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Beyond the Budget — What? — — — Kate G. Lamson

XLVII

FEBRUARY, 1917

NO. 2

Life and Light for Woman

I know God answers prayer. I have probed during long decades while alone, as far as man's help and presence are concerned, that God answers prayer. It is the very atmosphere in which I live and breathe and have my being, and it makes life glad and free and a million times worth living.

—*Mary Slessor of Calabar.*

**Congregational Woman's Boards
of Missions
PUBLISHED IN BOSTON**

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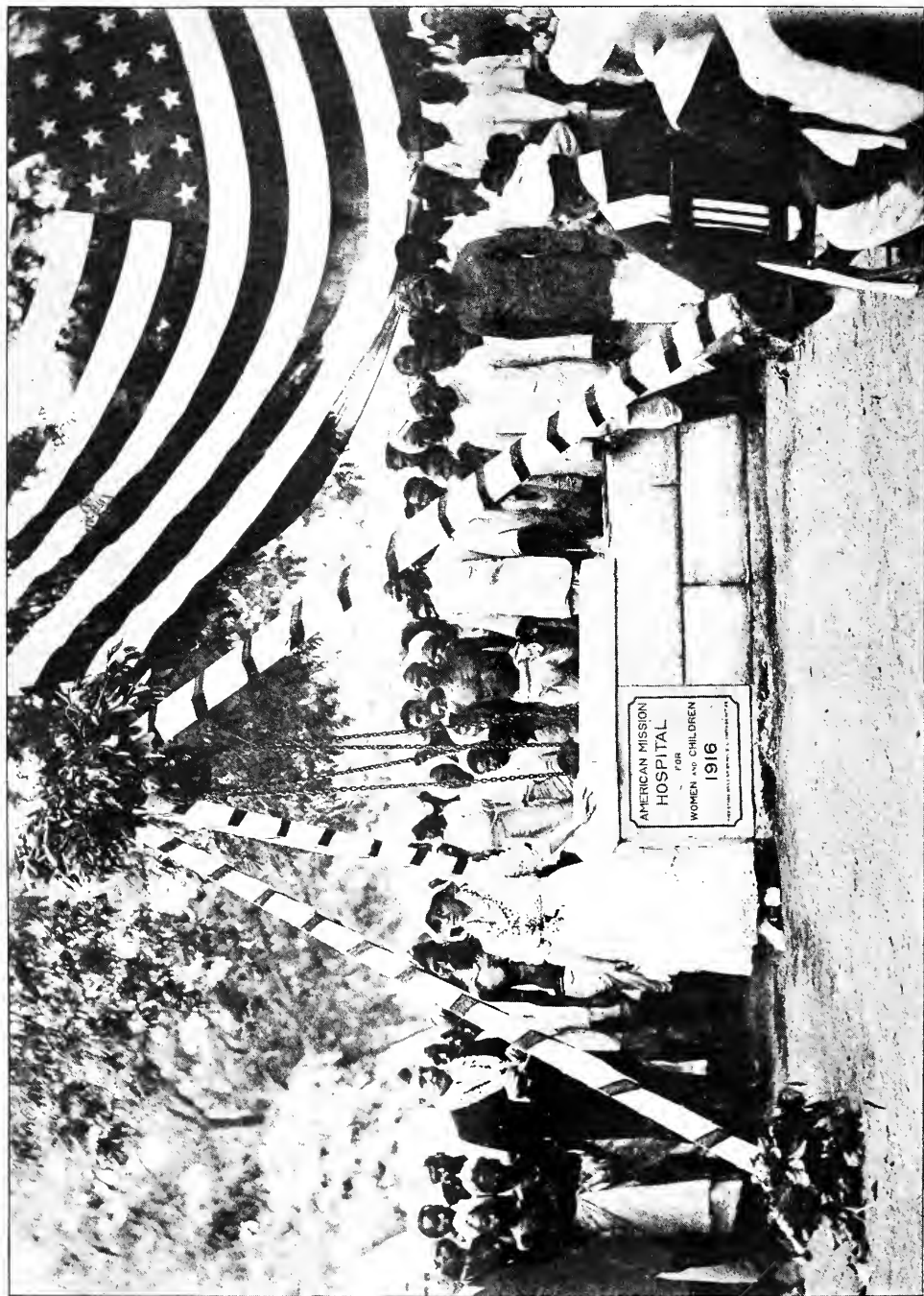
In making devises and legacies, the entire corporate name of the Board should be used as follows:—

I give and bequeath to the Woman's Board of Missions, incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts in the year 1869, the sum of.....



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LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE NEW MADURA HOSPITAL

Life and Light

Vol. XLVII.

February, 1917

No. 2

Beyond the Budget—What?

By Kate G. Lamson

THROUGH many years when the Woman's Board has nobly lived up to its reputation of never going into debt and almost never making a cut in its provision for its work, we have come into a state of complacency which threatens to blind us to the achievements which should be ours if we are to do in any measure what the Lord our God requires of us. Year by year we say we are so thankful that we can cover our work on the basis of the previous year. Thankfulness under these circumstances is certainly suitable; but if we put the question to ourselves, how much have we done of that which the work we have in hand legitimately asks of us, something very different from pride takes possession of us. For years we have made very small advance and in some cases none whatever in the provision for our boarding and day schools and for our Bible women. Has their need remained the same? By no means.

Our Ceylon Mission has just celebrated its centenary. In its early days our Uduvil Girls' School thought itself fortunate to secure the undisputed possession of two girls. Hand-picking it was at that time that made the roll of students mount to an extremely limited number. At present that school reports 386 pupils and of these 300 are boarders. This amazing growth shows a growing sense of the value of education on the part of the people, a keen appreciation by the English Government of the teaching given in Mission schools, a demand for English education—a thing wholly lacking in the early years of the work, and a demand for normal training that the graduates may fill the many teaching positions now calling for them. None of these things can be done on the very small appropriation made in the beginning for this school. We should indeed be foolish to suppose for a moment that any such work could be carried on on the former basis; yet for many years the school was

thrown for financial support upon the grant it could obtain from Government and the income from tuition fees, while the Board only paid the salaries of missionary teachers. It was found absolutely impossible to do any adequate work in the school on such a basis, and there was great danger that the Government grant would be withheld if help could not be forthcoming. The modest sum of \$300 is now provided each year by the Board, but no permanent source of supply for this has yet arisen. Unless the resources of the Board can be increased, how can this absurdly small sum be sent out for the Uduvil school? We see at a glance that a measure of increase is an absolute necessity for a work like that which we have in hand.

A similar case has arisen in Madura where our Capron Hall School, started years ago in Mrs. Capron's days of active missionary service, with a small number of students, now enrolls 475 pupils. What more is needed here? Surely better equipment, buildings adequate to receive the increasing numbers applying year by year for admission, and last of all—perhaps most important of all—provision for our Kindergarten Training School. This school under the efficient care of Miss Gertrude Chandler has so commended itself to the Government inspectress that she is calling on the Government to make a liberal grant for it and to send girls from all over South India to it for kindergarten training. In order to hold such a grant, suitable buildings and teaching staff must be provided and proper material for songs and games, that the young women sent here may really acquire necessary knowledge to spread the benefits of their training in the widely scattered communities from which they will come. The Board has no funds with which to meet such an expense. Moreover, the establishment of another kindergarten in a more central location in Madura City is a crying need. The expense would not be heavy, possibly \$200 a year. The advantage of such a kindergarten would be twofold, making it possible for the children in the heart of the city to attend and relieving the congestion at the school now held at Capron Hall.

We might continue indefinitely citing instances of this kind if it were not for the limits of space. Suffice it to say, then, that our work in Africa and in Japan makes the same loud claim upon our help. Also for the near future in Turkey we must be ready with almost unlimited resources of money and workers to meet the large oppor-

tunity which will be open to us as soon as the war clouds have rolled away.

Every field of the Board is calling for help in opening village schools in points that can be but remotely touched by our central boarding schools. Every field is also calling for a larger wage for our native workers. Prices for all commodities have doubled, trebled, and in many cases quadrupled within the last few years. The small wage of our native workers has not increased. We provide yearly in our appropriations on the same basis as in previous years and congratulate ourselves on so doing, but what injustice to those who are called upon to give their service and their strength without the means for bare subsistence made necessary by the present era of rising prices!

Our North China field especially is calling for better support of our Bible women's work, making it possible to send women to the Training School at Peking and to support them afterward in the vast country districts hardly touched by our instrumentalities up to this point.

In order to give ourselves the supreme satisfaction of carrying our work as in other years a humiliating process of elimination is necessary year by year. This is done when we receive what is called our "estimates" from our various Missions. The estimates have been compiled by the Missions at their annual meetings, each station sending in what it feels to be absolutely necessary for the maintenance of the work it has in hand and for what seems to be an inevitable development of that work. The Mission in council applies a sifting process, comparing the estimated need of one station against another and finally sending to us a list of work with the amounts necessary for it which in its judgment must be provided by the Board if the work shall not suffer serious handicap. The estimates from all the Missions are taken by us at headquarters, compared one with another, and then the humiliating process already referred to is applied to them.

For instance: Inanda Seminary calls for \$750 more in salaries of assistant teachers than heretofore. Strike it out, because it is increase. The Girls' Boarding Department at Mount Silinda, Rhodesia, asks for \$125 more for running expenses. Strike it out; it is increase. For the Bible women's work in the Balkan Mission, \$174.06 more is

asked. Poor Balkans, desolated by the scourge of war and pestilence, clinging to the missionaries and their help as to no other earthly arm! No matter; it is increase; strike it out. Our work in the Marathi Mission—station schools, day schools, Bible women—calls for \$2,000 more. Strike it out; it is increase. Our Ahmednagar Girls' School reports through Miss Bruce that the running expenses of the school have increased while the income seems to have decreased. This is partly due probably to the heavy demands upon the Government which have made it impossible to continue the same grants for our work as heretofore. Miss Bruce says there was not enough to pay their teachers the first of September without asking the treasurer of the Mission to advance a considerable sum. The increase in the running expenses, she says, is due to the increase in teachers' salaries, to the fact that a Seventh Standard, insisted upon by Government and made necessary by the growing demands of the school, has been established. Heavy repairs on some of the old buildings have had to be made and higher prices caused by the war have prevailed. The situation was, as we may well understand, a very serious one in Miss Bruce's estimation and that of the Mission. The call for increased grants by the Board could not be refused and an additional sum of \$500 was sent for this year. What shall we say of the future for the school in view of the fact that with this grant, which undoubtedly will give great help for this year, went the cautioning word that it must not be depended upon for future years? We shall send it if we can; if we cannot, what is to be done for our great Ahmednagar Girls' School?

North China has called upon us for small increases for station class work, touring and rents of day school buildings. These requests vary from ten to seventy-five dollars. Cut them out; they are increases. Japan asks for about \$1,000 more than we have hitherto given to maintain that wonderful settlement work being conducted by Miss Adams at Okayama and to provide for the evangelistic work done by the ladies of the Mission all over the Empire. It cannot be granted, because it is an increase; cut it out. Our station work in Spain is being strangled through utter lack of equipment for our day schools and of sufficient pay for our Spanish teachers. Six hundred dollars would give vast relief to this, but it is an increase; cut it out.

A wide range of appeals for additions to the missionary force is

pouring in upon the Board. The ground cannot be covered by the present force. How shall five hundred girls in a school be taught and mothered by three women or four? How shall one doctor or two meet the needs of the suffering women in a community numbering 2,575,000 souls? How shall a country district covering one hundred and twenty square miles be evangelized by two missionaries and a few Bible women? Yet these are the impossible tasks we ask of our workers and beyond the present supply we say, "Sorry, there can be no more; there is no money." Is it right?

And so we go on through the disgraceful list. How long shall we sit over against the treasury of the Board in smug satisfaction because we have not been obliged to reduce our appropriations while these reasonable and much-to-be-desired calls for increase go wholly unheeded? Are the friends of the Lord's work in foreign lands doing all they can? Some of them undoubtedly are. Some of us must question whether this is true of us in view of the possibility we have discovered in responding to the countless calls for our help which have come to us during these years of the war from the nations in their sore stress. What shall the Board do? Shall it stand still at the truly glorious point of its present achievement, or shall it go on, meeting enlarged opportunity, rising to the ever more exalted privilege, royally supported by the Master's own to whom He has entrusted so signally the responsibilities of stewardship?

Conference of Foreign Missions Boards

As we go to press the twenty-fourth annual conference of the Foreign Missions Boards of North America is closing at Garden City, N. Y. The registration is larger than at any previous conference of this body; including corresponding members, missionaries and visitors 278 were enrolled, with a larger proportion of delegates from the Woman's Boards than usual.

Great questions of policy have been discussed and adjustments made. Much time has been given to the presentation of the tremendous opportunities and problems confronting the Boards in Latin America and in the continent of Africa. Dr. Speer and Dr. Patton were leading speakers at these sessions. Notable addresses were made by Dr. Speer on Ideals of Missionary Efficiency and by Dr. Mott on the European War in its relation to Missions. Dr. Ussher's address on the situation in Turkey, illustrated by vivid stories from his own experiences, was listened to with marked interest.

Editorials

Our frontispiece shows the laying of the corner-stone of the Hospital for Women and Children at Madura. It was arranged that this notable event should take place at the time of the visit of the American Board deputation and, as a representative of the Woman's Board of Missions, Mrs. Edward Lincoln Smith was chosen for the most prominent part in the ceremony. A letter from Dr. Parker which accompanied this photograph explains that the corner-stone has been placed at the northwest corner of the Maternity Block.

New Hospital at Madura. **Once More in Mexico.**

Dr. and Mrs. Howland and Miss Long returned to Mexico in December and sent Christmas greetings from Hermosillo. Miss Long writes of the phenomenally high cost of many staple foodstuffs while such things as boards for carpentry are almost unobtainable. It is difficult, too, to secure help in settling the house and grounds, but she adds: "My heart is full of gratitude that we are permitted to be here. There seems to be a wide open door for the school work, and the work in general seems promising. We have heard from Pastor Valencia that all is well with the life and property of our people and mission in Chihuahua. There were forty days of continuous cannonading. The school was interrupted, of course, but when the teacher in charge wrote, December 9, the yearly examinations were in progress and they will again complete a school year triumphantly. Is it not marvelous, and we can scarcely appreciate fully what resolution and courage on the part of our Mexican workers has made this possible. Many people left the city during the Villa occupation, the paying pupils largely, and we cannot yet tell just what will be left of the school, but there is no thought of its discontinuance. Now, if ever, we should stand by the work and people. The roof of the church has suffered slightly from bullets, and fragments of a shell made a few holes in the roof of the new building."

Dr. Howland writes that trains are running on time and there is much traffic. Paper money has disappeared and business is trans-

acted in silver or in American money. The editor of the Sonoro state paper is one of Dr. Howland's former pupils in Guadalajara.

It will carry a pang to the hearts of many friends of Rev. and Mrs. Murray S. Frame of Tungchou to learn that their little daughter, Frances, was suddenly taken from them, after a brief illness, on December 28. Coming so soon after the loss of their infant son, it is a heavy blow, and, as many have learned to know this "Littlest Missionary" through her mother's letters, there will be a deep sense of sympathy in many hearts at the news of this fresh bereavement.

Dr. Ussher has recovered from his recent accident and is located with his children at the Missionary Home in Auburndale for a few weeks. Miss Mary M. Root is to sail from Vancouver on January 25, returning to Madura. We regret to report that Miss Amy E. McKowan is suffering from the effects of an accident at her home in Dundas, Ontario.

In the death of this devoted servant of God at her New London home, December 19, the Woman's Board of Missions has lost a generous friend. From time to time large gifts have found their way into its treasury from her hand. More than one building on the mission field bears the name of Harris and more than one missionary has been supported by her gifts. Not less than her material bounty has been the influence of her wonderful spiritual life and the blessings called down by her unceasing prayers for the coming of God's kingdom. The Appreciation to be found on page 86 of this issue has been written by a neighbor and friend of many years. "Her own works shall praise her in the gates."

Miss Ethel Putney writes of her continued eagerness to gain the language while waiting in Cairo for the opportunity to begin her work in Turkey. She says: "Mr. Camp and I are reading St. Luke's Gospel with a Turk, who often visits Mr. Trowbridge to ask questions about Christianity and to discuss Mohammedanism. We hope that the message of the Gospel will get into his heart while the form gets into our minds. Then I have begun reading with a Turkish lady, also a Mohammedan. Every lesson, besides general conversation, I have some prepared

story to tell and then we read St. Matthew. She is reading that for the first time and asks many questions. She is really in earnest about Christianity and asked very searching questions about Matthew v. last week. It is a great satisfaction to have a practical problem like that as a part of one's lessons."

In a personal letter Miss Edith Coon, who has recently arrived in Madras and assumed her duties as associate principal in the Woman's Union College, writes of her interesting visits to some of our missionaries *en route* and describes a sight which impressed her very much in Madura:—

A Terrible Ceremony.

"Of all the interesting things I saw in Madura, the most interesting as well as most dreadful was the ceremony of casting out devils. I suppose you have had descriptions of it from others, but I remember an echo from the Training Conference, 'Write your first impressions,' so I am going to risk boring you by writing a little about it.

"Once a year for ten days this fearful thing goes on each evening. Only girls or women have devils and usually the victim is a girl. The fact that she has a devil is shown by some ill omen; perhaps a bird flew about her and cast its shadow upon her path, or possibly one of her family was frightened at night by some sound. Something of that sort for which she is not responsible is evidence of the devil's possession. In some cases she is not allowed to eat or speak during the daylight for two weeks preceding the festival. Then one evening she is brought into the temple and seated before a Brahman priest who chants a weird song, makes her breathe some sort of incense and begins a rhythmic swaying of the upper part of his body. Soon he has her under his hypnotic power and she begins swaying too, slowly at first and then faster and faster, while her hair sweeps the ground and her forehead barely grazes it. If you could have seen the dizzily whirling body, the insolent, sneering face of the priest, and the noisy, rough crowd of watchers, I think your heart would have sunk as mine did. We did not stay long—we could not; but I am told that the poor child has to keep this up sometimes for hours, until she shouts out the name of the particular devil in her. Thereupon the priest lifts up a lock of her hair, and she is led out of the temple by this lock to a devil-tree. There the lock is cut off—releasing the devil—and hung to the tree."

After a long period of silence, following the outbreak of the war and the seizure by Japan of the Marshall Islands, communication with our missionaries in Micronesia has been established and letters telling of their welfare and of kind treatment at the hands of the Japanese have come to us at headquarters. Both Kusaie, where our Girls' School is located, and Jaluit, where Miss Hoppin is now living, are under the Japanese flag. German currency has given way to the Japanese, a high-power wireless station has been established on Jaluit, and already these islands have been visited by Japanese scientists, journalists, members of Parli-

ament and university professors. Japan does not oppose the teaching of Christianity or the continuance of mission work. It has not, however, been possible for Miss Hoppin to continue her touring work. She has been obliged to remain at Jaluit, where she has oversight of the Sunday school and Bible work.

Two letters have been received from her this fall. One dated October 16, coming via Japan, says: "I am living in a tiny box of a house, nearly shut in on every side by iron roofs of copra and lumber houses, and the Catholic Mission in the rear. Perhaps this yard is the least desirable in Jaluit as far as air and heat go, but it has a fine shade from the trees and I live mostly outdoors. I often think of my fine, big room in the new house at Kusaie, and the cool mountains. But I am still quite strong, and my native girls who came from Kusaie are among the best native girls I know.



Gilbert Islander in Armor of Coconut Fiber

“I have been busy getting ready a shipment of rice for the Girls’ School at Kusaie. We have sifted it all and done it up in nice, clean mats. The girls whom I have with me from Kusaie have worked hard for two weeks weaving the bags. A boy goes to Kusaie and will return with a Kusaian and they will bring me a cow or two to help me out in feeding my large family.”

It has now been ascertained that Miss Fowle died in Sivas and not away from her home as was at first feared. It should also be stated that she did not spend four years in America after her breakdown in health in 1906, but went in 1907 to be with her parents in Cesarea where she soon became able to assist in the boys’ school, and in 1909 she began her work in Sivas. Her furlough was due last summer but she declined to leave her suffering people and remained with Miss Graffam.

**A Later Word
about Miss Fowle.**

THE FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE WOMAN’S BOARD

RECEIPTS FROM DECEMBER 1-31, 1916

	For Regular Work			For Buildings	For Work of 1917	For Special Objects	From Legacies	TOTAL
	Branches	Other Sources	TOTAL					
1915	\$8,677.99	\$220.50	\$8,898.49	\$3,092.06	—	\$157.87	\$500.00	\$12,648.42
1916	10,283.52	360.50	10,644.02	3,565.74	\$522.00	291.07	680.00	15,702.83
Gain	\$1,605.53	\$140.00	\$1,745.53	\$473.68	\$522.00	\$133.20	\$180.00	\$3,054.41
Loss								

OCTOBER 18-DECEMBER 31, 1916

1915	\$15,185.83	\$751.94	\$15,937.77	\$8,163.09	—	\$403.35	\$1,243.33	\$25,747.54
1916	17,309.62	891.50	18,201.12	10,878.85	\$2,509.06	308.07	1,191.23	33,088.33
Gain	\$2,123.79	\$139.56	\$2,263.35	\$2,715.76	\$2,509.06			\$7,340.79
Loss						\$95.28	\$52.10	

An Appreciation

MARY CAROLYN FOWLE

From the many tributes to the beautiful and useful life of Miss Fowle we select one which is of unusual interest, as it is written by a young Armenian woman, now studying at Oberlin, who was first a pupil and later a teacher in the Girls' School at Sivas. She came to this country with Rev. and Mrs. E. C. Partridge last summer, and her appreciation has been translated from the Armenian by Miss Nina E. Rice, who has been an associate of Miss Fowle's in the school for seven years.

"I CANNOT be persuaded that Miss Fowle has gone, because she always seemed so full of zeal, life and endurance, always ready to do everything. As a pupil, I did not know her so well, but the two years while I was a teacher, I had many opportunities to know her intimately, and especially on the journey which I took with her (from Constantinople to Sivas, July, 1914). When I was seasick, I enjoyed her tender motherly care, and during the wagon journey, experienced in all the customs of the country, she tried like an older sister to keep me safe from danger.

"Those last days (before the deportation) I can never forget the sympathy and fellow-feeling that she showed. How many, many times when the girls were sitting weeping, I saw Miss Fowle go to them, take them in her arms, and mingle her tears with theirs! She truly felt that sympathy is a great comfort to the troubled heart, and she was always ready to express her sympathy.

"Of course it is not my purpose to enumerate Miss Fowle's characteristics to you; but as one of her pupils, I feel the duty of expressing what an influence she has left, and I feel sure that those who have been privileged to have her as a teacher or as a friend will feel the same. Miss Fowle's readiness to help, her enthusiasm, her sympathy, and her perseverance, will remain an imperishable record in our hearts.

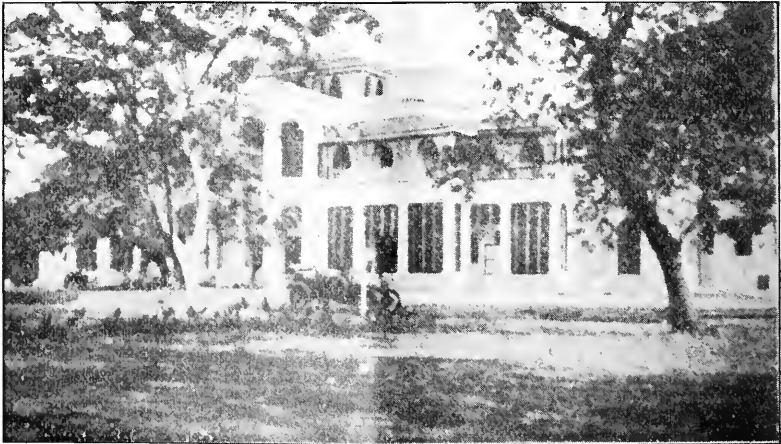
"For my graduating essay, I wrote the biography of Clara Barton, and my closing sentence was this: 'Set the star of your ideal in the vault of heaven, and begin to journey by its light. Never mind if you leave your journey incomplete. Your star will be a guide to many wise men who come after you.'

"To-day I can say just the same for Miss Fowle as for Clara Barton. In the course of her daily life the spirit that she showed has given us light and experience how to live in this world.

"If I had opportunity, I would gladly say this in public, to give at least an idea how a teacher working in a little corner of Sivas has influenced her pupils."

Madras College in a New Home

THE Indian mail has brought us a picture of Doveton House, the new home of the Christian College for Women, Madras. The first building occupied by the College, "Hyde Park," very soon became too small for this growing institution, and additions to it seemed out of the question as the owner did not wish to sell. The story of the purchase of Doveton House reads like a fairy tale. Knowing that the ladies of the faculty were looking for larger quarters, a gentleman in Madras brought to their notice the fact that Doveton House was for sale. Miss McDougall and another member of the faculty went to look at it, wandered about its great spacious rooms, explored the grounds and visited the stables and outbuildings, picturing to themselves how it could be transformed into an efficient school plant if only the price (\$20,000) was not prohibitive. As they drove home they amused themselves by building these air-castles. Picture their amazement when on reaching the school they found a letter from America telling of the gift of \$25,000 through the American Baptist Women's Missionary Society from a legacy left by Mrs. Rockefeller. Their castle in the air had solidified with startling suddenness!



The Women's Christian College, Madras, India

Doveton House is a place with a history, beginning almost a century ago. It is built on an ample scale with a regal porch, two great halls, one on each floor, with a double row of columns supporting the ceiling of each, and a wide veranda all around. There are numerous kitchens and other outbuildings, with stabling for twenty or thirty horses. The grounds are spacious and in the rear slope down to the river. A long line of government officials have occupied the house, also for a brief time an Indian rajah. Oddly enough, the latest tenant was Mrs. Annie Besant, who used the house as a hostel for Hindu students. It was some months before possession could be legally secured and necessary alterations made, but now the College is happily settled in a home of its own which has almost endless capacity for growth.

With the sanction of the government, the college has received formal affiliation with the University of Madras. It is therefore now an integral part of the University, "a first grade arts college," and its principal, Miss Eleanor McDougall, has been put on the University's Board of Classical Studies. America will be represented on the staff this year in the person of Miss Charlotte Wyckoff, who has been lent by the Arcot Mission to lecture on philosophy and began work in July, and the Misses Coon and Dibell, who have recently arrived in India.

A college magazine was published last spring as a record of the first year of this infant institution and was for the most part written by the students. In other ways the school is taking on the character of Western colleges for women. It has a college motto, "Lighted to Lighten," and there is a college badge on which appears an Indian lamp and a sunflower. The chosen colors are brown, green and gold representing the soil, the trees, and the sunshine of India. Seventy students were enrolled at the opening of the last term.

A fortnightly meeting for talk on current events, led by the principal, is held in addition to the students' debating and literary meetings. In spite of the extreme shyness of Indian women, five of them were brave enough to enter for an Elocution Competition and recited Tagore and other Indian authors with such vigor that the judge, a professor of Teachers' College, said he had never heard his students speak so well.

On the Other Side of the World

A MISSIONARY'S FIRST MONTH IN INDIA

By Edith H. Smith

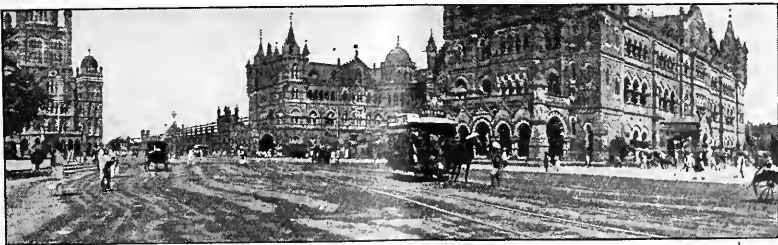
DURING recent years a few teachers of English have been sent out by Mission Boards for short terms, with the understanding that they may study the language of their new neighbors, or not, as they choose. Most of them do take up some language study, but soon after receiving my three-year appointment last spring I made a resolution that the first thing I should do in my new abode was to take a little time for writing some impressions of my new country while they were fresh in my mind, so that friends at home could see a little of what I saw, and possibly feel a little of what I felt.

Imagine yourself in a hot little second cabin state-room, not over-clean, with an electric fan moving so slowly that it stops once in a while, and you will put yourself in my place on the morning of Tuesday, March 28, 1916. The state-room is on the P. & O. steamer Nankin, and she is just going into the harbor at Bombay. My friend Dr. W. and I had come on her from Ceylon, and had spent most of our time aboard in wishing that we were back on the immaculate little Japanese Iyo Maru that had brought us so comfortably from Hongkong to Colombo. An official notice had informed us that we should probably dock at six in the morning, but it was nine before the steamer was fastened to the dock and several things remained to be done before we could go ashore. Baggage had to be sent ahead and then passports and landing permits had to be examined. Ordinarily we could have left the steamer as soon as the gangplank was ready for use, but war makes a difference, and at the present time no foreigner is allowed to land in Bombay without a passport, and a special permit from the government. This permit cannot be obtained until your consul in the city has assured the police that you are a citizen of his country. In my case the consul had been informed as to my arrival and my citizenship both by the treasurer of our mission and by the American consul in Colombo, so that my landing permit was waiting for me when I arrived in Bombay, and I was delayed on the steamer for only a few minutes.

On leaving the smoking-room where our permits had been examined we went to look at the dock to see if any one we knew had come to meet us. I was delighted at discovering two A. B. C. F. M. friends who live in Bombay and a very special W. B. M. friend from Sholapur who had come down to welcome me. The Bombay friends kindly took all three of us to their house to spend the day, as the trains on which we were to leave the city did not go until evening.

What did I think of Bombay? A very hot, very noisy, very dusty city, with more absolutely skinny brown legs in it than I had ever before dreamed of. They say that very few of the people of India ever get enough to eat, and those legs are pretty good evidence of it. If you could take all the patients in all the tuberculosis sanatoriums in Massachusetts, paint their legs brown, some light, some medium, some dark, and some nearly black, and exhibit them in Boston on the hottest, dirtiest summer day that city ever saw, you would get a little suggestion of what Bombay looks like at the end of March. Of course not all the people go around with bare legs. Many of the men wear trousers, some wear draperies, and a few wear skirts, while most of the women wear skirts, draperies or trousers, according to their nationality or their religion.

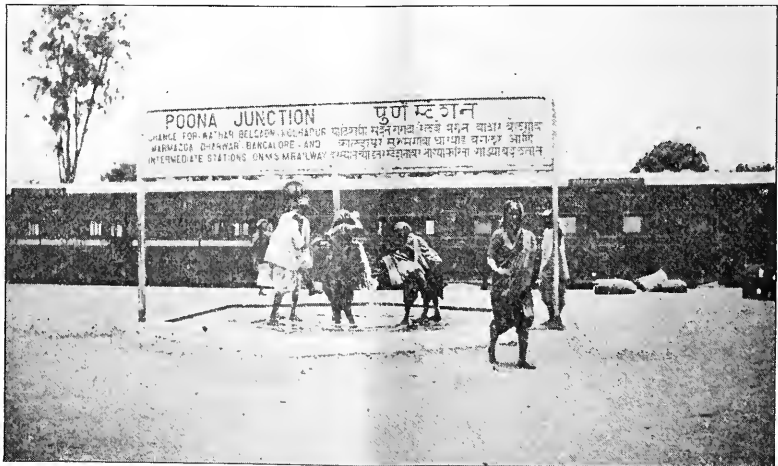
Two other things about Bombay should be mentioned before we take our evening trains,—the brightness of the people's clothes, and the little shops of the Indians. Of course we are accustomed to seeing women wear clothes of all colors, and on them we can excuse a moderate amount of jewelry, but when men appear in garments of pink, purple, red, green, orange or yellow, and when they have "rings on their fingers and bells on their toes," not to mention brace-



A Street in Bombay

lets, anklets and whole rows of earrings, it comes to us as a little surprise. A very grand-looking gentleman with a red cap and a white suit with a broad red band over one shoulder and under the other is nothing but a messenger from one of the banks, while an old man in a brownish yellow robe with a shiny brass bowl in his hands is one of the beggar priests who live by the toil of others.

What about the little shops of the Indians? All the shops of the same sort are in the same part of the city, and you see a whole row of cloth shops, a whole row of basket shops, a whole row of tin shops, or a whole row of jewelry shops side by side. Unless you can read the name over the door or recognize the proprietor, it must be very difficult to pick out the place where you did your "trading" last time, for they all seem to look exactly alike. All produce is sold in the great public market where the dealers try hard to make you pay twice as much as their things are worth, and where you can generally get what you want for about half the original price—if you will take time to bargain. On the way up to the mission bungalow we stopped to get some fruit which we could have secured in Boston in less than ten minutes, but we had to spend half an hour on it here; and even then we had to pay more than it was really worth because we did not have any more time to waste.



At the Railroad Station

It is now evening, and immediately after dinner Dr. W. leaves us to get the nine o'clock train for Lahore, while Miss F. and I go to another station to get the evening Madras Mail. Indian trains have first, second and third class compartments, and we buy second-class tickets for this trip, as cushionless third-class compartments are not very comfortable for an all-night journey. Let me remark that missionaries never travel first class—their salaries do not allow it. One other woman is in the compartment with us, a Mohammedan woman who is entirely covered (except her eyes) with a yellowish-brown sort of cape. As soon as the train starts she removes this garment and we can see that she is truly beautiful, resembling a picture of some ancient Egyptian queen. Now, Miss F. who travels in proper Indian style, unrolls a regular bed which she has brought along with her—mattress, blankets, sheets and pillow—and lies down in the lower berth while I take my humble American steamer rug and little air cushion and disappear into the upper one. This I have let down and arranged for myself, as porters are negative quantities on Indian trains. We sleep a little, in spite of the fact that the train rocks and sways fearfully, and before we realize it we are at Dhondi, where I must take another train going north, while Miss F. can finish her journey to Sholapur without making a change. She puts me aboard and leaves me to the tender mercies of two women and a boy who are already in the compartment.

About seven o'clock on the morning of March 29 I arrived in Ahmednagar, and I was never so thoroughly "welcomed" anywhere else. Several of our missionaries were at the station to meet me, and one of them took me in his little motor car to my new abode, after I had engaged a bullock cart to take up my trunks. My new abode is a good-sized bungalow called "Holyoke," which I am to occupy with three other teachers; it is in the compound of the Ahmednagar Girls' School. Here I was "welcomed" by a crowd of schoolgirls who stood in rows along the driveway and waved flags as they saw me coming toward the bungalow. As soon as I was on the veranda they came up the steps, hung wreaths of jasmine flowers around my neck and wrists, and sang a most beautiful song, of which I could not understand one word, as it was all in Marathi. I thanked them and escaped into the house, but there was more to follow. About noon the

smaller girls in the school came to "welcome" me, and they too adorned me with flowers. My third "welcome" took place in the afternoon when the girls of the sewing and lace-making departments of the school came and did unto me even as the others had done. You might think that I had been "welcomed" enough by this time, but evidently the good people of the church did not think so, for I was especially invited to their prayer-meeting two days later and not only adorned with flowers but asked to make a speech. I made one as short and sweet as I could, and our senior missionary kindly translated it into Marathi for those who could not understand English, making it even more sweet in the process, so I was told by some one who understands both languages. Possibly you can understand how embarrassing this whole process of being "welcomed" must be to a very "offish" New Englander like myself, but I had to stand it, and you would have had to if you had been in my place.

Every one of the missionaries here is trying to do the work of from three to five people, and most of them are succeeding. They are up and at their tasks before seven in the morning, and often still at them until late in the evening. As for those *siestas* that we read about in stories, they seem to be nothing but "stories," for most of these people are hard at work on Marathi study during the warmest part of the day, or else they are writing letters to friends or relatives at home. Because of the imperative need for rest during a few weeks of the year the American Board has supplied its missionaries in this part of India with a beautiful place up among the hills of Mahableshwar, and here they gather in April for the complete change that they need. A stay of a few weeks here at this time brings the color back into most of their pale cheeks, and they go back to their regular work ready for another ten months' pull.

After spending only two weeks at Ahmednagar in doing what little odd jobs I could to help out at the end of the school year, I was brought up to Mahableshwar, and I must tell you all about the trip, for it was a most interesting one. The last department of our school to "shut up shop" was the primary, which closed at noon on April 11, and not many hours later we American teachers left Ahmednagar for Mahableshwar. Our trunks had been sent ahead by freight ten days before, so that we had with us only such bags and



A Mission Bungalow at Mahableshwar

bundles as could go into the compartments with us. I had with me three packages, one suit-case, one steamer rug, and one little tin trunk. This little tin trunk looked strangely like a remodeled Standard Oil can (many of our most useful utensils do), and contained some of the beautiful pillow lace that is made by the girls even in the industrial department of our school. I had been told not to let it go out of my sight during the trip, and to sell as much lace as possible while I was away.

We were going on the "midnight" train, but when we got to the station we found that the train which was not supposed to leave until half-past twelve would be an hour late. Consequently we waited in the station for nearly two hours, and had a fine chance to see the other people who were waiting with us. Any night you can see a great many Indians in these stations, and on this occasion there was an extra large number because of a great Hindu festival to which many of them were going. Some walked around, some sat on trunks, boxes, bags or bundles, but the majority of them slept peacefully on the stone floor of the station platform. They looked like sacks of potatoes, and if I had not been careful I should have fallen over several of them.

About half-past twelve there was a great commotion in the station, and most of the sleepers awoke and got up suddenly. A crowd of Indian policemen, some armed with guns, some with swords, and some with spears hurried into the station and began looking around. Evidently they did not find what they were looking for, as they gave up their search after a while and went away again. We wondered if some German prisoner had escaped from the detention camp up at the old barracks, but I suppose we shall never know.

As soon as the ticket-office opened one of our party went to buy the tickets for all of us—third class this time, as we had agreed to travel economically. "All of us" included five schoolgirls who were to be dropped at different places along the way, one servant, a one-eyed, pock-marked relic of some former famine, and three American teachers. Before long the train appeared and we made a grand dash for our compartments, the girls going to the one for Indian women, the servant to the one for Indian men, and we three to the one for "Europeans and Anglo-Indians." How ridiculous it does seem to be called a European when one has never even seen Europe, but that is what happens to me out here. In our compartment we found two friends from Rahuri, and a stranger who a little later told us that she was one of Pandita Ramabai's teachers. It did not take us long to stretch out on the hard wooden seats, where we rested as well as we could until about four o'clock, when we arrived at Dhondi Junction. We reached Poona about nine o'clock, so late that we had to get a hurried breakfast in the station instead of going to the home of a friend as we had hoped to do. The station breakfast menu consisted of eggs, curry and rice, bread and butter and tea, but we could not get any curry and rice, as it was too early. At nine-forty we took another train, which crawled along at the rate of ten miles an hour, bringing us to Wathar at half-past four in the afternoon.

Yes, it was warm, as the heat poured down on the top of the train and was reflected up from the dusty plains, but the air was so dry that we were not as uncomfortable as we might have been. Before we arrived at Wathar we had dropped four of the schoolgirls at different stations along the way, and here we left our Rahuri friends and the servant who was to accompany our bags and baggage on their forty-mile journey in an ox cart, up into the mountains. We were met

by the father of one of our party, a fortunate man who owns a motor car, who had come down to take us on the last part of our trip. We go first up, and then up some more, and after about an hour we arrive at Wai. Here we leave the last one of our school children, "water the horse," along. We must end before the sun between Wai and so steep and wind-are not allowed to Again we go up for sharp corners, and and on until we All along the way nificent, and we "Oh, isn't it won-Grand Canyon, the not be described; cent than anything England, and more of the scenery in our country. It tains of certain and is so cool that raised there will well. In Panchani side well for an-on a few miles a pretty little lake, stop before "Nor-mission bungalows, at the end of our journey.



Nokoshi (not wanted)
Carrying Water at Mahableshwar

and then hurry be at our journey's sets, as the road Mahableshwar is ing that motor cars use it after dark. a while, around up once more, on reach Panchgani. the views are mag-keep exclaiming, derful?" Like the scenery here can-it is more magnifi-we have in New beautiful than most the western part of suggests the moun-parts of California, many of the trees grow here equally we stop at a road- other "drink," go more, hurry past turn a corner and heim," one of the

How are we spending our time here among the hills? Are we devoting these weeks to mere idleness? By no means. One week has been given over to the semi-annual mission meeting with one or two sessions every day and incidental committee meetings at any time from seven in the morning until nine o'clock at night. A language school is held five mornings a week, and most of the younger

people study there, while many of the older ones have private lessons every day. Between times those who want exercise go for walks or bicycle rides, or play tennis or badminton, while those who enjoy sleeping or reading have a chance to get that enjoyment. People from out-of-the-way country villages hire a tailor here, and he does all their sewing which will be necessary for the next six months. Besides all that, calls are made on one's neighbors, and an occasional tea-party takes place. Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Seventh Day Adventists and Methodists can all unite with us over a cup of tea, and they do so very gracefully.

The views here are superb. From the veranda where I am writing I can look off down a canyon about two miles wide. Beyond the mouth of this canyon I can see rows of hills and valleys stretching on and on for forty miles. Most of these hills are bare and brown, but the nearest ones are well wooded, thanks to the government foresters. In two of the valleys I can see little silver threads of rivers, and away off at the horizon is the ocean. Sometimes in the early morning the valleys are filled with a mist that looks like great drifts of snow, but as the sun comes up the mist disappears. Is this mist symbolical of other mists in this land of valleys? Is not the truth which we are trying to teach, the sunlight which will drive these mists away?

Sherwood Eddy affirms that: "On the spiritual plane India stands unrivalled." The book that is selling best among the high-caste, devout and cultured people of India is Thomas à Kempis' *Imitation of Christ*. The great revival of 1915 began with emphasis on Prayers First. A little prayer-card was circulated which read: "Will you make this your daily prayer until the answer comes? O Lord, send a revival and begin in *me* for Jesus' sake. Amen." Persecution usually takes the form of the closing of the village well. In the excessive heat thirst becomes almost intolerable and yet they were refused all fresh water because they were Christians and they had to get water from a filthy pond a long distance away.

The Challenge of Heroism

This is the fourth article in the series designed to Supplement *World Missions and World Peace*. Miss Dornblaser has purposely chosen most of her illustrations from the ranks of Congregational missionaries.—*The Editor*.

THOSE who make a study of the text-book *World Missions and World Peace* will feel more strongly than ever what the Christian world has grown to realize within the last few years, that there is ample opportunity for ambition, abundant challenge to the heroic, to be found in the Christian conquest of the world. No longer is the bloodthirsty strife of nations the only outlet for ambition and heroic spirit. The day has come, we are glad to believe, when, under the chastened teaching of their elders, the youth of the land will seek to satisfy their love of the thrilling and romantic with tales of the adventures, heroism and nobility of the soldiers of the cross of Christ, and will learn to look upon human warfare as ignoble and unworthy of the spirit of manhood.

A young missionary, a few weeks ago, in response to an American business man's criticism that the former was "throwing his talents away over there," said: "Mr. B., I am only thirty-one years of age, without any unusual ability and without any 'pull' politically or otherwise, yet I am constantly thrown among the scholars of China as a leader among them. I have moved up and down that land helping to mold the new ideals of the Young China which is already changing the whole national life. I am constantly associating with the rich and great of that country, I am an intimate friend of governors, legislators and other high officials, and in my classes am directing their thought and study, thus actually influencing their attitude toward national and international affairs. Will you tell me any place in the homeland where a man of my age and abilities would have an opportunity equal to that?"

When the picture of Mr. Peet of our Turkey mission was thrown on the screen at Toledo, a few weeks ago, it was facetiously said to be that of "the man who trains the ambassadors." While this may not be literally true, the fact remains that not a few missionaries find themselves bearing influential relationships to the governments. To some has been intrusted the education of the heirs to thrones; others have been appointed regents upon the death of rulers who

had come to recognize in them a superhuman power; and not a small number find diplomatic tasks forming a part of their missionary labors. Nor is this true alone of men.

The missionary career of Corinna Shattuck held many such experiences, woman though she was. At one time she wrote: "Yesterday the Pasha called, and as he asked especially for me, I was sent for. He talked of my work here and expressed real interest, indeed, he was very agreeable—but how I did long for an American man! Sometimes it is hard to feel myself so alone. I do not want to be bold and unladylike, neither do I want to ignore my American citizenship by putting myself on a level with the natives in everything." But necessity and danger to native friends often drove her out into self-forgetful undertakings for which her maidenly modesty would have made her shrink, but which displayed her statesmanlike diplomacy, and the conquering charm of her personality.

But it is the spirit of heroism even more than the opportunity to do great things which appeals to youth in this day, because it is a challenge to a nobler quality of human nature than mere ambition. And to the more thoughtful, those forms of heroism which are all the more heroic for being displayed in common and unromantic ways make just as strong an appeal. The bravely borne loneliness of many an unmarried missionary, constantly meeting problems extremely difficult and delicate for a woman to handle, sometimes speaks of a heroism greater than would be required to face lions.

The woman who with all her longing for a quiet home-life is spending her years, as are Mrs. Hubbard of Foochow and many another, in constant touring, the hardships of which none but themselves will ever fully know, is living a life of heroism that will some day make its appeal to the world of hero-worshippers as truly as does that of the One who "had not where to lay His head." The very fact that such as these have no thought of deserving praise, and recoil with pain from mention of it is the clearer evidence of the true spirit of heroism.

It is the cheerful hearts and the beautiful home-life of women like Harriet Maria Green in her mud hut that makes the strongest appeal to the lover of the heroic. Mrs. Green, whose first child was born amid the terrors of war among the Kafirs, was forced to flee for safety dur-

ing the Pandomisi Rebellion. When she returned, it was to find her home in ashes; but, with a cheerfulness impossible to the non-Christian, she and her husband built them a couple of thatched mud huts, and there lived in perfect contentment such a life of joy as bore abundant fruit.

It is perhaps more often women than their husbands who suffer tortures that the world never knows. Mrs. Robert Clark, of the Punjab, awakened one night to see a panther in the act of carrying off her baby. Instantly that self-controlled woman snatched a blazing brand from the fire and waving it in the animal's face succeeded in driving it away and saving her child. On another occasion she received a poor demented refugee from a flood district into her home and cared for her tenderly. The poor woman sat for hours crying and wringing her hands and talking in an unknown tongue. She went into wild paroxysms of grief whenever she saw Mrs. Clark's baby boy; and they concluded that she must have had a baby that was drowned in the flood which she had escaped. One day the woman and her benefactor's baby were both missing. After anguished suspense on the part of the poor mother, they were tracked and returned.

The world knows well the anxieties through which the beautiful young brides of Adoniram Judson and Samuel Newell passed before they found a place for the soles of their feet on Asiatic soil. Harriet Newell succumbed to the exposures which she underwent, and passed away before she had been a year on the field, and Ann Judson found herself frequently an outlaw, ordered back to America or England. Hunted and persecuted, she stayed loyally by her husband, often gaining by her winsome personality what had been brutally denied them. Once she became separated from Mr. Judson, in a strange land whose language she did not know; but her faith in a loving Father kept her strong.

Many have been the instances of women who have suffered disease and death for the sake of Christ and His Kingdom. Alice Marval gave herself fearlessly to the relief of sufferers from the plague, and herself died within a few hours of the pneumonic form of that deadly disease.

Possibly the greatest heroism the world has yet known in the face

of disease was that of Mary Reed, who kept within her own soul the anguish of the realization that she had contracted leprosy, and accepted the fact as God's call to a life of service for those of whom she had become one. She is still laboring lovingly, sympathetically for them, binding up their wounds with her own hands, and is transforming that leper settlement with the knowledge of the Saviour.

The Boxer uprising and other massacres in China, and now the terrible atrocities in Turkey, have added to the world's story of heroic martyrs, and among the names are those of many of our own workers. If ever there was an irresistible appeal to our sense of the heroic, it is found in the story of the experiences of our friends in the Turkey missions. Forced to see the agony of the native Christians they loved, and themselves driven from place to place, enduring exposure to the elements and disease, always courageous and full of faith, spending themselves for the suffering Armenians and the cruel Turks alike, some of them called upon to part from those who had been their life partners in the blessed work, they have thought and still think only of how they and the whole Church can be ready for the great day of opportunity in Turkey which the eye of their faith foresees.

Can one imagine greater heroism than that required by the ordeal through which our own Mrs. Reynolds was called to pass? First, there was the tension of the four weeks' siege of Van by the Turkish army. Later, the entire burden of the business management of the mission fell to the lot of this frail seventy-five-year-old woman, during the illness with typhus fever of five of her associates. After a few weeks she was fleeing with the inhabitants of Van as the Russian army retreated, fired upon by the Turks and Kurds, when, after losing what few treasured possessions she had saved, she fell and broke a limb. After several days of intense suffering she got to a place of safety; but the torture had been too severe, and she joined the ranks of the martyrs about the throne.

Surely, the world can offer no greater challenge to heroism in the Christian conquest of the earth than lives such as these; nor is there a truer commentary on the horrors of the selfish conquests of nations. May God add the power of His Spirit to the book whose study this year aims to give to Christian men and women of America a "re-appraisal of heroism."

Board of the Pacific

President, MRS. R. B. CHERINGTON

Editor, MRS. E. R. WAGNER

Headquarters, 417 Market Street, San Francisco

Dr. Porter died at La Mesa in November. Others will write at length of his long life of splendid service and of his rare character.

**Henry Dwight
Porter.**

As a Board we wish to express appreciation of having him and his family on this Coast during these last beautiful years, and tender our heartfelt sympathy to Mrs. Porter and Miss Mary Porter and to all of the scattered family circle.

We have come to the first break in the missionary circle that did the pioneer work of the first decade at Lintsing, China, and Henry

**Henry Blodgett
Perkins.**

Blodgett Perkins, the oldest son of Rev. and Mrs. H. P. Perkins, has gone from us, cut off in an instant in the prime of his fine young manhood. "Harry," as we loved to call him, was returning home from church at Coalinga, Cal., December 17, when his horses became unmanageable and he was thrown to the ground. As a student and as a worker he knew no idle moments, as a son he was most devoted, the stay and comfort of his parents, as a friend self-sacrificing and faithful, as a Christian sincere and loyal; we cannot pay him too high a tribute. Mr. and Mrs. Perkins are living at Claremont, Cal. Throughout the extent of our Coast, a most tender sympathy will be added to the great tide setting in from two hemispheres from those who know and love them.

Very charming letters are coming from Miss Bertha Allen from Honolulu, Japan and China. It was the eighth of October when

**A Message from
Miss Allen.**

she wrote: "To-morrow we reach Yokohama, the mid-point of our journey, on time. The trip surely has been perfect, but the days literally go slipping by, for this week we had no Wednesday. Now we are living in your 'to-morrow.'"

A postal card with a glimpse of a quiet street in Brousa bears this assuring message from Miss Edith Parsons: "Your card of July 20

**A Word from
Brousa.**

has come to hand,—many thanks. Please assure all friends that we are well and the school has begun what seems an unusually successful year. We have a great many pupils."

Medicine is a very popular subject in China in these days. It has been a very difficult thing to find young women sufficiently well

**More Women
Doctors for China.**

prepared to enter upon stiff courses in the Union Medical College for Women, located in Peking.

The faculty now feel that they are warranted in raising the standard, and this is the last year that women with only a high-school education will be admitted. After this, two years of college work will be required. As a result there was a general rush for the freshman class last fall and it came to number more than thirty. A little hint of the stage of development we have in the announcement that Dr. Katherine Porter is teaching "Diseases of Children" in English to the seniors. How splendid to be young and prepared to do medical work in China! How fortunate is the young physician who will take up Dr. Tallmon-Sargent's work in Lintsing! Is it not possible for us to find her at once?

It will not be long before we shall be going to Japan to learn many a lesson in executive ability. In far-away Tottori the women have

**Our Tottori
Sisters.**

made steady advance, and this is due in great measure to the treasurer, who is a thoroughly consecrated business woman. Thirty-eight members hold two meetings a month, one for sewing and one for Bible study. Once a year they have a big union meeting when they invite Christian sisters from all the country around. At the sewing meeting they dress dolls and make bags. These are sold for their Contingent Fund. Are they not advanced? They buy materials and make garments for the *war sufferers*. The society is a very democratic body, is bossed by no one, and allows no bossing! They carry on their business, outline their own work, and put it through thoroughly. They take turns in leading their meetings. It is safe to say they all pray, and pray audibly. Their meetings are advertised in a printed folder, which is also an invitation to come to the meetings. The last sounds like our way of doing things. But note! They are buying a few books to start a lending library,—do we do that? And do not let this escape your notice: they pay the expenses of two delegates to annual meeting in distant Osaka or Kobe, relatively much farther than from Portland to San Francisco. And as for civics, they are wide awake about the needs of their own city, and are making their influence felt.

Don't you think we would better put Tottori women on our Roll of Honor and up at the head of the list for their "Standard of Excellence"?

Our Cradle Roll

The baby societies of our Coast are holding their own. The Southern Branch has lost two of their best working societies, but has gained three. One superintendent is interesting the children in the Sunday school in bringing in the names of babies in the neighborhood. A number of Little Light Bearers brings the membership in the Southern Branch up to about three hundred. All the parties have been well attended. Mrs. Pease, who has been a most efficient superintendent of the Southern Branch Cradle Roll Department for many years has been obliged to resign. We shall miss her good reports and helpful letters. Some of the first babies on her original Cradle Rolls are now parents with babies of their own on the present Cradle Rolls. Mrs. Pease closes her last report with a message which all our superintendents can second: "It is always with a feeling of profound humility that I try to report for the children's department, we seem to accomplish so little that can be classified and recorded. Yet I feel increasingly its importance, lying at the foundation of all our church activities. The boys and girls we are dealing with now will very soon be the men and women of our missionary work of the future." Mrs. Margaret Langley is the newly appointed superintendent.

The Northern California Branch is also doing good work; more churches are forming Rolls, and mothers are waking up to the need of religious training for their little ones. Nine societies are reported, with a membership of five hundred. Washington Branch has taken up the Little Light Bearers work. Miss Bixby has prepared a very helpful leaflet. We wish them great success for the coming year. Oregon Branch has a new superintendent. We are looking for a splendid report, as they have a grand state full of workers and many little people.

Four hundred and fifty-eight mite barrels have been furnished during 1916; seven wall scrolls, eighty-three life memberships and fifty-four yearly membership certificates have been sent out, and also

numberless letters, packages of literature, Here and There Stories, and Easter, Thanksgiving, Christmas and birthday cards. \$182.83 has been received.

Our Field Correspondents

Mrs. Dora Mattoon Ward writes from Calcutta, in a personal letter:—

At present I am conducting a Bible Study Class at Thoburn Church, and I put perhaps two days a week into preparation for that. On Tuesday mornings I go down to the Calcutta Girls' High School for chapel, and I have a Sunday school class to prepare for. Tuesday is always a rush day, for my Bible Class comes that evening, and last week Tuesday I had a tea party on top of that! There is hardly a week that I do not have something to do in the line of entertaining, for there are lonely people to whom one wants to show a little hospitality and few homes where they feel free to run in. As I sit here writing the porch outside is ready for about ten friends whom I am expecting in for tea before long.

For the present I am doing all sorts of prosaic things here in Calcutta, though perhaps you wouldn't think life altogether prosaic if you could take a walk with me down the street. We are only a block from Chowringhee, the main street north and south. To the left of Chowringhee is the huge Maidan, Calcutta's breathing place. And statues! I don't think I ever saw so many as there are on the Maidan. It seems as if almost every one was remembered. The Maidan lies between Chowringhee and the Hoogly River, and over toward the river is the fort, and near that a beautiful spot called Eden Gardens, where there is a band concert every afternoon. The Maidan seems to be used for all sorts of purposes. In the early morning, when I used to take a walk about seven o'clock as I did when we first came, out under the trees were the little English children and their "ayahs" or Indian nurses. Or it might be that the Calcutta Light Horse were having a morning run or drill and people playing golf or riding horseback. A little later in the morning, about the time I go down to Dhurruntollah Street for chapel exercises, the Maidan is filled

with herds of cows and flocks of sheep grazing. Late in the afternoon when it is cool there is golf again and tennis and games of football. You have no idea what a huge place it is. They tell us that Government has set it aside to be used in case of trouble. Meanwhile it is a great blessing to this big city.

You will not be surprised that my Turkey training has followed me to India and that the work I love most is calling in Moslem homes. One of the ladies in the American Methodist Mission here (and, by the way, we have decided to be good Methodists while we are in Calcutta) has several Bible women in her charge, and I go with them whenever they go to Moslem homes. They also go to places where Hindu and Bengali are spoken, but I go only when they are going to Moslem homes, for Urdu, the language I am trying to get, is the language of the Mohammedans, though in the corrupted fashion in which it is found here in Calcutta and in certain other parts of India it is called Hindustani. I have to mind my *p*'s and *q*'s when I go with them, for here in the house I talk only servant Hindustani, which is pretty bad. Of course I am not able to do any real work yet, and go principally because I want to hear the language spoken, but at least I am getting acquainted with the people, and they are always interested when they hear I have been in the Sultan's country. They always ask the same questions as they did in Turkey about my father and mother and how many brothers and sisters I have and whether I am married. I can now add a husband to the list, which I did not have in Turkey!

I go down to Miss Moyer's on the tram and we start out from there in her carriage—or "gherry," for everything short of a bullock cart is a gherry—and then the carriage waits for me and brings me back home to tiffin, for the women work right through till four as they do not start out till eleven. The quarter of the city where we go is not far from here, perhaps ten or fifteen minutes' drive, but such a difference! Here there are beautiful big houses, usually three stories high, of brick plastered over and painted yellow, with large compounds and everything lovely, and there, little narrow lanes, muddy and filthy, with tiny little low houses, with box-like rooms. As you go along the street you see a piece of sacking hanging down like a curtain at a doorway, and as you lift that you find

yourself in a little narrow lane, up and down which are the tiny houses. Out in Turkey each house had its own courtyard, but in one place where we were yesterday I figured that there must be four or five families using that same tiny courtyard. Of course the houses are all open here night and day (even in our house the "dhobi"—washerman—sometimes goes into our bedroom and leaves the washing without my knowing a thing about it), and so about all they need a house for is to shelter them from the rain and sun and as a place to hang their cooking utensils! These utensils, by the way, are all of brass, whereas in Turkey they were of heavy copper tinned over. They are always scrubbing their brass ware, grabbing up a bit of dirt or ashes and scrubbing vigorously for a moment, when the dish emerges beautifully shining and clean. Of course there are many women in strict seclusion here in India—being "in purdah" they call it, purdah being the word they use for curtain, but in all the Moslem homes where I have been the men seem to come and go freely without the women being veiled.

Ex-President Taft in the December *World Outlook* says: "Foreign missions are influences toward better world relationships. You are pioneers in pushing Christian civilization into the Orient, and it has been one of the greatest pleasures of my life that I have to do with these leaders who represent your interest in China, India, the Philippines and in Africa. These men are statesmen. They have to be. They make their missions centers of influence such as attract the attention of native rulers. The statistics of conversions do not at all represent the enormous good they are doing in pushing Christian standards and advancing high civilization in all these far distant lands. Missions can do much to pave the way for the coming of an international league to enforce peace."

"The night is far spent, the day is at hand; let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light."

A Good Year at Barcelona

THE GROWTH OF THE COLEGIO INTERNACIONALE

IN the summer before the beginning of the year just finished it was feared that the enrollment would be greatly decreased on account of the financial depression in Spain caused by the European war, and before the opening of the Colegio in September more than a third of the pupils of the previous year had written that they could not return; but it was with glad and grateful hearts that we found that so many new applicants had asked for admission that before the mid-year we had not only made good that loss, but had even passed the high-water mark of the preceding year. The lists record 38 pupils in the boarding department and 36 in the day school section, making a total of 74. This is the largest number of day pupils since we have been in Barcelona.

It may be of interest to know that this year the 74 pupils represent fourteen different countries, namely, Argentine, Canada, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Morocco, Peru, Russia, Scotland, South Africa, Switzerland, Spain and the United States. As to the families from whom the pupils are drawn, they vary greatly in the social scale. Of the 38 boarders, fully one-half are from the families of the Protestant pastors of our own or other missions, or from the members of these congregations. The others, as well as all of the day pupils, come from the families of professional, business and military men.

More than half the pupils are from Roman Catholic families, but all of the boarders attend the Sunday evening song service and Christian Endeavor meetings, where every one takes part. All of them also attend the weekly evening gatherings with the teacher who has charge of a group. While the day pupils cannot be reached in this familiar way, they all attend the daily morning prayers and all the younger ones have daily Bible study, and most of the older girls continue their Bible classes even after Sacred History is an elective study. Four of the boarding pupils united with our Zaragoza Mission church at our April communion, and two of them came from nominal Roman Catholic families.

With the strong American and Spanish faculty of the present year,

the different departments have been carried on with great success, and the examinations at the close of the year testified to the excellent work accomplished. The professors of the Instituto expressed pleasure and satisfaction with the thorough knowledge of the young women who presented themselves for examination at that government center.

There is a large branch of the British Red Cross organization in Barcelona, and the girls in the Colegio were eager to help in this philanthropic work, so we consented to allow them to dedicate the daily sewing hour during the entire first term to making garments for the wounded soldiers in the hospitals. About 150 articles were sent to the committee before the Christmas vacation, much to the satisfaction of the girls, several of whom have brothers or near relatives serving at the different "fronts."

The Christmas tree lighting service on the Sunday evening before Christmas was attended by the largest audience we have ever had on such an occasion, and though it is exclusively religious, composed of Christmas carols, hymn, Bible verses of the prophecies and their fulfilment, or religious poetry, the Roman Catholics present were intensely interested, and several remarked that of all the entertainments given by the Colegio they preferred this one. The Christmas entertainment for the girls when they have their gifts and games is always held on Christmas afternoon. It is especially for the boarding pupils who cannot go to their homes for the holidays, but those of the day pupils who can come are welcomed and as a matter of fact almost all are present.

Several musicals and concerts have been given by the pupils of the Conservatory Department and also by outside talent. To these many friends are invited, partly to accustom the girls to play before an audience and partly as an advertisement. Different classes have also given small dramatic entertainments, chiefly in English, as this is a very practical way of learning the language.

Miss Coe has been an indefatigable librarian and has done a great deal of work in cataloguing the growing library. There have been a number of additions made this year and the catalogue now records over four thousand volumes. There have been regular library hours, and never in the history of the school have there been so many constant readers. The pupils have also been allowed to take to their

rooms for the quiet hour on Sunday afternoons certain books from the library, selected from a carefully prepared list, to be returned at the end of that hour, and this has stimulated a great deal of reading apart from that required for their studies.

Various other valuable gifts have been donated during the year. Among them a fine Spanish unabridged dictionary of the latest edition and suitable and ornamental electric fixtures have been placed in the library. At Christmas time the pupils united their gifts and surprised the faculty by hanging a pair of really beautiful silk plush curtains in the central hall. A friend supplied funds to paint the wainscot and otherwise improve the largest of the dining-rooms, that has heretofore been very shabby, and it is now quite transformed and is light and attractive. A lady of the American Colony in Barcelona presented the Colegio with a large cartload of palms and other plants, which have helped to adorn our chapel at our Sunday services and other functions; and another American lady who was leaving for the United States sent us six fine mahogany chairs for the reception-room.

We feel that the year, in spite of the heavy war-cloud that darkens all the horizon, has been a very successful one, and look with expectant and thankful hearts to the future.

Dr. John Gowdy, president of the Anglo-Chinese Methodist College in Foochow says: "Perhaps the greatest single piece of work I have done in all my missionary experience is that of the Foochow Institutional Church. It works chiefly among the official and literary classes. So its aim differs from that of the American Institutional Church. At a recent revival, services were held every evening for a week with an average attendance of six or seven hundred. Many of them go out nearly every Sunday into suburban places and tell others the story of Jesus."

One of the most far-reaching and significant changes in the modern China is the all-pervasive newspaper sold in the streets and on trains as in the west. More than a year ago it was reported that in twenty-one cities there were about 330 Chinese and Japanese journals and forty-four foreign ones.

Prayer
at Noontide



Encircling
the Earth.

AROUND THE COUNCIL TABLE WITH OUR PRESIDENT

A Wayside Sermon

The car was littered with bits of paper, crumbs and orange-peel. The occupants looked weary as I entered. Perhaps the air made them so, for all the freshness with its piney fragrance was shut out beyond the closed doors and windows. I have not crossed the great desert upon a careening camel, but I believe we experienced a similar motion as our train rocked along that afternoon through the Orange Belt. Suddenly, while watching the shifting scenes without, now a grove of shining green hung with golden balls, now a forest of tall pines and bearded live oaks, again a field of dog-fennel gone to seed in plummy bunches, a voice rose above the general murmur in the car with a penetrating distinctness although in gentle drawl. It came from a young man across the aisle. Half-turned in his seat, his arm thrown carelessly over the back, hat pushed back, he was earnestly talking to an older woman just behind him.

At first it was a scrap from a hunting tale which sounded over the car. "No, ma'am, I never did get to shoot a deer but once—and then I didn't get him," whereat laughter ensued. Both agreed that venison was much over-rated; they didn't enjoy it. "But bear meat now, give me a nice, tender slice of bear meat and I reckon there's nothin' better in the world." The woman thought so too.

I was pondering bear meat when the conversation took a more serious turn evidently, for between lurches rose snatches of a benevolent transaction in which the young man had taken a leading part. A child and her feeble grandfather had been found suffering in dire poverty; the young man had pleaded their need at his lodge,—lodges existed to help such cases because churches didn't do it. The suggestion of "churches" must have led the conversation along denominational channels, for the next fragment I heard, after the screeching whistle had warned some vagrant cows off the track, was about "Baptists" and "Methodists" in kindly discrimination.

It was just when the curtain of night had dropped and covered the green world that the keynote of the real sermon sounded forth. I lost the theme announcement, but judged it to be "original sin." I might have taken sides against some of the theology of the young preacher, but when he proclaimed, "Yes, ma'am, we are all prone to sin," I heartily assented. "The way I reckon it, we got to overcome our sins, we got to fight 'em," and I knew he was right.

Meanwhile we had careened up to several small stations in the darkness; there were goings and comings of people; more of the shrill whistles rent the air for the good of cattle, or perchance "razorbacks"; so that in the medley of sounds valuable blocks of the sermon must have escaped me. But that it was of a good twenty-minute length I feel sure, because when quiet ruled again the earnest voice was ringing changes on the same topic.

Just then I caught my own particular message from out the bits of wisdom—"I reckon we got to grow in grace like a little child grows."

Soon the pair left the car at an uncalled station where only a few dim lights shone forth. Somehow the preacher's last words awoke a thrill of response. The whole wondrous process and privilege of "growth in grace" shone like a path of light. God is so reasonable to allow growth, to wait patiently upon it, and He adorns it with so many blossoms along the way!

It was good to have this sweet morsel of truth to turn over and over as I waited for my own station. The dirt and grime, the weariness and the darkness, seemed actually glorified. "Grace, 'tis a charming sound." How define "grace"? It is a rich word, full of meaty content. Dean Bosworth, in speaking of the grace of God, ventures to dissect it and name the chief element as "loving kindness."

If we think of our own growth in grace, perhaps there is no better description of its process than just that—growth in the sort of loving kindness which God shows toward us. Love is becoming purer, more universal, going out toward people in acts which are kind.

The preacher did not make application of his thought to the Woman's Board of Missions, but I do and pass it on to friends of the Council Table, because grace and growth have a large place in our Jubilee year.

Martha Strong Harris

AN APPRECIATION

IT was a good day for the Christian world and especially for its foreign missionary work when eighty-five years ago a little girl, Martha Strong, was born into one of the finest of our old New England families, in Northampton, Mass. She grew up in a cultured, broad-minded Christian atmosphere, and unselfishness and desire to share with others was her natural instinct; and when later in life she came, through her marriage to Mr. J. N. Harris of New London, into the possession of wealth, her first thought was not how she could now enjoy comforts and indulge tastes which had been beyond her reach, but how she could share with those who lacked. Beginning right at home she was not only cordial and generous—though discriminating—to appeals so freely made, but she continually surprised and cheered those in the church and community whom she found carrying heavy burdens. But her generosity did not limit itself to New London, as all know. She felt the need, material, intellectual, and spiritual, all over our continent and in all lands, and responded warmly. College presidents well knew the path to her door, and the appreciative hearing that awaited them inside.

Early relationships and friendships had interested her in foreign missionary work in India, Africa, Turkey and Japan, and nothing was dearer to her heart than the coming of the kingdom through our dear missionaries, so many of whose names were familiar to her. Many who through gifts and correspondence had come to be very personal friends were watched in their going and coming, and invited to her home as a haven of rest. When the tidings come to one and another in the far-away lands, the sense of loss will be deep, but with it will come thankfulness that it has been granted them to know so much of her delightful personality.

Although she was so unobtrusive in her gifts, something of their munificence could not be hidden from those who kept interested watch of the treasury-receipts in our missionary magazines, or the reports of our educational and philanthropic work at home and abroad!

The Woman's Board of Missions never had a more loyal friend. She was glad to be one of the organizers of the Eastern Connecticut

Branch, and both officially and privately was always seeking to make it a vigorous and fruitful branch of the Board. For years it was the delight of her heart to have the Executive Committee hold its meetings often at her house, and these gatherings drew into the closest of friendship those privileged to pray and plan together.

Mrs. Harris fully recognized that back of interest must lie knowledge of the work and the need. She was a bureau of information herself, and constituted herself a "secretary for LIFE AND LIGHT" in her own church, building up a list of over 100 subscribers,—a work which she took into her own hands and continued through her messengers to the end of her life.

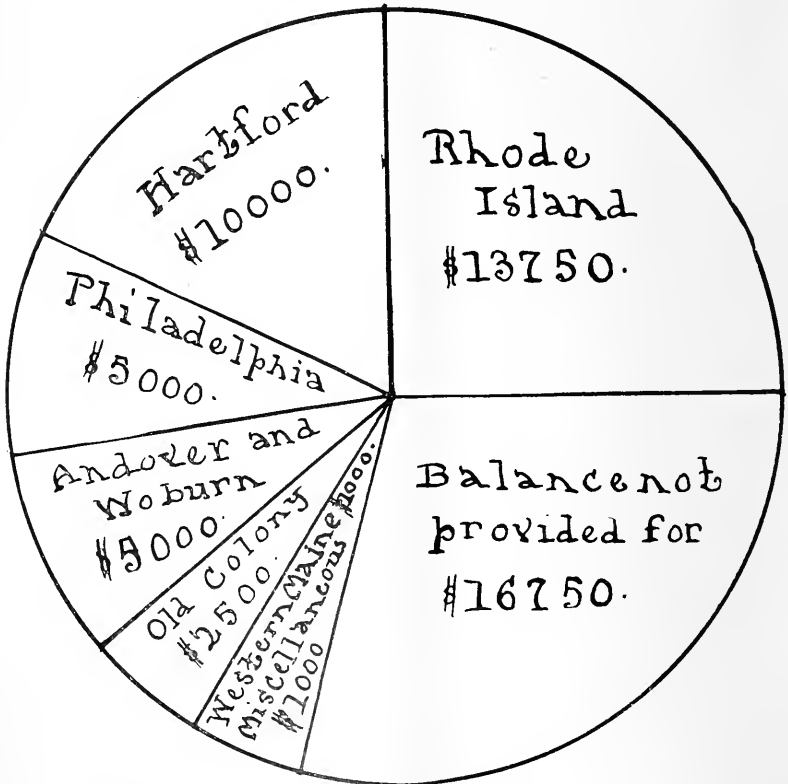
As long as her strength lasted, the missionary prayer-meeting was her delight; and she was very happy when she could bring as her guest some one right from the field. How she was missed when she could no longer come! But if absent, no one doubted that in her home she was praying in unison. Prayer was indeed her "vital breath," and she lived in very close communion with her Saviour. One of her nurses who watched over her so faithfully to the last told how once and again, when she supposed she was alone, half-whispered, ejaculatory prayers for guidance, and grace to be some comfort to others, escaped her.

For about two years she steadily failed in strength, but with little actual suffering. She could never say enough of her Father's wonderful goodness, and she was the embodiment of peace as she sat with her favorite Mrs. Prentiss' *Life* or *Stepping Heavenward* on the little table beside her. Her friends all knew she might slip away at any moment, but no one could have dreamed of a more beautiful transition than the Lover of her Soul was planning for her. As her eighty-fifth birthday dawned, December 19, she awoke from a good night's rest and began the day very happily. To guard her against getting over-tired, her tokens of remembrance were brought to her one by one, and they gave her great pleasure. Late in the afternoon she lay down as usual for a rest, and went to sleep. On waking and calling for water, she was unable to swallow, and soon became unconscious, in half an hour ceasing to breathe. The veil had been lifted for her, and she had simply passed on into the Life Eternal, the natural sequence to the life she had been living. We can almost hear the "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

Madura Hospital

The hospital for women and children in Madura, where Dr. Parker and Dr. Scott performed nearly 1,100 operations last year and treated over 13,000 Indian patients, is not only entirely outgrown, but is wholly unsuited to modern ideals. A beginning has been made on the new plant with enlarged grounds, new hospital building, isolation ward, adequate dispensary, home for doctors and nurses, rest house for relatives of patients, and cook rooms. The Government has paid 50,000 rupees (\$16,666) toward this, and the Woman's Board provides \$55,000. (See frontispiece.)

The sketch below shows who have pieces of this "pie." Will you not take some, too? We do not want any of it left on the shelf.



Junior Department

MEMORANDA FOR THE FEBRUARY CALENDAR

Sixty-three groups of girls—Camp Fires, Queens of Avalon, clubs, organized Sunday school classes—have joined the “Order of the Jubilee,” or the O. J. S., as it is called. Most of these are organizations not hitherto connected with missions, but are now, by use of the O. J. S. Program Letters, the preparation of a missionary box and the meeting of the other two conditions of membership in the Order, taking “first steps” in missionary service. But there are many groups of girls of high school age who have not yet read and considered the letter addressed to the “Girls of Congregational Churches” which sets forth the proposition of joining. Some of them are in the churches of readers of this page. The letter and a circular explaining what the O. J. S. is and how it works may be had upon request. The sooner groups join, the better, because the time limit for meeting the condition of sending a missionary box expires in November, 1917. Is this something YOU can at least TRY to start?

About this time, though almanacs tell us to look for blizzards and prepare for snow-drifts, defiant committees make arrangements for speakers for summer conferences, and the “wise ones” in the churches begin to sow seeds looking to attendance at these same summer gatherings. Young folks plan vacations far ahead; and, if money must be earned before organizations can send delegates, or if a senior auxiliary or individual older women must be interested before it will occur to them to finance a delegate or two, the “wise ones,” who know what a summer conference may mean to a girl and, through her, to a group of girls or a whole church, must begin early. Aloha Camp for girls (sixteen to twenty-five years), held in connection with the Woman’s Summer School for Foreign Missions at Northfield, sheltered 147 campers last year and expects more next July. Other missionary conferences will be held the same month at Silver Bay, N.Y., and Ocean Park, Me. Better understanding of missionary work, enthusiasm, loyalty, personal consecration are the fruits of attendance at such a conference. Has it occurred to YOU to be one of the “wise ones,” too? It’s none too early to look ahead.

A host of Jubilee Juniors are wearing their Jubilee buttons and looking forward to the "big birthday" of the Board which they will share in celebrating. They know the Junior Jubilee Song, the Jubilee Yell, and the Jubilee Motto. If they are "Jubilee Honor Juniors," they have secured new members for their organizations; if "Jubilee Juniors," they have made their first gift toward our children's work. The knowledge of the older women regarding our Congregational woman's work is being extended, and their loyalty deepened because of the approaching Jubilee. The year has a message just as important for the children, also. Let us draw them into the "Jubilee for Juniors" movement, not that we may swell our figures, but that they may have the training in service which it will give. Missions cannot be administered "in general" to boys and girls. For them it must come by means of interest in some specific work, the making of some specific effort toward clearly defined ends. The leaflets entitled *Jubilee for Juniors* (numbers one and two) apply to the boys and girls of your church whether they are organized in a mission band, a Junior Endeavor Society or are waiting for the grown-ups to wake up and organize them. Time flies. Next year you will not have the Jubilee movement to help you or your children. If there's nothing else you can do, you can talk to somebody (or bodies) about it. Will you?

The boys and girls, whether Jubilee Juniors or not, are many of them interested in Miss Carolyn Sewall, the C. M. at Tientsin, China. Every boy and girl who knows about her ought to be filling or helping to fill a dime box for the new kindergarten building needed in connection with her school; the interest which her letters arouse should be directed to definite expression if it is to have beneficial effects in character building. These boxes may be taken by societies, Sunday school classes or individual children. The leaflet entitled *Wanted: A Kindergarten* (free) presents the need and suggests the method of taking a \$4 share in the \$1,200 fund by filling one of the dime boxes. The leaflet is addressed directly to the children. The boys and girls in your home, your Sunday school class or your children's society would rejoice to fill a bank were the matter laid before them and fully explained.

Our Book Table

In the Land of Ararat. By John Otis Barrows. Published by Revell Company. Price, \$1.

The sub-title of this biography is "A Sketch of the Life of Mrs. Elizabeth Freeman Barrows Ussher, Missionary to Turkey and a Martyr of the Great War."

It is always pathetic when a parent is called upon to record the life story of a child who precedes the parent into higher service. This is the third such biography that has appeared within the last few years. *The Vision of a Short Life* is a memorial of Warren Bartlett Seabury written by his father. Theodore Lee's father tells the story of his son's life under the significant title, *Was it Worth While?*

Dr. J. L. Barton writes the introduction to this story of Mrs. Ussher's life, and the book is dedicated "To American Schoolgirls, who during their days of study are moved by aspirations to attain to the highest excellence in character and usefulness."

The most attractive illustrations are the three of Mrs. Ussher taken at fourteen years of age, at her graduation from college and on her first furlough when she brought four beautiful children to introduce to their grandparents. But the eldest daughter was soon called to the Father's heavenly home. Mrs. Ussher's face taken after the death of this child shows a combination of sweetness, serenity and strength. Looking at this face one is not surprised to know that immediately after the funeral of the little girl, Mrs. Ussher kept an appointment to speak at a missionary meeting in Hartford and filled the half hour allotted to her with an earnest plea for the work she loved so well.

In the preface Mr. Barrows tells of a strange experience which came to an older sister, who was so crushed by the news of Mrs. Ussher's death that she lost both sleep and rest. One night as she lay awake brooding over these events her sister suddenly appeared to stand by her side, her face radiant with a beauty not of this world. She said: "You are grieving for me. Don't grieve. You do not know God's plan. I do. I can see from the beginning to the end. You cannot," and other words to this effect, before vanishing from sight. The

sister says: "A great peace came into my heart so that in a few minutes I fell asleep and slept all night. The next morning I could think of nothing but the beautiful vision, and I felt like singing all the day."

G. H. C.

NOTE.—Through a curious typographical error in the January LIFE AND LIGHT Mrs. Cook was made to refer to Dr. Gladden's statue of the Puritan instead of *St. Gaudens!* Mrs. Cook remarks that "Dr. Gladden is a versatile man, but I have not known of him as a worker in bronze. He is content to be known as one who moulds the hearts of men."

The children's stereopticon lecture about Miss Sewall, the C. M., the work at Tientsin and the new kindergarten building has already traveled into several churches. Your boys and girls will find it interesting. It will help your leaders in their work for the Juniors. Arrange a date for your church children now—there is no expense except transportation charges. Send also for the *Jubilee Exercise* (5 cents), which defines the meaning of Jubilee for the children.

Woman's Board of Missions

Receipts December 1-31, 1916

MISS SARAH LOUISE DAY, *Treasurer*

Friend,		50	Search Light Club, 5; Waterford, Aux., 6.83; Waterford, North, 3; Weld, Ch., 1; Winslow, Aux., 5, C. E. Soc., 15; Woolwich, Ch., 2.50; Yarmouth, Aux., 25; Yarmouth, North, Walnut Hill Ch., Aux., 5; York, Aux., 10,	52S 66
	MAINE			Total, 1,660 92
<i>Eastern Maine Branch.</i> —Mrs. J. Gertrude Denio, Treas., 347 Hammond St., Bangor. Bangor, Miss L. E. Johnson and Dr. Grace N. Kimball, 1,000. All Souls' Ch., S. S., 34.93; Calais, Aux. (Th. Off., 26), 57; Cranberry Isles, Ch., 1; Dover and Foxcroft, Woman's Miss. Cir., 12, S. S., Prim. Dept., 1; Lincoln, Jr. C. E. Soc., 1; Orono, S. S., 2.33; Seal Harbor, Ch., 1; Sherman Mills, Ch., Ladies, 3; Thomaston, Ch., 14; Union, Ch., 5,		1,132 26		
<i>Western Maine Branch.</i> —Miss Annie F. Bailey, Treas., 132 Chadwick St., Portland. Bath, Central Ch., Aux., 38; Bethel, Aux., 3; Biddeford, Aux., 25; Bridgton, South, Aux., 5; Cape Elizabeth, Spurwink Ch., Aux., 54 cts.; Fryeburg, Aux., 5; Gorham, Aux., 84; Perseverers M. B., 5; Gardiner, Aux., 10; Harrison, Aux., 6; Madison, Aux., 10, C. E. Soc., 2.50; Norway, Aux., 10; Portland, Second Parish Ch., Aux., 7.23, Jr. C. E. Soc., 3.36, St. Lawrence Ch., Aux., 15.20, State St. Ch., Aux., 200.50; Saco, Aux., 20; Skowhegan,				
	NEW HAMPSHIRE			
<i>New Hampshire Branch.</i> —Mrs. W. L. Fickett, Treas., 120 North State St., Concord. Int. Sarah W. Kendall Fund, 287.50; Andover, Ch., 1.96; Barnstead, North, Ch., 3; Barrington, Aux., 8.45; Concord, First Ch., Aux., 29.65, South Ch., Aux., 41.10; Dalton, S. S., 2.50; Dover, Aux., Th. Off., 16.80; Dublin, Aux., 10; Trinitarian Ch., 2; East Andover, S. S., 2.75; Exeter, Aux., Th. Off., 38; Fitzwilliam, Ch., 9; Francestown, Aux., 19; Goffstown, Aux., Th. Off., 7.88; Greenfield, Union Ch., 5; Greenville, Ladies' Cir., 3; Haverhill, S. S., 1.50; Hill, Ch., 7; Hopkinton, Ch., 17; Jaffrey, C. E. Soc., 6; Keene, Court St. Ch., Aux., 40.66, S. S., 6.03; Lee, S. S., 1.25;				

Lisbon, White Cross M. B., 4.50;
Littleton, Ch., 16.62, Aux., 54.44;
Lyme, Aux. (Th. Off., 20.72), 25;
Lyndeboro, Ch., 3; Meriden, S. S., 5;
Nashua, Miss. Outlook Soc., 46.80,
First Ch., Adelphean Club, 14.56;
Ossipee, Second Ch., 1.80; Piermont,
Jr. C. E. Soc., 3.50; Rye, S. S., 5;
Salem, Aux., 5; Swanzey, Ladies'
Miss. Soc., 7; Webster, S. S., 1.50;
Westmoreland, Ch., 1; Wilton, Second
Ch., 4,

765 75

VERMONT

Vermont Branch.—Miss May E. Manley,
Treas., Pittsford, Barre, Ch., 18, Jr.
C. E. Soc., 1.20; Bennington, Ch.,
14.08; Berkshire, East, First Ch., S.
S., 3.50; Bethel, S. S., 3.55; Brattle-
boro, Aux. (with prev. contri. to const.
L. M. Mrs. H. E. Bond), 3.70;
Brattleboro, West, Woman's Assoc.,
26.40; Burlington, First Ch., Aux.
(Th. Off., 113), 155.50; Chelsea, Aux.,
Th. Off., 20, C. E. Soc., 10; Cornwall,
Aux., Th. Off., 13.65; Corinth, East,
Th. Off., 7.75; Danville, Th. Off., 15;
Dorset, S. S., 3.01; East Burke, Ch.,
9; Essex Junction, Aux., 10.65; Glover,
West, Aux., Th. Off., 14.70; Guildhall,
Aux., 5; Hardwick, S. S., 8; Hard-
wick, East, S. S., 5.63; Hinesburg,
Aux., Th. Off., 8.25; Lyndon, S. S.,
3.80; Manchester, Aux., Th. Off.,
30.75; Middletown Springs, Aux., Th.
Off., 12.10; Morrisville, Aux. (Th. Off.,
17.20) (with prev. contri. to const. L.
M.'s Mrs. T. J. Stewart, Mrs. Myra
Stiles), 25; Newfane, Ch., 6; New-
port, Aux., 79; North Craftsbury, Ch.,
7.25; North Pomfret, S. S., 5.25;
Norwich, Aux. (prev. contri. const.
L. M. Mrs. Cynthia L. Clough);
Peacham, Aux., 10; Post Mills, Aux.,
75 cts.; Randolph, Aux., 25; Roches-
ter, Aux., Th. Off., 16.20; Rutland,
West, S. S., 6.18; St. Johnsbury, North
Ch., Aux. (Th. Off., 44.51), 114.69,
South Ch., Aux. (Th. Off., 57.65),
65.15; Salisbury, Aux., 10; Water-
bury, Aux., Th. Off., 31.01; Wells
River, Aux., 10; West Hartford, Ch.,
2.24; Westminster West, Aux., 7;
Weybridge, Ch., 11.56,

835 50

MASSACHUSETTS

Friend, 500, Friend, 250,
Andover and Woburn Branch.—Mrs.
Henry A. Smith, Treas., 12 Belmont
St., Lowell, Andover, Abbot Acad-
emy, 40, South Ch., Aux., 49.25, West
Ch., 21.85; Billerica, Ladies' Miss.
Soc., 5.27; Burlington, Ch., 3; Law-
rence, United Ch., Aux., 15, C. R., 5;
Lowell, First Ch., Varnum M. B., 10,
Highland Ch., Aux., 15, Kirk St. Ch.,
S. S., 28.49; Malden, Maplewood,
Ch., W. M. S., 10.81; Wakefield, Ch.,
Camp Wacocchu, 1; West Medford,
Aux., 11, Mrs. Eeles' S. S. Cl., 1; Win-
chester, First Ch., Miss. Union, 28, C.
R., 7.20; Woburn, Montvale Ch.,
11.84,

750 00

263 71

Barnstable Association.—Miss Carrie E.
Mitchell, Treas., South Dennis,
Centreville, South Ch., 8.96; Chatham,
First Ch., 10.59; Cotuit, S. S., 1;
Hyannis, Ch., 5; West Barnstable,
Ch., 3.40,

28 95

Berkshire Branch.—Miss Mabel A. Rice,
Treas., 118 Bradford St., Pittsfield,
Int. M. P. Hurlburt Fund, 25; Dalton,
Home Dept. S. S., 25; Hinsdale, Aux.,
27.27; Housatonic, In mem. of Mrs.
Giddings, Mrs. R. N. Orton, 10, Aux.,
60.31; Lee, Second Aux., 115; Mount
Washington, 32 cts.; Pittsfield, French
Evan. Ch., 1.50; Richmond, Aux.,
36.50; Sheffield, S. S., Prim. Dept., 7;
South Egremont, S. S., 3.71; Stock-
bridge, C. E. Soc., 5; Williamstown,
Aux., 346. Less expenses, 17.61,

645 00

Brookline.—Mrs. George A. Hall,

160 00

Dorchester.—Miss Elizabeth B. Sharp,
by Edward Sharp, Extr.,

100 00

Essex North Branch.—Mrs. Leonard
Noyes, Treas., 15 Columbus Ave.,
Haverhill, Bradford, First Ch., 38.76;
Haverhill, Centre Ch., 46.50; New-
buryport, Central Ch., Aux., 50;
Rowley, Aux., 8.25, S. S., 4.10,

147 61

Essex South Branch.—Mrs. B. LeC.
Spurr, Treas., 72 Elm St., West Lynn,
Boxford, Aux., 5.50; Essex, Dau. of
Cov., 11.50; Lynn, Central Ch., Aux.,
9.23, North Ch., Prim. and Jr. Depts.
S. S., 4; Lynnfield Center, Aux., 7.50;
Peabody, South Ch., S. S., 13.16;
Rockport, Pigeon Cove Ch., 1; Salem,
South Ch., Aux., 2.50,

54 39

Franklin County Branch.—Miss J. Kate
Oakman, Treas., 473 Main St., Green-
field, Greenfield, Aux., 7; North-
field, Aux., 32; Orange, Aux., 59;
Sunderland, Aux., 16; Turners Falls,
Ch., 15.82,

129 82

Hampshire County Branch.—Miss Har-
riet J. Kneeland, Treas., 8 Paradise
Road, Northampton, Cummington,
Ch., 10; North Amherst, Aux., 8;
Northampton, Edwards' Ch., Aux.,
33.10, First Ch., Aux. (150 of wh. to
const. L. M.'s Miss Dorothea Caverno,
Mrs. Wendell Prime Keeler, Mrs.
Ellen J. Phinney, Mrs. C. F. A. Lange,
Mrs. A. McCallum, Miss Susan L.
Clark), 200; Westhampton, S. S., 7;
Worthington, Ch., 4,

262 10

Middlesex Branch.—Mrs. Frederick L.
Claffin, Treas., 15 Park St., Marlboro,
Framingham, Grace Ch., Aux. (Th.
Off., 84), 154, Plymouth Ch., Aux., 65;
Natick, Aux. (Th. Off., 52.35), 90.55;
Saxonville, Edwards Ch., 6.50; Sher-
born, S. S., Prim. Dept., 1; West
Medway, Aux., 4,

321 05

Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch.—Mrs.
Mark McCully, Treas., 115 Warren
Ave., Mattapan. Friends, 7; A
Minister's Wife, 5; Brintree, Aux., 8;
Brockton, First Ch., Aux., 10, Porter
Ch., Aux., 100; Bridgewater, East,
Aux., Th. Off., 12; Cohasset, Aux.,
Th. Off., 19; Halifax, Ch., 10; Milton,
First Evangl Ch., 12.54, S. S., 2.21;
Quincy, Bethany Ch., 56.37, Bible

S. 5.41; West Woodstock, Aux., 10; Willimantic, Aux., 10; Woodstock, Aux., 40, Zumbro Band, 1, 328 35
 Hartford.—Estate of Austin B. Bassett by Mrs. C. F. Weeden, 200 00
 Hartford Branch.—Mrs. Sidney W. Clark Treas., 40 Willard St., Hartford. Friends. 150; Avon, Ch., 5; Berlin, C. R., 5; Bloomfield, O. J. S., 1; Bristol, Aux., 21; East Hartford, First Ch., 71.17; Glastonbury, Aux., 63; Granby, Miss. Club, 10; Hartford, South Ch., S. S., 10, Warburton Chapel, S. S., 16; Manchester, Second Ch., 162.53; New Britain, South Ch., Aux., 18; Plainville, Aux. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Miss Ellen Cook), 50; Rockville, Aux., 70; South Glastonbury, Ch., 10; Talcottville, S. S., 15; Unionville, Whatsoever M. C. S.; Vernon Center, Aux., 17, 699 70
 New Haven Branch.—Miss Edith Woolsey, Treas., 250 Church St., New Haven. Branford, First Ch., 21.59, Aux., 61.70; Bridgeport, Olivet Ch., S. S., 7.35; Park St. Ch., S. S., 21.89; Brookfield Center, Aux., 10.45; Canaan, Pilgrim Ch., Y. L. M. C. (to const. L. M. Mrs. J. G. Adam), 25; Centerbrook, Aux., 10; Cornwall, First Ch., Y. L. M. C., 6.50, Second Ch., Aux., 12.81; Derby, First Ch., S. S., 4; East Litchfield, Union S. S., 2; East Norwalk, Swedish Ch., 4.50; Falls Village, Ch., 4; Greenwich, Second Ch., S. S., 27.60, Cl., 10; Higganum, Aux., 21, S. S., 17.83; Ivoryton, Miss Bessie L. Constock, 25; Kent, Aux., 33.15; Madison, Willing Workers, 10; Meriden, First Ch., Aux. (200 of wh. to const. L. M.'s Miss Marion Brown, Miss Marjorie Ellis, Miss Clara Illingworth, Mrs. Augusta Lewis, Mrs. Le Marcy, Miss Helen Savage, Mrs. Mildred F. Savage, Miss Esther Stevens), 380, S. S., 5.09; Middletown, First Ch., Aux. (25 of wh. by Mrs. E. P. Augur to const. L. M. Miss Mary B. Haig, 25 of wh. by Mrs. J. H. Bunce to const. L. M. Mrs. Bertrand E. Spencer, 25 of wh. by friend to const. L. M. Mrs. Douglas Horton), 174.28, Third Ch., C. E. Soc., 5; Milford, First Ch., Aux., 6.81, Plymouth Ch., 61, Aux., 3.75; New Haven, Ch. of the Redeemer, Aux., 107.30, Humphrey St. Ch., C. E. Soc., 12, Pilgrim Ch., Aux., 32.03, Yale College Ch., Aux., 4.64; Newtown, S. S., 20; Norfolk, Mrs. H. H. Bridgman, 100; North Greenwich, Aux., 6.30; North Madison, Aux., 7; Oakville, Aux., 75 cts.; Portland, Aux., 20.40; Sherman, Aux., 37.50; South Canaan, Ch., 10; Thomaston, Aux., 5.75, Eagle Rock Ch., S. S., 1.80; Torrington, Center Ch., Aux., 118.86; Waterbury, First Ch., S. S., 10.29; Westbrook, Aux., 20; Westport, Aux., 17.42; Whitneyville, Aux., 23.25; Winsted, Mrs. Marion I. Oles, 1, Travellers Club, 30; Woodbury C. E. Soc., 20, 1,588 59
 Total 2,816 64

NEW YORK

New York State Branch.—Mrs. F. M. Turner, Treas., 646 St. Mark's Ave., Brooklyn. "Forward," 65; Albany, Aux., 13; Aquebogue, Aux., 16; Binghanton, First Ch., Aux., 17.27, Margaret Bottomo Cir., 5; Blooming Grove, Kyle Miss. Soc., 25; Brooklyn, Miss Josephine L. Roberts, 8, Bushwick Ave. Ch., 10, Clinton Ave. Ch., Young People, 3, Lewis Ave. Ch., Esther Miss. Soc., 10, Park Ch., Aux., 11.31, South Ch., M. C., 275, St. Paul's Ch., Jr. M. C., 5, Tompkins Ave. Ch., Guild, 100; Brooklyn Hills, S. S., 5; Buffalo, First Ch., Guild, 194.55, S. S., 15, Fitch Mem. Ch., Miss. Soc., 10, In-as-much Soc., 5, Plymouth Ch., Jr. M. C., 15; Canandaigua, Alice Band, Misses Rice Band, 25; Carthage, Aux., 4.72; Chenango Forks, Aux., 5; Copenhagen, Woman's Union, 2.77; Coventryville, Aux., 6; Deer River, Ladies' Aid Soc., 5, C. E. Soc., 2.50; Essex Assoc., 8.40; Fairport, Aux., 40; Gaines, Aux., 10; Groton City, Aux., 9; Hudson River Assoc., 5; Jamesport, S. S., 5; Jamestown, Pilgrim Ch., Memorial Miss. Soc., 10; Katonah, Miss Helena L. Todd, 4.40; Lisbon, S. S. Cl., Beacon Lights, 1; New York, Broadway Tabernacle, Soc. for Woman's Work, 25, Forest Ave. Ch., Aux., 10; Norwood, Jr. Aux., 5; Oriskany Falls, Aux., 5; Oxford, S. S., 5; Paris Hill, Dau. of Cov., 10; Patchogue, Aux., 5; Portland, Y. L. Soc., 3; Poughkeepsie, Ch., 43.75, Miss. Soc., 18.81; Pulaski, W. M. S. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. Harry Lawrence), 40; Richmond Hill, Christ Ch., Prim. Dept., 5; Riverhead, Sound Ave. Ch., S. S., 50; Rochester, South Ch., Class 33, 10; Scarsdale, C. R., 1.50; Seneca Falls, Memorial Ch., 23.32, S. S., 8.78; Sherrill, C. E. Soc., 4.64, S. S., 7.71; Syracuse, Good Will Ch., Woman's Guild, 10; Ticonderoga, Miss. Soc., 25; Utica, Plymouth Ch., Aux., 7.45; Warsaw, Aux., 5; White Plains, Miss Louise W. Wood, 5, Aux., 55, 1,340 88

PHILADELPHIA BRANCH

Philadelphia Branch.—Miss Martha N. Hooper, Treas., 1475 Columbia Road, Washington, D. C. D. C., Washington, First Ch., S. S., 8.41; *Pa.*, Lake Helen, Ch., 3, Aux., 13; Winter Park, Aux., 12.50; N. J., East Orange, First Ch., Aux., 50; Montclair, Watchung Ave. Ch., 50, Aux., 80; Passaic, Aux., 25; River Edge, First Ch., 7.55; Upper Montclair, Aux., Th. Off., 17.25; Vineland, Ch. of Pilgrims, 3; N. C., Raleigh, S. S., 50 cts.; Southern Pines, 23.25; *Pa.*, Duquesne, Bethlehem Slovak Ch., 7; Ebensburg, First Ch., 15.85; Edwardsville, Welsh Ch., 10; Meadville, 10; Mt. Carmel, First Ch., 2; Philadelphia, Central Ch., Camp Fire Girls, 10; Titusville, Swedish Ch., 50 cts.; S. C., Charleston, Circular

Ch., C. E. Soc., 6.15; Va., Vander- werken, 2.75,	423 71	TOTAL FROM OCT. 18 TO DEC. 31, 1916	
CALIFORNIA		Donations,	18,201 12
Claremont.—Mrs. William Renwick,	180 00	Buildings,	10,878 85
HAWAII		Work of 1917,	2,509 06
Honolulu.—Mrs. Theodore Richards,	25 00	Specials,	308 07
		Legacies,	1,191 23
		Total,	33,088 33
Donations,	10,644 02	GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY GIFT	
Buildings,	3,565 74	Previously acknowledged,	174,731 65
Work of 1917,	522 00	Receipts of the month,	3,565 74
Specials,	291 07		
Legacies,	680 00		
Total,	15,702 83	Total,	178,297 39

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific

Receipts for December, 1916

MRS. W. W. FERRIER, Treasurer, 2716 Hellegass Ave., Berkeley, Cal.

CALIFORNIA		5; Santa Ana, 50, Cradle Roll, 5; Venice, 5; Whittier, 37.50, S. S., 3.76,	758 88
<i>Northern California Branch.</i> —Mrs. Arthur W. Moore, Treas., 415 Pacific Ave., Piedmont, Berkeley, Bethany, 2; Fresno, First, 8.43, Third Ger- man, 10; Grass Valley, 1.66; Lodi, Ebenezer, 4.10; Oakland, First, Guild, 200, Pilgrim, Barrel opening, 1.70, Plymouth, 36; Oleander, 4.23; Oro- ville, 6.63; Palo Alto, 12.50; Redwood City, 15; Reno, Nevada, Aux. dues, 2; Sanger, 14; San Jose, 100; Tulare, 10,	428 25	<i>Washington Branch.</i> —Miss Estelle Rob- erts, Treas., 1211 22d Ave., Seattle, Bellingham, 1.40; Brewster, 2; Brewster Flat, 26 cts.; Everett, 77 cts.; Hope, 2; Ione, 1.12; Irby, 15; Kennewick, 60 cts., Junior C. E., 15; Lewiston, Idaho, 55 cts.; Lowell, 4; Metalline Falls, 1.15; Olympia, 5; Or- chard Prairie, 1.48; Seattle, Brighton, 96 cts., Fairmount, 50 cts., Fauntleroy, 84 cts., Green Lake, 2, Plymouth, 182.48, University, 27; Spokane, Plymouth, 7.49; Sunnyside, 4.50; Ta- coma, East, 5; Toppenich, 40 cts.; Trent, 46 cts.; Vera, 40 cts.; Walla Walla, First for deficit, 15,	297 36
<i>Southern California Branch.</i> —Miss Emily Barrett, Treas., 178 Center St., Pasa- dena, Chula Vista, 25; Claremont, 51; Eagle Rock, 15.15; Hawthorne, 3; Highland, 35, S. S., 17.62, Cradle Roll, 12.50; La Mesa, Central, 42; Long Beach, 30; Los Angeles, Messiah, 31.50, Park, 5, Pilgrim, 10, Plymouth, 38; Monrovia, 5; Ontario, Cradle Roll, 2.20; Pasadena, Lake Ave., 28, Pilgrim, 15; Pomona, 50; Redlands, 50; River- side, 100; San Diego, First, 86.65, S. S.,		<i>Oregon Branch.</i> —Mrs. A. L. Cake, Treas., 421 West Park St., Portland, Corval- lis, 5; Gaston, 11; Hillsboro, 7; Pil- grim, 5; Portland, First, 18; Smyrna, 4,	53 45
		<i>Idaho Branch.</i> —Mrs. S. N. Travis, Treas., Weiser, Bruneau, 1.50; New Plymouth, 4; Weiser, 5,	10 50

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