

# Life and Light For Woman

The Evangel at Work

DELIA D. LEAVENS

MABEL ELLIS HUBBARD

Openings for Service

Dr. SUSAN B. TALLMON

A Thought for the New Year

Mrs. C. H. DANIELS

Congregational Woman's Boards  
of Missions

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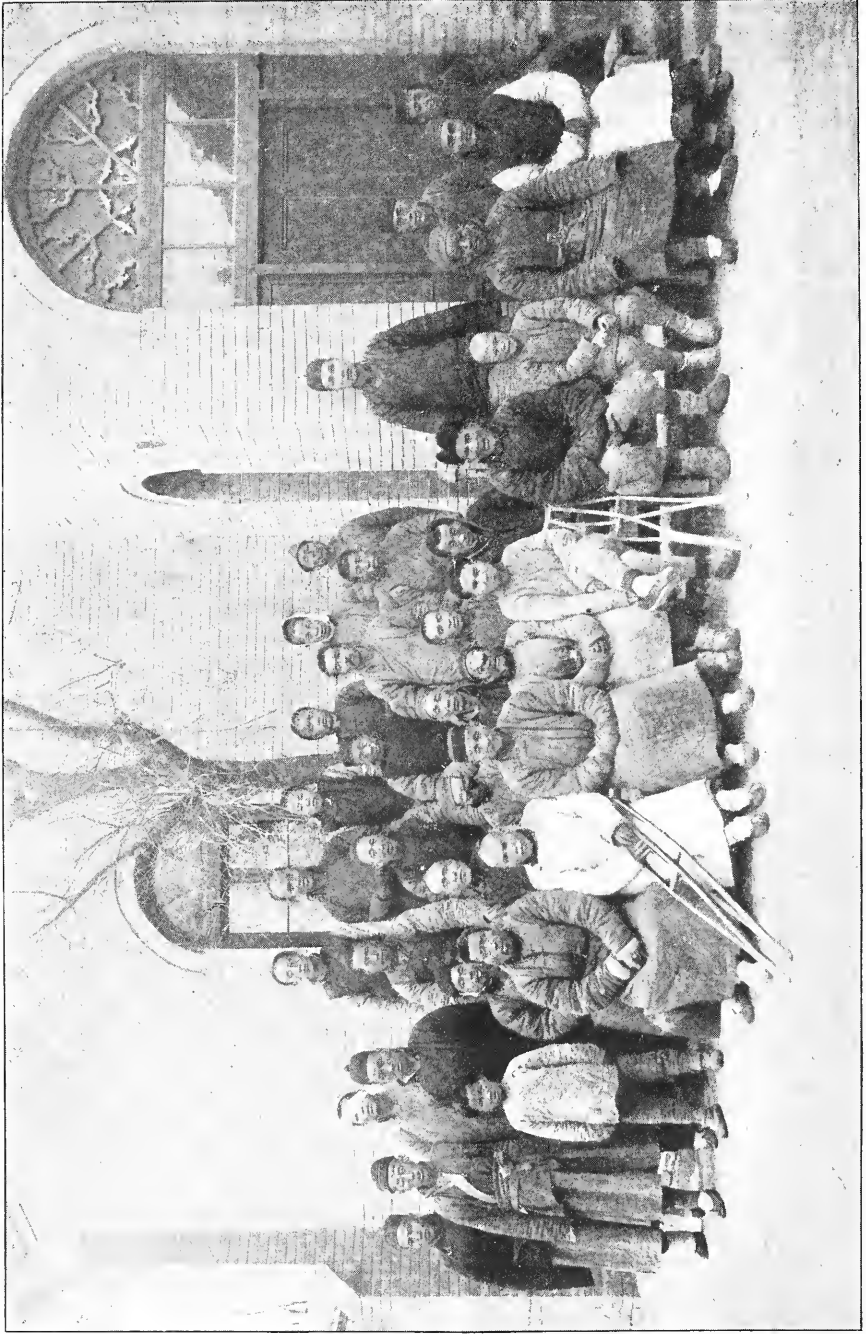
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Waiting for the Doctor at Pangchwang, China

# Life and Light

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## A Highway in the Desert

By Grace Perry

The accompanying article embodies the first of the three talks given by Miss Perry at the devotional services held in connection with the annual meeting in Burlington, Vt.

—*The Editor.*

THE prelude of the fortieth chapter of Isaiah consists of voices, carrying certain tidings across the desert to Jerusalem. Jehovah has at last proclaimed the great good news of Israel's pardon. The heart of the message is that their God will return to them as a leader, and guide them back by a prepared way to their great city and His. The voice of one crying takes up the thought, and more and more distant voices pass it on—the full command of the recall—"Prepare in the desert a highway for our God."

Years before, this discredited people, some forty thousand of them, had toiled painfully down the hills of Judea, the long seven hundred miles to the monotonous levels of Babylonia. Weeping had indeed come in to them to lodge at evening, but now, in the morning, lo, this cry of joy—"Speak ye home to the heart of Jerusalem that her warfare is accomplished, and her iniquity is pardoned." And back, through the desert, He brought out the prisoners. The eyes of the great poet see how it is all to be done, and the language of the voices is as one describes the preparations for the coming of an Oriental king. Low places must be filled up, high places must be leveled. Straighten the long detours, and clear of stones the rough ascents. The *King* is coming. Prepare his road before him. Joy in the hearts of the pilgrims touched even the wilderness. Lame people leaped along this highway, blind people saw where the wild places grew

green with reeds and rushes, and the glowing sand, instead of a mirage, became true pools of water. And because Jehovah led them it was the way of deliberate holiness, and casual travelers, fools or wise men, did not wander into it by chance. The march of the return was celebrated by the chanting of celestial hosts. They were to come with singing into Zion. Everlasting joy was to be upon their heads, and sorrow and sighing were to flee away. The great song of the road was, "Be strong: fear not," and more than this—"Strengthen the weak hands and the feeble knees." The highway was for Jehovah as he led all His people back to their great inheritance.

Jehovah moves before us as we follow the highway of our preparing through the desert of indifference and ignorance at home, and of suffering and ignorance abroad. Not all the exiles went back to Judea and the temple. Babylonia, in spite of servitude, had many attractions, opportunities and temptations. They forgot that their citizenship was in Zion, and the highway meant nothing to them. There are those who forget it still. The sweeping back to an inheritance of bands of exiles, along a road which joy makes green and blossoming, is but an empty tale to them. There is a road to build through the carelessness and indifference of such people, through the desert places of their selfishness and pettiness, but it can only be done by one in whose own heart are the highways to Zion. We have still to clear away the unnecessary things, the petty things, the worrying things in our own hearts, and make a highway there, a quiet way, a joyful way, a restful way, with room for spiritual forces to play, room for thoughts of the King.

And there is still the valley of weeping of those who suffer, to be made a place of springs. We shall do it by the freshness of our enthusiasm, and the sincerity of our sympathy, and the force of our unconquerable trust in the King of the great highway. For the wilderness and the solitary place is to be *glad* because of the road.

"Cast up the highway, gather out the stones"—and it is back-breaking work to pick up stones,—but the King rides over the road. Who knows if he would stop and notice if some stone

seemed heavier than we could lift, and suggest a way to move it or leave us a word of encouragement? What else, I wonder, is prayer, but stopping to listen for what the King speaks when we are quiet enough to hear?

Little by little the people with a citizenship in Zion are gathering into the road: they are remembering a forgotten inheritance or they are learning for the first time their rights in the eternal city. I stood waiting the other night for a trolley. The corner was dark, and no car was in sight, and it was a country place. Suddenly, away down the line, the tracks were long, straight stretches of light. No car to see, no sound to hear, but the headlight was shining on the tracks and it was enough. O, they are coming! The highway is going to be crowded with people, working and loving and believing. And there is a song of the road to learn and to teach—"Be strong, fear not, and *help!*"

## The Environment of a Medical Missionary

By a Missionary Doctor

"**L**IFE consists of the continuous adjustment of the organism to its environment," so the Professor of Physiology taught her medical students. Her words, being interpreted in the light of the New Testament, mean one may suppose, "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood but against,—powers." When those same students, now possessed of an M.D., find themselves on the foreign field they are surrounded by another environment to which they gladly adjust their services hour by hour. This phase of the foreign missionary work is worth our study too. If we consider Western India we shall find many elements which affect our medical work in the Marathi Mission. We find here a people for whom, now during over a hundred years, the missionaries have put forth efforts to win the hundreds of thousands of women to Christ. There are

many divisions of life into classes and castes, all of whom have some distinguishing customs and costumes which hint at the position of the person. The Marawadi women have a dress different from the Parsis in every way; the Parsis differ from the Moham medan women, and these again from the Eurasians or Chinese. Many women go barefoot at home, the family income sufficing to buy shoes for their husbands or sons but not for them.

The medical missionary has many forms of conveyance in which to visit the great variety of homes she is called to enter. She may travel sometimes by railroad, often by springless, two-wheeled oxcart, now and then by the gift of some generous friend by automobile, but not yet by aeroplane though it is said that aviators have visited India! And the range of the home is just as wide, from the modest missionary bungalow to the little one-roomed hovel, or from the neat Christian native home to the palace of a rajah,—the busy doctor goes to each of these, noting little of exterior comfort or discomfort, except as it affects her patient. In these homes she finds every degree of intelligence and of ignorance, from those who cannot read or write, and have never opened a book, to those who have passed severe examinations and are in high government positions; from the mother who even when there is no famine in the land has little if any bread for her child, to the lady gayly decked with heavy ornaments of silver and of gold. But wherever she goes the woman doctor is a living evangel,—before all these widely differing types she may put the Saviour who came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance, who was on earth to bind up the broken-hearted and who had compassion on the multitude. Even in one day's routine there are countless opportunities to point to Christ the Healer and to comfort His wandering and suffering ones. If doctors had time to write letters there would be among the bare hospital statistics stories that would gleam like jewels.

Note.—This article, written months ago by a physician now broken in health in this country, is used as a background for the wonderful glimpses of the hospital work given by Miss Leavens and Mrs. Hubbard on page 5 and in Dr. Tallmon's article, "Openings for Service," occurring in this and in the November LIFE AND LIGHT.—*The Editor.*



## The Evangel at Work

### Miracles of Healing in Tungchou

By Delia D. Leavens

#### I

**C**HINESE women have to stand a great deal in the way of domestic difficulties, but when life becomes quite unbearable they use the only method they know, and cut the Gordian knot, or in other words, their throats. Three such cases came to the notice of our Tungchou hospital this spring. One had not succeeded in doing much damage with her dull scissors, and her recovery was rapid, yet her stay at the hospital was long enough to give her a new outlook on life. The other two girls were sisters, betrothed by their parents much against their wills. As the time drew near they felt that they could not submit. Better a double suicide than a double wedding. Time—night, by the light of a small oil lamp. The only witness—a baby asleep on the k'ang. Knives this time instead of scissors, and more successful cutting, clear through to the windpipe. All might have happened just as they planned had it not been for the lamp, which, being upset, gave the alarm by setting the house on fire. The family was aroused, but too late to save one of the girls and the baby. The other would-be suicide they brought to the hospital, horribly burned in face, hands, hair and scalp, beside, the awful gash in her throat, and with an attitude toward life worse than any of her wounds. Far from helping the doctor's efforts, she hindered, by refusing to eat or to do anything that would make for a recovery. Wasn't living just what she wanted to escape? The doctor persisted, bandaging her throat and grafting skin on her burns. The matron was kind and friendly. Everyone seemed to want her to live. In fact, these people were different from any she had ever known before. Life meant something different to them, and little by little it began to mean something different to her. As her poor burned face began to heal, a new expression crept into it. Her cure had gone more than skin deep.

The operations performed in our hospitals at home have not ceased to be a marvel to us unprofessional people, and when the same things are done by a doctor in China with no equipment, no assistance, in the most unprepossessing of surroundings, it seems little short of a miracle. Two confinement cases in Tungchou this spring illustrate this point, and at the same time show how even a little more money spent for medical work might have saved two babies.



Coming to the Hospital

One of the cases was the wife of a man who has had opportunities of knowing about Christianity, for many of his relatives have been prominent in the church and in Christian education. The girl's family, however, was very conservative and anti-foreign, and it was only after they had given up all hope for their daughter, and after the repeated persuasions of one of the Christian relatives, that

they would consent to let the foreign doctor be called. It was a first baby, and the girl had been in convulsions for eight hours, when late in the evening the doctor arrived. The mother refused to do anything to help along methods of which she did not approve. Our hospital does not boast a nurse, so there was only the husband and his cousin (a man) to lend a hand. An operation would have saved both mother and child, but it was out of the question, for lack of instruments and a properly equipped operating room. As

it was, a night of hard work right there on the k'ang in the girl's own home pulled her through. That was so much beyond the wildest hopes of the family that their prejudices disappeared at once. The mother, when she saw that her daughter's life was saved, not only cared for her under the doctor's direction, but invited the Bible women to come and tell her about this doctrine she had been so misjudging. If it could teach men how to save lives it must be good all through. Her gratitude to the doctor found expression in a touching sentiment embroidered on satin and in contributions to the hospital treasury.

The other case was also in a heathen family, introduced by a Christian relative, but this time the initiative did not come from the relative. He had been ostracized long before when he adopted the new religion, and it was only in their time of extreme need that they sought him out to invite the foreign doctor for them. Everything they had tried had failed. The woman had been in labor three days, and the pains had stopped. Chinese knowledge could suggest nothing more; it was too late for foreign skill to do any harm, and a bare chance that it might do some good. Again, there was little to be gained by moving the patient to a poorly equipped hospital, and again the doctor had to utilize unskilled help. This time it was women, and they were willing to do as they were told. One of them gave the chloroform, and the doctor, kneeling on the k'ang, directed her, and performed the operation—a difficult one at best, but, in spite of every handicap, successful this time. The doctor, still intent upon his patient, tried to give directions for the care of the little girl baby, but the room was cold, there was no hot water, and the women kept saying, "Never mind the baby, only save the mother." A few more simple appliances, and some one who could use them,—not very much, but it would save many babies. The mother made a perfectly normal recovery. Her husband sold some corn and paid the fee with great promptness, and brought friends and neighbors to the hospital for treatment. During the operation a reconciliation had been going on. The ostracized relative had been received to the family, religion and all. They need no further proof of its worth, only more knowledge.

The prize case of the hospital this year, both from a professional and evangelistic point of view, was that of a woman with a breast abscess. Perhaps it is stretching a point to call a girl of seventeen a woman, though there can't be much of the girl side of her left after this experience. Her baby died of starvation, because of the condition of her breast, and the abscess kept spreading till it reached back of the shoulder and nearly to the waist in front, exposing bones and heart. When she came to the hospital in this perfectly unspeakable condition, the doctor gave her about three days to live. Nevertheless he went to work to clean her up, and in spite of everything, including the unkindness of her mother-in-law, who made a great fuss about her being there, and often refused to send her food, she slowly improved. Her own mother came to take care of her, and proved to be an unusually clean woman. It is not easy to be antiseptic, or even ordinarily neat in our hospital wards—regular Chinese rooms with the brick platform, where both the patient and the one who is taking care of her sleep under their own dirty bedding. Cooking is done in the room, and the corn-stalk fuel makes an excellent breeding place for flies, which in turn find a happy hunting ground on the food which is generally kept on the floor. Not ideal conditions, but all we have at present. We are dreaming of a nice clean woman's ward. We have the room, in fact, but that's another story.

To return to our patient; suppose we return after five or six months of hospital life. You would not know her. She is up and dressed, has shed her horrid bandages and the drawn look of pain has gone from around her eyes. The matron will tell you with pride how she has learned to read, and finished a phenomenal number of books. Better yet, she believes what she has read, and so does her mother and her husband, who has been often to see her. Even the mother-in-law has grown kinder, and is willing to listen to the new doctrine that wrought such wonders for her daughter-in-law. Isn't she a splendid proof of the need and the value of medical work for women in Tungchou?

## The Little Cripple of Paoting-fu

By Mabel Ellis Hubbard

### II

**I**NTO the hospital came one day a little bundle carried in a basket. "Another child," said the doctor, but as the person was brought in she saw that this was not a child, but a little dwarf no taller than a child of six, but with at least sixteen or eighteen years on her poor little deformed shoulders.

One half of the little body was paralyzed, but her tongue was surely active. She scolded the nurse and reviled the ones who brought her food, and fussed and fumed over everything the doctor did for her. Such a naughty disposition; they almost wished that her tongue had been paralyzed too.

But in the mission compound they were kind even to the cross patients, and they were genuinely sorry for the poor little dwarf. They taught her as fast as she was willing to learn,—which was



A Hospital Baby

not so very fast, I fear,—the lessons of patience and kindness. Little by little the gospel story permeated the active mind in the deformed body, and little by little the disagreeable disposition changed, bitter words slipped away from her vocabulary, cross wrinkles disap-

peared, and in a few months she was the best loved patient in the hospital.

One day she came to the doctor asking that she be allowed to study in the woman's classes for Bible women. The doctor was hardly certain that a permission should be given, for there were real Chinese ladies in that class, and perhaps they would not be willing for an ignorant little dwarf to be allowed to enter, but her change of heart seemed so real, and her desire so earnest, that she was admitted. Before the term was over she was a general favorite, and Chinese ladies were vying with each other for the privilege of carrying her up stairs on their back.

A year or more passed; the little cripple had made remarkable progress with her books, and even more remarkable progress in Christian character. One day from a remote village came the call for a teacher. No one offered to go. At last the little cripple came and said that she would like to go.

The teachers questioned: Should they send her, a dwarf? How would she represent the mission school? Would she be acceptable to the head men of the village who had sent for a teacher? How would pupils look upon her? Some had been taught that devils dwelt in deformed bodies. But in all that school for Bible women no one else offered to go. The village was far away, and they loved their homes. At last, with many doubts in the minds of the teachers, the little cripple was sent as the only one available.

Many months later the missionary visited the village to see how their little teacher was being received. With fear in her heart she made her way to the school. The school was crowded, and she stayed through the morning's exercises, watching the pupils' glad obedience, their good recitations. She soon knew that the teacher had won the hearts of her pupils, and was doing good work. Then she called on some of the parents, and listened to their stories of the little teacher's interest in their homes, and she knew the teacher had gained the respect of the parents. Before she left town she called on the magistrate who had sent for a teacher. She was warmly welcomed. "You sent us such a good teacher," he said, not waiting for her to open the subject, "and we want to thank you." The missionary went home with a glad heart.

## Some Country Schools in China

By Bertha P. Reed

**W**E HEAR that schools in the cities are growing fast, but not only there is this true. From the country also the call is coming. Teachers are wanted, young women to teach schools for little girls—of all things impossible in this ancient land! Last year the call came to us from the Fan Village, away to the south a hundred miles, far from railroad or canal. We have thought of its people as buried in their old customs, and here they are waking up and wanting their girls to study.

This village consists of many branches of a family named Fan, descendants of farmers of long ago. By this time, the complications of degrees of cousinship are quite beyond the American mind to fathom, but any Chinese can explain them to you with extreme accuracy. It is now many a year since a little church was founded there, and many missionary visits have been made to the place, and Chinese preachers have lived and worked there. The present group of Christians is sturdy, earnest, faithful.

If you compare the village now with its condition thirty years ago, you can see that there is a perceptibly closer approach toward cleanliness. The pigs and the hens are expected to spend much more of their time in the courtyard, and less in the house. Indeed, you would find places in which they are altogether banished from the living rooms. It may be that the New England housewife would still stand aghast at sights in the houses, but for all that the village is advancing.

Just now their Chinese preacher is a wide-awake young man, full of plans for the advancement of his parish, and most persistent in getting all the aid he can in carrying them out. He discovered this desire for a girls' school, and worked with all zeal to fulfill it. Letters came to Peking at frequent intervals all last year. Were we going to send them a teacher? He could promise pupils, and the school would surely grow. Pretty soon another letter came, giving us a choice of three different plans. Would we please tell which we preferred? Then another, urging

a quick decision. He kept the matter so before us that we came to feel that Fan Village must have a girls' school, no matter what else befell.

In the spring it seemed well to make a change in a school already established, so we moved it, teacher, pupils, cook, and utensils, a two-days' cart journey, and set them up in the new surroundings of Fan Village, which was rendered most happy



By Slow Waterway in China

thereby. The preacher and his little family moved out of their house into another court, and left the school with a court to themselves. The first term the number of pupils reached twenty-four, a good number for a country school. Day pupils came from the little village itself, promise for its future life. Three girls came from the old, old city of Wèn Au, the first girls to come out through its ancient gates on a journey to school. Another came a distance of sixty miles, traveling nearly all the way in a small boat on a slow waterway, so that days were spent in the trip. Her father brought her to this school because he knew the preacher.



She was active and earnest, the first one to see something needed and to jump to bring it. We are sure she will gain much to take back to her village home, where she is the only schoolgirl, and her family the only one that worships God.

In Fan Village we feel that the school is surrounded by protectors. The capable young teacher comes from a family of that region, and so is among her relatives. The rugged old farmers rejoice to serve the school in every way. There is no market nor shop in the little place, but the farmers go often to the market town a few miles away, and are always happy to bring back the school supply of rice and flour and vegetables. If there must be some building or repairing done, the farmers again come in and offer their work, so that the school needs only to buy materials. And the preacher stands ready to aid in every way, holding back at no trouble in his enthusiasm.



Market Day in Peking

This village is within reach of many possible pupils in that country region, and we are sure of increasing numbers. Just think of a time in the future, when country women will be able to read, and will know how to keep their houses clean, and will not bind their daughters' feet, nor be cruel to their daughters-in-law! Perhaps the country schools will not accomplish all that right away, but they will surely do their part toward bringing nearer this bit of the millennium.

In another country town a school was begged for, till we tried the plan of opening one for a part of the summer, to see if the children would really come. And they did come very faithfully, but their teacher could not return in the fall. Such sorrow as filled their hearts! That closing day they sat in weeping rows in the schoolroom, and one after another would choke back her sobs long enough to say, "Please do ask our teacher to come back." But the asking did not accomplish it. The town saw to it that we did not forget them while we were searching for another teacher, and now their school, too, is a busy place.

Another school is in a town where there are railroad shops under French direction. The result of these shops is a town full of people gathered from many places, dependent, not on farming, but on daily labor. They live under a system of regular hours, and have a little spending money, so that the little girls can buy pink crocheted scarfs and foreign caps, and come to school quite gay. The number in that school has reached thirty, and it surely will still grow, for the town overflows with material for it. The boys' school in the place numbers fifty.

This town is an odd one, just houses and shops each side of a very long street, which used to be lined with inns in the old days before the railroad came, when it was the chief cart road leading to Peking, and many officials traveled through. Now, alas, it would undoubtedly go to the foot in any comparison of streets that could be instituted, with its puddles and garbage heaps, its pigs and hens, and dirty, dirty children. But some day our school children will be grown up, and then they will clean that street!

Oh, for the new day of China, still newer than this, and far ahead of us now, when towns are clean, and children can all study, when women's clubs keep the streets and yards fresh and neat, and the meat displayed in front of the shops is not a center for swarms of flies, when all is sanitary and enlightened! But how can we hope for the coming of this day if we do not give them schools, Christian schools everywhere, to teach ideals of cleanliness, of helpful citizenship and Christian living? In our schools is the hope for the future, for its civilization and its Christianity.

# Board of the Pacific

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## Openings for Service

By Dr. Susan B. Tallmon, Lintsing, China

*(Concluded)*

**A**FTER repeating this little prayer, she went on, "Then I use my own words too, just as Mrs. Sung taught me I should. When my daughter-in-law doesn't give me enough to eat, I pray, 'Great Heavenly Father, keep me from getting angry and don't let me be too hungry.' Then I prayed that my face where you removed the tumor might heal perfectly, and see!—it has. There is one thing that I want to ask,—why don't a teacher ever get to our village to preach and teach us this doctrine? My son wants to learn too. I can't teach him much. He sometimes hears a teacher preaching at the market town, but no one ever comes to us. Why is it?" Then I told how few preachers we have in the field to do touring. Sometimes one preacher must visit so many places that he can make the rounds but a few times a year. If we had more men—if we had more money for men—we could do better. It was not her intention to sell the eggs, but we talked the matter over. The girls' school would buy them for the market price and the money could be used toward the expenses of the one who toured in her region. You on the Pacific Coast would pay several dollars for that number of eggs if you were buying them for Christmas cooking, but the girls' school got them for the market price of twenty cents, still you must not consider that amount small, for were you a workman in Lintsing you could not earn so much in two days. The hospital preacher was asked to take the money and to report the gift and that for which it was given to the Congregational Association. I hope that before this someone has visited the village.

Another visitor at the time of the big fair was a lady from an important city thirty miles to the east of us. She came in a fine cart with a serving woman to attend her, for she is not poor. She too had been operated upon at the hospital for a cancer. She did not come to worship at the temples or buy at the fair but to attend the large church meeting that is held each spring, wishing to learn more of the doctrine and only incidentally to have medical treatment for minor ailments. She told us how with the help of her son she had finished reading the catechism, and how her little grandson and granddaughter had read it too, and how she daily gathered all the family together for family prayers. She said, "For many years our family has not worshiped idols, and this doctrine seems just what we were seeking." Mrs. Arthur H. Smith was with us at that time, taking charge of the preaching to the crowds of women that visited our compound, so this patient went day after day and listened to the fundamental truths of Christianity simply told. She returned home encouraged and blessed to take new light to the family of which she is the head.

One of the pleasantest occasions of the week is our hospital prayer meeting each Friday evening, which doctors, evangelists, Bible woman and nurses take turns in leading. The children of the families are brought too, for there is no one with whom to leave them at home. There is bright-eyed Lien Ch'un, who can follow in the Bible reading and join in not a few hymns, and there is his chubby, happy little brother, who usually goes to sleep and is put down on the rug to nap until the meeting is over. Then there is often Mrs. Sung's little grandson and the serious little son of the Liu home. They all like to come. Do you exclaim, "Remarkable!" Not at all. Part of the explanation is that there are low stools for them to sit on and also at least one cookie for each child. More American children might enjoy prayer meeting under those circumstances!

One of the busy Fridays this spring it was my turn to lead the meeting. After hymn and opening prayer and Bible reading, according to a prearranged plan, I asked Mr. Liu, the evangelist, and Mrs. Sung, the Bible woman, to tell for the benefit of all of us about each of the in-patients. Mrs. Sung reported that

most of the women were willing to be taught, but there were some who listened or made an effort to learn only when they thought the doctor might be around. The brightest patient was a young woman with tubercular spine who was making great progress, reading pages of the catechism daily. There was the woman who had been home for a few days and returned to say that the members of her family were anxious to hear the gospel because they wished to know what kept her from flying into a passion at every slight annoyance as had been her habit; the blind woman who was old and slow but who listened and tried earnestly to learn the prayers and Bible verses repeated for her; the girl whose father could not read and wished her to learn all she could so as to teach him; the young woman with a tubercular elbow who was so distracted by pain and by the care of her baby girl that she had little heart for learning anything—this was part of her report. Mr. Liu, too, found the patients had varying degrees of interest or indifference. One man, a patient who had a cataract operation three years ago, had returned for an operation on the other eye. He had joined the church on probation and was gladly learning more. Another eye patient had never known anything about Christianity until he came to Lintsing for treatment, but the seed seemed to have fallen into good soil and was springing up. He was from a village only a few miles from the station of another mission, so he was going home with a note of introduction to the workers there. The father of the little lad who had a serious operation some weeks before was a “reading man” and was thoughtfully investigating the claims of Christianity.

The prayers that followed were mostly for these who had been mentioned, for the thousands who had received treatment at the Lintsing hospital during the years since its opening and for ourselves that we might be worthy witnesses to the gospel we profess. After the closing hymn I asked Dr. Ma to tell everyone about the visit we had received that day from Mr. Chu, the new customs’ official. This Mr. Chu is a descendant of the Ming emperors, and a very progressive young man. He has visited England and France and knows much of foreign ways. He told me he had read the Bible and believed there was no other true

doctrine. He had already sent a contribution of a hundred dollars (silver) toward the fund the Chinese are raising for a new surgical ward for men. Dr. Ma told how that afternoon he had come with one of his secretaries to make inquiries about the amount of money received yearly from America for hospital expenses, about how much went for supplies and how much for salaries, and so forth. He said that with the enlarged hospital the expenses of carrying on the work would surely be increased and that if we would accept he wished to denote certain funds under his control, amounting to about a thousand dollars (silver) a year, to the use of the hospital. There would be no restrictions as to the expenditure of these funds, for he was sure they would be used for the purpose for which they were given. Such exciting news this was for those who had not already heard it. Did this mean we could plan for the opium refuge we have so much needed with its special nurse? Did it mean a better surgical ward for men than the one we had in mind? Did it mean more adequate salaries, better instruments, a larger supply of drugs, and possibly in time a hospital kitchen, and a private room for official patients? An addition of thirty-five dollars a month to the resources of a hospital in America would not cause such rejoicing, but here, while it would not provide for all of the above mentioned needs, you must understand that it would increase our receipts by half. We sat and talked long. But finally a plaintive, sleepy voice was heard, "Father, father, WHEN will we go home?" and we were recalled from flights into the possible future. Lanterns were lighted, two sleeping tots were shouldered by their fathers and two others led by their mother and grandmother.

You will rejoice as we do because of this added resource. By the time this letter reaches you the actual work of building the new hospital will have begun. The erection of the building will take much less time than has been needed for the purchasing of materials. So you may picture us not many months hence enjoying the conveniences of the new hospital. We are very grateful for what has come of material equipment making possible our present work and the larger work of the near future. We are

grateful to the friends at home who have made gifts and for the friendship and co-operation of the Chinese, never so marked as this year. We are thankful for the hundreds of patients who have been treated in the hospital this year, receiving help for physical ills and seeing illustrated in a manner that they can understand something of the teaching of Him who came to make known God's love for the world. We are thankful that this work is yours as well as ours, and we ask you to pray more earnestly than ever before that it may *all* be His.

## Brousa Happenings

By Edith Parsons

Very much to our surprise, the circular has again come from Miss Parsons in spite of mail uncertainties. For nearly two months we received no letters and apparently she suffered in the same way. As several have now come, the service seems to have been re-established, and it will be quite safe to send letters to her if they are short. Of course, no reference to war conditions are allowed to pass the censor. It is difficult for us in this Land of Peace to realize the nerve strain that people are enduring in those distracted countries in the war zone. If time fails for a short letter, send a picture postal with a cheery greeting. The remembrance will do her good and the pictures be useful afterwards in helping her to broaden the horizon of her pupils.—C. T.

**N**OW that we have been receiving no foreign mail at all for over four weeks, it seems a singularly inauspicious time to try to send a circular, but perhaps outgoing mail has better luck. At any rate, it may get through some day. Long letters are forbidden and there is very little I can tell you. We are here, and we are alive and well, and at work. Miss Allen and I have had the experience of opening school by ourselves again. I am glad to say it is not because Miss Jillson is sick but because she is in Constantinople. I believe in my July circular, which may or may not have reached you, I said she had gone to her sister in Bardizag, but she only saw the McNaughtons in time to say good-bye to them as they set off for America. She was in Bardizag a little while, attending to some of the work there, and then went to Constantinople and began helping the American

Red Cross. There is so much to do and so many of the helpers have had to go back to their regular work now that fall has come, that as we could get along without her, she is staying there. I thought a good deal of going up with Miss Jillson for the summer, but when she left it seemed best for me to stay with Miss Allen, and as things have gone I am very glad I stayed.

We began school in both the Set-Bashi and Kaya-Bashi buildings the second week in September. We have not felt it wise to open the boarding department this year, as the prices of food are so high and there are so many uncertainties about everything. We have two or three orphans on our hands that had no other home and they are staying; and two little girls for whom a special arrangement was made, but that is all. However, we have a tremendous day school—seventy-six here and nearly as many on the other side, and more coming all the time. The reason we are able to get on without Miss Jillson to help teach is that the girls are almost all in the lower classes and we have other teachers for most of the lower class work. Our high school amounts to very little and again we have no senior class. We are very thankful, though, to have such a big school, and so very many new pupils this year. The school on the Kaya-Bashi side, by the way, is more than half Greek, and we are getting quite a Jewish department.

I teach in both school buildings and am pretty busy, but I am very well. Miss Powers, who came to spend the summer here, cannot get back to Adana and is helping us with some of the work. It is really very difficult to get anywhere now. There are no more boats to Constantinople and the trip takes two days and a night driving all night. We have stopped using lamps altogether and candles are rather high, so we still sit in the dark on the porch thus far, for it has been quite warm. We are experimenting with olive oil. Of course this cuts out all evening work, but probably that is good for our nerves, and we go to bed early.

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**The joys of victory are not greater than the joys of faith—a faith that rests and delights itself on the living God, and glories in him as much before the conflict has begun as it rejoices in him when the victory is achieved.—J. Hudson Taylor.**



## Our Field Correspondents

Mrs. C. B. Olds writes from Niigata, Japan :—

You have all heard more or less of the big bazaar held in our premises September 24. I was the one who suggested the idea to our church ladies in the first place, but I had in my mind a quiet little affair that might possibly bring in fifty *yen*. Imagine my surprise on my return from the summer to find out on what a large scale everything was being planned. Our pastor and his wife have had considerable experience with bazaars in Osaka for the Baikwa Jo Gakko, a Christian Girls' School, of which Mr. Osada was principal for ten years, used to have annual bazaars and clear 500 *yen* or more. Besides the various fancy articles that the church women made, a good many things were contributed by Christian merchants in Osaka and Tokyo, friends of the Osadas, and the church people here gave a good many things. There were 5,000 tickets printed and over 3,000 of these were sold at three *sen* apiece. This is the only bazaar that has been held in this town for many years, so that a great many townspeople and country folk were eager to come, especially as it was advertised that a foreign house would be open for them all to see. The bazaar itself was held at Edith Curtis' house next door, and about fifteen merchants from town had their wares on sale, so that all but one of her rooms were used. There was a regular line of march from one room to another, and then matting was spread down in the walk to our house, so that people left their *geta* (clogs) at the front door of the other house and found them again at our side door after having been through our house. Tracts were handed to people as they came in our front door and in the study a great variety of Bibles, hymn books and Christian books and tracts were on sale, and many were sold. It was interesting to see the people who came, 2,300 of them in all, people of all classes from the governor's and vice governor's wives to the commonest tradespeople and farmers. Our bedrooms especially were very wonderful to many of them, but we let them

only stand in the doorways of the rooms upstairs to see. On our lawn a large tent was pitched where Japanese lunches and a kind of bean soup was served all day and rice curry and stew from our kitchen, while I spent most of my day making and helping serve tea and coffee. The grounds looked very festive with many flags and bunting, and lanterns were hung clear up to the top of our house. After dark we filled our downstairs rooms with people, and a great throng filled the yard outside, all of whom listened quietly to a program of foreign and Japanese music, closing with a lively rendering of "Tipperary." After it was all over the church people gathered in the tent for a praise meeting, so it was nearly midnight before quiet settled down.

Nearly 230 *yen* was cleared in all, and of this sum 60 *yen* was contributed to local charitable institutions and 100 *yen* was given to our pastor and his wife, for their salary is so very small. We hope to be able to paint the church soon with the rest of the money and the proceeds of the articles sent by the ladies here from the bazaar to be sold in the Worcester Old South Church by the Olds Club at their Christmas bazaar. We feel that the greatest thing accomplished by this bazaar was that it has set our church women and all the church members to working.

Just lately in our Women's Society several things have happened to bring the members closer together. A fire which burnt out the interior of the home of one of its members brought sympathy and aid in money and other ways from the rest of the society. A prominent member has a new baby and a committee is appointed to take a little present. Last Saturday afternoon an especial prayer meeting and social of the society was held at Mrs. Osada's. It was a farewell meeting to Mrs. Lomiyama, a Christian woman, who had decided to go to the Bible school in Kobe. Her husband died in the Hokkaido last year. She has two children, the younger a boy of five, but she is leaving them here with their grandparents and with great courage and high purposes is giving her life to evangelistic work. Her consecration has been a great inspiration to the society. She left early Sunday morning and a large number of women walked two miles or more to the depot to see her off, getting back in time for the

church service. We have had a visit from a Miss Clagett, a Baptist missionary, who has gained the confidence of the Department of Education by her work in saving girls from entering factories. Now she has a letter of introduction from the government and is going all about Japan speaking at the high schools and primary schools urging the girls not to enter factories. There are 200,000 girls in factories, and most of these girls go entirely to the bad or die of disease because of the awful social conditions. I had a parlor meeting here at our house and invited my Home Club and a good many others and all seemed greatly interested in Miss Clagett's talk.

Miss Minnie Clarke writes from Mount Silinda:—

The most important event this vacation has been the big Annual Native Meeting, which was held here at Silinda, and was very well attended. The Lord was present in power, and we have great cause for thankfulness for the work of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of many who were present. Some who had long resisted the call of God were brought to Him in faith and repentance, while others who were already believers were blessed and quickened in their spiritual lives. I felt so very thankful to see a number of my older pupils, for whom I had been praying particularly, come forward amongst the thirty-one who responded to a call for volunteers for the work of the Lord amongst the heathen around—or wherever God may lead. That was a "red letter" day for me; and the remembrance of it will be an inspiration on many a dark day of discouragement.

Yesterday was a sad day—a real Job's day—for the troubles did not come singly. I was busy cutting out khaki shirts for the sewing class, when there came one of the frequent knocks at my door, and outside I found a thin, dirty, hopeless looking figure—the untidy remains of what was, before I went on furlough, one of my bright, happy-looking boarding department girls. She has been coming to school from her heathen home as a day scholar for several terms, and has been gradually losing her clean appearance and brightness of expression. Last term I felt burdened and anxious about her, and called her one day for a



*Monastir Graduating Class*



*Servian Graduate of  
American School in Monastir  
with her  
Grandparents*



*Street in Monastir with prisoners released in Balkan War*



*Sufie  
for  
ten years  
Dr. Thom's  
helper in  
Mardin  
Hospital*



*A patient  
and her  
mother caring  
for her  
in Mardin  
Hospital*



*A group  
of patients  
at free  
Clinic  
with the  
Hospital  
Bible woman*

long talk after school, pressing her to come back to our home, and warning her of the dangers ahead. She said she would come, but did not do so. Yesterday she came to tell me that it was too late, that she has thrown away all her opportunities, that the future is dark before her and she does not know what she can do. I felt so troubled for her and just cried to God to give me grace and power to speak to her lovingly and faithfully of her sin, and of His wonderful, unchanging love and the precious, cleansing blood of Jesus. Oh, how hard it was to give her hope, any little ray of light in the darkness, hope of forgiveness and restoration. She does believe in God, but the enemy in his triumph has belittled His love and power and willingness to forgive. And what can we do for her, how can I help her, where can I see her again? Thank God, His power and love are sufficient even for such cases as these; and to us He has given the privilege of prayer with all its awful responsibilities.

Miss Mary L. Matthews writes from Monastir, Serbia, Oct. 29, 1915:—

I want to send a word to say that we are safe and comfortable at present, though many people are afraid and no one can say what the immediate future holds for this city and district. Some reports are in circulation that the Bulgarian army is coming from the north, *via* Ochrida. The government has told all Serbians to leave the city within three days, and many are going by train to Salonica. Whatever may be done here, we are in the place of duty and where we are needed to care for our girls and any others who may need our help in their time of fear. Our school has gone on regularly, and we expect to continue.

I am very well, and enjoy my teaching. I am in the school-room nearly all day. I sleep well, and do not write many letters, for they do not go unless we can send them to Salonica to be mailed. We do not know how the rest of the world is getting on, for we do not get papers until they are a month old, and even then there are very few which reach us. We have some September numbers of the *Advance*. Do not worry about us. I am glad I came without being delayed longer, and that we have been able to keep the school open.

## The Wider View

### The Episcopal Emergency Fund.

With the \$357,000 contributed to the Emergency Fund of the Protestant Episcopal Church Board of Missions, the emergency has been met, even though the fund was not completed on September 1. In other words, the missionary treasury is practically out of debt for the first time in eight years! The church has not only given the Emergency Fund of \$357,000, but has also exceeded by \$20,000 its gifts on the regular apportionment; so that about \$400,000 over and above the giving of last year has come into the treasury.

One feature worth noting is that the fund has not been padded or inflated in any way. There have been no committees of two waiting upon wealthy churchmen, and no whirlwind canvass methods; neither were any large sums held back to be announced at the last moment. The largest gift was \$5,000 and there have been about 8,000 contributions. The giving was real, spontaneous and personal; it represents desire rather than pressure.

—*Exchange.*

### Sure Cure for Race Hatred.

Pastor Monsky, Secretary of the Evangelical Society of Austria, affirms that the unhappy racial animosities of that land cease within the circles of the *Gemeinschaft* (evangelical Christians). "Where Jesus is really in men's hearts there are peace and love among differing races. I experience this fact every year at the Eastern Conference at Teschen in Austrian Silesia. German and Polish brethren sing the same hymns at the same time in their respective tongues. One prays in Polish and is immediately followed by another in German. I rejoice greatly to be a connecting link in all Austria for these little groups—Bohemian, Polish, Hungarian, German, Slovak, and Ruthenian. It is gratifying to see how the gospel is beginning to gain entry among the Slovaks. Brother Chraska, a member of the Free Reformed

Church, has just completed a translation of the Bible in Slovenish, and along with him a young, fiery Slovene believer, Brother Chlastan, has started to spread the Bible among his people. He has done this without legal authority and has had, consequently, to suffer fine and imprisonment repeatedly. The Society of Christian Endeavor in Agram, under the active leadership of Mr. Schumacher, a school principal, proposes to engage a missionary for the Croats."—*Record of Christian Work*.

#### A Need of Moslem Children.

Rev. Stephen Van R. Trowbridge writes in *The Missionary Review*: "A need which characterizes the child life of Moslem lands is for a Holy Book that can be understood and that is in the common language of the country. I have often looked in upon a room full of Turkish schoolboys seated cross-legged on the floor, each with his Koran in front of him, memorizing each line in that strange Arabic language of which he knows nothing save the alphabet. The Koran is a little longer than the New Testament and contains a confusion of ecstatic poetry, historic legends, ceremonial laws, and personal adventures of the Prophet. All this is in a language and style as unintelligible to a Turkish or a Persian boy as Vergil's *Aeneid* would be to a boy in one of our grammar schools. He is under the sharp eye and threatening rod of the schoolmaster, whose whole training has been in scholastic Moslem theology, instead of in the elements of arithmetic and science. The boy must drone away aloud at the strange rhythmic sentences without a word of interpretation from the teacher, until he has memorized the Koran from cover to cover! The Koran has some exalted portions, approaching in style and power the Book of Psalms and Job; but as a whole it has had a degrading influence both on the personal and social life. It is after all a reflection of the tragedy of Mohammed's life—a character gifted with rare spiritual powers, but under the stress of temptation yielding to lust, revenge, deceit and the fire of fanaticism."

#### Protestants in the Mexican Crisis.

A writer in *The Missionary Survey* says that the Protestant Church in Mexico is wielding a tremendous influence—not as a



Church, but through the individual members now associated in the various armies. It is said that the wife of Carranza, the first chief of the Constitutional army, is a Protestant, and he himself, though not actually a member of the Protestant Church, is openly friendly. Many of the native ministers hold positions of importance in the various armies, and the story goes that in all of the armies there is not a single Protestant who was enrolled as a private. Whether that statement be strictly accurate or not, it certainly indicates the part that Protestants are playing in the hour of the nation's crisis. A missionary who has spent years in México says that he has not heard the word "Protestante" used in contempt since the opening of the revolution.

#### **No Time for Overwork.**

Working in a government workshop on the Nilgiris Hills, India, is a young Badaga, who became a Christian and was baptized last year. During a press of work, most of the employees stayed to earn overtime pay. The young convert declined, and the manager sent for him and asked: "Why don't you stay in the evening and get extra pay like the others? Do you know you could nearly double your wages?" At last came the astonishing answer, "Please, sir, I can't; I am holding Bible class every evening." The manager, himself a Christian, inquired further, and found that this convert of only a few months' standing was going every evening to his own Badaga village to read the daily Scripture Union portion to the young men with whom he had grown up, and explaining it as far as he was able to do, and speaking to them, one by one, of his Saviour. Three of these young men have since asked for and received, and a fourth is under instruction for, baptism.

#### **Growth of Bible Circulation.**

It is but little more than a century ago that Voltaire prophesied that in a hundred years the Bible would be an extinct book. How has that prophecy been fulfilled? From 1804 to 1817 the total issue of Bibles and portions of the same in all Europe and America were about three million copies, or an average of less than a

quarter of a million a year, distributed in less than seventy languages. At present the thirty Bible societies of the world, which exist for the specific purpose of publishing the Word of God without note or comment, issue the whole Bible or portions of it in over 500 languages, and the aggregate circulation is about 18,000,000 copies a year. Then there are the Bibles and portions printed by private publishing firms, returns of which have recently been gathered for the first time, and these add 10,000,000 copies to the annual output. Thus we have 28,000,000, or more than 120 times the annual output of a century ago. And besides this, there are the millions of copies of texts and quotations circulated annually in our marvelously developed Sabbath school literature of the churches.—*The Missionary Review of the World.*

#### He Preferred Christians.

The minister of public instruction in Argentina lately inquired of bankers and mercantile houses why they preferred to employ young men from the mission schools rather than from the public schools. They replied that they found them more honest and trustworthy. The president of the Anglo-Chinese (Methodist) College at Foochow gave similar testimony. A Chinese said to him: "I can have my son as well taught in the modernized government schools as in yours without cost. I prefer to pay you for his tuition, not because of your religion—I don't care for that—but because of your ethics, which I find nowhere else."

—*All the World.*

#### Chinese Self-sacrifice.

During station classes in the Paotingfu field the students practiced self-sacrifice that they might use the money and food saved to feed the poor of the villages. This miracle of Christian kindness fed some 250 people, after they had quietly listened to the message offering them the bread of life.

—*From "An Eventful Year in North China."*

Prayer  
at Noontide



Encircling  
the Earth

AROUND THE COUNCIL TABLE WITH OUR PRESIDENT

*“I will build me a nest on the greatness of God”*

### A Thought for The New Year

A nest means, not idleness and ease, but rather rest after toil, a homing place after excursions into the world of effort.

I have watched the ceaseless activity of a pair of bluebirds when four baby mouths were wide open, and four insistent “peeps” called for food. While one parent came and ministered, the other went and foraged. Did they not earn the repose and renewal of a nest?

In some tall trees of a great city I observe certain large nests, now prominent because the leaves are gone. How casually the tiny creatures risked their homes to the greatness of the tree! They swung them high among the branches where rains descended and winds blew all about them. Even a tempest which tosses and sways, and tears strong branches cannot always dislodge a frail nest.

Here then is my lesson from these adventurous little nest-builders—I will make *me* a nest in the only place which is secure, restful, renewing, home-y for my soul, even on the greatness of God. Then I will have it for retirement.

*When I am sick at heart because evil forces seem so potent.*

From the evil I turn to the Good. He is more potent.

John, the beloved disciple, as an old man, realized himself the last of the little circle who “heard” and “saw” and “touched” the Master; realized that only a small band held the precious truths committed to them; realized that an idolatrous and evil world raged about the tiny new Church. But he realized something else just as keenly, far more availingly. He realized the

greatness of the good God and there he made him a nest. From so safe a resting place he cried, "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." It shall ever be the triumphant cry of the feeble Human when tired and sore perplexed with sinfulness he turns to a nesting place upon God's greatness.

*When I cannot tell why God allows such and such things.*

From the inexplicable I turn to the All Knowing. Then I am content not to understand.

God's plans are larger than any one epoch compasses. He has the human race in his care for development. We will not look too closely, too insistently, seeking for explanation of each detail in on-going events. But rather betake ourselves away from harrowing unsolvable problems up, out, into infinite spaces, comfortable for spirits, where there are soothing resting places on the greatness of the wise God, our Father.

*When the work of making a righteous world goes slowly and my part doesn't seem to count.*

From my little task I turn to God's task. I see he has a plan which includes the activities of man. I see he needs even me. I cannot measure this bit I am at work upon for him. I cannot imagine the actual value of it in the great, far-reaching scheme. But let me do my task to-day, use brain and heart and hands and feet, grow tired with the doing, and then hie home to a nest on the greatness of God. He *can* measure it. He does need it. Not a plan for good sincerely made; not a heart-throb of loving good will; not a muscle tired in a service to help—but he knows and values.

The year 1916! What will it bring of opportunity to labor; what of storm and stress, of unsolvable problems, of new triumphs in evil?

I may not know. But this I do know as the year swings in—and I will know it every passing day—that the Kingdom grows and the King comes on toward his rightful place. M. L. D.

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*O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years.—Hab. 3:2.*

# Ways of Working

## A Prayer Circle Needed

"Prayer is the tide for which the vessels wait  
Ere they can come to port."

This quotation on the cover of a recent number of *LIFE AND LIGHT* suggested the keynote for the season, and for each individual meeting.

Prayer is the oil that will keep those "lower lights" burning!

There are three things needed in all societies in order to diffuse that "intelligent, progressive knowledge of missions" for which our president pleads,—the Reading Circle, the Study Class, and the Prayer Circle.

In this order they present the proper climax, and also what is often the best beginning to gain that climax.

How difficult it is for some of us to pray in public! Somehow our voices seem to lose their vocal powers when it comes to speaking to our Heavenly Father in the public meeting.

Those who have conquered their timidity must again and again perform this duty in the program of the meeting.

In the average society the "chairman" knows but three or four whom she feels free to call upon for prayer. How can we improve this condition?

Then the "Study Class"! In the larger cities where each day has its full quota of busy hours, the mere mention of the words "Study Class" brings a shake of the head. "O don't ask me to *study*—I haven't the time!"

"What's in a name?" Sometimes a good deal! The word *study* does suggest both work and time,—two things which, to a busy man or woman, bring a suggestion of weariness and even impossibility.

But "*Reading Class*"—that sounds pleasant, interesting and even restful! So let us begin with the Reading Class, and each leader may use her originality in making that class live up to the suggestions contained in its name. The reading will most

naturally induce discussion, discussion will often cause differences of opinion, and this will lead out, as a matter of course, into *study*, to settle those differences! To be interested in study is quite a different matter from studying something in which one has become interested. Reading gives knowledge, knowledge develops interest, and interest promotes study. Thus a Reading Class may easily become a Study Class, though carried on under the lighter name because of its pleasant suggestiveness.

In the Reading Class may also be developed the power of prayer. It is easier to begin using one's voice in a small circle than in a large room with an audience of thirty or forty people. And when each one of the small circle in turn voices her heart thoughts and desires to the Father of us all, that one is strengthened in her own power, and becomes a source of strength to the rest. Thus the members of the Circle come into close touch with one another, and with the Father, and become a blessing to the society of which they are a part and a "Power House" on the "King's Highway."

Thus the three things—reading, study and prayer, may be carried on under the pleasant title of "Reading Class" without frightening anyone! Try it, and enjoy the happy results.

M. W. N.

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Have you and I to-day  
 Stood silent as with Christ, apart from joy or fray  
 Of life, to see by faith His face;  
 To look, if but a moment, at its grace,  
 And grow, by brief companionship more true,  
 More nerved to lead, to dare to do  
 For Him at any cost? Have we to-day  
 Found time, in thought, our hand to lay  
 In His, and thus compare  
 His will with ours, and wear  
 The impress of His wish? Be sure  
 Such contact will endure  
 Throughout the day; will help us walk erect  
 Through storm and flood; detect  
 Within the hidden life, sin's dross, its stain;  
 Revive a thought of love for Him again;  
 Steady the steps which waver; help us see  
 The footpath meant for you and me.

—Selected.

## Editorials

It is surprising, in view of all that has transpired during the past few months, to learn that so many of our mission schools have been able to open this fall. Native schools being closed, our schools are attended this year by Roman Catholics, Greeks, Jews, and some surviving Armenians. A letter just received from Constantinople states that schools are going on in Smyrna, Talas, Sivas, Marsovan, Harpoot and at all points in the Central Turkey field. In many cases the boarding departments are larger than usual owing to the belief of the people that their girls are safe with the missionaries. In other cases it does not seem possible to have any boarding department. Miss Emily MacCallum writes from Smyrna under date of October 14: "You will be glad to know that we have opened school and have already enrolled over 180 pupils. I think we shall probably exceed 200, as girls are coming in almost every day. We are very grateful that we are able to go on with our regular work."

From Talas comes the good news that the girls' school has opened under Miss Loughridge's care with 125 pupils and fourteen teachers. This number includes eight teachers on the school's regular staff and six alumnae who had been teaching in out-station schools. Some teachers who were supposed to have been deported have made their way back. This is the largest number of boarders ever received, and the school accommodations must be stretched to their limit in order to care for them all.

Mrs. Crawford writes that it has not been possible to open school at Trebizond; but from Harpoot comes the word that Anatolia College has opened with fifty students and about the same number in the girls' department. The Mardin schools opened on time, and the boarding department of the girls' high school is fuller than usual, with about sixty pupils.

Under date of October 23, a letter from Miss Barker tells of the popularity of our Gedik Pasha School in Constantinople. It opened September 13 and new pupils as well as old came in until the enrollment reached 192. Miss Barker says: "We could have

had a good many more pupils had it been possible to accommodate them. We still have places for a few more little children, but it is the older ones who keep coming. The Sunday school opened with a little over 200 and has gone far beyond that number every Sunday since; one day we had 397, rather more than we can care for comfortably."

After repeated efforts news of the safety of Miss Shane and Miss McLaren at Bitlis has been obtained. Ambassador Morgenthau received a telegram late in November from Miss Shane, giving him a definite reply to inquiries made by him and assuring him that Miss McLaren was well. About the same time a Turkish messenger sent from Harpoot returned from Bitlis bringing the welcome news that both ladies were safe and well. It is supposed that the earlier request of Miss Shane for permission to remain through the winter in Bitlis implies the presence of some girls in the Mt. Holyoke School there. So far as is known these two intrepid young women are the only foreigners in the city.

The party from Adana scheduled to arrive November 20, finally reached New York November 26. Dr. W. Nesbit Chambers and wife are in Chatham, N. J.; Mrs. Haas and children in South Carolina; Mrs. Nute and son in New York City; Miss Webb in Louisiana, and Miss Cold in Ohio.

The death of Mr. D. O. Rogers of New Britain, Conn., which occurred in New Britain, Conn., on November 12, removes one more of the group of prominent laymen whose staunch support of the American Board has strengthened the hold of that society in the churches. Mr. Rogers had been in failing health for some time and his daughter Gertrude, who was attending the Burlington meeting, reached home just before the end came. It will be recalled that a son, D. Miner Rogers, gave his life for Turkey in 1909, meeting death at the hands of a Turkish assassin. The sympathy of a wide circle of friends is extended to the family in the loss of its honored head.

Miss Gladys Stephenson of Smyrna, now Mrs. Gordon, has been speaking in many places on the Pacific Coast. Her story



though so sad is thrilling. When asked what Scripture she would choose to preface her address, she replied: "The thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, because it is so great a contrast to what I have to tell."

Miss Isabel M. Blake of Aintab came from Hampton Institute early in December to give an address in New York before the Board of Missionary Preparation.

**Marriage of** The announcement is at hand of the wedding  
**Miss Stephenson.** of Miss Gladys R. Stephenson, formerly of  
Smyrna, and Mr. Frank J. Gordon, in Oakland, Calif., Novem-  
ber 25.

By the resignation of five Branch presidents, as noted last month, five new names appear on the list of the honorary vice presidents of the Woman's Board: Miss E. Josephine Wilcox of Medford, Mass., Mrs. James Church Alvord, of Littleton, Mass., Mrs. Robert MacFadden of Danvers, Mass., Mrs. E. W. Capen of Hartford, Conn., and Mrs. W. B. Mitchell of Manchester, N. H. The Board is privileged also to welcome Mrs. Lucius H. Thayer of Portsmouth, N. H., as a director representing the New Hampshire Branch.

Three institutes planned by Mrs. Florence Bragdon of Utica, N. Y., were held early in December with gratifying results.

**Institutes and** Plymouth Church, Utica, and the churches of  
**Friday Meetings.** Sherburne and Sidney acted as hostesses and the  
representation included all the neighboring  
Congregational churches. Miss Calder and Miss Osborne represented the Woman's Board and Miss Stella M. Jordan spoke for the New York Home Missionary Union. The problems of both senior and junior auxiliaries were discussed, Mrs. E. H. Hastings, president of the Central Association of the New York Branch, giving helpful leadership in the senior hour. The Jubilee Increase Campaign was presented by Miss Calder.

The programs of the Friday meetings in Pilgrim Hall have attracted a goodly number of women at the fall meetings. In November Mrs. Carl Gates of Wellesley Hills presided, and Mrs.

W. M. Macnair of Cambridge gave helpful program suggestions for Chapter II of *The King's Highway*. Missionary addresses were given by Miss Gertrude E. Chandler of Madura and Mrs. Ernest A. Yarrow of Van, who told the thrilling story of the flight of the missionary band. In December Mrs. W. C. Gordon of Auburndale was the leader, the textbook suggestions were given by Mrs. Charles Clark of Somerville. Mrs. George B. Cowles about to sail for the Zulu Mission and Mrs. Ruth Ward Beach with her little Frances brought the missionary message.

Miss Elizabeth Johnson, whose visit East in October will be pleasantly remembered, writes from her home in Chicago of the need of a wheeled chair for the hospital in Ahmednagar. Perhaps some friend who has known the comfort of such an appliance will be glad to give the price of a chair, which would be from \$15 to \$25. Make check to Sarah Louise Day, treasurer; or if a second-hand chair in good condition can be supplied, correspond with Mr. John G. Hosmer, 14 Beacon St., as to cost of freight charges. The gratitude of the Ahmednagar patients will be equalled only by those in the Madura Hospital who will soon enjoy the soft cotton bandages so generously donated for the use of Miss Heath.

The opening of Walker Cottage, connected with the Walker Missionary Home, was the occasion of a very pleasant social gathering in Auburndale on Thursday afternoon, December 2. Both houses were open for the inspection of guests. Dr. and Mrs. T. B. Scott, the Superintendents, and Mrs. J. L. Barton, President of the Board of Managers, received the visitors in the main house, and tea was served there. Mrs. Fred Williams assisted Mrs. Emily Choate, the matron, to receive the visitors at the cottage. This homelike, pleasant house, which has for a good many years been at the service of a missionary family on furlough, has been wholly made over, and refitted to receive retired and invalid missionaries. How necessary it is to have some quiet place may be seen when we mention that the main building

is housing at present no less than twenty children. The cottage has also an apartment for light housekeeping which can be used by a family and is at present occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Riggs, under appointment for Turkey. The new woodwork, the tasteful wall papers and homelike furnishings were much admired. This occasion was called in the invitations a "Silver Tea," and the box, covered with silver paper, which was found in a prominent place, was well filled with real silver by friends and well-wishers. These gifts, amounting to about \$190, will go to help defray the deficit incurred for furnishing the cottage.

The attractive little prayer calendar of the American Board and the Woman's Boards has already found a good many friends.

**Prayer Calendar**  
for 1916. Its dainty coloring and convenient desk size are much in favor. There is still a good supply to be had, but as the edition is not large, friends are urged to send orders at once to Miss Hartshorn. The Calendar will make a very appropriate New Year's gift. *Please be prompt in sending your orders.* Price, twenty cents; with American Board Almanac, twenty-five cents.

The New York State Branch auxiliaries will be glad to learn that a specially prepared stereopticon lecture is now ready, showing

**Stereopticon Lecture**  
for New York Branch. ing views of the work in which they are particularly interested. The slides, with a type-written description, may be secured by writing to the headquarters of the Branch, 105 E. 22d St., New York, Room 823. There is no expense connected with their use except for expressage both ways, and breakage, should any occur.

There has recently come into the hands of the Board a supply of several hundred cloth bound volumes of *The Mission Dayspring*, each containing the numbers for two years—

"Mission  
Dayspring." twenty-four issues of the magazine. These cover the years 1882-1907. To missionary leaders or others who would be interested to secure such volumes for reference and as a source of story and program material, these will be sold at 20 cents per volume, postpaid. Send now before the supply is exhausted, addressing Junior Department.

At the annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions at Burlington, the Branch officers recommended that all leaflets sold by the Board should have a uniform price.

**A Change of Plan for Leaflets.**

This recommendation was endorsed by the delegates at the public session on Wednesday.

This will somewhat change the plan of distribution of the small leaflets, costing five cents or less. For some years these have been given away at the annual meetings of the Board and its Branches, which has led to what seemed an unfair discrimination between the women who can attend these meetings and the woman who must stay away and order her leaflets from headquarters.

It was also voted that more literature pertaining to the foreign field be prepared for free distribution. In accordance with this vote the series on *The Child in the Midst* will now be sent free, also the leaflet by Miss Blake, "Serving the People of Turkey." See last page of cover for free leaflets.

It is hoped that every Branch will appoint a Secretary of Literature, or some authorized officer to receive free samples of all the publications of the Board. This includes a copy of the Prayer Calendar, *World Wide Work* and LIFE AND LIGHT, *not for personal use, but for advertising purposes.*

Other Branch officers (not officers of local societies) are entitled to samples of leaflets *costing five cents or less*, if they will send their names to Miss Hartshorn and remit postage to cover cost of sending. It is hoped by these new regulations to promote a wider and more useful circulation of the attractive publications now *Waiting*. To this end the Editorial Secretary will gladly cooperate with the Branches.

**THE FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD  
OCTOBER 18--NOVEMBER 30, 1915**

	For Regular Work			For Buildings	For Special Objects	From Legacies	TOTAL
	Branches	Other Sources	TOTAL				
<b>1914.</b>	\$6,808.09	\$2,196.87	\$9,004.96	\$ 952.50	\$276.00	\$190.00	\$10,423.46
<b>1915.</b>	6,507.84	531.44	7,039.28	5,071.03	245.48	743.33	13,099.12
<b>Gain..</b>				\$4,118.53		\$553.33	\$2,675.66
<b>Loss..</b>	\$300.25	\$1,665.43	\$1,965.68		\$30.52		

# Junior Department

## Why Not Others ?

The Junior Secretary is glad to give in considerable detail this month letters from Mrs. W. H. Day, a friend in the West, descriptive of a child's missionary work. The picture they paint is a most unusual one and beautiful in its far-reaching meanings. Will those who read have in mind these four questions: How worth while are Polly's "missions" just from the point of view of Polly's developing character? Would Polly's unique society ever have grown out of the Japanese doll without encouragement and thoughtful guidance from some older person? Is Polly's character of more importance than that of small friends of your acquaintance? Are there substitutes which you can find for Blackie and lemons and Julia Jebamoni?

DEAR LIFE AND LIGHT :—

I am going to tell you about a novel missionary society, organized and carried on solely through the efforts of one little girl in the far West.

It started all because of a Japanese doll, in the form of a pin cushion, which reposed on the dresser of the little girl's room. He was so forlornly lonely in an American room he must needs have a Japanese mat to sit on; then some Japanese pictures on the wall to look at; then the window curtains and dresser scarfs must be of Japanese material. And so it went until one after another all the familiar articles were delegated to the attic to make room for the incoming ones, and the whole room became Japanese in its furnishings. Then Mr. Japanese Doll was quite in his element.

There followed naturally a desire to care for and make happy a really, truly Japanese child. So a missionary meeting, composed of all the members of the family, was called for one evening when father would be at home. A regular program on Japan had been carefully prepared by Polly, and printed on the back of Japanese lanterns cut from paper and decorated with water colors.

Polly took the chair and became from that evening president, secretary and treasurer, social committee and program committee, all by virtue of self-appointment! At the close of the earnest meeting the collection plate was passed, and there began the fund for the support of a truly Japanese child.

Mother's assistance was then called upon to get the child. On examining the list of the missionary superintendent of our church, we found the only available child designated to our locality (at that time Southern California) was a child in India. This after all was a little foreign child who needed help, and so she was adopted. The efforts made and the methods employed for getting the necessary fifteen dollars for the yearly support of this little adopted sister, Julia Jebamoni, will be written you next if you want to hear of the novel ways in which Polly raised the money. This letter has only to do with the meetings of the missionary society.

Sometimes these meetings were held upstairs in the Japanese room, and sometimes in the parlor where Big Sister could play the piano and we could all sing the good old missionary hymns. Since Father is a very busy man the meetings had sometimes to be changed from schedule time in order to secure his presence. After a time Father went away, and often two months or more would pass before his return for ever so brief a visit. Then the greatest pleasure in anticipating his return was that the missionary meeting would be held on his coming.

Sometimes a neighbor or a dear friend was invited into the little meetings, and their interest and prayers united with those of the family circle were a blessed help. Always prayer for "Julia Jebamoni" and others in missionary fields was offered by Father, Mother, Brother, Big Sister and Wee Sister as well as by Polly herself. Always, too, at the close the collection plate was passed and then refreshments served, a great social event at the close of the meeting.\*

This summer, at the close of school, the family moved from their home and friends in Southern California to New Mexico to be with Father. Here Polly's last missionary meeting was held amid more novel surroundings, I imagine, than ever before served as setting for a missionary meeting. The family with hymn books, mandolin and refreshments packed into the automobile,

\*Editor's Note.—Some of the novel programs which Polly planned and designed accompanied Mrs. Day's letter when it reached the Editor's desk—among them a remarkable turkey, a totem pole, a realistic African hut and a Chinese slipper. She only regrets that they cannot be reproduced herewith.

rode away out on to the "Mesa," and there, as the sun sank behind the mountains, and for miles in every direction stretched the lonely level prairie, our songs and prayers ascended, until at length twilight overtook us, a wee spot on the vast plains of New Mexico, but reaching out in loving sympathy even unto a tiny girl in India.

DEAR LIFE AND LIGHT:—

I promised to tell you the ways Polly found to bring money into the treasury of her Missionary Society.

The passing of the plate is always a part of the program of every meeting, and each one present, even to wee little sister, considers it a privilege to drop in her mite. It was a friend who first started to pledge monthly to Polly's society; and then each member of the family had to do likewise, and was promptly notified if negligent in payments!

Father was away from home, and sorely missed weekly letters if not promptly received. So it was he who fixed the penalty of ten cents each for the one who failed to write him a letter on a fixed date, the ten cents to be given to Polly's Missionary Society. The writer might forget the date or be so busy it was overlooked, but Polly never forgot to demand the ten cents' fine for her missions.

Polly's own source of income was from a dozen hens. The tenth of the income from the eggs, of course, always went into the Lord's treasury; but when one hen became the mother of ten little chicks, all golden puff balls but one which hatched black, the idea suggested itself that the black one be given to the Missionary Society as the proper tenth. Was it strange or was it providential that "Blackie" thrived and grew into a fine hen, while the majority of the golden puff balls grew into roosters? In course of time "Blackie" began to lay eggs, and while every other hen in the yard laid white ones, Blackie's were brown, so we always knew which were hers. The faithful bird laid all the spring and summer an egg a day regularly, which at market price were a big help to the missionary treasury! When the time came to move from our home, Blackie had to be dispensed

with, but she brought a dollar and twenty-five cents as a parting gift into the fund.

In our yard was a lemon tree which the year round is always loaded with lemons. Polly peddled lemons from door to door at ten cents a dozen—lemons are plentiful in Pasadena—and many a dime was thus added. When some of the neighbors learned that the money was for missions, they called over the telephone for lemons to be delivered, or sent to the house for them. Then how Polly's face would beam, and each dime caused more delight than the gathering of wealth to a grown-up.

A half sack of old onions was going to waste, and Father planted them. Such a lot of fine, young onions was the result! He told Polly she could have all she could make from them for her missionary society. So onions were added to the lemons; and would you believe it, those "missionary onions" netted over eleven dollars before the season was over.

At Christmas time a friend gave Polly a little Japanese box to hold the funds of the missionary society. Afterward as, child-like, she was counting her gifts, she omitted the box.

"There is your Japanese box," her sister reminded her.

"Oh, that isn't mine, that's the Missionary Society's," said Polly.

"Well, when you get through having your Missionary Society it will be yours," said Sister.

"Oh, but that time will never, never be," was the reply.

## Our Book Table

*Working Women of Japan.* By Sidney L. Gulick. Published by Missionary Education Movement. Price, 50 cents.

The Library of Christian Progress has already issued five volumes and this is the fourth in the series. There are thirteen chapters and the same number of illustrations. One could have no better guide into this phase of the Japanese woman's life than Dr. Gulick.



The book is dedicated to Shinjiro Onoto, a Japanese whose story is told in the closing chapter, "The Matsuyama Working Girls' Home." Dr. Gulick has been for twenty-five years a missionary in Japan. He has been Professor in Doshisha University and Lecturer in the Imperial University of Kyoto. He is well known in this country through his scholarly publications and he is a specialist along sociological lines. He claims that a transformation is taking place in the Japanese home because of the influx of Occidental industrialism. It may be a surprise that a chapter is given to the geisha and another chapter to licensed prostitutes, while two classes of workers have not been considered—school-teachers and nurses.

Although obedience to parents is considered a higher virtue than personal chastity, so amazing to our Western ideas, yet Dr. Gulick affirms that many years' residence in Japan have led him to "a high estimation of the character as well as the culture of Japanese women."

*Masoud the Bedouin.* By Alfreda Post Cathcart. Published by the Missionary Education Movement.

The author of this book dedicates it: "To the People whom I love, whose Land was my Birthplace, whose Homes were ever open to me. To my Friends the Syrians." The prefatory note is dated as late as April 15, 1915, from Beirut, Syria. The book is attractively printed and well illustrated. The stories are well told and give the atmosphere of Bedouin life. G. H. C.

## Woman's Board of Missions

Receipts October 18–November 30, 1915

MISS SARAH LOUISE DAY, Treasurer

Friend, 50; Friend, 20,	70 00	Center, Aux., 25; Portland, Annie A. Gould Tent Dau. of Veterans, 46, Second Parish Ch., C. E. Soc., 5, Williston Ch., Aux., 14.83, S. S. Cl., 5; Portland, South, Bethany Ch., S. S., 5; Waterville, Aux., 40; Westbrook, Ch., 8.49, Aux., 5.16; Winslow, Aux., 5. Less expenses, 6.49,	202 99
MAINE.			
<i>Eastern Maine Branch.</i> —Mrs. J. Gertrude Denio, Treas., 347 Hammond St., Bangor. Waldoboro, Aux.,	7 25		
<i>Western Maine Branch.</i> —Miss Annie F. Bailey, Treas., 132 Chadwick St., Portland. Auburn, Sixth Street Ch., Aux., 5; Bridgton, North, C. E. Soc., 2; Cape Elizabeth, Spurwink Ch., Aux., 12; Gray, C. E. Soc., 10; Hallowell, Aux., 10; Lewiston, Aux., 10; Lyman, Ch., 1; Minot			
		Total,	210 24
		NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
		J. L. B.,	10 00
		<i>New Hampshire Branch.</i> —Mrs. W. L. Fickett, Treas., 120 North State	

St. Concord. Canterbury, Mrs. George Gale, 2; East Concord, Ch., 1.75; Exeter, Friends, 5, Aux., Th. Off., 53.50; Farmington, Aux., 50 cents; Gilsom, Orthodox Ch., 2.25; Goffstown, Aux. (Th. Off., 10), 20; Manchester, South Main St. Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; Portsmouth, Mrs. Martha J. Kimball, 1,000, Aux. (Th. Off., 32.27), 51.77; Rockingham Co. Assoc., Off. at Meet., 6.50; Salisbury, Ch., 1; Walpole, Aux., 5; West Lebanon, Ladies' Miss. Union, 23,	1,177 27
Total,	1,187 27
VERMONT.	
<i>Burlington</i> .—Off. at Ann. Meet., 155.46, 265.98,	421 44
MASSACHUSETTS.	
<i>Andover and Woburn Branch</i> .—Mrs. Henry A. Smith, Treas., 12 Belmont St., Lowell. Off. at Ann. Meet., 34.55; Andover, Ch. of Christ in Phillips Academy, Miss. Soc., 15, Free Ch., Aux., 20, South Ch., Home Dept. S. S., 25; Lowell, Kirk St. Ch., Semper Fidelis Club, Jr. S. S., 3.65; Medford, Mystic Ch., 26.93; North Andover, Aux., 10; Winchester, Second Ch., C. E. Soc., 1.49,	136 62
<i>Barnstable Association</i> .—Miss Carrie E. Mitchell, Treas., South Dennis, Harwich, Aux., 10; South Dennis, Aux., 17,	27 00
<i>Berkshire Branch</i> .—Miss Mabel A. Rice, Treas., 118 Bradford St., Pittsfield. Int. M. P. Hulbert Fund, 25; Off. at Semi-ann. Meet., 58.83; Two Friends in Berkshire, 250; Dalton, Aux., 216.51; Great Barrington, Aux., 30.96; Hinsdale, Aux., 30.59; Housatonic, Aux., 12.75; Middlefield, Aux., 10; New Boston, Ch., 3; Pittsfield, First Ch., Misses Harding, 10, Aux., 50, South Ch., Aux., 52.50; Williamstown, First Ch., Home Dept. S. S., 25, Jr. C. E. Soc., 38.50, White Oaks, C. E. Soc., 1; Windsor, Mrs. Leslie, I, Ladies' Aid, 2. Less expenses, 13.62,	804 02
<i>Brookline</i> .—Mrs. George A. Hall,	160 00
<i>Essex North Branch</i> .—Mrs. Leonard H. Noyes, Treas., 15 Columbus Ave., Haverhill. Haverhill, Union Ch., Opportunity Club, 5; Merrimac, First Ch., 11.82; Newburyport, Central Ch., Aux., 36; Rowley, Aux., 10,	62 82
<i>Essex South Branch</i> .—Miss Daisy Raymond, Treas., 120 Balch St., Beverly. Lakeman Scholarship Fund, 25; Friend, 5; Friend, 5; Beverly, Dane St. Ch., Friend, 30, Aux., 40, Second Ch., 9.20, Woman's Union, 18.68, Washington St. Ch., Aux., 49; Danvers, First Ch., Prim. Dept., 2.25, Maple St. Ch., Aux., 6.35; Cliftondale, Aux., 1.50, Miss. Study Cl., 5.50; Gloucester, Trinity	
Ch., 20; Hamilton, Aux., 2.88; Lynn, Central Ch., 10, Aux., 17, First Ch., Aux., 110.84, North Ch., 5; Manchester, Aux., 40; Marblehead, Aux., 5; Peabody, South Ch., Aux., 25; Salem, South Ch., Aux., 7.50,	440 70
<i>Fall River</i> .—Miss Carrie L. Borden,	25 00
<i>Franklin County Branch</i> .—Miss J. Kate Oakman, Treas., 473 Main St., Greenfield. Conway, Aux., 21; Deerfield, South, Aux., 5.79, C. R., 3.25; Erving, S. S., 2; Greenfield, Second Ch., Aux., 74; Montague, Aux., 10; Northfield, Aux., 64, Jr. S. S., 17, Prim. Cl., 4.50, C. R. and Mothers, 13.15; Orange, Aux., 86; Shelburne, Aux., 11.15,	311 84
<i>Hampshire County Branch</i> .—Miss Harriet J. Kneeland, Treas., 8 Paradise Road, Northampton. Amherst, Aux., Th. Off., 32, Second Ch., Aux., 5; Amherst, North, Aux., 8; Easthampton, First Ch., Aux., 50, Covenant Band, 10; Granby, Light Bearers, 5; Hadley, Aux., 10; Huntington, First Ch., Ladies' Aid Soc., 5; Northampton, Edwards Ch., Aux. (Th. Off., 40.50), 95.20; First Ch., Aux. (Th. Off., 110.35), 200; South Hadley, Mt. Holyoke College, 25; Worthington, Aux., 6,	451 20
<i>Middlesex Branch</i> .—Mrs. Frederick L. Claffin, Treas., 15 Park St., Marlboro. Off. at Ann. Meet., 19.89; Dover, Aux., 10; Framingham, Plymouth Ch., Aux. (Th. Off., 9.34), 38.79, Schneider Band, 25, C. R., 5; Lincoln, Aux., 5; Natick, Miss. Soc., 41, C. R., 7; Saxonville, Edwards Ch., Ladies, 19; South Framingham, Miss Elizabeth Merriam, 100; Wellesley, Wellesley College, Y. W. C. A., 250; West Medway, Aux., 6,	526 68
<i>Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch</i> .—Mrs. Mark McCully, Treas., 115 Warren Ave., Mattapan. Braintree, First Ch., Aux., 5, L. E. K., 5; Braintree, South, Jr. Travel Cl., 60 cents; Brockton, Porter Ch., Aux., 50; Campello, South Ch., 20; East Milton, Harriet Gilbert Aux., 15; Hingham Center, Aux. (Th. Off., 25.50), 28.55; Plympton, Aux., 3.50; Randolph, Aux., Th. Off., 18.20, C. R., 5; Sharon, Aux., 27.10; Weymouth Heights, Aux. (Th. Off., 23.58), 30.58; Weymouth, South, Old South Ch., Aux., 20.27, Union Ch., Aux., 125; Weymouth and Braintree, Aux., 15; Whitman, First Ch., 12.27,	381 07
<i>North Middlesex Branch</i> .—Miss Julia S. Conant, Treas., Littleton Common. North Leominster, Ch. of Christ,	10 22
<i>Old Colony Branch</i> .—Mrs. Howard Lothrop, Treas., 3320 No. Main St., Fall River. Acushnet, First Ch., S. S., 2.60; Attleboro, Second Ch., M. C., 10; Berkley, Aux., 18; Fall River, Fowler Ch., S. S., 5; Rehoboth, Aux., 25; Taunton, Winslow Ch., C. E. Soc., 10; Wareham, Aux., 10,	80 60

*Springfield Branch.*—Mrs. Mary H. Mitchell, Treas., 1078 Worthington St., Springfield. Blandford, Aux., 17; Holyoke, Grace Ch., Ladies' Aid Soc., 10, S. S., Mrs. Robinson's Cl., 10, Second Ch., S. S., Kinder. Dept., 3.50; Springfield, Faith Ch., Girls' Soc., 10; West Springfield, First Ch., 18.15.

*Suffolk Branch.*—Miss Margaret D. Adams, Treas., 207 Dean Road, Brookline. Allston, Aux., 53.22; Auburndale, Ch., 206.90, Aux., 50, S. S., Prim. Dept., 5; Boston, Mrs. Stephen L. Bartlett, 25, Miss Maria E. Daniell, 10, Mrs. W. E. Merri- man, 5, Mrs. Helen W. McElvain, 25, Mrs. W. A. Paine, 50, Central Ch., Aux., 15, Mt. Vernon Ch., Aux., 53.40, Old South Ch., Aux., 50, Union Ch., Aux., 50, Jr. Aux., 20; Brook- line, Leyden Ch., Aux., 114.50; Cam- bridge, North Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 1, Pilgrim Ch., Aux., 37, Y. L. Aux., 30; Chelsea, First Ch., S. S., 30; Dorchester, Second Ch., Aux., 69.61, S. S., 3, Village Ch., 31; Everett, First Ch., Aux., 13.88; Hyde Park, Aux., 150, Y. L. Aux., 49; Jamaica Plain, Boylston Ch., 8.83; Newton Centre, First Ch., S. S., 1.42; New- ton Highlands, Aux., 23.49; New- tonville, Central Ch., Guild, 20; Norwood, Mrs. J. C. Lane, 2, S. S., 2.41; Roxbury, Mrs. W. R. Nichols, 25, Highland Ch., Aux., 17.75, Im- m.-Walnut Ave. Ch., For. Dept. (Th. Off., 108.25), 240.22; Roxbury, West, C. R., 11.15; Somerville, Winter Hill Ch., Aux., 35; Waltham, C. E. Soc., 10; Wellesley Hills (Th. Off., 30), 93; Winthrop, Union Ch., Aux., 10.

*Swampscott.*—First Ch., S. S., 1,647 58  
*Three Rivers.*—Mrs. G. S. Butler, 5 00  
*Wellesley.*—Miss Grace C. Foss, 10 48  
*West Madway.*—Mrs. Frances L. Knowlton, 25 00

*Worcester Co. Branch.*—Miss Sara T. Southwick, Treas., 144 Pleasant St., Worcester. Friend, 2.50; Friend, 1.50; Friend, 1.10; Friend, 1; Friend, 1; Ashburnham, Aux., 2.70; Athol, Aux., 25; Boylston, Ladies' Benev. Soc., 5; Charlton, Aux., 2.50; Clinton, Aux., 31, S. S., 5, Prim. and Jr. Dept. S. S., 1; Dudley, Aux., 7.50; Gardner, Aux., 50; Grafton, 15; Holden, 5; Lancaster, Aux., 11; Leicester, Aux., 52.50; Leominster, Aux., 5, Pro Christo Miss. Soc., 10; Millbury, First Ch., Miss. Study Cl., 9, Second Ch., Woman's Assoc., in mem. of Mrs. Leila C. Hall, 17; North Brookfield, Aux., 7.50; North- bridge, Rockdale, Aux., 21.50; Ox- ford, Aux., 31; Princeton, Aux., 28; Shrewsbury, Aux., 43; Southbridge, Aux., 10.50; Spencer, Aux., 25; Templeton, Aux., 5; Uxbridge, Aux. and Tea Cup Club, 7.50, Mrs. Johnson, 1; Ware, Aux., 31.50; Warren, Aux., 3.25; Webster, Aux., 40; Westboro, Aux., 36.80; West

Boylston, Aux., 10; West Brook- field, Aux., 6; Whitinsville, Aux., 213, Extra-Cent-A-Day Band, 11.46; Winchendon, Aux., 39.50; Worces- ter, Adams Sq. Ch., Aux., 16, Beth- any Ch., Aux., 7.50, Central Ch., Woman's Assoc., Friend, 1, Jr. Dept. S. S., 16, Hope Ch., Aux., 5, Lake View Ch., Aux., 5, Memorial Ch., Aux., 3.20, Old South Ch., Woman's Assoc., 81, Park Ch., Aux., 5.70, Piedmont Ch., Woman's Assoc., 16, Pilgrim Ch., Woman's Assoc., 41, Plymouth Ch., Woman's Assoc., Friend, 1, Tatnuck Ch., Aux., 11, Union Ch., Woman's Assoc., 9, 1,051 21

Total, 6,228 69

## LEGACY.

*Newton.*—Maria M. Gay, by J. Blake Robinson and George M. Weed, Extrs., final payment, 493 33

## RHODE ISLAND.

*Rhode Island Branch.*—Miss Grace P. Chapin, Treas., 150 Meeting St., Providence. Int. on Bank Bal., 5.68; Delegates to Ann. Meet., Carfare saved by using mileage, 16; Mrs. Edward Carrington, 25; Barrington, Aux., 30; Central Falls, Jr. Aux., 30; Peace Dale, Aux., 12.80; Paw- tucket, Park Pl. Ch., Jr. Dept. S. S., 3.75, C. E. Soc., 10; Providence, Free Evang'l Ch., Jr. Dept. S. S., 8, Park- side Chapel, C. E. Soc., 5, Plymouth Ch., C. E. Soc., 5; Saylesville, S. S., 15; Wood River Junction, Aux., 5, 171 23

## CONNECTICUT

*Eastern Connecticut Branch.*—Miss Anna C. Learned, Treas., 255 Hemp- stead St., New London. Danielson, Aux., Th. Off., 28.32; New London, Second Ch., Aux., Th. Off., 139; North Woodstock, Off. at Children's Rally, 3.39, Aux., 10, S. S., 2; Nor- wich, Park Ch., Aux., Th. Off. (Mrs. H. H. Osgood, 25), 79.30; Putnam, Aux. (Th. Off., 49.38), 57, C. R., 20; Stonington, Second Ch., Aux., Th. Off., 11; Westford, Ch., 5; West Woodstock, Aux., 10; Willimantic, C. R., 3.12; Woodstock, S. S., 2, 370 13

*Hartford Branch.*—Mrs. Sidney W. Clark, Treas., 40 Willard St., Hart- ford. Int. Clara E. Hillyer Fund, 247.50; Int. Julia W. Jewell Fund, 40; Berlin, Aux., 10, Camp Fire Girls, 30; Bristol, Aux., 91; Collins- ville, Aux., 32; Enfield, Aux., 30; Glastonbury, Aux., 51.50; Hartford, Asylum Hill Ch., 125, Aux., 60, Cen- ter Ch., Aux., 88, S. S., 43, War- burton Chapel, 4.18, South Ch., Aux., 6, C. R., 6; Hockanum, Ladies' Aid Soc., 22.50; Kensington, Aux., 20; New Britain, South Ch., 35, Aux., 129, S. S., 30; Plainville, Aux. (prev. contri. const. L. M. Mrs. Louise Butri) and Rocky Hill, Ch., 10; Stafford, 9, 1,119 68

*New Haven Branch.*—Miss Edith Woolsey, Treas., 250 Church St., New Haven. Miss Margaret Bronson, 20; E. A. N., 200; Friend, 325; Bridgeport, South Ch., 78; Centerbrook, Aux., 2.52; East Haddam, Aux., 34.75; Fairfield Co., Th. Off., 17.53; Goshen, C. E. Soc., 25, Jr. C. E. Soc., 6; Huntington, Ch., 13.50; Ivoryton, Aux., 5; Middlebury, Aux., 30.50; Middlefield, C. E. Soc., 4.14; Middletown, First Ch., Aux., 91; Morris, S. S. and C. E. Soc., 10; New Haven, United Ch., Aux., 4; Newtown, Aux., 30.21; North Stamford, Aux., 1; Portland, Aux., 10; Salisbury, Aux., 68.17; Saybrook, Aux., 35; Stamford, Aux., 47.12; Stratford, Aux., 25; South Canaan, Ch., 10; Watertown, Aux., 28.70; Westbrook, Aux., 20.74; Whitneyville, C. R., 6.25; Winchester, Ch., 4.78; Winsted, First Ch., Aux., 12.81,

1,166 72

Total, 2,656 53

## LEGACY.

*New Haven*—Miss Francis C. Skinner, through Treas. of New Haven Branch, 250 00

## NEW YORK.

*New York State Branch.*—Mrs. F. M. Turner, Treas., 646 St. Mark's Ave., Brooklyn. Buffalo, Mrs. William H. Crosby, 1,000; Lynbrook, Bethany Ch., 5; Middletown, North Ch., Miss. Soc., 10; New York, Camp

Mem. Ch., 5; Paris, Ch., 10; Schenectady, C. R., 3.50; Spencerport, Ch., 35; Willsboro, Ch., Miss Mabel Sheldon, 30, 1,098 50

## PHILADELPHIA BRANCH.

*Philadelphia Branch.*—Miss Martha N. Hooper, Treas., 1475 Columbia Road, Washington, D. C. Fla., West Palm Beach, Aux., 1.55; Winter Park, 5; N. J., East Orange, Trinity Ch., Aux., 133.34; Jersey City, First Ch., M. B., 5; Montclair, First Ch., 34; Newark, First Ch., 25; Orange Valley, Y. W. M. Soc., 25; Passaic, 25; Upper Montclair, Mrs. G. W. Bostwick, 20; Pa., Guys Mills, Ch., 1; Milroy, King's Dau., 30; Philadelphia, Central Ch., F. M. S. (prev. contri. const. L. M. Mrs. Emily A. Carpenter); Va., Herndon, 2, 306 89

## NEW JERSEY.

*Roselle.*—Friend, 5 00

Donations, \$7,039 28  
Buildings, 5,071 03  
Specials, 245 48  
Legacies, 743 33

Total, \$13,099 12

## GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY GIFT.

Previously acknowledged, \$119,525 38  
Receipts of the month, 5,071 03

Total, \$124,596 41

## Woman's Board for the Pacific

Receipts for October, 1915

Mrs. W. W. FERRIER, Treasurer, 2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley, Cal.

## CALIFORNIA.

*Northern California Branch.*—Mrs. A. W. Moore, Treas., 415 Pacific Ave., Oakland. Benicia, 65 cents; Berkeley, First Gift of Mrs. W. R. Thorsen, 50; Campbell, 8; Collection, Annual Meeting of Branch, 8.75; Gift of Mrs. and Miss Brewer, 20; Oakland, First, 70; Grace, 3.50; Pacific Grove, 13.92; Petaluma, 12; Redwood City, 20; San Francisco, Bethany, 15.27; Richmond, 90 cents; San Jose, 20.50; Sunnysvale, 4.50, 247 69

*Southern California Branch.*—Miss Emily Barrett, Treas., 178 Center St., Pasadena. Chula Vista, 12.50; Highland, S. S., 4; Lemon Grove, 5; Los Angeles, First, 98.85; Caravanza, 20; Mayflower, 2; Olivet, 18; Park, 17.50; Vernon, 10; Philathea Class, 30; Oneonta Park, 12.50; Pasadena, First, 60; Ruth Day Mission Circle, 5; S. S., 6.05; West Side, 40; Prescott, Arizona, 25; San Diego,

First, 48; San Jacinto, 30; Whittier, 25, 469 40

## OREGON.

*Oregon Branch.*—Mrs. A. L. Cake, Treas., 421 West Park St., Portland. Beaverton, 2; Laurelwood, 2.50; Monitor, 2; Oregon City, 10; Oswego, 5; Sunnyside, S.20, 29 70

## UTAH.

*Utah Branch.*—Mrs. Geo. Brown, Treas., Sandy. Salt Lake City, First, 25 00

## WASHINGTON.

*Washington Branch.*—Mrs. E. J. Kennedy, Treas., 4135 12th Ave., Seattle. North Yakima, S. S., 7.60; Odessa, German Pilgrim, 5; Seattle, Plymouth, 10; Washougal, 5; S. S., 3.25, 30 85

Total, \$802 64

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Concerning some Shepherd Kurds.  
Little Children of the Orient.  
Coin a Week for the Golden Anniversary, A.  
Concerning Missionary Boxes.  
Conditional Gifts.  
Doing What You Can't.  
Drilling the King's Army.  
Grain of Wheat, A.  
Helping Together by Prayer.  
Home League: What it is.  
Home League Sidelight.  
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Life Membership in the Woman's Board.  
Marshalling Our Forces.  
Mother's Guest Day, A.  
On Life Membership in the Woman's Board.  
Opportunities of Service.  
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Power of Missionary Literature.  
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