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JULY - AUGUST, 1919

NO. 7 ✓

Life and Light for Woman

One Experience of a Doctor in India.

Rose Fairbank Beals, M. D.

The Jubilee at Inanda.

The Jain Zatis of the Marathi Mission.

Mrs. Robert A. Hume.

The Risen Life in Adabazar.

Ethel A. Putney.

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

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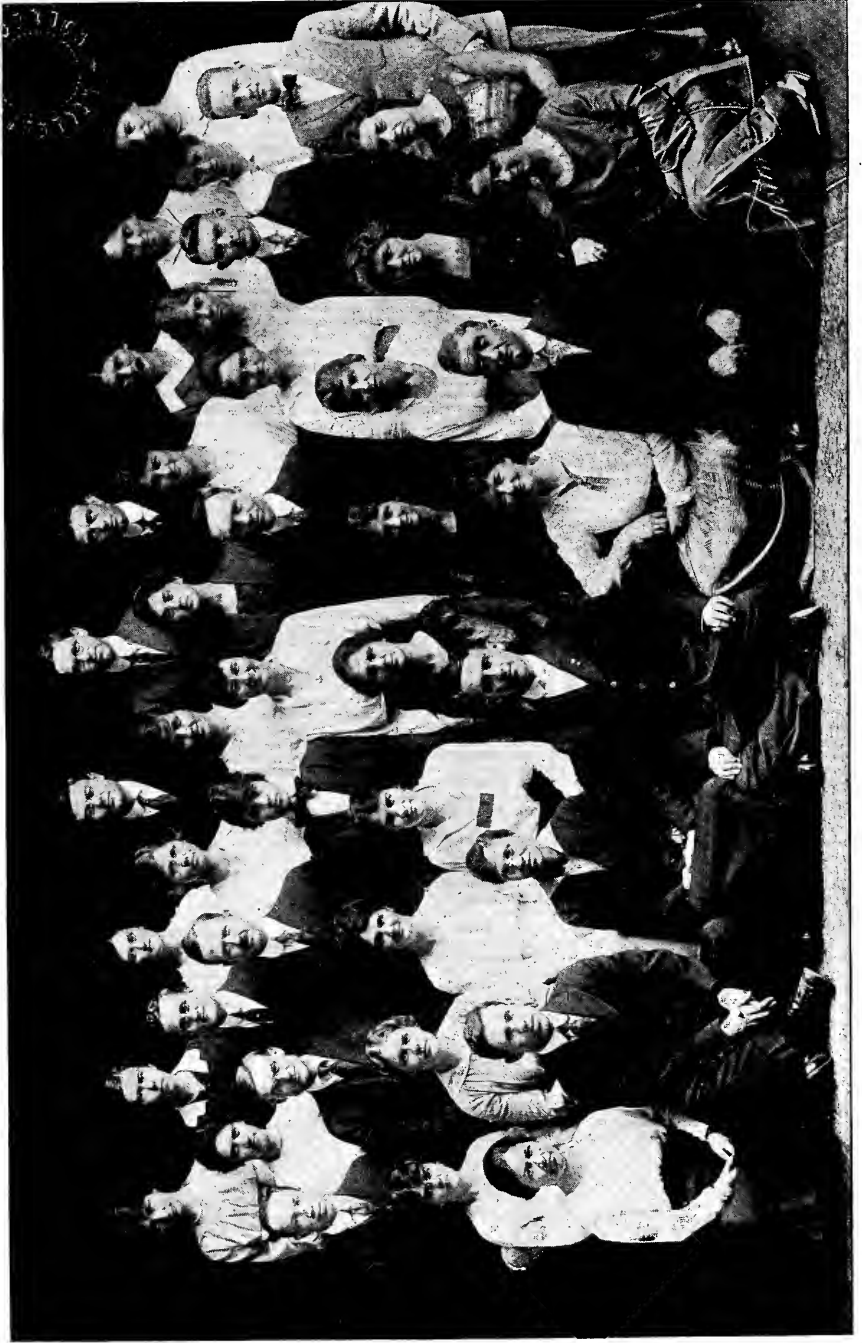
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I give and bequeath to the Woman's Board of Missions, incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts in the year 1869, the sum of

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NEWLY APPOINTED MISSIONARIES IN ATTENDANCE ON CONFERENCE JUNE, 1919.

Life and Light

Vol. XLIX

July-August, 1919

No. 7

Editorials

An unusually large number of young missionaries gathered in the Congregational House for the annual Training Conference, May 29 to June 10,—in fact there were more than fifty young men and young women under appointment to China, India, Ceylon, Turkey and Africa. The mornings were devoted to talks from the secretaries and other workers at headquarters, and a great quantity of good counsel was given upon many subjects—from the cultivation of the spiritual life to the best way to send freight; from the relation of the foreign missionary to the Government to the care of his or her bodily health. Afternoons were left free for private conferences, arrangement of practical details for those who are soon to sail, and some sight-seeing and good times. Two evening sessions will long be remembered by those who heard Professor Platner of Andover Theological Seminary speak on "The Missionary's Message," and the talk by Mr. Luther Fowle given on another evening when he told his recent experiences in Turkey. The one meeting open to the general public was the Farewell Service on Sunday evening at First Church, Chelsea, when about thirty of the young people were introduced and spoke for one minute each. Another enjoyable occasion was that at the Auburn-dale Missionary Home when secretaries and young people were entertained at supper and had a happy time afterwards getting acquainted and having an informal program of music and "stunts."

**Ready for the
"Great Adventure."**



Miss Wright
Mexico



Miss Turnbull
Turkey

For obvious reasons, the women much outnumbered the men. Among them were three trained nurses, several teachers and a few evangelistic and social service workers. The Woman's Board of Missions has already adopted eleven of the women and will perhaps be responsible for others whose papers have not yet been passed upon. We note in the group several sons and daughters of missionaries, among them two physicians, Dr. Lorrin Shepard who, with his wife, starts soon for his father's field, Aintab, and Dr. Walter F. Hume, son of the veteran missionary, Rev. Robert A. Hume, D.D. Among missionary daughters were Miss Dorothy L. Garland, who was born in Hawaii and is under appointment to China; Miss Margarita Wright of the well-known Mexico family, who starts this month for the Woman's Board school at Guadalajara; and Miss Evangeline McNaughton under appointment to Turkey.

A Commission Service for Miss Louise Clark and Miss Mabel Craig took place Sunday evening, June 8, at the Immanuel-Walnut Avenue Church, Roxbury, Mass.

Others who have recently been adopted by the Woman's Board of Missions are Miss Louise Clarke of Lockport, N. Y., and Miss Jean Turnbull of Pittsfield, Mass., who are both going to Turkey as trained nurses, and expect to sail this summer. Miss Clarke will be a part of the medical corps at Aintab, where Dr. Lorrin Shepard will be stationed. Miss Ruth Holland of Shrewsbury, Mass., is under appointment to the Ceylon Mission, where she will teach Domestic Science in the Uduvil Seminary. Other



Miss Louise Clarke
Turkey



Miss Holland
Ceylon

candidates of the Woman's Board at the Conference were Miss Jean Dickinson of Brooklyn, N. Y., who graduates at Smith College this month, and will take a year of special preparation before joining the North China Mission; Miss Dorothy Brown of Boston, who will also spend next year in study before going to Africa; Miss Annie Denison, under appointment for Turkey; Miss Mary L. Harbert, who will join the Foochow Mission, and Miss Ivy Craig, who expects to go to Rhodesia, East Africa.

Dr. R. A. Hume and Mrs. Hume of Ahmednagar, accompanied by their son and his family, arrived in Boston, June 3, on the "City of Benares." For the present they are with friends in Springfield, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. **Personals.** William S. Picken, (Dr. Eleanor Stephenson) came on the same boat. Mrs. Picken is recovering from her late serious illness and will spend the summer with her family.

Miss Estella L. Coe, who has been spending a month among her supporting constituency in the Middlesex Branch, to the pleasure and profit of all, returned June 5 to her home in Oberlin, Ohio, before returning to her work in Tottori, Japan.

A four-page folder, "The Rainbow Campaign: What It Is and What It Does" has been published for the use of those who are hoping to hold Rainbow Meetings in the fall. These may be obtained from Miss **Rainbow Plans.** Leavis, West Medford, Mass., or from Board Headquarters, for \$1.50 per hundred.

Already twenty of these meetings have been held with wonderful results. In Cleveland, Ohio, 1150 accepted the invitation and many volunteers offered their lives for Overseas Service. There are many places in the West and South which

have not yet tried this plan of recruiting 500, yes, possibly 1000, young women for the foreign field. The Interchurch Life Service Department has asked permission to use this plan later as a method of reaching young men.

Any who are planning Rainbow Meetings should communicate with Mrs. De Witt Knox, secretary of the Rainbow Campaign Committee, 1748 Broadway, New York. Explicit directions for the necessary preparations are to be found in the folder and suggestions for speakers for Interdenominational Suppers will be given by Mrs. Knox.

As Mrs. Powers' Outline Programs are so full and contain such an excellent bibliography and list of references for supplementary material, to aid the program committees who are planning to use the

**Helps for the
Text-Book.**

Crusade of Compassion, the Woman's Board will publish only a few additional helps. These programs will be ready July 1 and will be sold for ten cents a copy. A responsive exercise for Thank-offering meetings or for any devotional service will be ready at the same time, July 1. This has been prepared by Miss Frances J. Dyer especially for use with the text-book and will be sold at fifty cents a hundred. Ask for "*The Test of Discipleship.*" A thank-offering story by Hazel Northrop, "Ma's Cat Jim" is ready now and is free for distribution in societies *using the thank-offering envelopes*, otherwise may be purchased at two cents each. Later there will be leaflets regarding the medical work in China and India, and articles in LIFE AND LIGHT completing the series which was begun in the May number.

As advertised in June, a serial story "*Conscripts of Conscience,*" written by Mrs. Caroline Atwater Mason, will begin in the September issue, running through five or six numbers. This has been written for the express purpose of emphasizing in popular form the lessons of the text-book and the name of the author is guarantee for its interest and literary charm. The Editorial Committee makes a special offer at reduced rates for

the numbers containing this story—twenty-five cents for the six months, beginning with September. In order to guarantee a larger edition subscriptions should be sent to Miss Conley before August 1. Postage stamps will be accepted in payment.

The stereopticon lecture illustrating "A Crusade of Compassion" will not be ready before the middle of September, but orders for it must be sent early, to insure securing it. The nominal fee of \$1.00 and express charges will be made for use of the lecture and we shall not be able to send it outside our own territory or to other denominations, at least for the present.

For the lecture and all other helps address

MISS HELEN S. CONLEY, Room 503, 14 Beacon St., Boston.

To one coming from outside into the official circle with its intimate knowledge of all that concerns the Board, probably the impression that stands out above all others is the love and fidelity of people throughout our constituency. The Treasury is receiving ever fresh manifestation of the devotion and loyalty of friends known and unknown. Within the past month there came in quick succession a Conditional Gift from one whose generous interest in the Board we had learned only recently; then came another Conditional Gift from one who had already shown her confidence by a previous similar gift; then perhaps most touching of all was a brief note enclosing three thousand dollars in Liberty Bonds. The donor, who personally is not known to the workers at the rooms, simply stated that they were in memory of Miss H—— who had taught in Boston. This very generous gift is for the general work of the Board and accounts for that splendid increase of \$3,000 in the column "other sources." We are glad to note another gain from the Branches after the noteworthy gain of last month. Surely our hearts have reason to rejoice and give thanks for the many who are so faithfully and so liberally-upholding the Board as it strives to help establish the Kingdom of God on earth.

THE FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD
RECEIPTS AVAILABLE FOR REGULAR WORK, MAY 1—31, 1919

	From Branches	From Other Sources	From Legacies and Reserve Legacy Fund	Income from Investments and Deposits	TOTAL
1918	\$15,028.91	\$2,906.74	\$20.00	\$357.50	\$18,313.15
1919	16,310.20	6,240.37	22.13	440.77	23,013.47
Gain	\$1,281.29	\$3,333.63	\$2.13	\$83.27	\$4,700.32
Loss					

OCTOBER 18, 1918—MAY 31, 1919

1918	\$82,481.79	\$7,391.64	\$17,817.40	\$4,846.30	\$112,537.13
1919	97,934.58	10,484.52	13,065.34	5,337.88	126,822.32
Gain	\$15,452.79	\$3,092.88		\$491.58	\$14,285.19
Loss			\$4,752.06		

Miss Clara Bruce writes from the Girls' School at Ahmednagar in grateful appreciation of the money raised at the annual meeting of the Board in Syracuse, last November, by special subscription from the Branches, in order that there might be an adequate food supply for the students.

"I want to acknowledge the special gift of \$1,052 which you have so generously sent for the school. It is an interesting description you give of the way in which this money was raised, and especially of the way in which the last pledge was made in order to go "over the top." I do indeed feel grateful to you and to all those who have had a part in sending this money. This special gift has made it possible for us during these past months to concentrate time and strength on our work without undue worry about finances.

We have tried to be as economical as we could in the managing of the dormitory these past months. Burmah rice has been about as cheap as any kind of grain, — cheaper in fact than most grains, — so the girls have had rice for one meal a day. Then for the other two meals they have generally had *bhakars* (un-

leavened' cakes of bread) made out of *zondhola* and grain flour mixed half and half. *Zondhola* is a kind of millet which is commonly eaten, but grain is generally supposed to be used for feeding horses rather than people. This is the first time since I have been in the school that we have had to resort to the use of grain. I cannot say that the girls have enjoyed it! But they have been very good about not grumbling and have kept well. I am glad we have not had to cut down the *amount* of food which the children were given, — as had to be done in some places. It seems to me that I could not have stood that! And we have also been able to get on so far with a fair balance in hand. All this is due to the generous "special." Of course the next few months until the harvest in September and October will in some ways be the hardest of the whole year. Just how much it is going to cost to get through them I do not yet know. But I surely hope we can pull through without debt. I can tell better a little later on just what our prospects are for next year, and will write to you again then. We are all hoping and praying for good rains this year. If the harvests should fail again, the situation would be an almost impossible one."

Significant Words from the Interchurch Conference

Our motto should be "Looking not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others."

God has a first claim upon anyone He wants to help carry forward this Movement.

A Christian church is responsible for more than it can do. It is responsible for what it can do in co-operation with others who believe in the same Lord and want to extend the same Kingdom.

The biggest feature is to find and train the lives necessary to carry the program through.

Interchurch World Movement of North America Its Plans for Summer Conferences

CONSERVATION of human life throughout the world, as featured in the foreign program, and Americanization of our foreign born citizens, as emphasized in the home program, are two broad planks in the platform of study for a series of seven summer conferences just announced by the Interchurch World Movement of North America. Practically every organization of any magnitude connected with the missionary and welfare work of seventy-six Protestant denominations will be represented at the conferences, which are to be primarily training schools for leaders of the great Interchurch campaign.

These conferences succeed those formerly held by the Missionary Education Movement, which has given up to the Interchurch project all its facilities for conducting them, including the personnel of its field organization, to take effect June 1, according to word just given out by its national officials. The Laymen's Missionary Movement has taken somewhat similar action in throwing much of its personnel into the larger movement and in turning over to it some of the functions it formerly served. A number of the L. M. M. leaders will take important parts in the strengthening of these seven summer conferences. With these combined powers added to the representative forces of the Interchurch Movement, there is an expanding and diversifying of the scope of the meetings that leaves only a resemblance to those of other years.

Those who attend the conferences will learn just how the different denominational and interdenominational bodies have thrown together their resources for systematic effort to improve conditions of life in all parts of the world. By the introduction of Christianity the modern interpretation as furthered by the Interchurch project means also introducing the benefits of Christian methods of living, in sanitation, child culture, working conditions, housing, clothing, scientific methods of production

and manufacture and any other element conducive to prosperity, health and general usefulness in the world.

Reports on the various phases of the Interchurch Movement will be made by men in charge of departments, including words as to progress of the detailed surveys now being made of the home and foreign fields, on which the program of the movement is to be based.

There will be a call for volunteers to enlist in both the home and foreign service, it being estimated that more than 200,000 will be needed to supplement forces now at work. Reports will be made on plans for the general public educational campaign beginning next fall, leading up to a nationwide evangelistic revival in the first three months of 1920, after which will come a financial drive for funds to finance the work.

The places and dates of the seven conferences are: Blue Ridge, N. C., June 24-July 3; Silver Bay, N. Y., July 4-13; Estes Park, Col., July 11-20; Asilomar, Calif., July 15-24; Ocean Park, Maine, July 18-27; Lake Geneva, Wis., July 25-Aug. 3; Seabeck, Wash., July 30-Aug. 8.

The conferences are under the supervision of the Field Department of the Interchurch World Movement, A. E. Cory, Director, with E. C. Cronk as secretary directly in charge of these seven conferences for missionary education.

Among the special features of the conferences will be graded courses in missionary education for workers in Sunday Schools, women's missionary societies, and young people's societies, and normal instruction for leaders by educational and missionary experts. A large attendance of representative laymen is expected, many of them taking this means of spending a profitable and useful vacation. There will be special recreational features for the afternoons.

One Experience of A Missionary Doctor

By Rose Fairbank Beals, M. D., Wai, India

IMAGINE a nice American hospital for women and children, with a substantial detached building for daily dispensary work close by, both situated just outside the walls of a large city in India. The hospital equipment is good, but the work poorly manned, with never more than two women doctors, and sometimes only one. One day while I was in charge of the work alone, my colleague being away on furlough in America, it seemed as if it were impossible to attend to all the patients who had come for treatment. There were fully a hundred that morning waiting at the Dispensary for medicine to take home, and the Hospital close by was also filled with patients needing my attention.

But as I went into the office to begin my dispensary work, a Mohammedan man appeared, bearing a letter from the reigning prince of a neighboring native state. This letter was an urgent appeal from the *maharaj*, or king of the state, for me to go and do something for his daughter, who was very sick. I looked in at my Dispensary waiting-room crowded with women and children. Then I thought of the Hospital beyond, filled with those needing much personal care, and I turned to the Mohammedan and said, "It is perfectly impossible for me to go to see your *maharaj's* daughter. Just see what I have got to do here," pointing to the crowded Dispensary. But he, with calm assurance, replied, "Let others see these. You must come to Tikamgarh and see my Princess." But it seemed an impossible thought to me, and I went in to my work.

Every time I came out on the veranda during the morning's work there was my Mohammedan salaaming, and bowing, and imploring. When I went for my eleven o'clock breakfast, there was the Mohammedan again, and he followed me all the way to the bungalow, talking all the time, praying and beseeching me to come and see his Princess. When I came out again from

breakfast, there he was, still salaaming to the ground, and telling me a thousand reasons why I must go to Tikamgarh. Besieged in this way, I began to wonder whether after all I ought not to go. The man's importunity was most troublesome. I thought of the various cases in the Hospital, and began to make plans as to how the nurses could manage for this one and that one. I called for my head nurse, and we together made the necessary arrangements as I gave a thousand and one instructions for the work. Finally I turned to the ever-present Mohammedan to ask him how I would get to Tikamgarh, if I should be able, after all, to go. He said we would go by rail to the next station, where the *maharaj's* carriage would be waiting for us, and would take us with relays of horses over the forty miles from the station to Tikamgarh.

His plan for the journey sounded simple enough, and I called my servant, Ganga Din, and told him to pack the necessary things for me, and to be ready himself to go with me, as it would not be wise for me to take the journey alone. I found that the mail train, by which we must go, left at half past two, so we had to hurry. In India, when one travels, it is necessary to take along a good many things one does not need for a journey in this country. There is the bedding, at the very least a rug and a pillow, and usually more; a tiffin basket must be filled with food for the wayside; a bag must be packed with personal necessities and more changes of clothing than we need here, on account of the heat; an umbrella must not be forgotten; and in my case a bag of medical supplies was necessary also.

We caught our train, and after a three hours' ride, arrived at about half past five in the afternoon, at Lalatpur, the nearest station to Tikamgarh, our destination. As I got out of my compartment in the train, I saw my Mohammedan attendant just slipping around the end of the station, doubtless to order the *maharaj's* carriage up to the platform. I turned at once to make sure that Ganga Din got all my things out of the train. A few moments later the Mohammedan came rushing back, exclaiming as he ran up to me, "Alas! alas! Doctor Miss Saheb!

The *maharaj's* carriage is gone!" It seems that the night before, after the Mohammedan had been sent to bring me, the Princess had become very much worse, and the *maharaj* had sent a messenger the forty miles to Lalatpur, to the English Government Dispensary where there was a Brahmin medical assistant, a partially trained doctor. The message to this Brahmin was that if the Doctor Miss Saheb from the Mission Hospital did not come on the mail train, he was to take the *maharaj's* carriage and come to Tikamgarh, to see what he could do for the Princess. As he well knew, he would be able to do very little for her, for he would not be able to see more than her tongue, stuck through a hole in the curtain which must protect her from all masculine eyes, or possibly to feel her pulse, by putting his hand through a hole in the same curtain. On this evidence he would have to make his diagnosis and give his treatment. But he knew also that there would be a fee, so he took the *maharaj's* carriage and set off for Tikamgarh, without waiting for the mail train to arrive.

So it was that my Mohammedan, who had promised me the *maharaj's* carriage, was very much upset upon our arrival at Lalatpur. He begged me to go to a nearby Government rest-house, and wait while he went off into the town to search for some kind of a conveyance for me. He soon came back, however, bemoaning our ill-luck, and saying that there was no carriage or cart of any kind to be had. "But," he added, very doubtfully, "there *is* an elephant." For a moment I could hardly grasp his meaning, and then it came over me that this beast was the only conveyance available. I knew I could not get back to my hospital that night, and after thinking it over a moment, I decided it was better to try the elephant than to give up, after getting that far. So most joyfully the Mohammedan ran to bid them make ready the elephant, advising me, as he went, to try to get some sleep, as it would take three or four hours to get everything ready. This sounded like good advice, so I had a cot brought out from the rest-house into the moonlight, spread out my bedding on it and went to sleep.

At about eleven o'clock I was suddenly awakened by what seemed to me an earthquake, and then, as I really came to myself, I realized that my elephant, a huge beast, was coming into the compound, and that he shook the earth as he walked. I got up, called my servant, Ganga Din, who was asleep on the ground not far away, and he rolled up my bedding and got our things ready to start. The elephant driver slipped down off the elephant's neck and then made him kneel down. It was a huge elephant, the largest I have ever seen, I am sure. Perhaps he looked larger in the moonlight. On his back was strapped, with heavy ropes, a platform made of wood, perhaps a little more than four feet square; it also had an iron railing, not more than a foot or so high, around it. The *mahout*, or elephant driver, produced from somewhere a ladder which he placed up the side of the animal for us to mount by. First Ganga Din went up, took up all our belongings, and spread out my rugs and pillow for me. Then very cautiously I climbed up, sat down on the rugs, and surveyed the scene. Ganga Din also came up and sat down on his heels in one corner of the platform. He was so small that he took up only a few inches of space; and as he was sleepy he immediately put his head down on his knees and was asleep in no time. The *mahout* climbed up by way of the elephant's trunk, and we had hardly started when he, too, was asleep, with his head resting comfortably between the great ears of the elephant. So the elephant and I were the only ones awake, with the forty miles to Tikamgarh ahead of us.

It would be impossible, if I tried, to give any adequate description of the fearful shaking I got that night on that elephant's back. If the ground shook underneath the feet of him, what do you think happened to me lying on those springless boards on his back! I wondered at first whether it was going to be a physical possibility for me to endure it at all. But hour after hour passed as the elephant wandered along that road, sometimes picking the leaves off the trees by the roadside with his trunk for a midnight lunch, and sometimes straying off to a wayside brook for a drink. Once he waded out into a stream

and played with the water for a while, throwing it around with his trunk. I found myself thinking over again, as the hours passed, many of the experiences of my life; old memories are dear at such a time.

Finally, when it seemed as though the morning would never come, I made up my mind that I could not stand the fearful shaking another minute. I sat up and looked ahead, and to my joy saw that we were just coming to a village with its low lying mud huts under a group of great banyan and tamarind and mango trees. I pulled out my umbrella and poked the *mahout*, who was still asleep on the elephant's neck, and when I got him awake enough to understand, I told him he must stop and find a place for me to sleep awhile, as I was utterly worn out. I asked him to find out, too, how far we had gone. So just as we came under the trees of the village, he began to call and call, and pretty soon several stray men began to wander out of the huts down to the roadside, their heads all covered with blankets. We found that we had come about eleven miles, in a little more than five hours, and I was nearly ready to faint when I thought of the twenty-nine miles still ahead of me. I called for the head-man of the village, and asked him to provide me with some kind of a shelter where I could sleep off some of my weariness. At first he told me he could not give me any place, as it was a high caste village; but after some parleying, he decided that he could let me sleep till morning on the veranda of one of the huts. All I wanted was shelter from the sun, which would come up in a short time, so I turned to the *mahout* and asked him how I was to get down off the elephant. By this time a small crowd had gathered around, staring up at me. I was standing up on the platform on the elephant, trembling from head to foot from the shaking I had had all night, and wondering how I was to get off that mountain of a beast, for the *mahout* had left the ladder behind in Lalatpur. But he was quite ready with an answer to my question. He told me that I must walk along the back of the elephant until I reached his tail; then I must slip my foot down along the tail, at which motion the elephant would turn up the

end of his tail to form a step for my foot. From this step I would be able to jump safely to the ground.

I was too tired to doubt the feasibility of such means of dismounting, so I walked gingerly across the platform and stepped over the railing on to the back of the elephant. How slippery it was! By this time the growing crowd of men and women below was tense with excitement, all the babies that had been crying in their mothers' arms stopped, and it was a moment of strained silence. It was quite two or three steps beyond the railing still to the tail of the elephant, such a huge beast he was. And when I reached the tail I did as the *mahout* told me, slipped my foot down along the tail to find a stepping-place. But the elephant failed to do his part, and I found myself in a heap in the dust of the road. Yet even this helped me, for in a moment we were all laughing together. I suddenly also found them all my friends, even that perfidious *mahout*. I soon stretched out comfortably on my bedding spread on the floor of a veranda, and, rejoicing in a firmly anchored bed, was soon asleep.

When I woke the blazing sun was up, and I found myself on a veranda some five or six feet wide, with a mud wall around three sides of it three or four feet high; the house was on the fourth side of it. On top of this mud wall, or parapet, around me was seated almost the whole village watching me sleep. I sat up and began to gossip with them. They had, in all probability, seen very few if any white women, and they were extremely interested in everything I said and did. When they found that I was a doctor and that I was on my way to see the Princess of Tikamgarh, they brought all their lame and halt and blind for me to see. It did not seem to make very much difference to them that I had no medicines to give out. Looking over the sick and giving bits of advice with sympathy goes a long way.

The whole morning passed in this way; and all the time I realized that I must somehow make up my mind about that impossible elephant. But I finally learned that there was a traveler's bungalow, a government rest-house, only six miles

beyond, and I decided to walk those six miles at least, as I could get something to eat there. But when I was all packed up and ready to start, I found that there was no one in that high caste village who would carry my bedding and other things for me. So I had to sit down again and wait while they sent to another village some two miles off, for a low caste man to carry my things. But at last we got started, I with my umbrella up, as it was just about noon, the hottest part of the day. The whole village followed me down to the main road to speed me on my journey, and they had just turned back from a bend in the road when, to my exceeding joy and relief, I saw a splendid carriage drawn by four horses just coming up. It was the *maharaj's* carriage coming for me; for the night before my Mohammedan attendant had sent a messenger off from Lalatpur, running to Tikamgarh, to tell the *maharaj* that the Doctor Miss Saheb had come, and please to send the carriage back as soon as possible. And so here it was. I got in on the wide, comfortable back seat, and the remaining twenty-nine miles were soon behind us.

As we rode into Tikamgarh, I was charmed with the place. A great open market-place with spreading banyan and tamarind trees for shade, and the great palace on one side, were most attractive. Out at one side of the market-place, under two huge trees, they had put up two tents for me, a sleeping tent and a dining tent. I went in, had a cup of tea, and then went immediately over to the palace to see the Princess. As I went into the palace and through the men's lounging rooms and beyond into the women's apartments, curiosity about the Doctor Miss Saheb was the predominant feature of my welcome. I had to go up stairs at last to reach the room where the Princess lay sick. It was a pitch-dark room, and I stepped into it very slowly and cautiously, as one never knows in such places whether there is a step up, or down, or not. As I entered the room I asked to have a light brought, as I knew I could not do anything without one, and, besides, I had the impression that the room was full of people, women, probably, sitting on the floor eager to see all that should happen. I suggested that all these women

should go out, with the exception of one who would stay to help me. But they were all so full of curiosity, perhaps, that no one thought it necessary to do what I said. I waited a minute or two, and then as no move was made to bring a light or do anything about clearing the room, I turned around and went down stairs, back through the palace and over to my tent, and sat down, and waited.

I judged that it was better to wait until they were ready to do what I asked, than to force things just at first. I did not have to wait long. Suddenly a wild blare of curious Oriental trumpets announced the arrival of some dignitary in the market place, and through the tent door I could see a beautiful sight. A cavalcade of horsemen, perhaps the bodyguard of the *maharaj*, with their long white tunics and turkey red turbans trimmed with gold thread, their flying pennants, and shining steel-tipped lances, all went to make a brave showing. The cavalcade came down the market place at a brisk canter and drew up in front of my tent. One of the horsemen alighted and came to the tent door, addressing me in perfect English. He was the Prime Minister of the state. The Prime Minister of a native state always speaks English, even if the reigning monarch does not, in order that they may confer easily with the English Government officials.

After some general conversation, just as he was starting to go, he asked me casually, as though it were not the real object of his visit, why I had not seen the Princess. When I told him that I found they were not ready to do as I said, and that it would be impossible for me to help the Princess if the attendants would not obey orders, he was much relieved, and said he could easily arrange that. So he made his elaborate adieus, and as he mounted his horse, the high, barbaric notes of the trumpet were again sounded, and the cavalcade went galloping off again. They stopped only a few moments at the palace, and then went on. I was certain there would be no more difficulty, so I put on my hat, took my stethoscope and went over to the palace again. This time every one was bowing, and salaaming, and placing a

chair for me in each room as I passed through, and when I reached the Princess's room the curious crowd had all vanished, and the attendants remaining were all ready to do my bidding. I went in and opened a door to the blessed light of day, and then turned to look at my patient. I think she was the loveliest human being I had ever beheld, as she lay there on her cot, still with her beautiful silks and many jewels about her neck and arms.

I found her very sick indeed with dysentery, and went to work at once to administer the sorely needed remedies. For five days and nights I stayed there working over her, until she was well on towards convalescence. And it was a privilege and a great experience to spend the time with her, shut off entirely as she was from the outside world. The intimate talks I had with her made me feel as never before the tragedy of the purdah system, that shuts out the whole outside world from a woman's life. We talked of the difference between her life and the life of the free American girl with all her opportunities, and I showed her again and again that Jesus Christ had brought us the freedom that made possible all these things for the Western girl, and that He was ready and eager to bring the same rich life to the women of India. I also had wonderful opportunities of meeting and conversing with the *maharaj* himself, and with various nobles of the state. And every time I went back to my tent I found a crowd of sick waiting for me, that I might at least see and talk with them, and give them such directions as they could carry out, for there was no dispensary in the whole kingdom.

After five days I felt that I could not possibly stay away longer from my neglected hospital, and when I told the Princess that I must go, she put her arms around my knees, as she lay there on her cot, and besought and implored me not to leave her. Poor little lady! Imprisoned there in that palace, with a horizon no broader than those four walls! No missionaries lived nearer than the place where our hospital was located, there was no school or dispensary in the length and breadth of that kingdom. And as for women doctors — the only kind of a doctor who could come in and really do anything for a woman imprisoned under

the purdah system — there are only fifteen missionary women doctors for every five million women in India. Does this give anyone a new glimpse of the need of India?

The Jain Zatis of Ahmednagar

By Mrs. Robert A. Hume

HERE is an interesting and large community of people living in Ahmednagar City who follow the Jain religion. They are for the most part merchants and money lenders. These Jains are also known as Marwadis so called because they come from the district of Marwar in the northern part of the Bombay Presidency.

The religious leaders of these Jains are called "*gurus*" (teachers) and are addressed as "*maharaj*" (great king). Both men and women become *gurus*. They renounce the world and

take vows and live strictly religious lives. One in each community becomes the head *maharaj* and leads in teaching and services. The men have their monasteries and the women a separate dwelling which we could call a convent. The women *gurus* are called *zatis* (*zattes*). They are more or less educated. A few among them have taken the vows as virgins. Those who have renounced the world while unmarried are considered especially holy. I have become particularly interested in the *zatis* of Ah-



A Jain Priestess

mednagar as I have met them in connection with the Bible Women's work. They study their sacred books and learn how to explain their teachings. Several hours of each day are spent in devotional exercises.

They are taught Sanskrit *shlokas* which they commit to memory and sing in concert at their services. For the most part their religion is a ceremonial one. They are bound by hundreds of rules which they must keep to the letter. Reverence for life in every form both animal and vegetable is a principal feature of their religion. In order to keep from killing or harming even the least insect they always keep their mouths covered with an oblong piece of thick white paper which is tied on with stout white thread. Each *zati* carries a small dry mop with which she sweeps the floor before she sits down. These mops are suspended from their waists for convenience and is the usual way in which they carry them. The *zatis* must beg the food they eat. They must never cook or build a fire. They never light a light. Their clothes are all of plain white calico, — full skirts, a plain jacket and a large veil which is caught at the waist and drawn over the head Eastern fashion.

Plain white squares of cloth make their begging bowls. Wooden bowls painted by themselves in white, brown, red or yellow paint are their dishes. When asked why they do not use the brass or copper dishes according to the custom of the country, they reply that those dishes stir up a worldly desire in their hearts and for that reason they are forbidden. Dried gourds painted a bright and beautiful shade of yellow and used for holding their drinking water stirred up more worldly longing in my heart than many a brass and copper water vessel.

These *zatis* copy their sacred books on loose, oblong pasteboard leaves with colored paints. These books are more or less illuminated. The outside stiff board cover is quite an artistic production. Their symbols are painted on them and the corners filled with conventional designs of flowerpots, peacocks, etc.

About a year ago, I was invited by a Marwadi widow, an old friend of some years' standing, to come to meet the *zatis* in their

convent. The *zatis* had particularly asked to have me come with some Bible women. I was glad to accept the invitation in case there was no discussion. I was told to come and say whatever was in my mind. Such a cordial and unrestricted invitation was gladly accepted. I went one afternoon at two o'clock, the most convenient time for us all. I found a leading *guru maharaj* seated on the floor of a raised section of the room. Several other *zatis* were seated around her.

The *maharaj* took my hand and asked me to sit near herself. She said, "I have long wanted to hear what you teach. Tell me all you can."

This was a wonderful opportunity. I talked about God the Father, and Jesus Christ the Savior, very simply. The *zatis* listened very attentively.

After an hour or more the Marwadi widow who had brought me spoke up from the back of the long room in which we were seated and said, "Madam Sahib, sing a hymn!" This we did, choosing one on the love of God.

Several elderly men who had come for their usual two hours' study with the *maharaj* put up their books for the day and left. The afternoon is the usual *zati's* religious teaching time. During that time many men and women come in and make *namaskar* to the *maharaj*. The *namaskar* is a very respectful and reverent bow made by joining the two hands together flatly and putting them up to the forehead and bowing low over and over again. Dozens may come in during an hour and make *namaskar*, but the *maharaj* keeps quietly on with her teaching or talking. I noticed that all the men and women who came in to study or talk covered their mouths. This is done out of respect to the feelings of the *zatis* who are particular about troubling even the invisible insect life in the air.

When I had been talking a while the *maharaj* said to me, "Have you a handkerchief?"

I replied, "Yes."

Then she said, "Hold it over your mouth."

I held it folded and she looked relieved. Later when interested

in talking, my hand would drop into my lap the *guru* would again say, "Where is your handkerchief?" Again the reminder would make me remember and put my hand and handkerchief over my mouth!

After the first talk was over the *maharaj* said, "Come with me to see some sick *zatis*."

"I am not a doctor," I said.

But she said, "Come and talk with them." So I went and found two *zatis* very sick, one at the point of death. She had taken no food for two days. The other was in the last stages of consumption. Both were young and exceptionally beautiful. I sang to them and talked and prayed with them and was not once interrupted. It seemed to be a comfort to them. One kept her large beautiful eyes on me and looked so comforted.

One of the two died that night and the consumptive in a week. A message came toward the end of the week to come and talk with her. I went and found the leading *maharaj* and a dozen more *zatis* sitting by the dying sister-*zati*. She was bolstered up and scarcely able to speak. With difficulty she said a few words. I told her about our Father's House and going to it and how God the Father loved us. I prayed and sang again and came away. She died that night and was buried with great ceremony and a good deal of pomp the next day.

The funeral of a *zati* is a great occasion. The Marwadis stop business and attend the ceremonies. The dead body is tied to a bamboo in a sitting posture with rich clothes on and carried on a magnificent bier while dried dates and cocoanuts are given freely in the crowd.

During the succeeding weeks we met the *zatis* often and had long talks with them. If we missed a week they sent us word to come and see them. So often they said to me, "Now we know you, we love you and we want to talk to you."

Once these *zatis* ventured to come to our bungalow. They may never sit away from their own convent. After a long time they decided to come in. While there, they stood all the time. Many Marwadi women also came bringing betel nuts and food.

The house greatly interested them, also the phonograph. They looked quite distressed when they saw roses and mignonettes in cases on the tables and the woolen rugs on the floors made them hesitate to enter. So we whisked the flowers away out of sight and rolled up the rugs and let them go about and see the bungalow. The looking glasses and the family pictures fascinated and interested them the most. I was amused to see them stealing back to take one more look after we had left the bedrooms.

I had many opportunities to talk with them. They freely spoke of themselves as sisters and they were genuine in speaking of loving me, but they never truly responded to the message of Christ's love for them. They do not yet feel their need of Christ. Their religion is still sufficient and they are still quite content with the "letter of the law."

Once we attended occasions when two the world and took *zatis*. One was a old, and unmarried because she was ill. The other ty-year-old widow mined to give up their order. The brated under a big side of the city. wadis men and from near and far mony. The two ini- to the place dressed silk and gold cov- First their jewels were removed and taken by their near relatives. Then the clothes were taken off and their long hair was cropped close to the head and then full white cotton skirts, jackets and veils were put on. Then they were led to the big tree where they



Ready for the Vow
A girl about twelve years old

one of their great women renounced vows to become girl twelve years ried. She had been ents to this life saved from serious was a young twen- who had deter- the world and join occasion was cele- banyan tree out- Hundreds of Mar- women had come to witness the cere- tiates were taken in rich clothes of ered with jewels.

took the vows before a male *guru maharaj* in the presence of the crowds and crowds of people.

One felt a pity for the twelve-year-old girl who scarcely realized what she was doing. The father and mother of this girl felt extremely happy over the ceremony as they fulfilled their vow and obtained merit thereby. They lavishly distributed sweets and cocoanuts and dried dates among the people. The girl is being taught daily to read and write and sing *shlokas*. She goes to beg her food as do the others. The *zatis* are kind to her but treat her like a child as she really is.

Within a month we had Mr. and Mrs. George Sherwood Eddy at Ahmednagar with Pandita Ramabai's daughter, Manoramabai, for a religious campaign. The meetings were especially for the spiritual uplift of the Christians but with these were also some meetings for non-Christians. One meeting for the non-Christian women was largely attended by Hindus and Marwadis (Jains). I had written a special invitation to the *guru maharaj* asking her to attend the meeting with the other *zati* sisters. To my surprise they accepted and came, all of them.

They sat and listened quietly to Mrs. Eddy's helpful, excellent talk on "How My God Helps Me!" It was wonderfully well interpreted by Manoramabai and the non-Christian women listened most quietly to it all. Once I heard a *zati* say, "It is so much like our own!" But I know too well that it is all so different. I prayed that the message might reach them and I prayed again that their eyes might be opened and their hearts might respond. May they know Christ and His love!

"But since to human hands like ours
 Thou hast committed work divine,
 Shall not our eager hearts make haste
 To join their feeble powers to Thine?
 To word and work shall not our hands
 Obedient move, nor lips be dumb,
 Lest, through our sinful love of ease,
 Thy Kingdom should delay to come."

The Inanda Jubilee

The accompanying account of the occasion noted in the June "Life and Light" when Edwards Industrial Hall was opened is taken from the "North Coast Mission Record," a Natal newspaper. The tribute rendered by Government officials and missionaries to Mrs. Edwards will be of great interest to the readers of "Life and Light," remembering that from the beginning of her missionary work Mrs. Edwards has been supported by the New Haven Branch of the Woman's Board of Missions.—The Editor.

The Lady Pioneer



Mrs. Edwards in her Garden.

THE concluding sentence uttered by the Administrator of Natal (The Hon. G. T. Plowman, C. M. G), at the dedication of the newly-erected Edwards Industrial Hall at Inanda Seminary, will arrest the attention of all interested in the work of the American Board. "I envy Mrs. Edwards her thoughts today, and I hope that when some of us lay down our work we, too, may earn the 'well done' which is Mrs. Edwards' due."

Fifty years ago Inanda Seminary for the training of native girls was opened by Mrs. Mary K. Edwards under the aegis of the American Mission and she still remains the central figure in the direction of this widely-known institution which has for its main object the mental, physical and spiritual development of the native maidens on the North Coast of Natal.

No report of the proceedings would be complete without some special reference to the venerable lady in whose honour the new industrial hall was erected. Although well-nigh ninety years of age, Mrs. Edwards is still alert and vigorous. Her queenly and dignified presence formed a pleasing setting to the pretty picture presented in front of the new hall when the opening ceremony was performed and her happy little speech added much

to the appropriateness of the occasion. After the death of her husband, who was a well-known educationist in the United States, Mrs. Edwards came to Natal and in face of difficulties which would have appalled the stoutest heart, she set to work in the interest of native girls. On March 1, 1869, her dream was realized and Inanda Seminary became an accomplished fact, although not by any means the ambitious venture which it is today. Since that memorable date it would be difficult to estimate how many thousands of native girls have passed through the seminary and benefited by the thorough and practical teaching imparted thereat. From Natal and Zululand and many other parts of the Union, testimonies are received from natives testifying to the lasting benefits bestowed upon them by Mrs. Edwards. How much the State owes to the labours of this heroic lady during the past half century can never be fully estimated, but in the hearts and homes of the Natal natives her name will live for generations.

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

At present 140 girls are accommodated at the seminary, and they receive scholastic training up to the sixth standard. In the new domestic science building there is an up-to-date cookery class room, and here the girls are taught how to cook simple wholesome food and meals. Then there is the dressmaking department, where under the direction of a native teacher the pupils are to be seen operating sewing machines and making useful garments for themselves. Upstairs is a basket-making department, a huge dormitory and teachers' quarters. In the older parts of the institution are the school classrooms and a large laundry, where the pupils are taught washing and ironing as it ought to be done. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that a certain amount of laundry work is undertaken here for Durban clients, and so satisfactory is the work turned out that the institution is overwhelmed with orders, but, of course, they can only cope with a very limited number.

A hospital and dispensary is also attached to the seminary, but

there are only two patients at present. Another large new building is also to be added, namely, the Phelps' Hall, which will serve as additional dormitory and administration building. It is now in course of construction, and on Saturday Dr. Charles T. Loram (Chief Inspector of Native Education in Natal) performed the ceremony of laying the corner stone of this building. When it is completed the seminary will be able to accommodate twice as many pupils as it can at present. There is not a vacant place meantime, and there is always keen competition to gain admission.

For the past thirty-five years Mrs. Edwards has had the assistance of Miss Phelps and Miss Price as teachers, and the principal of the seminary is Miss E. F. Clarke. Beautifully situated in one of the healthiest regions of Natal, the prospect is pleasing from every point of view. The seminary is approached from the main road through a broad and long avenue lined with

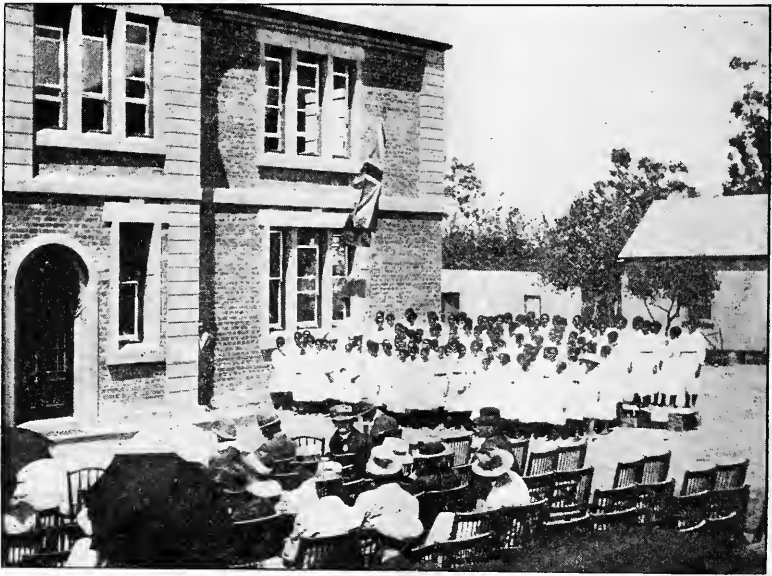


American and Zulu Teaching Staff at Inanda
Miss Evelyn Clark, Principal, in the center

stately trees, everyone of which were planted by Mrs. Edwards in the early days of the Inanda efforts.

The casual visitor has only one cause for complaint, that is the

fact that this educational centre is almost ten miles from Phoenix, the nearest railway station. Yet in spite of this somewhat formidable fact the attendance from Durban and district at the dual ceremony on Saturday was very large and thoroughly representative. Motor-cars, of course, formed the main mode of transport utilized, although two benighted pressmen, together with an American missionary and his wife, had to perform the journey



The Inanda Jubilee
Showing the pupils and a few of the guests

from the station to the seminary in a light (very light) buggy drawn by two mules. The road is one continual succession of "ups and downs." The rate of progress was four miles per hour!

In addition to the Administrator of Natal and Dr. Loram many other distinguished guests, including Government officials as well as members of the Mission were present at the exercises.

The opening ceremony took place in the square in front of the

new hall, and the scene was picturesque indeed. Immediately in front of the Administrator sat the European and American members of the audience, while on his right were seated the representative natives, and on the left was a scholars' choir of over one hundred voices under the baton of Mr. Lutuli. "To Inanda sing, let her praise ring," formed a pleasing and appropriate opening chorus rendered with tunefulness and precision.

Miss Clarke then extended a warm welcome to all, and gave a brief survey of the history and achievements of the institution. In the course of her pointed little speech, she mentioned that all the girls spent at least one-third of their school hours in industrial training.

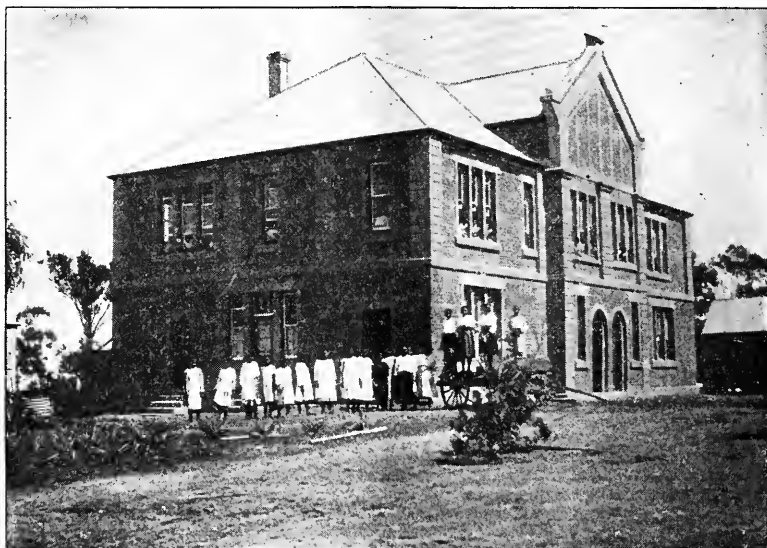
Mrs. Edwards, who had a great ovation, in a clear and musical voice related a touching little incident concerning the opening day of the seminary. It was of a little girl named Hawes, then seven years of age, who came that day to Inanda on crutches. In course of time she became a teacher and she had proved a very fine teacher, and was still a teacher.

"I wish the Government had money enough to give her a pension. I think she deserves it," concluded Mrs. Edwards amid loud applause.

The Administrator then delivered his address.

NATIVE GIRLS AS NURSES

After directing special attention to the question of domestic science as an occupation for native girls, he said another occupation suitable for native girls, and one for which the domestic science work done at that school was a direct training, was nursing. The terrible epidemic which recently swept over the country had made them painfully aware of the need for better medical supervision for natives, and particularly for native trained nurses. He had heard with great satisfaction of the excellent work which native nurses did at Amanzimtoti, at Indaleni, and at other places during the epidemic, and only the other day he noticed in reading through the report of the Influenza Epidemic Commission, that the Commission strongly recommended that



Edwards Industrial Hall



Inanda pupils singing to Mrs. Edwards

every encouragement should be given to the training of native women in nursing, and that a form of recognition of native nurses should be arranged by the Medical Councils of the Provinces. The Commission also called special attention to the susceptibility of natives to various infectious diseases, with resultant danger to the Union, and it expressed the opinion that immediate provision should be made for medical and nursing aid in native areas. It might interest them to know that the Provincial Administration, in conjunction with the Native Affairs Department, had recently agreed to subsidize a scheme for the training of native girls as midwives and nurses, and he believed that there was a



**Nurse and Convalescent Patient,
Inanda**

great need for this class of nurse in South Africa. One condition of the grant was that the girls who entered for this training should have some educational equipment, and they would be required on the completion of the training to work for a stated period in native areas. He was in full sympathy with that movement, and he felt sure that that institution, with its special domestic science equipment, would not fail to supply its share of girls who were willing to take up the arduous but honorable calling of nursing.

The Rev. H. A. Stick, of the Adams Mission, in moving a vote of thanks to the Administrator, said the presence of Mr. Plowman that day was

another evidence of the deep sympathy which the Government

had manifested in native mission work during recent years. Prayer was offered by the Rev. C. N. Ransom, and the singing of "Emanuel" by the choir concluded the first part of the day's programme.

DR. LORAM'S TRIBUTE.

The company then adjourned to the site where the Phelps Hall is in course of construction. Here the Rev. A. LeRoy introduced Dr. Loram, who performed the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone. Technical education was, he said, indispensable for the black, and those of them who believed that the prosperity of South Africa depended on the advancement of both races, rejoiced at the interest which the work of their institutions evoked. And yet there was a great difference in the extent of the Colonial support which the training institutions of the two races received. The building and equipment and perhaps nine-tenths of the cost of maintenance of the Durban Technical College came, and rightly came, from the Government. No share of the cost of building or equipment and only a little more than half the cost of maintenance of the institution now being erected at Inanda came from the Government.

Dealing with the sources of strength of the missionary movement, Dr. Loram enumerated these under three heads, the first and most outstanding being the fact that missionary education was volunteer work. There was no conscription about it. One volunteer was worth ten pressed men, and that accounted for some of the burning zeal and glowing enthusiasm which induced most of their successes and some of their failures. In the second place there was the religious motive which prompted and guided their work. The third source of strength was the certainty that their labours would be for the benefit of the people among whom they worked and they who themselves enjoyed the privileges of Christianity, and who saw around them so many instances of social improvement as the result of Christianity were not likely to disagree with them in this. One who dealt with missionaries could not but be impressed with their devotion, their zeal, and their optimism.

NO BETTER COMRADES.

“Charged as I am,” said Dr. Loram, at the close of his eloquent address, “with the duty and privilege of educating and raising the natives of this Province, I want no better comrades and co-workers than the missionaries of Natal, nor can I imagine any time when the Government with this and other examples of missionary endeavour before its eyes would wish to attempt this difficult work without the help of those men and women who are willing to give their lives so that the native people may prosper.” The speech was punctuated with frequent outbursts of applause.

The inscription on the corner stone reads as follows:—

Laid by Dr. C. T. Loram, LL.B., Ph.D., Chief Inspector of Native Education, on March 1st, 1919, in commemoration of the 50th anniversary of the opening of the school.



Inanda Student as a Home-maker

The Risen Life in Adabazar

By Ethel A. Putney

TO the Americans who worshipped on Easter Day with the Protestant Church in Adabazar and perhaps to the people themselves, the chief message of the day did not come through the words of the old pastor or his chief deacon who preached the sermon, even to those who understood their inspiring Armenian, but in the very presence of the congregation itself. A year ago almost all of these people were wanderers and exiles. The command had come, when the deportations began, that the Protestants should be left in peace in their houses but some had already been sent away and others had comfortable homes that were desired by the Turks. So all were hurried away to Eskişehir and brought back again a month or so later to empty or half empty houses. Some were then left in peace if it was considered that they were harmless. The old pastor was one of these, but the majority were sent off again. One family was returned from Eskişehir only to be taken from the train and put immediately on another train going back over the same road and beyond to Konia. The chief deacon with his brother and sister was allowed to remain seven months longer in their home and then in the middle of the night the soldiers came to tell them that they must be ready to start off again in three hours. So in the small hours of the night they went out with what they could carry in their hands, "not knowing whither they went" to stay three years in a little Turkish village not far away. Many of the families were sent off thus, two or three of them to a village, where they could be watched and could not communicate with other Armenians. Others were sent over the mountains into Syria and Mesopotamia, whence few have returned or will ever come back.

One family was allowed to stay though they had constant anxiety that they would be called next. It was the family of a well-known physician, highly respected for the skillful care that the father and the physician daughter had given for many years

to those in need. Even the Turks telegraphed to Constantinople for permission to leave the house where there were two doctors. But the family did not know that till long afterwards and the old man died soon, broken by the sufferings of his relatives and friends and the constant anxiety for his own family.

Now, since the armistice, two or three families and remnants of families come trailing back nearly every day, to find their homes empty or destroyed, and the old friends and neighbors scattered and gone. They have taken up life again as best they can. One man is a shoemaker and there is a great demand for shoes now so he is getting on well. There are plenty of industrial opportunities for mechanics and tradesmen such as most of the Armenians are and they are thrifty and industrious. They are crowding to the church. Nearly every Sunday there are Gregorians in the congregation who have come for the inspiration and comfort that they cannot find in the old Church. And how they sing! The hymns sounded as if a well-trained chorus were singing, men and women who felt the meaning of the words of hope and triumph they were saying. They looked so pitifully clean and tidy in their darned pre-war clothes or in the new and cheap (in quality, not in price!) substitutes for the good things that had been stolen from them, in the "black days."

The day before we had walked around the town. In the Armenian quarter hardly a house is left intact. Some are destroyed entirely, not one stone left upon another, and the ground on which they were built is ploughed up. But more are left half ruined, — doors and windows all gone, part of the walls broken down, — just skeletons of houses. The furnishings and personal property of the residents were taken. All the houses, even of those who were saved from the long exile, were looted. Even the daughters of the doctor mentioned above lost much of their property. Now if one is lucky and has the cash to pay, one can buy back his old possessions in the market, or from individuals who are being forced by the Entente soldiers in occupation to give up the stolen goods. One man was lucky. His piano, a valuable one, was sold first for about thirty-five

dollars. Finally after passing through several hands, it was given as a present by a Turk to an Armenian in Constantinople to whom he was under obligations. It chanced happily that this Armenian was a close friend of the man from whom it was taken at that low price. The receiver of the present returned it at once to his friend, who thus had the piano and the thirty-five dollars both! But there were few cases like that.

The church was saved. Not one thing was stolen though once the communion service was being taken away when fortunately the doctor's daughter saw it. She asked the men, "Do you know what that is?" "Of course, it is silver," they answered. "Yes, but it is a holy thing that belongs to the Church and something bad will happen to anyone who touches it," she told them. They were frightened and put it back. The property of the Girls' High School and its American teachers was put in the church for safe keeping but everybody went and looked the things over and took what he wished and dared to take. Now the English readers belonging to the school are all over the town and any pupil can buy one in the shops if he hasn't one at home. For months the Government letters were written on stationery on which was printed in Armenian, "Armenian Girls' High School."

But the marvel is how these people have rebounded. It is the Easter miracle over again. Only Christianity could give them the courage and the self-sacrifice that they are showing. This winter when the people were first returning, they met together and formed a Red Cross Society to help those among their number who needed what they could do. Representatives of both the Gregorian and Protestant communities elected an Executive Committee, the best five men they could find to whom to entrust their gifts and the management of the little hospital they determined to establish. It is interesting to note that though only about one-third of those present at this organization meeting were Protestants, they elected four Protestants and one Gregorian with a Protestant wife, a "half-Protestant," they say. And since then the whole community has given generously of money

and service. On Easter Day offerings were taken in the Churches and in two of them, a big Gregorian one and the smaller Protestant, 175 *liras* were collected, that is, with the present rate of exchange \$210.

We visited their hospital, a pathetic little place, because they are so bravely doing the best they can with their small resources. They have taken the sunny, airy second floor of an old shop building and out of their slender stores have furnished ten iron beds with mattresses and linen for them, a few pots and pans and two or three stools and tables. The representatives of the Lord Mayor's Fund who arrived in a town not far away about the first of February gave them blankets. Six doctors, themselves just returned from exile, give their services for a week at a time in turn. The nurses are all untrained but the matron is an educated woman who has a natural gift for nursing and they all give devoted service freely. An Armenian shop-keeper in Constantinople has given some instruments for less than the pre-war cost prices. The little hospital is kept spotlessly clean and the patients are doing very well.

They have started a school for their children. The deacon mentioned above had been headmaster in the Girls' High School and he and his wife, a former teacher, started a little school some two or three months ago, in their own home. They have no equipment or books except those stolen ones which the children have bought in various places in the town. In no time they had sixty children, which number increased to seventy-three before the Easter vacation. The curriculum is simple, just Armenian, English, arithmetic and singing. As soon as the projected orphanage is started in the old Girls' School dormitory, this school will be merged with the orphanage school in the big school building.

The Turks are not pleased. Their consciences are too unpleasantly active for them to enjoy seeing the people they have robbed. Now the English officer in charge of the occupation here is forcing them to give up stolen goods. They had lived rather happily on the whole with their Armenian neighbors

formerly but after the deportations which were ordered from above the return of the people they have so grossly wronged is a constant irritation. Now they say, "Next time they won't return." But they recognize clearly that they have done wrong. A year or so ago there was a rather serious fire in the business part of the city but one owner of large warehouses in the path of the fire was very calm and confident that the fire would not touch his property. On being questioned by his friends how he could remain so calm he said, "The fire won't touch *my* warehouses because there isn't a thing in them stolen from the Armenians." And it did not.

So the future is uncertain. Everything waits on the plans made in Paris. They are not even repairing their houses more than is absolutely necessary for if Adabazar is left under Turkish control the Armenians say they will leave and go to the new Armenia. But whether there in their old home or in the new Armenia that community will live for like its Master it has been crucified and risen again to new life.

Current events clubs, mission study groups, adult Bible classes, young people's societies and all the folks who read the newspapers and try to keep the thread of connection between Christian ideals and present day news will turn gratefully to the book just written by Rev. Cornelius H. Patton, D.D., Home Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. It is entitled *World Facts and America's Responsibility*. (Association Press, New York, \$1.00) and it really is what its title implies. It is the latest, most up to date study of international, interdenominational, world Christian movements. Finished since peace negotiations were entered upon, its chapters have a perspective and a world vision which no book written wholly during the war could possess.

M. L. D.

Board of the Pacific

President, MRS. E. A. EVANS

Editor, MRS. E. R. WAGNER

Home Secretary, MRS. R. C. KIRKWOOD

Editorials

Dr. George C. Raynolds, veteran missionary of Van, Turkey, under the American Board for fifty years of service, and who left there during the war broken in health so that his life was despaired of, after two months and a half in a hospital in Seattle, is now located at Kingsburg, Calif., in a colony of his beloved Armenians, many of whom were members of his flock in Turkey. He was a recent visitor at the Board Rooms, having come up to see Dr. Patton and to meet five of his Armenian friends who were arriving by steamer from the Orient, having made their way to America under the greatest of difficulties. Two were young women who come to prepare themselves as teachers, the others young men who wish to enter the university to complete their education. One of these is a boy who has stood in a very personal relation to Dr. Raynolds these many years, in some measure taking the place of the children he lacks.

Personals.

In spite of his eighty years, with returning health Dr. Raynolds' face instinctively turns toward Turkey and the poor people there who need his ministrations as never before.

The coming of Dr. Cornelius H. Patton of the American Board to San Francisco on his way to China and Japan where he will make surveys of mission work in those countries for the Interchurch World Movement, was the signal for much activity in the Bay region among Board and church circles, to say nothing of his two nieces in Berkeley who had made their wedding plans to fit the occasion of his coming.

The Woman's Board of the Pacific issued three hundred

invitations to women for the afternoon of Wednesday, May 14th, at the Palace Hotel to hear Dr. Patton on the recent developments in Turkey, while at the same place on Thursday was held a laymen's luncheon to hear him on America's opportunity in case she is made mandatory for Turkey. These addresses were in the interests of the Emergency Fund of the A. B. C. F. M. and generous pledges were made on both these occasions. Oakland First and Berkeley First had the privilege of having both Dr. Patton and Dr. Reynolds at the Sunday services.

E. S. R.

Shadows are not always dark, but are full of promise. "Coming events cast their shadows before."

Mount Hermon Federate School of Missions,
Mount Hermon, California, July 5-12, with beautiful new text-books, and an inspiring leader.

Shadows Before.

Plan now for the Annual Meeting of W. B. M. P., September 3rd, in San Francisco.

We on the Pacific Coast are beginning to see the Rainbow. We have heard of a "little rainbow" at San Jose, which was most beautifully combined with Mother and Daughter's Day. Mothers, daughters and grandmothers made the supper a family one, neighbors made it neighborly, and guests from afar inspired it with the world-wide need and call. Miss Edith Parsons of Brousa made a masterly address, reviewing the relations of the United States and Turkey. Asia Minor with its vast undeveloped resources had been coveted by every nation except the United States. She discussed possible mandatory relations, and made very vivid the great privilege before America if we rise to the opportunity. Are we individually ready to do our part that this poverty-stricken, war-torn unfortunate country may be given its chance to take an honored place among the nations?

**Help Make
the Rainbow.**

The new movement being promoted by the three Woman's Boards for conserving the enthusiasm of the young women shown in Red Cross work during the war and
 Generosity of serve our mission hospitals and dispensaries, has
 Red Cross. turning it into missionary channels, where it will
 been auspiciously inaugurated by the Board of
 the Pacific with a gift of hospital supplies valued at \$2,500
 which have been sent to the American Board hospitals in China
 and India.

This was made possible by the generosity of the Pacific Division of the American Red Cross who were interviewed by the W. B. M. P. Committee in charge of this work, and responded with a generous donation of twenty-nine cases of surgical dressings, the selection being made under the direction of Dr. Susan Tallmon-Sargent, for fourteen years our physician at Lintsing, China. The Committee were further aided by the gratuitous services of Mr. F. F. G. Harper, the shipping agent, and the remitting of freight charges by the Pacific Steamship Co. and the Robert Dollar Company who ship the cases to Shanghai.

The Board feels justly proud of these expressions of Western liberality which, though characteristic in kind, very evidently show the new valuation which has come to be placed on our missionary work in foreign countries, and hopes it is but the beginning of good things to come.

E. S. B.

Greetings from Gogoyo

Message from Mrs. John Dysart, Portuguese East Africa:

As the rising sun, casting its resplendent rays across Chitabatonga peaks and into our valley, brings promise of a new day, spurring us on with renewed courage, hope and power, so, too, the letter from the Woman's Board for the Pacific with its generous gift towards the opening of work among the women and girls of Gogoyo inspires us with renewed hope and vigor.

It means not only that a small building can be erected and a

teacher paid for a time, but it means also, and oh, how vitally important this is, that the work has found a place in your hearts and prayers. The hands at the machinery are important, but the power that sets and keeps the machinery going — what would we do without it?

Are you seeking encouragement and inspiration in order to keep this power going? Would that I could give it! In the spring while plowing his field and sowing the seed the farmer can not give any report of harvest. If he knows his soil and the seed, he might promise and he might prophecy, but he knows not the weather, so he fears to do either. But he works on hoping and rejoicing.

We know our seed, and we have fair hopes of the soil, but the weather — no weather prophet can tell us what the government might do. It does not look upon mission school with favorable eyes. But prayers have already removed "mountains" here, why not again?

We have not yet applied for permission to open a school owing to our land concession not yet being granted, but as soon as the rains are over, a surveyor is coming to put the finishing touches to the requirements, which will enable us to apply for our grant. At the same time we will send in our application for a school.

Meanwhile the seed is being sown in the hearts of those we have about us daily, and the signs of the harvest are encouraging — the first fruits are appearing. One of these, a wee little new born infant, whose mother went down into the depths and crossed the valley of the shadow of death, leaving her homeless and friendless, was brought here on the verge of starvation — the pangs of hunger refusing to be coaxed or satisfied by the stiff porridge softened by saliva in the mouth of an old wizened woman. But through Mrs. Lawrence's timely and wisely given aid, she has become a fine specimen of what love and careful nursing will do. I said that she is friendless. Her father, however, is away at the mines. But whether he fell a victim to the Spanish influenza, or is still among the living, no one seems to know.

Then, too, there is Makofa and Soniyé — both bright girls in their teens. The latter has not yet openly expressed her desire to become a Christian, but her heart is touched and, I think we can truly say she is not far from the Kingdom. Both these girls are now in our homes and give every indication of being earnest, faithful and sincere.

There are many others such as these and younger ones, who if a desire is awakened in their hearts to know something of our God, will come to our school as soon as it opens.

Some time ago when two of our evangelists were touring the district several men, who had been influenced by Christianity while away at the mines, came and asked them to take their children and bring them to the mission school as they wanted them to learn about the Christian's religion. When they heard that the missionaries had not yet arrived, and hence no school in progress, they were very much disappointed.

For these and others, we are hoping and praying and planning and their behalf, we express again our heartfelt appreciation for gifts and prayers which already are ours, and hope that they may increase as the work enlarges.

Field Correspondents

Miss Anna L. Daniels writes from Trebizond, Turkey, April 10, 1919:

I have been here just a week and I will tell you a little of our first days of real work, the kind for which we came, I mean. First let me say that mail comes from and goes to Constantinople every Friday through the British consulate office here and we are quite delighted to find it so.

It took us a few days to get our bearings and get started, though the two women doctors did make a beginning immediately to investigate buildings for a hospital, as I wrote you and one returned to Constantinople to make report and if permission was given get the hospital unit together. She has not yet returned.

Monday morning we made a beginning by going to a Greek school building near by where refugees are staying. I thought I had seen *poverty* down South or in the North End or on the East Side, but I never saw anything to equal this. I never dreamed that human beings could go around clothed in such tatters, and lack of tatters or anything in the way of clothing, as I saw here. It was a cold day and many of the feeble or sick ones or children were in bed to keep warm. Huddled together in what at first might seem to be a heap of quilts on a cement floor in one corner of a room, their few goods and chattels beside them, you would find maybe a sick mother with two children, while another child or two or three of them hovered by. In each corner of the room was a similar sight. At our heels, as we went from family to family questioning as to name, ages, home, needs, etc., would follow a train of these brown-eyed, curiously dressed and chattering people. If they weren't at our heels they were peering in at the window. We found two families who were in two days to go to their home, a six days' walk away. They had land there but no seed. We then promised corn and a spade to them.

In the case of some of the sick we ordered some one of the family to come and get either medicine or food. One woman had at the entrance a cow which her uncle had given her when she was small. Things were kept much more clean than one would have supposed. Their mats, rugs, and copper utensils were generally arranged neatly. But the worst case we found was an old grandfather with four children, aged twelve, nine, six and four. Their mother had died and been buried the day before only. Grandfather and two sick children were in bed, groaning and crying. We had the boy of twelve make a little fire outside and we made some malted milk. He built it between two bricks and had to stay on his hands and knees blowing to keep it going. We decided, if considered advisable by our assembled family, to take the children away, put them in our empty schoolroom and take care of them. The boy said the little brother was "sick nigh unto death." His face and feet

were swollen, his limbs like toothpicks and he had prolapsus of the rectum all caused by lack of food. We came home in time for dinner and after dinner we all set to work, made slips for hay mattresses, slips to enclose the blankets. We hunted through the boxes of old clothes we had and fixed up an outfit for each, consisting of shirt and drawers or union suit, flannel skirt and jacket effect, none of which fitted and made the children look grotesque but they were for bed clothes.

Tuesday morning they arrived. We had a fire going in the wash-house in the yard. Miss Voight, the nurse, and I were to get them fixed up. Miss Voight washed them in a tub set in a wooden trough so the water could run out easily. I wiped and dressed. At the same time one of our staff clipped the hair and put on bichloride of mercury, wrapping their heads in a cloth. As each was finished I wrapped him up in a red flannel kimono and carried him to the house and put him in bed. There the doctor had warm malted milk ready. Their old clothes we burned. Meanwhile somebody was making over some old trousers for the boy. His name is Constantine. One of the little girls is Sophia and the other two unpronounceable. In the three days they have picked up wonderfully. Sophia is up today and cute and bright as anything. Constantine is bright, too, and asked for paper and pencil yesterday. He wrote down Turkish words then got us to tell them in English. He has learned to count and is beginning to put words together.

Wednesday came some women who could sew and I cut out some little one-piece under garments for these children. They carried them home and will be paid for their work. Tuesday and Friday are the days the people come for help and Tuesday we had a crowd. Three hundred odd families, averaging five in each, were given money and in some cases clothes and medicine. Ten piastres, a little over ten cents may be given or a few more, as the case demands. For this they may wait all day, sitting in the yard or fighting for the next chance. It is hard to keep order with so many. Some are ill-mannered and horribly dirty and ragged and repulsive, others have seen good

days and show refinement. Little can be done for their illnesses so far, as we have no medical supplies. Some of the cases are followed up. One of us goes home with a person to see if his story is true, as, for example, a boy of twelve who was very loath to have Dr. Mitchell go home with him. Dr. Mitchell followed him down this street and up the next and the little boy went faster and got farther and farther ahead and finally when he got to a crowd at a corner he just disappeared entirely.

Yesterday we went to visit and inspect the orphanage for Armenians. They were just moving in, the Greeks having taken care of them so far. Several women, men, boys and girls were busy setting up crude wooden cots with hay mattresses and quilts. It is in a large and quite fine building which was once a French boarding school for boys. Turkish soldiers used it during the war and they left their marks. Then we went to the Turkish bath where they were to be bathed, hair clipped and newly clothed before going to their new quarters. There are about fifty of them. A pastor's wife and daughter, with a few women, will have charge and they seem quite competent. We will help them with clothes and money and we gave them some of our furniture from the kindergarten as a loan.

Dr. Ryan meanwhile is at work with men and boys who can and will work, Armenians and Greeks, at cleaning up. First, the yard, then the grounds, then the street in front, an alley or two and now around the hospital which we hope to have, also the cemetery. Then men lug away the trash in big baskets on their backs to a pile where it is afterward buried. He has had twelve carcasses of horses buried and this order made the men open their eyes till they nearly popped out. He ordered a Turkish woman to clean up her yard and she went to work quickly with her handleless broom.

Every night at nine the Turkish watchman begins his beat. We know it because he beats at the gate with his metal pointed can, the hour. It is so many hours from sun down. The time is reckoned by sunset and sunrise and at noon a cannon goes off. Since we have been here three girls have been gotten away from

Turkish families. The last one ran away, a child of twelve and smileless.

There is a minaret in sight of one of our windows and five times daily the priest comes out and gives the call to prayer.

Our hope of a trip to Ordoo or Keresoon to look around for prospects of orphanage work is not given up yet. We simply have to wait for a boat. Going by land is quite out of the question. There is great need in those two towns and they are asking for us. We can't gather the children together till we have something to put on them and for them to sleep on. We can't have those till we get some materials from Constantinople. And when we get that the things must be made. But there is enough to do here for the present, getting our hand in under the tutelage of those who already know the ropes.

Miss Petersen, in charge of an Armenian orphanage at Harpoot, supported by Danish funds, writes to Relief Commission:

Would it be possible for me to buy from your supplies stuff for dresses and underclothing for the children? They are almost in a worse condition than the children outside. I have been so ashamed to have them going around in rags! I have a few sick children I would like to give over to your care when you come. It has been a dreadful time — we could not get the most common of needed medicines in any of the pharmacies. I hope you will bring some tooth-brushes, thread, garters, etc. Please come soon!

Letter from Nurse Sarra of Harpoot to Dr. Parmelee:

What great joy it is to hear from you! Our hearts are filled with gratitude to God for returning to us such consecrated and priceless spirits as yourselves and for separating them but a short time from us. We are thankful that God allowed us to have but little trouble, and grateful that not only our friends are returning but other noble persons have joined their group. The harvest is truly great, the reapers, also, must be many.

Poor Miss Jacobsen runs from morn till eve, and sometimes loses sleep at night, in order to accomplish all her tasks. In the

last two months she has lost twelve pounds and has grown pale, working incessantly, with but little rest. One minute she is here at the infirmary; the next at the sick bed of a child in an orphanage; another minute she is comforting a wailing orphan in the street; the next minute she is at the cloth factory, bidding the weavers hasten, in order to clothe the thousands of shivering ones; then to the wool-shop to rebuke the slow hands and order that yarn be more quickly prepared for sweaters and bloomers; now, a call to the operating table to lance an abscess or give chloroform for drastic treatment of "scald-head"; then she runs to prepare food and beds for the many American workers whom she joyfully expects. Come now to the office, filled to the door with half-clothed orphans, — for one she cuts out a shirt; for another bloomers; for a third, a dress; to the fourth she fits a sweater — thus filling each one's need, she bids them go, with a sweet smile.

When a telegram or letter comes, Miss Jacobsen rejoices and gladdens our hearts, too. For two months we have been counting days and minutes impatiently after each telegram until later news comes to postpone our hopes. Many times have we watched the two roads on the plain, to see whether, perchance, any specks are rapidly moving toward us, but in vain!

My work is hardly worth mentioning. I have cared for ten confinement cases — most of them all by myself. I am working in the infirmary where we care for the sick orphans. We have sometimes had over forty patients. Fortunately most of them recover. We long for the day when we can have an equipped hospital, because we have almost nothing with which to work. Please extend my best wishes to all your "Armenian-loving" companions.

Miss Annie L. Kentfield writes from Dionghoh of the Bible Women's work as she has been observing it since joining the Foochow Mission in 1918:

Sitting with a teacher for five hours a day and imitating those combinations of sounds that make up the Foochow dialect, —

this has been my work since I arrived in Foochow on November seventh. But observing the work of others has been so interesting that I am going to pass on a few glimpses of what is being done in Dionghloh as I have seen it.

First, we will spend an afternoon with the Bible Woman, Mrs. Hu. She goes first to the home of one of the wealthiest families in the town, the Ding family. Mrs. Ding is teaching her children to read in the beautiful garden. She is not a Christian but is interested in Christianity and Mr. Ding has been to church several times. They cordially receive Mrs. Hu, serve tea around the little stone table and then become interested in the stories about the Bible pictures she has brought along. The little boy can point out Jesus healing the sick man of the palsy, and remembers other stories of Christ's healing. Mr. Ding joins his family and listens attentively to these stories of the "Jesus doctrine," now and then putting in a question.

We go from there to a house where in a dark inner room three women are spinning on cumbrous hand looms. They spin all day, they say, for ten cents. One leaves her work long enough to bring chairs and then while feet and fingers fly Mrs. Hu asks them if they remember what she has taught them about Jesus. Yes, they remember and want to hear more. At the end of the story they eagerly entreat her to come often and tell them about this Man who was a friend of the poor.

As we go down a narrow street a ragged slave girl is emptying a dustpan at the door of a large house. Mrs. Hu whispers, "I don't know these people, but the Spirit tells me to enter." So she sends the girl scurrying away to call her mistress, who soon comes to invite us into her reception room. All the women of the house come to see the strangers and what a pitiful sight they are, with their painted cheeks, tiny bound feet and empty faces as they sit and puff on their long pipes! The conversation naturally turns upon this queer foreigner with the strange clothes. Mrs. Hu seizes her opportunity to tell them of the Christ whose love is so great that these people have come all the way from America to tell about it. Before she leaves, she promises to come again

and tell them more about that Name which they have never heard before.

We had started for the house across the street. Here we find a bright eager little woman whose little girl has just entered our girls' school. But there on their pedestals are the idols with the incense burning before them.

"Have the idols ever helped you, ever done you any good?" asked Mrs. Hu.

"Oh, yes, I suppose so," comes the indifferent answer.

Then follows an earnest talk on the futility of idol worship and the nature of the true God.

On the way home Mrs. Hu stops to comfort with Christian hope a mother who has just lost a daughter; to reprimand a group of women who are gambling; and here and there to greet a Christian or a learner. Everywhere she is gladly welcomed and in every home she witnesses for Christ.

Now come to our kindergarten room on Sunday morning. The narrow backless benches are lined with children from four to eight years old,— eighty or ninety of them, — while the windows and doors are crowded with men from the street. While the children sing, "Jesus Loves Me," and fold their little hands in prayer; I'm sure a little goes over to those listening outside, and that the children carry to their heathen homes not only the precious picture postcard, but the lesson of the Sunday School as well.

Sunday afternoon we shall go to Half-Wild Village where the Christian work is just opening up at the request of a leading man of the town. The small organ which a man has brought on his back, is set down in the street and the little band of missionaries and teachers from Diongloh start a favorite hymn. Of course a crowd gathers and then someone invites them to enter the house, where, in the large reception room, without chairs and with a pile of straw in one corner, a service is held. Water Gold, our charming little kindergartner, tells the story to the children, illustrating it with a large colored picture, and one of the missionaries or teachers gives a simple talk to the adults and offers

a prayer. The same people come Sunday after Sunday and attend the services with remarkable reverence.

It was quite a surprise when first we entertained the Woman's Home Missionary Society to learn that we must prepare tea and cakes for fifty people. And most of them came, too! They didn't bring their knitting, but one brought bamboo hats to weave, and several brought their babies.

The opportunities for Bible Women's work, work with children, and street and chapel preaching are very great. Two Bible Women cannot begin to visit all the homes in a town of thirty thousand inhabitants. Had we the workers we could have at least four Sunday Schools like the one at our kindergarten, and all around us are towns like Half-Wild Village where there is no Sunday service because our workers are already overburdened with the care of other towns. But our schools are preparing the future workers, and the churches are taking increased responsibility for their support. To one just coming to the field the outlook is most encouraging and offers ample opportunity for service.

From personal letters of Rev. Emmons E. White of the Madura Mission, we are permitted to use the following:

Last January the Mission voted that Mrs. White and I reside in the mission bungalow in Tirumangalam, where I am now writing this. Tirumangalam is a little town of a few thousand people, located twelve or thirteen miles southwest of Madura on the railroad running from Madura to Tuticorin. On this compound there is, besides the church, a boarding school in which are more than sixty boys and girls. These children come for a common-school education from several neighboring villages where there are churches or congregations of Christians. If you could see their bright faces and compare them with those of Mohammedan or Hindu children's faces as they pass you on the streets here, you would need no further proof of the value—the *supreme worthwhileness*—of mission work in India. Honestly, I do not easily love other persons besides my nearest friends—*i.e.*, with real warmth of feeling, but I have come to love these

boys and girls and to desire mightily to give them the very best I have got— of education, of Christian good fun and fellowship and training in religion and character. So may Tamil take deep root in my mental make-up, and you pray for me, my friends, that I may be privileged to get close to the heart of the Indian.

Of course there is plenty of work to do in all our mission districts, so that wherever Mrs. White and I are sent we can be used for much good. Our mission is divided roughly into five councils, or areas of work. These are: the North, the Central, the South, the East and the West councils. Tirumangalam and Madura are centers for our work in the Central council, Palni for the North, Aruppkottai for the South, Manamadura for the East and Battlagundu for the West. Mr. Elwood and Mr. Martin are in the North, Mr. Jeffery in the South, Mr. Vaughn in the East, Dr. Tracy and Mr. Matthews in the West, while there is no one in charge of the central work of the district, whose center is properly here. That means that in that Council territory, where about a quarter of the Mission's native population live, there is only one man to each of these! I admit that, but wish to point to the fact that, under present policy of work, only one man to a district is financially responsible and practically in charge of the work of that district. These districts are, comparatively speaking, fairly well under management. In the West council section, on the other hand, Mr. Matthews lives at Battlagundu and is able to do good work right around there, but unable to reach easily the masses of people located southwest of him in Kumbum Valley region. It is at a strategic point in that region that the Mission hopes some day to be able to build a bungalow and station a district missionary. This strategic point is in the village called Virapandy.

(To be concluded)

Prayer
at Noontide



Encircling
the Earth

AROUND THE COUNCIL TABLE WITH OUR PRESIDENT

God's Investment Hour

(Concluded from the May Number)

The briefly stated facts in the May issue, as well as those which follow, are meant to be suggestive for current events in the missionary meeting, not simply in that of the auxiliary, but also in the general mid-week service.

May they not also serve for "light" missionary reading as friend sits with friend on the porch, one with her work, the other staged to read aloud? In the latter situation I can fancy a small group discussing one point and another. "Is that true?" "Why does not the church provide enough teachers?" And then the expected debate on Good Turks versus Bad Turks. It might be stimulating. Some one is sure to exclaim, "I never realized that before!"

Every American missionary is unconsciously a representative of American trade.

If I were an American business man I would see that every American missionary in China was supplied at least once a year with a copy of my latest catalogue.

There are about 2,400,000 blind people in the world. Egypt leads all other nations.

The poverty of the world is so great that 500,000,000 of our race sleep on dirt floors.

The solution of all material reconstruction in Africa is a land solution.

Agricultural missionaries are increasingly noticeable in Board lists.

Abyssinia is awaking religiously, the original cause being the Bible put out by the British and Foreign Bible Society.

About 500 new Abyssinian Christians have organized themselves as teachers to instruct children in the Scriptures.

Eastern Maine Branch

The Eastern Maine Branch met May 23 in Belfast, Maine, for its twentieth annual meeting. Miss Estella L. Coe and Miss Kyle were the speakers. The Branch reports were very encouraging and showed an increase in interest and a substantial gain in the treasury. The treasurer, Mrs. J. G. Denio of Bangor, spoke of the fact that several of the smaller churches which had never before contributed to the Woman's Board had this year met their apportionment.

Mrs. George H. Eaton of Calais, who has served the Branch as president since its separation from Western Maine in 1899, felt that she must this year decline re-election. Her resignation was regretfully accepted and the following resolutions heartily adopted:

"On the occasion of the retirement of our beloved President, Mrs. George H. Eaton, I wish to move that resolutions of regret and appreciation be passed by the members of the Eastern Maine Branch of the Woman's Board of Missions.

We have enjoyed the privilege of Mrs. Eaton's leadership since the formation of the Branch, twenty years ago, and to her we owe more than to any other the development of our present organization.

Beginning the work in an untried field, when the Maine Branch was, in December, 1899, divided into the Western and Eastern Branches, and taking in what may well be called the home missionary half of the State—the churches themselves being largely dependent upon home missionary support—and with the handicap of great distances, and meagre and inadequate facilities for travel, she has yet succeeded in holding the Branch together in interest and efficiency to a marked degree. Her unswerving loyalty to the best interests of the Woman's Board, her earnest purpose, as seen in our executive meetings, her generosity, and her trust in her officers, have always been a source of inspiration and encouragement.

Therefore be it resolved: That we accept with sincere regret Mrs.

Eaton's resignation, hoping that notwithstanding her withdrawal from the active executive work she will still be a power among us through her sympathy and wisdom.

Resolved: That this resolution be spread upon the records of this meeting, and a copy presented to Mrs. Eaton as a reminder of the esteem and affection of the Eastern Maine Branch.

Mrs. David N. Beach of Bangor succeeds Mrs. Eaton and will enlist the loyal support of the constituency. L. E. J.

Junior Department

A Young Woman's Church Club

By Florence Westerfield

Young People's Secretary of the New Jersey Branch

The following is an extract from an address given by Mrs. Westerfield at the Conference for the leaders of the New Jersey Branch. We believe it will be suggestive to many of our leaders, especially to those who are concerned with young women's work. Not all Conquest Campaign groups would wish to handle the Influence and Money sections in just this way—many will prefer to include under the duties of the Influence Committee the features which were originally planned for it and to keep the foreign investments completely under the direction of the Money Committee, though relating all four branches to each other. This plan, however, as Mrs. Westerfield has described it, is a good example of the successful carrying out of the Program in an individual church and its strong influence on the young women by whom it is truly adopted. R. I. S.

About five of us who had heard Miss Preston, were ready to form a church club. We decided to draw lots for the chairmanship of the five Conquest Campaign committees, prayer, intelligence, finance, influence and hand work, with the understanding that each of us was responsible for presenting plans October 1st, to a gathering of young women between the ages of twenty and thirty in our church neighborhood. The summer would give us time to form our committees and to make ourselves familiar with the subject in hand.

We drew lots and Jane, who had been perhaps the most thoughtless of any of us, drew the word "prayer." It happened that Jane had never thought about prayer in connection with her social chums. However she started by reading her Gospel over, with special attention to Jesus' prayers. She found them a preparation for action, which she applied to her own case. She

found in a book store a book of prayers for girls by Margaret Slattery, which she bought because she had once heard her speak; and she bought also the "Meaning of Prayer," because so many references had been made to it in a Lenten class she had attended. Jane obtained a good deal from these books personally. Prayer as a listening to God as to what He would have us do, and as a tuning of ourselves to be an instrument used by God's hand, were inspiring thoughts to Jane. Now, how to pray for missions? She decided to write down first what she thought possible and desirable for this group of girls.

1. She wanted the club to inspire the girls' expression of friendship to each other.

2. She thought it should be a kind of home service league to the missionaries at the front.

3. She thought they could find work to do in the church, handing on to the children some of the fruits of their own experience.

Now what did these desires require of her personally? She was rather amazed when she realized she must know *all* the girls, know *some* of the missionaries at least, and know what was needed most by the children of their church. Suddenly Jane realized this meant intelligence,—she would go to Hilda.

Hilda was a college girl and knew how to go about things. She had heard of Northfield summer camps for mission study, so she went to the Woman's Society of her church and asked if they would send her to Northfield for two weeks, paying thirty dollars toward her expenses. The senior society had been "Conquest Campaigning" also, so they decided to take this financial venture for the use of their church young women. So it was that Hilda was filled with information and enthusiasm from Northfield when Jane came to her. "Know any missionaries and special needs to pray for? Indeed I do. I've made a list of special needs in special fields, and here are prayer calendars with the names and occupations of our home and foreign workers."

But when the girls came to Jane's third point, intelligence about the needs of their own church, they sobered a bit. "I

wonder if Mrs. Brown, our Junior Lookout could tell us. Maybe that's what she's for, to find Sunday School teachers and someone to be interested in young people's work."

Before they went to Mrs. Brown, they turned back to Jane's first point. And Hilda said, "Why, to find out each girl's needs it just means coming together in friendly fashion, doesn't it? Why couldn't we do some hand work? That means Alice."

Alice had been active in Red Cross work and had found by inquiry that all the refugee garments were equally acceptable in mission fields, not reached by the Greatest Mother in the World. Baby clothes wouldn't require much material and would be pleasant sewing. Some of the girls could knit and if any were more interested in brain work they could provide the intelligence end of the program. But suddenly Alice faced the question of how to finance the buying of material. She must call up the finance committee of course.

Alice found Helen had started with a budget calling for \$100. Not because Helen saw just where the money was to come from, but because it was an easy sum to work with. There were two ways of getting the money, giving an entertainment, or pledging the money themselves. The latter appealed to her, as to Alice, because then they might have money in hand to start with, while the entertainment might require more time and effort than they were free to give. If they had twenty-five members, each must be responsible for \$4. and as some girls were supporting themselves and could perhaps give \$1. each, the other girls must give more. The sum could be earned or donated by anyone interested. If she had \$100. then Helen would give:

- \$30. to Alice for flannel, nainsook and wool and diapering.
- \$30. to Hilda for buying books and speakers' traveling expenses.
- \$30. to Ruth for influence.
- \$10. for a balance on hand.

Just what did Ruth mean to do with thirty dollars' worth of influence Helen wondered, so she went to see Ruth, whom she found with two puckers in her forehead, and in front of her pencil, paper, Bible and dictionary. On the paper was written

influence-magnetization. "How could their girls' club magnetize others with joy in missionary endeavor?"

Ruth had been thinking about Christ and the disciples. What magnetized those disciples? The example of Christ. Then the personal behaviour of the girls themselves and the way they measured up to the deeds of the good Samaritan, was one way they might influence. Christ taught more by his life than what he said, or his words were of value because He lived what he taught.

Ruth said, "There must be visiting the members who are ill, and sympathy shown any member who is in trouble, by the right kind of an influence committee. And as to who our own disciples are to be, who, if not the children of our church? Wasn't being a Sunday School teacher an opportunity to magnetize?"

The girls began to see their task in clearer vision, extending from their own small circle to the great circle included in the message "Go ye unto all nations, preaching the good tidings and teaching them whatsoever things I have commanded you." But how did Christ continue his enthusiasm and magnetism, — even in spite of great discouragement? By keeping in constant communion with the Father. Then prayer was necessary in all things, — the girls had made a complete circle and were back at the point where Jane had started.

The five chairmen next called on Mrs. Brown, the Junior Lookout, to ascertain the way the club might be helpful to their own church. It seems that their church had the custom of a young people's communal meal held Sunday nights at six o'clock where a simple "sit-down" supper was served for ten cents per person. The service following was held as they sat at table. As the attendants at these meetings were high school girls and boys, Mrs. Brown wanted the chairmen of the committees to be older young people, and suggested the young married people of the church. Did the new club think they could supply chairmen of telephone, hostess, supper and missionary committees for the following year?

The telephone committee would express regret to absentees

that they had not been present. The hostess committee would be ready to greet the boys and girls as they trooped in to the community house to supper. The supper committee might simplify a large task by an endless chain idea, each week the committee to appoint one for the following week, the Girls' Club standing behind them.

The missionary committee would provide a speaker once a month who would describe objects for gifts of money derived from entertainments given by a committee formed of the young people themselves with Mrs. Brown. The five girls agreed to try this co-operation.

What were the results of this Club at the end of the year? A Good Samaritan Club had been formed of twenty-five members which had increased to thirty-five during the year. Meetings were held the 15th of each month alternating afternoon and evening meetings. Nearly perfect attendance was secured by the influence committee. To write a personal letter to a missionary was required of any absentee.

The pledge system raised \$100; ten gave \$1. each, ten gave \$5. each, five gave \$8. each. A chapter of one of the two study books was given at each meeting.

One subscription was given to the *World Outlook* at \$1.50, each copy to be handed from member to member and carefully read.

Two complete infant's wardrobes were made, one sent to a missionary's wife in Idaho, where the family income was \$600 a year for six people.

Each member was handed a memorandum at each meeting for her individual prayer during that month, a missionary, a field, and the special needs. Prayer was offered at each meeting by a member of the prayer committee. Each member had read "The Meaning of Prayer." Two speakers were heard during the year, one from the home field, one from the foreign. Five dollars were paid to each to cover expenses. The Intelligence Committee had eighteen dollars left to send Alice to Northfield preparatory to her starting a mission band in the fall.

Letters had been received from Miss Wheeler in India, from Miss McClure in China and from the missionary's wife in Idaho.

The Influence Committee reported:

\$5.00 spent on gifts to members who were ill.
 \$5.00 " " May Festival for children of New Jersey.
 \$5.00 " " Christmas gifts for colored peoples' mission.
 \$5.00 " " Porto Rico hospital.
 \$5.00 " " Madura Hospital in India.
 \$5.00 in reserve.

Then the balance in hand proved \$13.00 as the new members had raised the general fund somewhat. It was voted to keep a balance of \$5. on hand and to divide the surplus between the Schaufler School at Cleveland and Miss Wheeler's salary.

What brought about these results? Five girls, — five girls, inspired, enthusiastic and purposeful.

Miss Pauline Jeffery of Madura sends this extract from a letter of a former Capron Hall pupil, showing the influence of these high school girls in their villages:

"One day we went to a place named Ramarajapuran and preached the gospel there; even the low caste people say that their relatives won't touch them or speak to them if they become Christians. While we were speaking, there came a high caste man, and after listening for some time he said, 'What, are you about to make these *pariahs*, these slaves, our equals?' Now they call us, 'Swami, Swami' (God, God), and respect us as their lords, and if they become Christians they will wear shirts and jackets and they won't mind us, but will try to be like ourselves."

He also spoke very proudly of his riches; (of course he is a very rich man). Then I told him the story of the rich man and Lazarus, saying that there is no use in accumulating riches. Again he asked, 'Is your Christ higher than our *Peruman* (great man)?' At once we showed him a printed booklet in which was written: 'Jesus, *Peruman* (Jesus, the great one, or 'Lord), and said, '*Peruman* is the same God we speak about to you.' The man went away without saying another word."

Woman's Board of Missions

MRS. FRANK GAYLORD COOK, *Treasurer*

Receipts, May 1—31, 1919

Friend, 200; Friend, 5, 205 00

MAINE

Eastern Branch.—Mrs. J. Gertrude Denio, Treas., 347 Hammond St., Bangor. Friend, 30, Bangor, All Souls' Ch., Woman's Assoc., 142.49, Jr. Aux., 25, Hammond St. Ch., 12.62, S. S., 1, Prim. S. S., 2; Bangor, East, Ladies' Sewing Cir., 3; Bar Harbor, W. M. S., 7.75, C. R., 13.57; Belfast, First Ch., Women, 9, Girls' Club, O. J. S., 2; Brewer, South, Ch., 5; Brooks, Ch., 1; Bucksport, Elm St. Ch., Ladies' Benev. Soc., 5, S. S., 5, Good Bird Club, 1.25; Burlington, Ch., 5; Dexter, Aux., 8, S. S., 2; Eastport, Woman's Assoc., 3; Ellsworth Falls, Ch., 1; Fort Fairfield, Ch., 7; Hampden, Ch., 20; Houlton, Woman's Miss. Union, 25; Island Falls, Emerson Class, 7; Jackman, Ch., 2; Lincoln, Ch., 5; Machiasport, Ch., 3; Millbridge, Ch., 1; Millinocket, Ladies' Aid, 5; Monson, Ch., 1; Otter Creek, Aux., 10, M. B., 8.50; Patten, Ch., Women, 3; Portage, Ch., 1; Princeton, Ch., 5; Robbinston, Ch., 1; Rockland, Ch., Women, 18, Pagoda Mission, 25; Searsport, First Ch., W. M. S., 8; Stockton Springs, Ch., 1; Thorndike, Ch., 1; Veazie, Ch., 3, 445 18

Western Maine Branch.—Miss Annie F. Bailey, Treas., 132 Chadwick St., Portland. Alfred, Ladies' Union, 10; Brunswick, Aux., 90; Fryeburg, Aux., 15; Portland, State St. Ch., Aux., 315.80, Prim. S. S., 6.30, Evening Guild, 10, Wiliston Ch., Aux., 66.50, Cov. Dau., 125; Winslow, Aux., 6; West Falmouth, Aux., 3.50; York, Aux., 15, 663 10

Total, 1,108 28

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Exeter.—Mr. Charles S. Bates, 400 00
New Hampshire Branch.—Mrs. Jennie Stevens Locke, Treas., 21 South Spring St., Concord. Int., 50; Friend, 32; Brookline, Aux., 12.03; Durham, W. F. M. S., 52; Errol, Ch., 51 cts.; Gilsom, Ch., Women, 4, Jr.

Girls, 2; Jaffrey, East, F. M. S. (25 of wh. to const. L. M., Mrs. Jennie M. Sawyer), 40; Lebanon, West, S. S., 10; Milton, Miss. Soc., 5; Nashua, Pilgrim Ch., Ladies' Eve. Miss. Soc., 17; Newmarket, Ch., 8.40; Portsmouth, North Ch., Aux., 62; Warner, S. S., 15, 309 94

Total, 709 94

VERMONT

Vermont Branch.—Miss May E. Manley, Treas., Pittsford. Rutland, Miss S. E. Farmer, 1; South Fairlee, Mrs. Mary E. Child, 1, 2 00

MASSACHUSETTS

Andover and Woburn Branch.—Miss Minnie C. Messenger, Treas., 24 Ashland St., Melrose Highlands. Lawrence, Trinity Ch., Miss. Cir., 50; Lowell, Kirk St. Ch., Woman's Assoc., 62.50; Medford, Mystic Ch., Jr. Comrades, 20; Medford, South, Union Ch., Aux., 10; Medford, West, Mission Travel Club, 18; Melrose, Woman's Union, 65, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; Melrose Highlands, Woman's League, Mrs. Amelia S. Loring, 5; Winchester, First Ch., Miss. Union, 175, Girls' Miss. Soc. and Boys' Crusaders Club, 25, 435 50

Barnstable Association.—Mrs. Charles A. Davis, Acting Treas., South Dennis. Sandwich Aux., 16.80; South Dennis, Ch., 5.29, Aux., 1; Vineyard Haven, Mrs. Mary C. Edwards, 3, 26 09

Berkshire Branch.—Miss Mabel A. Rice, Treas., 118 Bradford St., Pittsfield. Adams, Northfield Corner Ch., 1; North Adams, First Ch., S. S., 15; Pittsfield, South Ch., Aux., 50, 66 00

Essex North Branch.—Mrs. Leonard H. Noyes, Treas., 15 Columbus Ave., Haverhill. Amesbury, Union Ch., Aux., 32; Haverhill, Bradford Ch., Parish Cir., 10, C. R., 7.84; Newbury, First Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; Newburyport, Belleville Ch., 24.42, 79 26

Essex South Branch.—Mrs. Lawrence Perkins, Jr., Treas., 27 Chase St., Danvers. Beverly, Dane St. Ch., Aux., Len. Off.,

- 18, Second Ch., Prim. S. S., 5; Jr. C. E. Soc., 2.50; Danvers, Maple St. Ch., Aux. (Tuesday Club, 10), 130.75; Gloucester, Trinity Ch., Aux., Len. Off., 165.76; Ipswich, Union Ch., Aux., 62.20; Lynn, First Ch., Aux., 5, North Ch., Aux., 75.60. Dau. of Cov., 10; Marblehead, Aux., 39.92, Troop 1, Girl Scouts, 30; Peabody, South, Mrs. Miller's S. S. Cl., 5; Salem, Mrs. T. T. Munger, 200. Tabernacle Ch., Pro Christo Soc., 10; Swampscott, First Ch., Aux., Len. Off., 14, 773 73
- Franklin County Branch.*—Miss J. Kate Oakman, Treas., 473 Main St., Greenfield. Buckland, Aux., 40.40; Conway, Aux., 33; Deerfield, Aux., 26.79; Deerfield, South, Aux., 23.07, Prim. S. S., 2.75; Erving, Ch., 10; Greenfield, First Ch., 10, Aux., 31.60, Second Ch., Aux. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. William P. Perry), 82.50, S. S., 10, C. E. Soc., 10; Montague, Aux., 21; Millers Falls, Aux., 10; Northfield, Aux., 131, Prim. S. S., 5; Orange, Aux. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. Harold Lamb), 71, Light Bearers, 5; Shelburne, Aux., 79.70; Shelburne Falls, Aux., 83; Sunderland, Aux., 39; Whately, Aux., 10, Benev. Soc., 10, 744 81
- Hampshire County Branch.*—Miss Harriet J. Kneeland, Treas., 8 Paradise Road, Northampton. Friend, 6; Y. P. Societies, 12; Amherst, Twentieth Century Club, 64.50; Amherst, North, Aux., 6; Chesterfield, 35; Cummington, Mrs. Lucretia B. Dyer, 1; Easthampton, Aux., 62.43; Dau. of Cov., 8.50; Enfield, Aux., 41.66; Florence, Aux., 70; Granby, Aux. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. Charles E. Smith), 40; Hadley, Aux., 85; Hadley, North, Constance Hill, 1.50; Hadley, South, Aux. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. A. T. Buckhout), 127.27; Hatfield, Aux. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. Albert P. Watson), 125; Haydenville, Aux., 30; Northampton, Edwards Ch., Aloha Guild, 50, First Ch., 300, Jr. C. E. Soc., 2; Southampton, Aux. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. Atkins), 100; Williamsburg, C. E. Soc., 4.50, 1,172 36
- Malden.*—First Ch., Friend, 50 00
- Middlesex Branch.*—Mrs. Walter S. Fitch, Treas., 13 Dennison Ave., Framingham. Framingham, Mrs. Lena M. Parsons, 5, Grace Ch., Friend, 15, Aux., 75.32; Plymouth Ch., Schneider Band, 12; West Medway, Second Ch., Ladies' Soc., 3, 110 32
- Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch.*—Mrs. Elijah Ball, Treas., 136 Marlborough St., Wollaston. Bridgewater, East, O. J. S., 3; Campello, Miss Leonard, 15; Cohasset, Aux., 11; Kingston, Sophia Lewis, 1; Sharon, Aux., 19.92; Stoughton, Aux., 27, Prim.-Jr. Dept. S. S., 10; Weymouth Heights, First Ch., S. S., Light Bearers, 7, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; Weymouth, North, Pilgrim Ch., S. S., 5; Weymouth, South, Old South Union Ch., Aux., 18.42; Wollaston, S. S., 2, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5, 129 34
- North Wilbraham.*—H. W. Cutler, 100 00
- Old Colony Branch.*—Mrs. Howard Lthrop, Treas., 3320 North Main St., Fall River. Attleboro. Jr. M. C., 5; Fall River, Y. W. M. S., 18.25, Central Ch., C. E. Soc., 5; Mattapoisett, S. S., 20; Middleboro, North, Aux., 18; Somerset, Aux., 12, Pomegranate Band, 6; Taunton, Broadway Ch., Aux., 77.17, Winslow Ch., W. M. S., 30.50; Westport, Pacific Union Ch., 4, 195 92
- Springfield Branch.*—Mrs. Mary H. Mitchell, Treas., 1078 Worthington St., Springfield. Off. at Y. P. Rally, 11.22; Brimfield, Aux., 40; Holyoke, Grace Ch., S. S., 10; Southwick, Aux. (with prev. contri. to const. L. M. Mrs. Wm. F. Fletcher), 15, Union C. E. Soc., 5; Springfield, Mrs. Frank Beebe, 15, First Ch., Woman's Assoc., 35, Hope Ch., Aux., 83.60, Olivet Ch., Golden Link Soc., 35; Wilbraham, Federated Ch., Aux., 14, 263 82
- Suffolk Branch.*—Miss Margaret D. Adams, Treas., 1908 Beacon St., Coolidge Corner Branch, Boston. Allston, Woman's Assoc., For. Miss. Dept., 50; Auburndale, Aux., 25; Boston, Miss Florence E. Burdett, 2, Miss Anna S. Wilkins, 1, Dudley St. Baptist Ch., Miss Edmands' Class, 6.59, Old South Ch., Aux., 25; Boston, East, Baker Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; Boston, South, Phillips Church,

Jr. C. E. Soc., 10, Phillips Chapel, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; Brighton, Mrs. William H. Monroe, 5; Brookline, Mrs. G. E. Adams, 5, Mrs. Herbert J. Keith, 15, Mrs. E. A. Slack, 2, Mrs. W. S. Youngman, 10, Harvard Ch., M. B., 75, Leyden Ch., Aux., 150; Cambridge, Pilgrim Ch., S. S., Prim. Dept., 10, Prospect St. Ch., Woman's Guild, Miss Adeline A. Douglass, 100; Chelsea, Central Ch., Women Workers, 15, First Ch., Floral M. C., 16.50; Dorchester, Central Ch., Aux. (Add'l Len. Off., 1), 36.50, Dau. of Cov., 10; Pilgrim Ch., Aux. (Len. Off., 42.10), 64.75, Second Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 7.50; Hyde Park, First Ch., 15, Aux., 159, M. B. 20; Jamaica Plain, Boylston Ch., W. F. M. S., 40; Mattapan, Miss Josephine K. Wight, 2; Medfield, Second Ch., Aux., 20; Needham, Maina Sukha Dendo Kai, 25, H. H. Club, 8; Neponset, Trinity Ch., Stone Aux. (Len. Off., 32.30), 35.80, S. S., Jr. Dept., 10.50, Prim. Dept., 4.78; Newton, Miss Esther F. Wilder, 25, Miss Margaret G. Wilder, 25, Eliot Ch., Woman's Assoc., Mrs. and Miss Jennison, 5, Eliot Helpers, 8; Newton Centre, Mrs. J. M. W. Hall, 10, First Ch., Sunshine Soc., 61.50; Newton Highlands, Aux., 30; Norwood, Ch., 30; Roxbury, Mrs. Frances W. Nichols, 20, Mrs. I. C. Stone, 10, Eliot Ch., Aux., 200, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5, Highland Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 10, Imm-Walnut Ave. Ch., Y. L. M. S., 75; Roxbury, West Woman's Union, 179.53, Sunshine Aux., 30; Somerville, Prospect Hill Ch., M. B., 7.50; Somerville, West, Jr. C. E. Soc., M. B., 5; Walpole, Jr. C. E. Soc., 11.02, Waltham, King's Messengers, 20; Watertown, Phillips Ch., Woman's Assoc., 165, S. S., Prim. Dept., 2.81; Welleslev Hills, Aux., Add'l Easter Off., 65.80, Ch. School, 10; Winthrop, Union Ch., W. M. S., 10, 2,013 08

Worcester County Branch.—Miss Sara T. Southwick, Treas., 144 Pleasant St., Worcester. Athol, King's Messenger's, 10; Leominster, Pro Christo Soc., 75.50, C. E. Soc., 5; Northbridge, Rockdale Ch., Worth White Club, 6; Spencer, S. S., Jr. Dept., 14.46, Kinder., 3.12; Webster, Friend, 100, Aux., 45; West Brookfield, Ch., 22.50; West Boylston, Ch., 25; Whitinsville, Aux., 65; Winch-

endon, Aux., 48.86; Worcester, Friend, 375, Bethany Ch., Aux., 22.50, Hope Ch., Aux., 15, Jr. C. E. Soc., 1, Lake View Ch., 15, Plymouth Ch., Jr. Dept., S. S., 1.19, Little Light Bearers, 15.72, Union Ch., Woman's Assoc., 50, 915 85

Total, 7,076 08

RHODE ISLAND

Rhode Island Branch.—Miss Grace P. Chapin, Treas., 150 Meeting St., Providence, L. N., 50; Bristol, First Ch., S. S., 4; Pawtucket, Mrs. Emma B. Evans, 5, Mrs. Lyman B. Goff, 25, Miss Martha I. Kent, 5, Darlington Ch., S. S., Prim. Dept., 8, 97 00

CONNECTICUT

Eastern Connecticut Branch.—Miss Anna C. Learned, Treas., 255 Hempstead St., New London. Int. Martha Strong Harris Fund, 100; Off. at Children's Rally, 3; Abington, Aux. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. James McIntosh), 86.19; Bozrah, Aux. (to const. L. M. Mrs. Lucretia H. Lathrop), 25; Brooklyn, Aux., 18, Constant Workers M. C., 7; Canterbury, Aux., 5; Chaplin, Aux. (to const. L. M., Miss Lucy Griggs), 25; Colchester, Friend, 7, Boys' M. B., 5, C. R. 3; East Woodstock, Clover Cir., 12.75; Greenville, Aux., 43.45; Groton, Aux., Add'l Easter Off., 5; Hanover, Aux., 133; C. E. Soc., 10, Jr. C. E. Soc., 10, S. S., 5, Young Crusaders' Jr. Aux., 15; Jewett City, Aux. (Easter Off., 7), 17, C. R., 2; Lebanon, Aux. (Easter Off., 5), 10, Liberty Hill Ch., C. E. Soc., 1; Ledyard, Aux. (to const. L. M. Mrs. Chasie B. Gier), 25; Lisbon, Newent Aux. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. Mattie Robinson), 42; Mystic, Aux., 5; New London, First Ch., Aux., 21.50, C. R., 6, S. S., Prim. Dept., 6, Second Ch., Aux., 11.47, C. E. Soc., 5; Niantic, C. E. Soc., 1; North Stonington, Aux., Easter Off., 10.50; Norwich, First Ch., C. E. Soc., Friends, 2.11, Park Ch., Aux., 315.57, C. R., 15.50, Travelers' Club, 5, United Ch., Aux., 1200; Plainfield, Aux., Friend, 2; Preston City, Aux., 35.85, C. R., 4.15; Scotland, Aux., Easter Off., 12; Wauregan, Aux., 50.67; Westminster, C. E. Soc., 3; Willmantic, Ch., 43; Windham, Aux. (Easter Off., 7.20), 15.60, S. S., 6.10, Jr. Class, 2, 2,394 41

Hartford Branch.—Mrs. Sidney W. Clark, Treas., 40 Willard St., Hartford. Int. Clara E. Hillyer Fund, 247.50; Int. Julia W. Jewell Fund, 40; Mr. and Mrs. Martin Welles, 240; Bloomfield, Ladies' Benev. Soc., 25; Bristol, Gift Stewards, Mrs. C. F. Barnes, 10, Mrs. W. S. Ingraham, 10, Mrs. Edson M. Peck, 10, Mrs. T. G. Treadway, 10, Miss I. C. Sessions, 10, Miss L. M. Treadway, 10, Miss M. J. Atwood, 10, Miss E. H. Atwood, 10; Burnside, Gift Stewards, Miss M. Janette Elmore, 70, Jr. C. E. Soc., 6; East Hartford, United Workers, 15; Hartford, Gift Stewards, Miss Helen E. Brown, 10, Mrs. J. H. Thompson, 10, Mrs. R. H. Potter, 25, Miss Lucretia Colton, 5, Asylum Hill Ch., Y. P. Assoc., 30, Center Ch., Aux., 975, Pollyanna M. B., 10; South Windsor, Aux., 33; Talcottville, Gift Stewards, Friend, 20, Mrs. John G. Talcott, 15, Mrs. C. D. Talcott, 100, 1,956 50

New Haven Branch.—Miss Edith Woolsey, Treas., 250 Church St., New Haven. Int. on Invested Funds, 4.86; Friend, 75; Ansonia, Aux., 110; Bridgeport, United Ch., S. S., 7.50, West End Ch., Aux. (25. of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. F. V. Cole), 60; Chester, Mrs. Elmer Watrous, 5; Derby, First Ch., 4.97, Aux., 75; Durham, Mrs. M. G. Burr, 2; East Haven, Aux., 103.95; East River, Miss Mary J. Bishop, 5; Greenfield, Ch., 15.75; Ivoryton, Aux. (25. of wh. to const. L. M. Miss Katherine Webber), 100; Meriden, Mrs. Adelaide S. Doolittle, 2; New Haven, Miss Mabel H. Whittlesey, 10, Center Ch., Aux., 51.21, Ch. of the Redeemer, Aux., 300, Jr. Aux., 50, Grand Ave. Ch., Mrs. Ball and Family, 50, Aux., 75.90, Evening Cir., 90.45, Plymouth Ch., Aux., 269, Schools, 50, C. R., 3.07, United Ch., Aux., 495, Laoni Cir., 35; North Woodbury, Aux., 12; Portland, Aux., 36; Redding, Dau. of Cov., 10; Roxbury, Aux., 5.50; Watertown, Aux. (25. of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. Sheldon Fox), 105.02, 2,219 18

Total, 6,570 09

NEW YORK

Brooklyn.—Friends through Miss Emily C. Wheeler, 20 00
Buffalo.—Willard T. Bushman, 10, Mrs. A. J. DeLaplante, 5, Mrs. Charles Rhodes, 50, 65 00

New York State Branch.—Mrs. Charles E. Graff, Treas., 46 South Oxford St., Brooklyn. White Plains, Miss Louisa W. Wood, 10 00
 Total, 95 00

NEW JERSEY BRANCH

New Jersey Branch.—Miss Martha N. Hooper, Treas., 1475 Columbia Road, Washington, D. C. D. C., Washington, Miss Susan H. Hadley, 1, First Ch., Aux. (prev. contri. const. L. M. Mrs. Mary E. Catlin), Miss. Club Aux., 150; N. J., Cedar Grove, Union Ch., 12.06; Creskill, Gospel Ch., 12; Glen Ridge, Aux. (Th. Off., 56.37), 95; Jersey City, Waverly Ch., Aux., 7.50; Montclair, First Ch., Aux., 750; Newark, First Ch., Aux., 60; Nutley, Aux., 30; Plainfield, Aux., Len. Off., 56; Unionville, First Ch., 3.75; Upper Montclair, Aux., 150; Westfield, Aux., 235.30; Less expenses, 133, 1,429 61

SOUTHEAST BRANCH

Southeast Branch.—Mrs. C. E. Enlow, Treas., Winter Park, Florida. Fla., Avon Park, Aux., 15; Crystal Springs, S. S., 1; Daytona, C. E. Soc., 8; Jacksonville, Aux., 35; Mt. Dora, Aux., 20; St. Petersburg, Aux., 50, C. E. Soc., 15, S. S., 1.20; West Palm Beach, Y. L. Guild, 10; Ga., Atlanta, Central Ch., Ladies' Union, 12.50; N. C., Ashville, 5; S. C., Charleston, Circular Ch., Aux., S. S., and C. E. Soc., 30, 202 70

ILLINOIS

Philo.—Mr. L. E. Hazen, in mem. of Miss Effie G. Hazen, Boston, Mass., 3,000 00

CALIFORNIA

Manhattan Beach.—S. S., 11 21

CANADA

Canada.—Cong'l W. B. M., 2,574 16
 Donations, 22,550 57
 Buildings, 388 50
 Specials, 142 00

Total, 23,081 07

Total from October 18, 1918, to May 31, 1919

Donations, 108,419 10
 Buildings, 3,782 53
 Extra Gifts for 1919, 1,159 38
 Specials, 1,425 81
 Legacies, 6,699 57

Total, 121,486 39

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