor to give her something to keep her going for six months

more. But even her indomitable spirit could no longer rule its frail tement of clay. After a few weeks of pain and weariness, happy in the loving ministrations of "her own" here on the field, she fell on sleep with the setting sun on November first.

Three days later, we to whom Japan without Miss Talcott seemed almost impossible gathered in the flower-filled room of the dear home at No. 59,— "Saints' Rest" we have called it for years. It was the Gulick home from which dear old Peter Gulick and his wife the mission "Grandma" went to their heavenly reward so long ago. The sainted Miss Dudley left her benediction of peace within its sheltering walls, and now the memory of Miss Talcott's blessed life of ministry will rest there too. Miss Barrows, last of the trio, is still its serene and gracious head.

Hundreds of "our mission's Saint Eliza's" pupils and friends, foreign and Japanese, brought together by a common sorrow, awaited her last coming to Kobe College Chapel. Twenty or more of the college girls carried before her the crowns and crosses, the beautiful floral offerings of her loving friends. A short impressive service in both languages, under the leadership of Dr. Pettee and Rev. Mr. Nagasaka of the Bible School, sounded the note of triumph, and the hymns she loved, the Japanese version of "He Leadeth Me" and that grand old English chorus "For all the saints who from their labors rest" and Tennyson's immortal "Crossing the Bar" reminded us all of her daily psalm of life.

When at noon of that bright November day we laid her to rest on the sunny hillside overlooking the harbor of Kobe the Beautiful, a day memorable in our mission annals as the anniversary of the translation of our soldier-priest, Dr. Davis, just the year before, and in 1900 of our hero-saint, Dr. Gordon, both names indissolubly connected with Dr. Neesima's Doshisha University, we felt for her it was not the end, but only the beginning of a wider, nobler, higher service, in ways we know not of, for the Master in whose footsteps she had followed, for like him she went about doing good.

Who can measure the life and influence of her labors on the future of this land she loved even unto death?

"I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live:

And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

UNDER MEENATCHI'S SHADOW

BY KATE G. LAMSON

IN MEENATCHI'S TEMPLE

PROBABLY no more splendid example of Hindu architecture exists than that found in the great Meenatchi temple in Madura. Covering a vast area, it holds within its gates great passages and halls, wonderful for carving and ornamental work, the golden lily tank of holy waters wherein the devotees of the goddess and her sacred elephants bathe, statues of "gods



GOLDEN LILY TANK OF MEENATCHI'S TEMPLE

many" in every conceivable situation and attitude, and the innermost shrine, which is the dwelling place of the goddess.

Humanity swarms through the dark passages. At the entrance and filling one of the most beautiful halls of the temple are stalls where wares of every kind are exposed for sale. A row of shrill-voiced parrots with brilliant plumage, gifts to the goddess from many lands, leads out from a point near the inner shrine. Through the noon hours prostrate figures may be seen lying on the pavements wrapped in sound slumber rather than in abundance of garments!

A woman is going nine times around a small shrine, dropping an offering of flowers or rice with each circuit. This statue is of Kali, the destroyer, who brings pestilence and trouble. The worshiper is trying to appease her, perhaps in behalf of the health and safety of some member of her family.

Most sacred of all is a small foul-smelling tank where fall the drippings of rancid oil and milk and butter used in bathing the idol. To drink this polluted mixture is to acquire infinite merit, and the faithful may frequently be seen so engaged, while to the visitor from a Christian land merely to pass by the place is almost unendurable.

MEENATCHI'S PEOPLE

Outside the temple the streets are thronged with the daily life of the people who are followers of Hinduism. Every occupation goes on by the road in front of the mud or stucco houses. An indolent, self-satisfied form of existence seems to prevail except where trades are being rather diligently plied.

Are these people happy in their simple lives and is it best to leave them undisturbed? An aged woman passes, body bent at right angles from carrying too heavy burdens on the head. The crowd jostles her, but no one cares or lifts a hand to help a cripple, while a leper's cry for alms passes unheeded. A body with gaudy coverings is carried by with chanting and beating of tom-toms on the way to the burning ghat. Obscene monuments adorned with flowers by worshipers appear with startling frequency, and over all falls the shadow of Meenatchi, baleful, poisonous.

THE BREATH OF A NEW LIFE

Out from this smothering atmosphere, out from this "bondage of corruption," it is with a sense of drinking a deep draught of fresh, pure air that we turn into the gateway of a mission compound and drive up to the door of the shining white building which is Capron Hall, the home of our Mangalapuram girls' school in Madura. "Place of blessing" is the interpretation of the name of the school, and such it proves itself to be to hundreds of girls who pass through its courses of study. (See frontispiece.)

Little children at their work and games in the pretty new kindergarten room, older girls in every standard from the lowest to the advanced high and normal classes,—all show in greater or less degree the effect of the reign of order, cleanliness, uprightness and intelligence into which they have come.

Thank God there is such a place where the sunlight of his truth may shine upon these girls born in the malarial shadows of a false religion.

“THE CHIEF CORNER STONE”

Again we turn from the filth and turmoil of the street into a doorway and pass through to a space filled with building material. Native Christian workers as well as members of the missionary circle are gathered with a large representation of children who are attendants at the West Gate day



HINDU DAY SCHOOL AT KOCHADAI

and Sunday schools. On all sides, on walls, roofs, and every available space stand, crowding, the people not touched by Christianity but eager on-lookers at this manifestation of it. Exercises follow and at the end Miss Day lays the corner stone of a new building for our West Gate school. The thought of Jesus Christ, our corner stone, is set before this varied audience, and we hope a new era will open with this important day for the field covered in the heart of Madura City by this school.

Another afternoon is spent in going with Miss Swift and her Bible women into some of the homes of her pupils. A Mohammedan house is first visited. Six women, the wives of the men of the household, are the pupils.

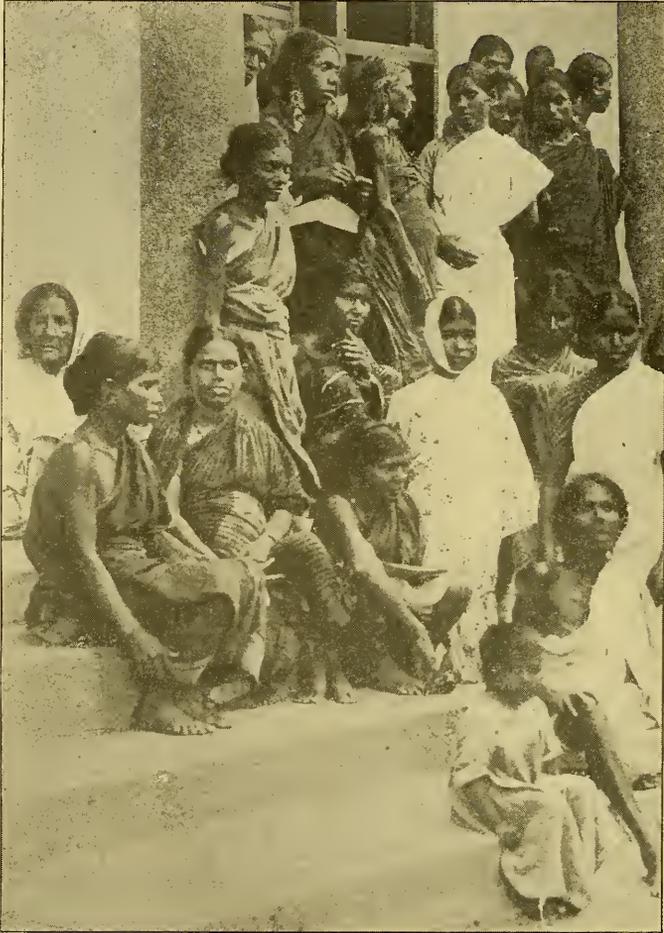


SOME OF THESE ARE FROM THE SILK WEAVER'S HOUSE



MISS LAMSON AND MISS DAY TOURING WITH MISS MARY M. ROOT

They form a striking picture, dressed in their brilliant silks and jewelry, sitting on the floor, listening intently as Miss Swift hears their lessons and



WAITING FOR THE DOCTOR, MADURA

then in language suited to their understanding tells them the story of the marriage at Cana of Galilee.

The next is a silk weaver's house. Thirty or more crowd in to see and hear. They bring the visitor a picture and an image and present these gifts a little shamefacedly as "the gods we *used* to worship."

The family cow trots briskly through the room while the class is in session, entering by the front door from the street and leaving by the rear, but not a ripple is caused upon the surface by an occurrence so common as this. A room on a house top shelters the third class. Only three or four are included in it, and they are beginners with all the things of the kingdom of God new and strange to them. The seed is sown with the same faithfulness in each of the three places, and the results are left with Him who gives the increase.

LIGHTENING THE DARKNESS

But it is not alone in the densely populated city that the work goes on. One entire day is spent with Miss Root in her bandy and in villages where her Bible women labor. Her gospel tent is spread to give shelter "from the burning of the noon-tide heat," and the Bible women come there to honor the guests with garlands and limes and expressions of gratitude to the Board which makes their work possible.

With Miss Root and these humble workers we thread our way through the narrow lanes of villages where the shadow of Meenatchi falls dark. A few mud houses open their doors to bid us welcome. We stoop to gain entrance through the low doorways. A crowd of learners and onlookers fill a tiny mud-walled room, the floor is the earth, the ceiling is rough thatch. The same story of the supply, unfailling, for every need in every land and age is told again, and the scene repeats itself in other houses. The adaptability of the religion of Jesus Christ is a marvel forced home upon us at every turn. A dispenser of simple remedies for bodily ailments accompanies Miss Root. Words pointing the sufferers to



BLIND PUPIL WITH TEACHER, MADURA

the Great Physician are first spoken and then the gentle ministry of healing goes on while Miss Root goes from house to house.

THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN

Close to Meenatchi's Temple rises a simple two-storied building, hospital and dispensary connected. Here it is not only "at even when the sun was set" that the sick press about the representative of Him who healed our diseases while upon earth, but at every hour of the twenty-four they come to plead for the help of Dr. Parker who cannot say no to a human need. During her absence on furlough Dr. Katherine Scott is filling the same large place, teaching the lesson of the compassionate Saviour to those who find no pity at Meenatchi's hands.

"THE DAY IS AT HAND"

Can shadows so dense and deadly ever be dispelled we ask each other? Slowly but surely center after center of Christian work makes answer, As comes the dawn, the Sun of Righteousness is rising over India. The noon-day is not yet, but the time will surely come when the shadow of Meenatchi shall give place to the brooding tenderness of the God of gods under the shadow of whose wings we find life and peace.

A PLACE OF SUNLIGHT

ANATOLIA GIRLS' SCHOOL

BY ALICE B. CALDWELL, MARSOVAN, TURKEY

ONE day early in the fall while walking in the school garden I noticed two little girls strolling up and down the path arm in arm. They were chattering in their vivacious way and one of them was making her crochet needle fly as fast as her tongue. On my inquiring what she was making she held up a dainty bag, and several little interpreters informed me that it was for the Christian Endeavor Bazaar. After that day I saw many busy fingers on the playground making the most of the hours out of doors.

The Junior Endeavorers help to support a little girl in a Chinese school and they were getting ready for a bazaar to help make the money for their adopted child. As the older girls were also intending to have a bazaar in order to buy books, it seemed best to combine the two.

On December 17th, therefore, the gymnasium of the beautiful new building at Anatolia Girls' School was a busy, buzzing hive of big girls and little girls, all intent—but courteously intent—upon enticing us to a prodigal

expenditure of our *paras*. I bought a cup of tea and a cookie for ten *paras*—a little over one cent—from the cake table to the right of the entrance. The candy table stood in front of the large south windows, and a table of “handworks” in front of the east window. It was the first bazaar ever held here, and at first there was some doubt as to the wisdom of it; but almost everything was sold in a little over an hour, the little girls gaining two *liras*, or about \$9, and the older girls seven *liras*.

The gymnasium is one of the most attractive rooms in South Hall. It is large and sunny and cheerful; and, in addition to its regular use, it makes a fine reception hall, as well as a place for the Christian Endeavor socials and the little entertainments given by the girls.

The rooms on the first floor of South Hall open off a square central hall, which is lighted by the windows in the tower above, and which takes the place of the open court in the majority of Oriental houses. Near the front entrance on the north is the office, very simply furnished with a *sedir*, a desk, some chairs, a stove, and a practice piano. There are also a few small pictures, and a pretty rug which the girls presented to the school last spring. Here the principal holds her sessions with the young housekeepers and the proctors who bring to her their difficulties and talk over their problems with her. The girls of the four upper classes live in South Hall and have a well-organized system of self-government; they, however, need much good counsel and wise and constant supervision. Here too the teachers meet every Monday afternoon at their own request, to study with the principal some book like *Rational Living*, and to discuss the grave questions confronting the women of this land.

In the bright, airy schoolroom which occupies the full length of the western side of the building, the girls gather for prayers, for study, and to “give examinations.” It is well lighted by large double windows around three sides, and is furnished with pretty desks made at the Wickes Industrial Shop of Anatolia College.

I have attended some interesting meetings in this room—Christian Endeavor prayer meetings and socials, when the room was crowded with rosy-cheeked girls, full of life and confidence in the future; a mid-summer meeting of women from the mission and from the city, who had gathered to consider ways and means of carrying on relief work during the cholera epidemic; the consecration meeting just before the opening of the schools, when teachers, nurses and officials all came together to dedicate themselves anew to the service of the Master.

To me, a stranger upon the mission field, this gathering of those in places

of responsibility was touching beyond words. I saw there men and women who had stood unflinching at their post in time of massacre, who had fought back the cholera, and had faced death in many forms, but hardest of all had borne the strain of seeing needs they were helpless to relieve, of misunderstandings in this country and in America, and of having, in addition to their



SOUTH HALL

heavy responsibility on the field, to write appeals for help and to devote their furlough year to raising money for the pressing demands of an ever-widening mission work.

On the ground floor of South Hall there are recitation rooms, practice rooms, the wash room, the sewing room, and the domestic science room. They are all well lighted and ventilated. Last year some of the American

teachers gave each other benches for the recitation rooms, for Christmas presents.

In the wash room there is one long cement trough with six or eight faucets. The girls run down with their towels every morning to wash their faces under one of the taps; for the people in this country do not ordinarily



FRITCHER HALL

use basins, but prefer to wash in running water. There is a Turkish bath in the compound for the use of the college and girls' school, and everybody has a right to one Turkish bath a week for the sum of two cents.

When I arrived last fall the new building was not quite finished. Miss Willard was in constant demand by all grades of workmen; she was teaching most of Miss Jaynes' classes as well as her own; and was looking

after every detail of the complicated machinery of four schools. It was a busy time for her.

I remember one instance when she was called from the class room by a workman in white. The men of this country have a custom of removing their outer garments when at work. The plaster had fallen from one of the ceilings, and Miss Willard must say how much of the remainder must come down.

Some men were putting up an iron railing. "It is good," said one. "Yes," replied the other, "but the big teacher will come; she will squint one eye; she will put the other eye down and look along the top; also she will say it is not straight and it must come down." The "Madama" did come and find it all askew; and it came down.

The domestic science room is provided with a good American stove, three white pine tables made at the shop, several benches, and a set of shelves for the kitchen utensils. Here the girls of the preparatory school learn to iron, and the sophomores, juniors, and seniors have courses in cooking, the care of the kitchen and of the home, laying the table and serving meals, and also in preparing food for the sick.

There is a fine course in sewing in Anatolia Girls' School. Beginning in the first preparatory class a girl must learn all the stitches requisite for plain sewing and darning: she has each piece of work examined and graded. If she does these satisfactorily and makes an apron, a handkerchief, and a simple garment for a child, she has the privilege of joining the girls' fancy work class in the schoolroom of South Hall. The juniors and seniors learn to cut and fit garments and to make dresses. There is also a course in dressmaking offered to girls who are unable to take regular school work. They do some studying in the morning and spend every afternoon in the sewing room.

The dormitories and the teachers' rooms on the second floor open from the gallery which runs around three sides of the central hall. The stairs take up the fourth side. The girls' parlor and the sick room are also on this floor. There is a fire in the girls' parlor when study hour is over, and there they gather for their fun. On Sunday afternoon the juniors and seniors have their Sunday-school lesson in this room, the girls sitting on the pretty *sedir* which runs all around the four sides, and the teacher in the sole chair in the center, with a tiny table to break the space between her and her audience. No doubt both teachers and girls will always remember their Sabbath talks together in the sunshine of that clean white room.

One of the girls has charge of the sick room and takes care of those who have colds or sore throats or minor troubles that a fire and a little nursing will cure. More serious cases that require a thermometer and professional service are brought to Fritcher Hall to be under the supervision of the trained nurse; and prolonged diseases are taken to the hospital—these are rare, however.

From the east windows of the hospital room in South Hall there is a beautiful view across the red roofs of the city straggling down the hill, and over the wide plain to beautiful old Ak Dagh, the highest peak in this part of the country. From the southern windows one has a fine view of the



THE KING SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF, MARSOVAN

King School for the Deaf and of one of the minarets from which sixteen years ago the noon call to prayer was the signal for the beginning of the massacres.

Last year just before Thanksgiving the patrons and the friends of our school were invited to a service of thanksgiving for the new building—not a dedication service, it was explained, because the money had been dedicated to the Master from the beginning. At that time all the rooms were thrown open to the ladies for inspection, the gentlemen being strictly limited to the rooms on the first and the ground floors. It was the first time I had visited the dormitories and I was greatly interested in them. They are as clean as whitewash and soap and water can make them, and have large windows which admit plenty of sunshine and fresh air.

They are bare except for the little iron beds and the long rows of little closets of wood and plaster built out in the room. Each girl has her own bed and her own closet at the head of it. That day the white cotton curtains were drawn aside and the shelves displayed in all their glory of fancy paper decorations, on which were set out the photographs, colored pictures, and all the trinkets dear to the hearts of girls. Their best dresses and wraps hung on three hooks at the side, and the tiny wooden stool with which each closet is furnished was concealed by a gay Oriental covering.

American girls would be interested in the beds. The school furnishes a straw mattress and a spread for each bed, and the girls bring another mattress stuffed with wool or cotton or rags, and a very thick comfortable over which they sew the upper sheet. But the pillows! I went from bed to bed to examine them. They are usually about three or four feet long and about sixteen inches wide, and are covered with very brilliant material. Over this bright cover is drawn a pillowcase open at both ends and much shorter than the pillow. The girls vie with each other in making elaborate trimmings for the ends of the cases.

I saw every variety of handmade lace imaginable, I think—the most intricate patterns in crochet, in needle lace, and in pillow or torchon lace. Last year in passing through the dormitories of Fritcher Hall I noticed several beds with ropes stretched along the sides, and I was very much puzzled. Later I learned that most of the girls sleep on the floor or on a *sedir* at home, and the little girls are sometimes afraid of falling. That accounted for the ropes.

The older girls, who, before last year, were crowded almost to suffocation with the younger girls in Fritcher Hall, perhaps appreciate South Hall more than any others can; but all the girls look forward eagerly to the happy day when they shall march proudly over to the new building with their beds and all their treasures. They enjoy the quiet and the restfulness of the new home after the noisy chatter of the little girls; and the disgrace of being sent back to live in their old quarters again for a week, is quite enough to convince the most lawless that it is wisest to be obedient.

If I were asked to characterize the new building in a few words, I should not mention the scantiness of the furniture, and the bareness of the walls; but I think I should call it “a place where sunshine continually dwells.”

The return of Easter should be to the Christian life the call of a trumpet. It is the news of a great victory. It is the solution of a great perplexity. It is the assurance of a great triumph.—*Frederick Temple.*



Our Field Correspondents



Elizabeth S. Perkins writes from Foochow:—

When the news of Foochow's surrender reached Diong-loh, the long-fingernailed magistrate was at a loss to know what was the proper method of procedure. The Court Annals did not record such an event; so he opened wide the prison doors, released every convict, thief, murderer, vagabond, and civil offender; gave money for the expenses to their homes; and retired to his chamber to await developments. Next day word came that Foochow City gates were closed at night, and temporary wooden gates were erected at intervals along the principal streets; so our magistrate proceeded to do likewise.

That night I was returning from Mrs. Beach's home at the girls' school a mile outside the city, where I had stopped for supper on the way home from a village. At the foot of the hill I came upon a squad of soldiers—such their clothing labelled them—who, with Chinese lanterns hung on sticks over their shoulders, and armed with bundles of rods, were patrolling the streets in company with the magistrate. They crowded together to allow my chair to pass, then fell in behind.

When we reached the city—east gate—it was closed, a sight unknown by the oldest inhabitant. I immediately remembered the many broken places in the wall near my house, where one could easily walk in, but before I could give direction to the coolies, a soldier said, "You can go in by the south gate to-night, but to-morrow at this time that will be closed also." So with a grateful "thank you" I started to skirt the wall to the south gate, expecting to be challenged by a formidable guard at this opening into the city. It was perfectly dark, not a guard to be seen, or torch, and we passed in unnoticed. Thus did they guard our little city against the threatening calamity.

In proportion to the amount of precautions, so the fear among the common people increased. Each section of the town hired watchmen to walk the streets from dark to dawn, beating the pavement with a bamboo stick, and striking a gong to drive away thieves and fire bugs. The night was divided into three watches. Two men patrolled together, one using the bamboo stick, the other the gong. From nine to twelve we heard, one—two—one. Then the gong sounded. From twelve to three in the

morning it was, two—one—two—one, two, Gong! From three to six in the morning, one, two—one, two—one, two, three—gong! The racket was continuous, so that I could not sleep the first two nights.

I might have become accustomed to it had not the Consul's letter just then ordered us to come to Foochow without delay. A communication from the De Facto Government saying that they could not be responsible for the safety of foreigners in the out-stations, was the cause of our recall. Since then an order from the Peking Legation has come, with the same purport. Nearly all foreigners have already arrived in Foochow.

Our countryside is very quiet and law-abiding under the new régime. Our absence from our stations is really the greatest cause for alarm among the Chinese, but I suppose we must wait until the North and Yangtze Valley is quiet before we can return.

It has been very pleasant indeed to have Ruth Ward Beach at Diong-loh. She has taken the girls' school, so is really continuing in W. B. M. work, even though under the parent board.

Christmas we country folk were to get the dinner, inviting the city people, to whom we are so often indebted for hospitality. Mrs. Kinnear gave us the use of her house, and Misses Funk, Meebold and I were to manage the affair. There were to be about fifty plates. It was the first time our entire mission, including Shao-wu, has been together for such an affair in a great many years. . . .

I reached Foochow November 14th, and the next day came into the walled city to our American Board Compound, where Dr. Kinnear's Hospital has been headquarters for the Red Cross, and have been helping there. Excitement had subsided before I arrived. Ten men had died, seven limbs had been amputated; many had recovered enough to be discharged from the wards to return as out-patients to the daily clinics. In all we have had one hundred and forty-seven patients, of whom seventy-five have been in the wards. Now the number is reduced to about twenty in-patients; others come to the daily clinic for treatment.

One man, a Manchu soldier from the garrison near Diong-loh, developed tetanus from a deep bullet wound in the foot, a few days ago. He begged so hard to go home that as he was unwilling to lose the foot, saying he would rather die than be crippled, my messenger took him home on the launch. We have not heard how he stood the journey or if he is still alive.

Last Saturday morning during clinic, Dr. Kinnear was waited upon by two petty officers, and the former chief of police. They came to inquire after their friends, and the patients in general. The talk turned to amputa-

tions. "Eight had been performed." "Would any more be necessary?" "One, perhaps, if a secondary hemorrhage occurred." "Could an arm or leg be put on again after it had once been cut off?" This from the former chief of police!

The first patient to be received on the day of the battle we call the "Powder Boy." He is a lad of fifteen who carried a pail of bombs into the battle, and "threw three himself—wasn't a bit afraid." The third one injured the thrower, and he was brought in with a flesh-wound on the leg and a scratch on the lip. Hailed a hero by the revolutionists he received presents of dainties, clothing, money, a big foreign gray felt hat, a blanket, etc., from visiting officers and friends. The day of the memorial service for the slain, a special sedan was sent to the hospital for him that he might attend. Such a hero got to be a nuisance at the hospital, so we were glad when he was able to be discharged. The latest news is that he has been rewarded with an office. He is now "keeper of the seal" for General Sung, the governor-general of the province, under the new government.

After supper to-night I went down to the hospital in the pouring rain for a good-night round. I found the number much reduced. The central reception hall, once filled with beds improvised from chapel-forms, was empty and in order for daily morning prayers.

Mrs. Olive Parmelee Andrus writes from Mardin:—

It is not often that one might write "snowbound Mardin" at the head of a letter, and in our more than forty years here we have not seen it so true as it is to-day. Very old people say that over fifty years ago snow in drifts lay on the plain below us, so far as the eye can reach, for forty days. If it lies there for three or four days in succession we have thought it worth mentioning, but this is now the nineteenth day since we saw the earth brown and bare below us, while all roads to and from the city in all directions are closed. Our narrow streets yield themselves easily of course to drifting.

The post from Bagdad has been in the city three days waiting for the road across the city and on to Diarbekir to be opened up for pack animals, while as for the post from the north we do not know what has become of it! Ten days ago we heard that it had left Harpoot, but finding it impossible to get through the mountains with animals had returned to find men to bring it on.

Of course there has been and must still be much suffering and loss of life. We have heard of many deaths already of solitary foot travelers. Sheep

that were wintering on the open plain have died by hundreds, flour mills are closed, and all food stuffs are scarce and of course high. Three of our circle have been appointed a special committee to see to giving out what little aid is possible and that only to the most distressing cases. It has been an unprecedented winter so far in many respects. He knows the way he takes, and these storms are no doubt fulfilling his will, but our hearts do ache for the poor and we are praying that for their sakes the days may be few until we have rain.

I wonder if Miss Dewey may not have written you that our holiday week—and holiday week for us is really some three weeks long to accommodate both old and new style time—was unusually lively, entertainment following entertainment, thanks chiefly to Miss Nellie Thom and our young tutor, Mr. Barstow.

Some weddings, too, were unexpectedly added to other festivities, one of them being celebrated in the girls' schoolroom, the bride and groom both being former pupils of our schools. None of these things touched me very closely, but it was pleasant to hear from one and another reports of how much others were enjoying them. Just now there is a little lull in the wedding line, but we hear of others as likely to occur later before Lent begins—at least if the weather clears up at all so as to admit of festivities. I should have said that the extra gayety this season is due in part to the presence among us of a member of one of our prominent families who has been absent thirty-five years—most of the time in New York—and is now making his first visit home. Of course all his old friends and some new ones must make a dinner for him, missionaries often being invited out of compliment to his English speech and American ideas.

Several days have gone by since I began this and now we hear that a post from the south will pass us to-morrow and so there will be opportunity to send. As yet we have no word from the north. The last post from below was twelve days in bringing a letter from our English friends in Mosul.

Edith C. Tallmon writes from Lintsing:—

Miss Tallmon last year joined her sister, Dr. Tallmon, at Lintsing, going out under the W. B. M. I. to teach in the girls' school. This letter was written to a personal friend in California. Her work, in common with that of other missionaries, has been interrupted by the revolution in China.

This is Sunday afternoon with us, but I think you may just be starting for church. Many a time during these days of travel have I wished you could be with me. Such interesting experiences I have had, and I have

learned so many things; yet how very, very eager I am to begin learning some of the many things that will help me to be useful in this work.

I have been some time at Lintsing, and have met many of the people. Some of the women are so pleased that I have seen Mrs. W—, and ask when she is coming back to China. I have learned to make my Chinese “manners,” and can understand a few words.

I am sitting in my room by the east bay window, and can look out to the north where the pagoda reaches impressively toward the sky. You have seen pictures of it. The mission compound is outside of the inclosed city, so to the southeast is the large west gate, a double gate of some pretensions. The canal is west of us a very little way, and when we arrived, there were many of the people on the bank to greet us. The old gatekeeper stepped out with a long rope of firecrackers to do honor to the occasion.

Susie (Dr. Tallmon) was at Tientsin when I arrived. Our trip down to Lintsing was a four days' trip, and we were two days at Pang-Chuang besides. We took the train from Tientsin to the station nearest, Pang-Chuang, and there a large cart met us. The cart, as you know, has no seat and no springs. You sit Turk fashion, or otherwise, or ask to get out and walk occasionally just to keep your power of motion. The great plain does not have hills, but its roads surely have “ups and downs,” ruts and deep mud, standing water and dikes put in across the road to prevent the water from running far—all this prevented any monotony as to the cart's motion. We went at the rate of two miles an hour, three mules drawing our cart! We saw ox teams, donkeys and the two combined at work in the fields. In one place we saw a large willow tree with many cloths tacked and tied to its branches. Our carter explained that it was supposed to be a sacred tree, the home of a spirit, and the waters from a well near by would cure sickness. There was a little shrine by the tree. The pieces of cloth had inscriptions upon them expressing gratitude for health restored. They had been red once but were faded. We counted thirty-seven. In a little village we passed a temple with three dust-covered mud images in it, and a very large new coffin, put there till needed. They think no present so fine as a coffin, and the knowledge that one is ready adds great joy to any man's heart.

The last days of our journey were by house boat. The canal twists and turns; often there were trees on its banks, and since the fields were yet green with crops, our walks on the shore were very delightful. One bright sunset I can almost see yet. The clouds were dark against a glow-

ing sky, and the trees on the bank broke the equally bright reflection in the water. The sails ahead and behind us appeared to rise from the fields, most picturesque they were. The wind was not favorable, so we had three men to pull the boat. They made good time. The boatmen poled a part of the time.

At Pang-Chuang it was a pleasure to see Miss Grace and Miss Gertrude Wyckoff and Miss Lyons. The schools were not opened, but even the sight of the buildings was interesting. On Sunday I visited the Sunday school, and was charmed with the bright-eyed little people. They marched and sang and they were very dear when I told them about our little home people, and showed them how to give the little motions introductory to their prayer. You know how it begins, "Two little hands now let us show." How I want to know their songs and their prayers and be able to help in the Sunday school!



Dr. Tallmon and her sister Edith reached Tientsin Thanksgiving Day Missionary and have spent the past few months in study. Miss Emily Personals. Hartwell (W. B. M. I.) expects to reach San Francisco March 29th. She comes from her regular furlough.

China's Open Door. "Now is our opportunity, just as during the next few years is the opportunity in ancient Sinim. May prayer be constant and consecrated."—*Dr. F. F. Tucker, Pangkiachuang, China.*

"Savings or Efficiency?" Who has read this article in *The Outlook* for January 27, 1912? Is it not time to apply this to our missionaries?

At last after six years of seeking we have found her. Who will say we **A Teacher for Foochow Kindergarten.** beautiful? If we have perplexities and responsibilities, we also have visions and uplifts, as we realize what it means to work together with the Master. Look for particulars in the next number.

Much as Brousa needs Miss Allen, it seems wise both to her and to our **A Field Secretary for the Pacific Coast.** Board of Directors that she give a year to this coast. This announcement will be hailed with enthusiasm from Spokane to San Diego.

OUR BROUSA CAMPAIGN

The many friends of Miss Annie T. Allen, East and West, will read with interest this account of her successful tour on the Pacific Coast.

Miss Annie T. Allen is of missionary parentage and was born in Harpoot, Turkey. After her graduation at Mt. Holyoke, she returned to Harpoot where she taught in the girls' school and assisted in various forms of missionary work, remaining until she returned with her parents to this country in 1896.

After her mother's death, the great need at Brousa appealed to her and she became our missionary there in 1904, sharing with Miss Harriet G. Powers the care of the American School for Girls, founded by the Woman's Board of the Pacific in 1876, when Miss Rappleye of Oakland went to Brousa.

It was a great event to the auxiliaries on the Pacific Coast to welcome from a far land this missionary who has done such a great work for us. Beginning at Seattle, September 20th, Miss Allen has spent more than five months in making a wonderful tour among our Branches. In the state of Washington she visited twenty-two towns, gave fifty-five addresses and secured nine scholarships for Brousa. Coming down through Oregon into Northern California, she rounded out a total of fifty-five places visited, one hundred and eighteen addresses and twenty-two scholarships. She has paid all her expenses and has a good balance for our Board Treasury. She reports incidentally a surplus also in health and strength!

As no one had previously made a tour of this kind, our interest has been keen to learn the impressions gained by this experienced worker on two continents as to the conditions of our Board work.

Among the difficulties, she mentions the tremendous distances and the shifting population. She has been much impressed with the way the younger women have taken up the burden of responsibility and she has received an eager welcome everywhere,—some auxiliaries being willing to make an appointment even upon Saturday.

Among our drawbacks she has found much ignorance in regard to the purpose and plans of the Board, and she has emphasized our great need of permanent headquarters and of a field secretary.

“Go forth, ye host of the Living God,
And conquer the earth for your King!”

THE BRIGHT OUTLOOK AT BROUSA

BY JEANNIE L. JILLSON

When the good news came a short time ago that soon our hopes were to be realized for our new school, I wanted to write you at once and tell you how grateful we all felt, and how happy we were. . . . We are so much in need of the new buildings. Last year the school was full, every bit of space was occupied, every bed was used, and every seat in the high school and preparatory departments as well as in the primary department was filled. Now this year, the old pupils are almost all here and so many new ones that we are at a loss to know what to do. We had last year fifty-two boarders altogether. Now we have fifty-five, two others coming this week and five more anxious to come. We have turned a teacher's room into a dormitory, and may have to do the same with another.

We have been able to do that, because this year our French and Turkish teachers are not residents. The day school has grown in the same way and twice we have been obliged to send for more desks and seats. Fortunately there were some unused ones in the old school building.

We are especially pleased with the new class of girls who have come. Some are quite advanced in their work and have come from the higher classes of the Armenian school and of the French school here in Brousa. One girl is the daughter of one of the priests and another is the daughter of one of the head teachers in the Armenian school.

They seem to enjoy our course of work here and I think it will mean a great deal to us to have them in the school.

I am sure also that with better buildings the school will make great strides. Our teaching force is very strong, and our work very satisfactory in every line but one and you have written to us so encouragingly about that that we are very happy—I mean the need of another missionary.

I have only one English helper this year, and that means that I must give a great deal of time myself to teaching and to detail work. . . . I must confess it is going to be pretty hard for me to do all the extra things, get up the entertainments, write all the letters, attend to the finances, and take my share in the missionary work, and I am sure I must leave many things undone. . . . Last year we organized a Young Women's Christian Association. There were about forty who joined. We want to begin our meetings again, but how shall I have time to plan the work?

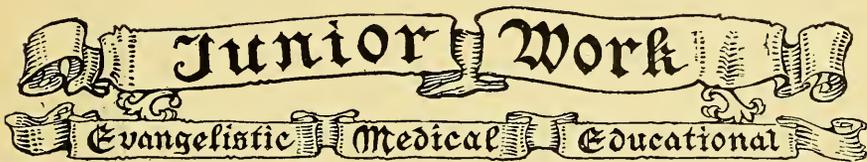
One other thing I am very glad to write you about. The girl for whom you have been paying in Smyrna, the past eight years, has finished her gen-

eral course. When we were in need of a Greek teacher, for this year, we thought of her and sent for her, so Marie Bosenberg is supplying that place.

I am sure you will be very glad when I tell you we have been able this term to provide for our Turkish pupils. I called at some of the homes the week before school opened and found the children were planning to come. I engaged a very nice young Turkish lady, a former pupil here, to be the teacher, and after the Turkish feast of Ramazan, two weeks after school opened, the Turkish girls came and have been regular ever since, coming every morning to prayers, and beginning their Bible work. Surely God is blessing us richly in our work here. If only we may do the work as He would have us do it!

I am so glad Miss Allen is with you. She will do so much for the school now, and then when she comes here what a splendid helper she will be!

We are thinking much of you all as you are talking of us and working for us, and we are looking anxiously for your letters, as you write of your success.



HELPS FOR LEADERS

REVIEW

BY MARY PRESTON

If the leader wishes a successful review lesson on *Touring in the Gleam*, she will do well at the beginning to define clearly to herself just what she has been attempting to leave in the minds of her children as fruit of the course, and what in view of circumstances they may reasonably be expected to have retained from month to month. The latter point will vary considerably with the age of the children and whether they have or have not had access to text-books themselves. Upon her adaption of her methods to these two points depends the success of her review.

One teacher whose band meets only once a month states her aim in this way: "I have tried first to make my children familiar with the simple names and facts of the non-Christian religions and countries; second, to im-

press them by concrete illustration with the contrast between the worship and religious thought of their own lives and that of children in non-Christian lands; third, to turn into definite acts of service the impulse to helpfulness aroused by an understanding of these contrasts." She will proceed to cover her review under three headings.

Large charts hung one over the other will disclose at the proper moment the topics, "Names we have heard while touring in the Glean," "Sights we have seen" and Things we are going to do." Since she has definitely sought to have her children learn a few names and facts the question and answer method can safely be used with the first chart. A spelling match contest for ten or fifteen minutes will introduce the zest of rivalry, or the teacher may give a few significant facts about a country or a religion or a man, and then let the children guess of whom she is thinking, either orally or by writing the names on paper to see who at the end has the most correct. Again she might have each of the names which she wishes to review printed on a colored card and hung face to the wall and one over another beneath her chart. Suspense before the turning of each card will be aroused in this way and the children will be eager to tell what they know about each name.

When this topic has been given its allotted time the first chart should be removed and the second disclosed. Since our leader has not tried to have her children learn the incidents told in the text-books her review here will take the form of restatement rather than of questions and she will ask six of the older members to give two-minute talks on, "What we watched in a Hindu temple," "How we saw the Buddhists worship," "What Deacon Tee showed us in Peking," "How the sick are cured in Assam," "What we learned about nats in Burma," "What we found out about Mohammed." If made to feel that it is important and an honor they will be proud to be chosen. Such talks should be written out beforehand and approved by the leader, but afterward told rather than read, if possible. If a leader feels that her children are fairly familiar with the incidents her review could well be based on the pictures of the text-book and others of a similar nature. Showing them one by one and asking questions here and there she would be able to draw from her children the points to be re-emphasized.

Under the third topic, without which the review will lose its real effectiveness, our leader must attempt to have each child express himself. To this end the executive committee may plan to offer a prize for the best paragraph on this subject, five minutes being allowed for its writing; or a black-board exercise may be used.

Draw a rough representation of a train and call for suggestions as to how the three empty cars may be filled with help for the unfortunate children of other lands. Put in a labelled bale for each suggestion. One car should be filled with prayer and study, another with gifts of money and articles which children can make. Methods of earning money should be developed and if possible a definite plan for the band during the next few months arranged. The third car should contain doctors, teachers and preachers, the children being led to think that they can be preparing to help fill that car some day by going themselves.

An effective Scripture lesson for this meeting might be composed of separate Bible verses or phrases of missionary content arranged in the form of an acrostic, their initial letters spelling the name of the band. The leader can easily arrange such an exercise. Be sure to close the meeting with some vigorous hymn such as "Work for the night is coming."



HER MOTHER'S INFLUENCE
A STORY OF ONE EASTER SUNDAY

BY ETHEL D. HUBBARD

For Corinne Atherton the world was revolving around a new idea,—so surprisingly new that her eyes were big with the wonder of it. For the first time in her fifteen years of life she had discovered that church, the usual, tiresome morning service, could be as thrilling as a storybook.

How did it ever happen, and why had it never happened before in all her well-seasoned experience of church going? Most of all, why didn't it always happen? Given proof that it could happen, where was the excuse for its infrequency? Thoughts like these chased through Corinne's mind as she walked resolutely down the outside aisle into the Sunday-school room, without once turning her eyes toward that beguiling group of girls, her set, gathered in eager conversation in the center of the church.

It was only a week ago in Sunday-school class that Corinne had exclaimed out of the bitterness of her soul, "I hate church, I only go because father makes me. I never understand anything Mr. Proser says. It's all so stupid,—just words, big, dead words with no sense or meaning."

On that Sunday she had slipped late into class, and her eyes would have betrayed her, even though she had not acknowledged with that spontaneous frankness which Miss Hazel, the girls' teacher, always encouraged, that for once she did not have to rouse her sleepy self in time for church. To Sunday school she came of her own accord.

And now, just seven days later, she had had the time of her life simply listening to a man preach. Preach! No, he didn't preach; preaching was what Corinne abhorred. He told stories, and his stories made your ambitions and your ideals shine like a star. Preaching never had that effect upon anybody. Teaching might,—in spots. Sometimes Miss Hazel made you feel all sobered down and then all fired up with a determination to do something big and worth while in life.

During the opening exercises Corinne sat absorbed in her own astounding thoughts. Her black eyes were scarcely lifted from the open hymn book in her lap, except once when she suddenly remembered the existence of other people, and looked furtively around as if challenging them to read her hidden thoughts if they dared. In her swift survey of the room she met Miss Hazel's look of friendly understanding, and smiled in spite of herself. She had not meant to look any one in the face, much less to smile, until she had wrestled with these unbidden visitors to her mind and decided whether to expel or welcome them.

How was it that Miss Hazel always knew the workings of girls' minds? Miss Hazel was a wonder surely, unlike the majority of people who go their own ways, unseeing and unconcerned, especially for those younger than themselves. It would be great to grow up and be like Miss Hazel, only a girl never could be like her because girls are naturally thoughtless and selfish, and Hazel Clinton, why, she's only a girl herself, after all, a merry, fun-loving girl, just out of college, brimful of enthusiasm, but oh—with a deep-down something very serious and very reverent, which gives you a hushed feeling "down to the very heart of your soul."

An amused smile lingered about Corinne's lips and eyes as her thoughts trailed back two hours to the scene at home. She and her brother Dick had struggled valiantly for the right to stay home from church, for had they not read in the town's weekly newspaper that a Mission Board secretary was to speak that morning? Mission Board secretary! How desiccated the title sounds to exuberant boys and girls! "He will catalogue a bundle of wants and beg for money," Corinne had asserted with high contempt and a sagacity based upon superior knowledge. Not that it was knowledge derived from observation, for neither Corinne nor Dick had ever seen or heard a Mission

Board secretary. The complacent characterization must have been father's at some time or other, and now Corinne found it a handy protest.

In the silence of the prayer in the Sunday school, Corinne heard again the rhythmic beat of the organ in the chords of the Pilgrims' Chorus, saw the pulpit door open and the Mission Board secretary enter. What a shock to preconceived ideas! He was taller by far than father, more athletic than Dick, sunburned, healthy and jovial; best of all,—young. Corinne had supposed that missionaries and all their kind were ancient from the beginning. What had they or their pallid undertakings to do with youth?

And then—the sermon, but it belied the name of sermon, for it was full of life, concrete, graphic, eventful, and sermons dealt wholly with abstract ideas. The speaker had just come home from Africa, and as he talked he drew pictures with his words. You could really see the black men with tall, red feathers in their hair, and belts of monkey tails around their waists; the women with their jingling bracelets and anklets, and yards and yards of beads hanging around their necks. You could see the kraal, too, the village of mud and grass huts looking like a collection of grown-up beehives. And then the Chikore tree, that “ancient landmark of heathenism,” his very words! Its branches spread so widely that a thousand people could gather beneath its shelter. Once the scene of wild witchcraft, it had become on this Easter Sunday the rallying-place of Christian and heathen Africans to test out the Christian's belief.

Before your eyes came the long, winding procession of white-robed black people from the Christian school on the plains to the tree on the hillside. Then, after they were seated, Mr. Barnard, the American visitor, secretary of the Mission Board, took the part of Elijah as he called forth one after another of the Christians to testify for their Lord. You could almost look into their earnest, intelligent faces, and then across to the sullen, stupid faces of the twelve heathen chiefs who paid respectful attention in spite of their protest yesterday against the presence of the missionaries, and the new, disturbing ideas they introduced. It was a scene of barbaric picturesqueness and dramatic appeal, and in its heart Corinne detected the high note of a valiant service on the part of those men and women from Europe and America whose lives were helping to make a new Africa.

By this time the girls had circled around Miss Hazel for their lesson, but Corinne, the talker, who was wont to question, argue and challenge, was stubbornly silent. Attempts to elicit responsiveness met with a reluctant “I don't know,” or, “I haven't thought about it.” At last the black eyes flashed fire and Corinne came to life. “Miss Hazel, did you ever go to any of those places the man told about this morning?”

“No,” she replied, and her eyes had an answering flash.

“Would you like to go?” burst out Corinne.

Hazel Clinton's smile was contagious as she answered, "I'd not only like to go, but I intend to go some day."

"You do," exclaimed the girls in chorus, "why didn't you tell us before?"

"I was waiting for a good chance to tell you. You wouldn't have understood if I'd told you right off when I first came home from college."

"Do you know I really believe I'd like to go too," interjected Corinne seriously. "It never entered my head before this morning. Funny, isn't it that I never thought of it before?"

And then Hazel Clinton seized the opportunity for which she had been watching during her three months of contact with the girls. She could draw pictures, too, as well as the man from Africa, but it was a scene of dramatic contrast which her words portrayed.

In the late afternoon of the Easter Sunday when the great meeting was held under the Chikore tree, some fifty girls gathered in the artistic surroundings of a fraternity house on the college campus. They sat in an informal group on the floor before the fire in the big, mediæval-like fireplace, while an Englishman, recently returned from Africa, told them stories. The man had deep-set, gray eyes which seemed to pierce through and find your soul. In that audience, like the one in Africa, were two divisions, although there was no great tree to mark them off. There were twenty girls who had already decided to be foreign missionaries, and there were thirty others who were grappling with the unanswered question of their life work. Hazel belonged in this latter class.

The speaker showed them plainly that a college graduate could have an absolutely unique opportunity as teacher or physician in one of the newly awakening countries of the world, like China, Turkey or Africa, but still Hazel was unconvinced. At last the speaker's keen eyes softened and he spoke, almost dreamily, of the Master of the whole undertaking, spoke as if he knew the Master's mind and heart, and felt himself something of the yearning of the Christ over a world of people who were as "sheep without a shepherd." It was at that moment Hazel Clinton knew her question was answered.

As she talked, the girls had sat in complete stillness, their wondering eyes fixed upon her changing, radiant face. When the session was over they went quickly away without their usual chatter. Would it last, this new glow and enthusiasm for a high purpose? Would the home influences sustain and nourish that high-bred idealism? Hazel Clinton thought upon these things as she walked home, realizing that the day of her opportunity had but just dawned and that hours of diligent thought and effort lay ahead.

A tinge of excitement was in the air as the six girls closed in around Miss Hazel for their lesson the following Sunday. Corinne's high spirits had infected them all, and the interchange of laughing remarks baffled even the skill of Hazel Clinton. At length she succeeded in drawing them into a discussion in which there was difference of opinion, and thus their interest was won. During a moment's lull, Corinne announced irrelevantly and with a toss of her head, "I've given up my missionary ambitions. *Mother*

says *I'm not good enough*. I did think I might study nursing and go out there, but I guess now I'll go back to my music."

Corinne's voice had just the slightest shade of wistfulness blended with an overdone carelessness. The face of the girl-teacher shadowed for an instant and then she turned upon her class with a challenging question: "Why do you think a missionary has to be better than any other Christian? If you aren't good enough to go to Africa, why do you think you are good enough to stay in America?"

The girls puckered their brows and looked sheepishly at one another, while no one ventured a reply. It was Corinne who was finally the spokesman. "I suppose that's a good argument for your side, Miss Hazel, it sounds straight enough," and then, with a lazy smile, "Miss Hazel, did you go to the lecture last night? Tell us about it."

SIDELIGHTS FROM PERIODICALS

CHINA.—"Training of Chinese Children" and "In a Chinese Temple," *Century*, March. "The University of Nanking," "Religion in China" and "Grievous Famine in China," *Missionary Review*, March. "The Unspectacular Famine," *Forum*, March.

JAPAN.—"Imperial Universities of Japan," *Popular Science Monthly*, March.

TURKEY.—"The Young Turk," with numerous illustrations, *National Geographical Magazine*, January. "Internal Situation in Turkey, and the Effect of War Upon It," *Fortnightly Review*, March.

United Study Course.—"The Claims of the Moslem World," *Missionary Review*, March.

F. V. E.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS

Receipts from January 1 to February 18, 1912

MISS SARAH LOUISE DAY, Treasurer.

Friends, 7.25, Friend, 1.50, Friend, 30, 187 25

MAINE.

Eastern Maine Branch.—Mrs. J. Gertrude Denio, Treas., 347 Hammond St., Bangor. Bangor, First Parish Ch., 2.50; Bar Harbor, Aux., 50, Jr. Aux., 20; Bremen, Ladies, 3; Calais, Aux. (Th. Off., 27), 107; Greenville, Aux., 10 25; Hampden, Union Miss. Soc., 16; Machias, Aux., 1.88; Newcastle, Ladies, 20; Otter Creek, S. S., 1.40; Searsport, C. E. Soc., 17, 249 03

Western Maine Branch.—Miss Annie F. Bailey, Treas., 52 Chadwick St., Portland. Friends, 100, Friends, 3; Bridgton, Aux., 5, C. E. Soc., 5; Gardiner, South, Aux., 10, Jr. C. E. Soc., 2; Harpswell Centre, C. E. Soc., 2; Portland, High St. Ch., Aux., Th. Off., 29.50, Little Ch., 1, Second Parish Ch., Th. Off., 24 60, State St. Ch., Aux. (Th. Off., 99.42), 154.42, 336 52

Total, 585 55

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

New Hampshire Branch.—Miss Elizabeth A. Brickett, Treas., 69 North Spring St., Concord. Barnstead, South, Ch., 1; Bennington, C. E. Soc., 5; Concord, Aux., 32.97; Derry, Central Ch., Aux. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Miss Susan Dana Bartley), 25.75; Exeter, Aux., 60 cts.; Hinsdale, Aux., 1; Littleton, Kathleen M. Lynch, 1, S. S., Prim. Dept., Birthday Off., 1.70; Manchester, First Ch., Aux., 100; Milford, Aux., 10.40; Nashua, First Ch., S. S., 21.86; Portsmouth, Mrs. E. P. Kimball, 25; Rindge, East, Prim. Dept. S. S., 3, 279 28

VERMONT.

Brattleboro.—Friend, 25 00
Vermont Branch.—Miss May E. Manley, Treas., Box 13, Pittsford. Barton, Aux.,

15.70; Brattleboro, West, Aux., 23.35; Burlington, College St. Ch., Aux., 17, First Ch., Aux., 30, Y. P. Soc., 10, S. S., 21.15; Dorset, East, Y. P. Soc., 15; Essex Junction, Aux., Th. Off., 12.75; Jericho Center, Aux. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Miss Emma T. Bicknell), 40; Middletown Springs, Aux., Th. Off., 12.18; Newport, Aux., 8.75; Rutland, Aux., 176.38, S. S., 12; Westminster West, Aux., 6; Wilmington, Busy Bees, 3; Woodstock, Aux., 54.25. *Jubilee*, Burlington, First Ch., Aux., 42,

499 51

Total, 524 51

MASSACHUSETTS.

Andover.—Miss Jennie M. Burr, 1 00
Andover and Woburn Branch.—Mrs. E. S. Gould, Treas., 58 Thoridike St., Lawrence. Andover, Free Ch., Aux., 1; Billerica, 5; Lawrence, Trinity Ch., Aux., 10; Lexington, Hancock Ch., Aux., 127.39; Lowell, Eliot Ch., Aux., 12; Melrose, Aux., 25; North Chelmsford, Aux., 10; Reading, Ch., 6.45. Aux., 45; Wakefield, Aux., 3; Woburn, First Ch., 11, 255 84
Barnstable Association.—Miss Carrie E. Mitchell, Treas., South Dennis. Hatchville, Aux., 4; Orleans, 2, Miss Amelia Snow, 35, 41 00
Berkshire Branch.—Miss Nabel A. Rice, Treas., 118 Bradford St., Pittsfield. Dalton, Mrs. Louise F. Crane, 250; Great Barrington, Aux., 71.85; Hinsdale, Aux., 11.47; Housatonic, Aux., 15, Jr. C. E. Pinding Out Club, 14.35; West Stockbridge, Aux., 15. Less expenses, 11.33, 366 34
Essex North Branch.—Mrs. Wallace L. Kimball, Treas., 16 Salem St., Bradford. Haverhill, Centre Ch., Harriet Newell Club, 2; Newburyport, Belleville Ch., 125, Belleville Miss. Bankers, 10; South Byfield, Helen Noyes M. B., 10. *Jubilee*, Haverhill, Centre Ch., 5, 152 00
Essex South Branch.—Miss Daisy Raymond, Treas., 120 Balch St., Beverly. Beverly, Dane St. Ch., Aux., 173, Friend, 30; Essex, Dan. of Cov., 5; Gloucester, Trinity Ch., Aux., 22.50; Swampscott, First Ch., Aux., 3, 233 50
Franklin County Branch.—Miss J. Kate Oakman, Treas., 473 Main St., Greenfield. Buckland, Aux., 1.25, C. E. Soc., 4.75, Mary Lyon Cir., 5, Y. L. S. S. Ch., 2.50, North District S. S., 2; Deerfield, South, Aux., 4.90; Greenfield, Second Ch., Aux., 21.30; New Salem, Ch., 5; Northfield, Aux., 15.45, 62 15
Hampshire Co. Branch.—Miss Harriet J. Kuecland, Treas., 8 Paradise Road, Northampton. Amherst, Aux., 27, Prim. S. S., 10; Amherst, North, Aux., 16; Hatfield, Real Folks, 50; Northampton, Edwards Ch., 20.89, Aux., 38.98, 162 87
Malden.—Friend, 50 00
Middlesex Branch.—Mrs. Frederick L. Claffin, Treas., 15 Park St., Marlboro. Framingham, Plymouth Ch., Prim. S. S., 8; Lincoln, C. R., 2; Northboro, Evang'l Ch., Friend, 5, Lyman Soc., 15; South Framingham, Aux., 44; Wayland, Aux., 15.50, 89 50
Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch.—Mrs. Mark McCully, Treas., 95 Maple St., Milton,

Braintree, Aux., 10; Brockton, First Ch., Aux. (Th. Off., 25), 50, Porter Ch., Aux., Ind. Th. Off., 2; Campello, Aux., Th. Off., 22.41; Halifax, Aux., 8; Marshfield, Aux., 14.32; Milton, Aux., Th. Off., 28.15; Milton, East, Aux., 5; Plymouth, Aux., 30, Prim. Cl. and C. R., 12.50; Plympton, Aux. (Th. Off., 11.75), 12.25; Quincy, Aux., Th. Off., 13; Randolph, Aux., 5; Rockland, Aux., Th. Off., 12.09; Weymouth, East, Aux. (Th. Off., 34) (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. Fannie V. Cushing), 48; Weymouth, South, Old South Ch., Aux., Th. Off., add'l, 5; Whitman, Aux., Th. Off., 10.50; Wollaston, Aux. (Th. Off. 46), 78, 366 22
North Middlesex Branch.—Miss Julia S. Conant, Treas., Littleton Common. Fitchburg, Rollstone Ch., Aux., 70; North Leominster, Aux., 7.53, 77 53
South Hadley.—Mt. Holyoke College, Y. W. C. A., 100 00
Springfield.—Mrs. E. C. Rogers, 10 00
Springfield Branch.—Mrs. Mary H. Mitchell, Treas., 1078 Worthington St., Springfield. Friends, 10; Holyoke, First Ch., Aux., 28.80, Grace Ch., S. S., Mr. Miles' Cl., 5, Second Ch., Aux., 10; Monson, Aux., Mrs. C. O. Chapin, 10; Palmer, Second Ch., Aux., 6; Springfield, First Ch., Aux., Mrs. E. C. Rogers, 5, Mrs. J. B. Shaw, 50 ets., Hope Ch., Aux., 20, South Ch., Aux., 32.75, S. S., Jr. Dept., 5, 133 05
Suffolk Branch.—Mrs. Frank G. Cook, Treas., 44 Garden St., Cambridge. Allston, Woman's Assoc., 27.46; Arlington, Bradshaw Miss. Soc., 120; Auburn-dale, Aux., 124.50, S. S., Prim. Dept., 5; Boston, Central Ch., Aux., 606.50, Mrs. E. C. Moore, 50, Miss Study Cir., 223, Mt. Vernon Ch., Aux., 53.10, Guild, 10, Old South Ch., Aux., 1.347, Friend, 250, Mizpah Aux., 40, Park St. Ch., Woman's Guild (50 of wh. to const. L. M's Miss Winnifred Beedle, Miss Ethel James), 60, Aux., 60, Shawmut Ch., Shawmut Helpers, Miss Jennie A. Hobbs, 50, Union Ch., Chandler Cir., 7.77, Monday Eve. Miss. Club, 25 85; Boston, South, Phillips Ch., Aux., 5; Brighton, Pro Christo Club, 10; Brookline, Harvard Ch., W. F. M. S., 200, Leyden Ch., Pro Christo Club, 5; Cambridge, First Ch., Aux., 50.50, Captains of Ten, 5, Shepard Guild, 30; Chelsea, First Ch., Winnisimmet Union, 100; Dedham, Aux., 33 21, M. B., 5; Dorchester, Friend, 20, Harvard Ch., Aux., 25, Pilgrim Ch., Aux., 5, Second Ch., Aux., 76.30, Y. L. Soc., 45, Village Ch., Aux., 13, Y. L. Soc., 10; Everett, Mystic Side Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; Foxboro, Bethany Ch., Aux., 40; Hyde Park, Aux., 48 82, C. R., 16 ets.; Jamaica Plain, Boylston Ch., Aux., 10, Central Ch., Aux., 65; Neponset, Stone Aux., 15; Newton, Eliot Ch., Woman's Assoc., 446; Newton Centre, Aux., 83; Newton Highlands, Aux., 36.27; Newtonville, Central Ch., Aux., 99; Norwood, Aux., 131; Revere, First Ch., Aux., 11.15; Roslindale, Aux., 10.02; Roxbury, Eliot Ch., Aux. (Th. Off., 26), 59, Imm.-Walnut Ave. Ch., For. Dept., 144 40, Y. L. Soc., 30, C. R., 3; Roxbury, West, South Evang'l Ch., Anatolia Club, 40; Somerville, Broadway Ch., Aux., 71.02, First Ch., Ladies' Aid, 90, Highland Ch., Women Workers, 10, Prospect

Hill Ch., C. R., 4.46; Winter Hill Ch., Woman's Union (prev. contri. const. L. M.'s Mrs. Helen E. Heald, Miss Emma S. Keyes); Somerville, West, Aux., 5; Lower Lights, 3; Waltham, C. E. Soc., 10; Wellesley Hills, Aux., 4. *Jubilee*, Roxbury, West, South Evang'l Ch., Mrs. C. E. Marble, 5, 5,167 49

Worcester Co. Branch.—Mrs. Thomas E. Babb, Jr., Treas., 12 Clearview Ave., Worcester, Barre, Aux., 4; Gardner, Inter C. E. Soc., 2; Holden, Aux., 30; Hopedale, Pro Christo Club, 4; Hubbardston, Aux., 21; Leicester, The Gleasers, 4; Northbridge, Rockdale C. E. Soc., 2; North Brookfield, Mrs. Josephine C. Whiting, 5; Spencer, Prim S. S., 3.76, Jr. C. E. Soc., 2.50; Sutton, First Ch., 7; Westboro, Aux., 3.68; Westminster, C. E. Soc., 2; Whitinsville, E-C-A-D Band, 16.87; Worcester, Central Ch., 27.10, Hope Ch., 15, Old South Ch., Aux. (to const. L. M.'s Miss Nellie A. Abbott, Mrs. Oliver M. Dean, Mrs. Eleanor M. Norton, Miss Ruth Woodward), 100, Piedmont Ch., Aux. (prev. contri. const. L. M.'s Mrs. Charles Brownhill, Mrs. Augustus Gates, Mrs. Elizabeth S. Lyons, Mrs. Laura L. McCarthy), Pilgrim Ch., Woman's Assoc., 60.93, Plymouth Ch., Woman's Assoc., 50, C. R., 11, Union Ch., 22.34, Woman's Assoc., 25. *Jubilee*, Athol, Off at Rally, 12.22, 441 40

Total, 7,709 89

LEGACY.

Hatfield.—Miss Hannah S. Wells, by Daniel W. Wells and Joseph S. Wells, Extrs., 100 00

RHODE ISLAND.

Friend, 100 00

Rhode Island Branch.—Miss Grace P. Chapin, Treas., 150 Meeting St., Providence, Barrington, Prim. Dept. S. S., 10.75; Newport, United Ch., Aux., 272.10, S. S., 250; Pawtucket, Park Place Ch., Pro Christo Soc., 21.30; Peace Dale, S. S., 3; Providence, Free Evang'l Ch., S. S., 9.75, Pilgrim Ch., 17.25. *Jubilee*, Providence, Friend, 50, Mrs. G. G. Atkins, 5, Grace H. Blanchard, 5, Mrs. Frank E. Dodge, 5, Elizabeth C. Mason, 2, Mrs. Sarah J. Mitchell, 5, Harriet W. Salisbury, 5, Miss Carrie L. Smith, 5, 666 15

Total, 766 15

CONNECTICUT.

Bristol.—Miss Harriet H. Hutchinson, 9 00

Eastern Connecticut Branch.—Miss Anna C. Learned, Treas., 255 Hempstead St., New London, Danielson, Aux., 14.20; Greenville, S. S., 10; Hampton, Ch., 2.45; Lyme, Hamburg C. E. Soc., 1; Norwich, Broadway Ch., Aux., 40, Park Ch., Aux. (Mrs. George D. Coit, 30), 30.50, Second Ch., Aux., 75; Putnam Heights, S. S., 2; Thompson, Aux., Th. Off., 15; Wauregan, Aux., 10, 200 15

Hartford Branch.—Mrs. Sidney W. Clark, Treas., 40 Willard St., Hartford. Int.

on Clara E. Hillyer Fund, 300; Int. on Julia W. Jewell Fund, 67.50; Friends, 5.06; East Windsor, Y. L. M. C., 30; Enfield, First Ch., Ladies' Bueve. Soc., 25, S. S., 9.40; Hartford, Friend, 20, Asylum Hill Ch., Aux., 220.79, Farmington Ave. Ch., Aux., 50, Park Ch., Aux., 68.25, S. S., 30; Windsor Avc. Ch., Aux., 74.45; Hockanum, Ladies' Aid Soc., 4.50; New Britain, First Ch., Aux., 135, Jr. C. E. Soc., 2, South Ch., W. F. M. S., 42.69, C. R., 1.34; Plainville, Aux. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Miss Mattie Johnson), 73.50; Suffield, L. F. M. S., 17; Talcottville, Miss. Cir., 10; Unionville, Aux., 69.17; West Hartford, Aux., 40.95, C. R., 18.54, J. E. S., 3. *Jubilee*, Friends, 4.50, 1,322 64

New Haven Branch.—Miss Edith Woolsey, Treas., 250 Church St., New Haven. Friend, 1,000; Black Rock, Aux., 21, C. E. Soc., 3; Bridgeport, King's Highway Ch., Aux., 10, Olivet Ch., Aux., 36, C. R., 10, Park St. Ch., Aux., 130, South Ch., Mrs. Van Tassel, 50; Bridgewater, C. E. Soc., 10; Canaan, Pilgrim Ch., Aux., 17.50; Cromwell, Aux., 80.33, Earnest Workers, 20; Danbury, Aux., 69.14; Darien, Aux. (with prev. contri. to const. L. M.'s Mrs. Nancy E. Gleason, Mrs. Angeline E. Morfey), 35; Derby, First Ch., Aux., 10; East Canaan, Aux., 35; Goshen, Aux., 40, C. R., 10; Higganum, Aux., 21.96; Ivoryton, Aux., 23; Kent, C. R., 3; Litchfield, C. E. Soc., 10, Daisy Chain, 78; Middletown, First Ch., Aux., 30.57, S. S., Mr. Hazen's Cl., 12.50, Third Ch., C. E. Soc., 15; Naugatuck, Aux., 256; New Hartford, Aux., 4.70; New Haven, Welcome Hall, S. S., 34.19, Yale College Chapel, Aux., 41; New Preston, C. E. Soc., 5; Norfolk, Aux., 119.50; Northfield, Aux., 40; Saybrook, Aux., 10.80; Sound Beach, Aux., 2.05; Torrington, First Ch., Aux., 11; Washington, C. E. Soc., 20; Waterbury, First Ch., Aux., 197.05; Winstead, First Ch., Aux., 15, 2,537 29

Correction.—In March LIFE AND LIGHT Litchfield, Aux., 103 86, should read, Litchfield, Aux., 94.78, C. R., 9.08.

Total, 4,069 08

LEGACY.

Farmington.—Sarah J. Thompson, by William A. Kimball, Extr., add'l, 717 50

NEW YORK.

New York State Branch.—Mrs. F. M. Turner, Treas., 646 St. Marks Ave., Brooklyn. Elmira, Park Ch., Woman's Miss. Soc., 50. *Jubilee*, Elmira, Park Ch., Woman's Miss. Soc., 225, 275 00

PHILADELPHIA BRANCH.

Philadelphia Branch.—Miss Emma Flavell, Treas., 312 Van Houten St., Paterson, N. J. N. J., Asbury Park, Aux., 5; East Orange, First Ch., Aux., 75, Trinity Ch., Aux., Th. Off., 28.75; Glen Ridge, Aux., 75; Montclair, First Ch., Aux., 100; Orange Valley, S. S., 20; Upper Montclair, Aux., 70; Vineland, S. S., 3; Pa., Duquesne, Slovak Ch., Aux., 30; Wilkesbarre, Puritan Ch., Aux., 10. Less expenses, 50, 366 75

NEW JERSEY.	
Glen Ridge.—Mrs. H. W. Hicks,	5 00
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Charleston.—Circular Ch., C. C. C.,	2 50
GEORGIA.	
Fort Valley.—Mrs. M. F. Bassett,	2 50
OHIO.	
Defiance.—Mrs. Mary A. Milholland,	5 00
MICHIGAN.	
Manistee.—Mrs. Marie Welles Clapp,	5 00
WISCONSIN.	
Ashland.—Northland College,	11 50
MINNESOTA.	
Minneapolis.—Park Ave. Ch., Berean Bible Cl.,	9 00
COLORADO.	
Colorado Springs.—Friends through Miss Mary E. Griffin,	11 00

CALIFORNIA.	
LEGACY.	
Ventura.—Miss Lizzie E. Stearns, less inheritance tax, through Treas. of Western Maine Branch, less exchange,	783 00
SPAIN.	
Barcelona.—Girls' School,	22 17
Donations,	\$13,122 83
Buildings,	1,407 89
Work of 1912,	143 30
Specials,	163 11
Legacies,	1,600 50
Total,	\$16,437 63
TOTAL FROM OCT. 18, 1911 TO FEB. 18, 1912.	
Donations,	\$30,803 72
Buildings,	3,103 78
Work of 1912,	4,532 14
Specials,	813 72
Legacies,	3,035 50
Total,	\$42,288 86

WOMAN'S BOARD OF THE PACIFIC

Receipts for January, 1912.

MISS HENRIETTA F. BREWER, Treasurer, 770 Kingston Ave., Oakland, Cal.

CALIFORNIA.	
Northern California Branch.—Mrs. E. V. Krick, Treas., 1433 Clay St., San Francisco. Balance on hand January 1, 1912, 17.98; Berkeley, First (Mrs. J. K. McLean), 25, North, 31.68; Collection, 11.20; Oakland, First, 40, Pilgrim (C. R.), 50 cts.; San Francisco, First, 15, Green St. (C. R.), 2.80; San José (C. R.), 50 cts.; Sunnyvale, 25; W. B. M. P. (C. R.), 51 cts.,	170 17
Less expenses and balance Feb. 1st,	15 17
	155 00
Southern California Branch.—Mrs. S. E. Hughes, Treas., 56 Worcester Ave., Pasadena. Claremont, W. S., 43.81; Highland, W. S., 30; Long Beach, W. S., 29.27; Los Angeles, Bethlehem, W. S., 17, Messiah, W. S., 85; Ontario, Little Light Bearers, 1.75; Pasadena, Lake Ave., W. S., 15; Redlands, 25; Santa Ana, W. S., 40, Cradle Roll, 10; Santa Barbara, W. S., 4, Cradle Roll, 6; Sierra Madre, W. S., 9.40,	316 22
OREGON.	
Oregon Branch.—Mrs. A. L. Cake, Treas., 421 W. Park, Portland. Forest Grove, Aux., 20, For Brousa Building Fund, 22 70; Eugene, Aux., for Brousa Building Fund, 12.65; Hillsboro, Aux., for Brousa Building Fund, 9; Portland, First, Aux., 27.75, Hassalo, Aux., 25,	117 10
UTAH.	
Salt Lake City, First Cong'l Ch.,	5 00

WASHINGTON.	
December, 1911.	
Washington Branch.—Mary D. Smith, Treas. Aberdeen, 8.50; Bellingham, 25.53, C. E. Soc., 5.44; Everett, 7.25; Seattle, Plymouth, 40, University, 15; Spokane, Westminster, 5; Tacoma, East, 5,	111 72
GIFTS TO MISS ALLEN FOR BROUSA BUILDING FUND.	
Ahtanum, 6.05; Anacortes, 3; Bellingham, a friend, 10; Blaine, 10.15; Cheney, 2; Colfax, 7.85; Dayton, 10; Deer Park, 21; Loon Lake, 2.50; Lopez, 2; Natches, 15.25; Pullman, 10; Seattle, a friend, 50 cts.; Spokane, 6, Plymouth, 5.10, Mrs. Foster, 5; Sunnyvale, 2.50; Washougal, 7,	120 90
Miss Allen's expenses for travel, etc.,	46 15
Net receipts for Building Fund	74 75
	120 90
January, 1912.	
Washington Branch.—Mary D. Smith, Treas. Colfax, 9.50; North Yakima, C. E. Soc., 14, S. S., [Special to Miss Fowler's School, Sholapur, 10; Seattle, Plymouth, 75, S. S. Mrs. Wood's Cl., 15, Prospect, for Brousa Building, 5.90; Spokane, Westminster, for Brousa Building, 20; Sylvan, C. E. Soc., for Brousa Building, 4; Walla Walla, S. S., 15; Washougal, 3,	171 40
To Regular Work,	131 50
To Building Fund,	29 90
To Special,	10 00
	171 40

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