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OCTOBER, 1920

NO. 10

Life and Light for Woman

A Wanderer in Japan

Mrs. H. H. Powers

Thy Word a Light Unto My Feet

Mrs. J. E. Merrill

Experience in the Caucasus

Myrtle O. Shane

Girl Champions in the Philippines

Mrs. Frank C. Laubach

Congregational Woman's Boards
of Missions
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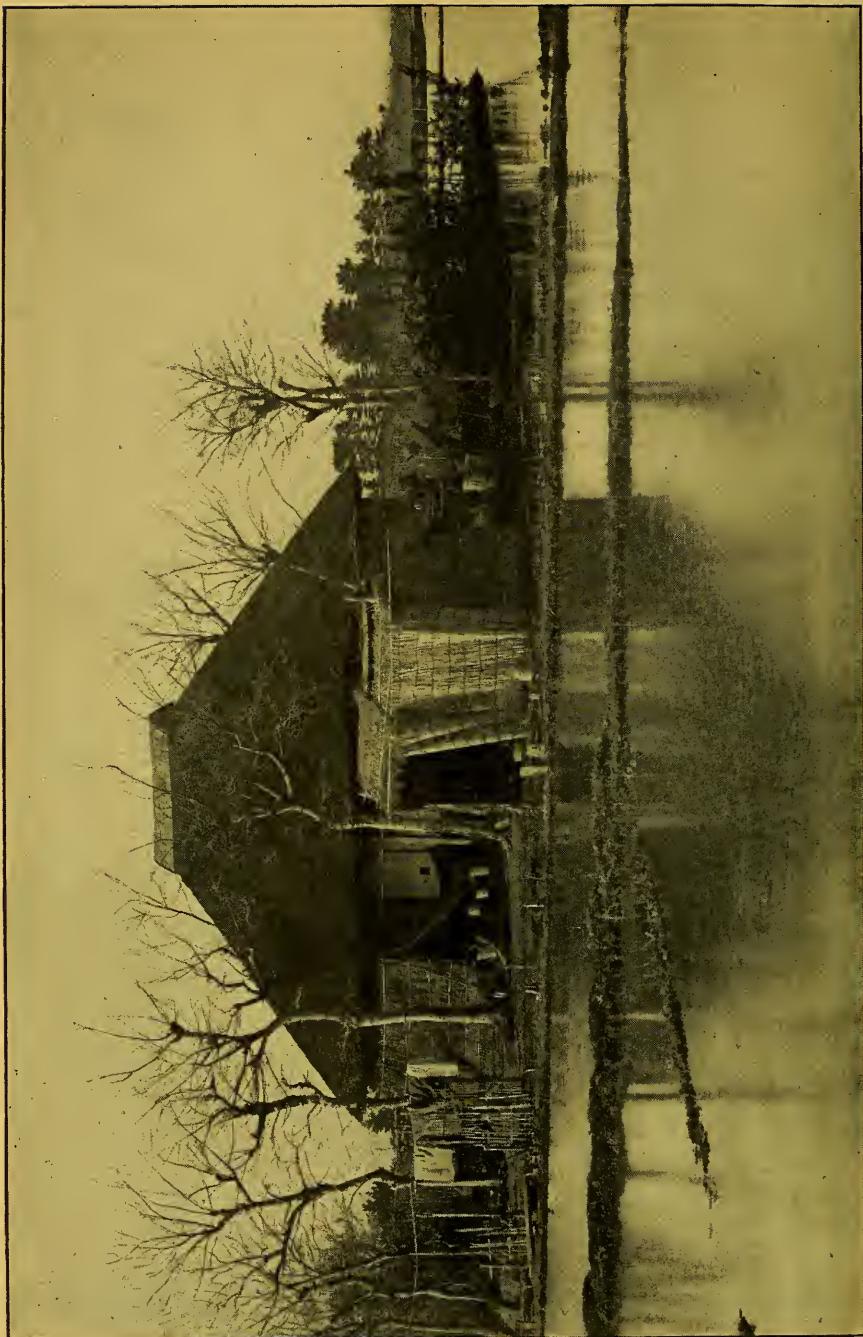
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FARM HOUSE AND FLOODED RICE FIELDS IN JAPAN



Life and Light

Vol. L

October, 1920

No. 10

A Wanderer in Japan

By Mrs. H. H. Powers

Mrs. H. H. Powers of Newton, a member of the Executive Committee of the Woman's Board, is making an extended tour of the world with her husband, who is conducting a small party through the Orient. This charming article from Mrs. Powers' pen will give our readers a vivid impression of the work in Matsuyama.—THE EDITOR.

COME sail with me the summer seas, over one of the most picturesquely beautiful bodies of water in the world, the Inland Sea of Japan. We may go in one of the fine new boats with well-appointed airy cabins and European food well served, or we may take one of the smaller boats that ply daily to and fro among the islands, its lower deck covered with way passengers, its upper deck affording unobstructed views in every direction.

The sea is busy with craft of all descriptions: little fishing boats, their sails spread like an open fan; cargo junks with their great square bamboo-ribbed sails; sampans propelled, one scarcely understands how, by the single long-jointed oar that wobbles to and fro at the rear.

Wherever we look, we find the sea dotted with islands, some no more than a rock with a wind-swept pine clinging to its top, others with high hills terraced to their tops with orchards of peach and pear, apple and orange trees, nestled at their base the little gray fishing villages, their harbors filled with boats. Our quest takes us to one of the large southern islands, Shokoku—"the four provinces," as its name implies—with its great mountains, six to eight thousand feet high, and its beautiful harbors.

Matsuyama is our goal, in the olden times the seat of a Daimyo, who seeing the writing on the wall, in the years following 1868, gave over his mighty castle and the wooded hill on which it stands to the city to be used as a public park. The city itself is a well-

to-do provincial capital with some manufacturing interests, but living happily and comfortably, rather apart from the hurry and bustle of modern life. And here we find our circle of interesting friends, Dr. and Mrs. H. B. Newell, Miss Cornelia Judson, and Miss Olive S. Hoyt, whose personalities and whose work are the magnet that draws us hither.

Despite the hot July sun, Dr. Newell will take us to see our mission work in Katsuyama, the older portion of the town, where the "gay-sashed butterflies" of children are having a beautiful morning in their kindergarten. They sing for us their one English song, "Good morning to you," and bow with true Japanese politeness to their foreign guests, and then quite forget our presence in absorbed interest in the story which their charming Japanese teacher is telling them. We meet Mr. Omoto, who has taken over entire charge of the Dojokan—Working Girls' Home—formerly supported by the Woman's Board, who tells us of the engagement he has just made with one of the large silk spinning mills of the city to come to their girls' dormitory each week to give Christian talks to their employees. We look in at the simple mission church with its various Sunday School rooms and meet the pastor whose "God bless you" sends us away with a benediction. The independent Christian church, with its beautiful porch and carved gable and its dignified interior, is well situated on one of the main streets of Matsuyama proper, and presents more fittingly than is sometimes the case the new faith of the Kumiai churches. But the native churches are far from wealthy, and our work through the two provinces of Ehime and Kagawa with their population of a million, which constitutes our field, has but one settled pastor for the seven churches we support, largely because the amount we allow for a pastor's salary will not support a man and his family, and available candidates must seek a livelihood in other work. It is the home problem transferred to foreign soil.

The evening and Miss Judson call us across the city to the Night School, which is the especial child of her heart, a work that has already won government recognition. Here are gathered five

evenings a week, over a hundred young men and boys who are occupied during the day, but in spite of weariness, of heat or cold, come here for two or three hours of study. Excellent singing, scripture and prayer open the evening. English classes under Miss Judson are especially popular—and remunerative, as was evidenced by the excellent English spoken by the fine young health officer in far Takao, in Formosa, who proved to have been a pupil of Miss Judson. So interestingly do things link themselves together, as one wanders from place to place. The Night School is under the direct care of our Woman's Board. It has quite a building and a considerable plot of ground, but like all earthly things it needs constant care and renewal, items not always carried on the home budget. It has enlisted in its work a number of interesting and able men, chief among them the Nishimura brothers. It has done and should continue to do a most important and valuable work for the Christian education of young men in this provincial capital.

But our chief interest in Matsuyama is, after all, the Girls' School and its splendid new principal, Miss Olive S. Hoyt. We had been kindred spirits since the Annual Mission Meeting at Arima in May, and the wonderful mountain walk together over Rokko, with its far view to the seashore from Osaka to Kobe, when the plan to visit Matsuyama was made.

The School was founded thirty-four years ago by the Japanese Christians of the local church, and was carried on under their auspices until 1906, when its entire support was taken over by the Woman's Board. Its first building, given by the Board of the Pacific, is situated on very valuable land in the center of the town, but it has grown decrepit in service, and quite inadequate for present-day needs. A year ago a fine site was secured, which had just been vacated by the Red Cross Hospital, on a terrace halfway up the Castle hill, still surrounded by the imposing stone walls characteristic of those splendid structures throughout Japan. The sale of the down-town property should provide an excellent start for the good buildings that the work and its situation deserve. But for the present the Hospital buildings are being remodeled

for temporary use, and will be in readiness for the opening of the new term in September. The level terrace offers a wonderful opportunity for a group of artistic buildings, however simple they may be, which we must hope and help to see provided and equipped in the next few years. Behind rise the wooded banks of the Castle hill, below lies the city and the level plain with the vivid green of the rice fields that creep close to the village streets, while in a majestic circle stand guard the great mountains, with their ever-changing lights and shadows.



The Castle of the Daimyo

Japanese schools have their graduation in April, but we were fortunate to be present for the closing of the summer term, for the farewell bow before the two months' vacation. We are ready for the exercises at half past seven in the morning,—there is no voice of the sluggard in our Matsuyama circle. The pupils, perhaps one hundred and twenty in number, are in their places in the simple chapel, teachers and guests pass up the central aisle and face the audience, all stand and with much dignity each group bows low to the other. To bow is the first social requirement in

Japan, not a mere friendly nod such as we indulge in at home, but a genuine genuflection, most graceful and dignified when properly performed. A number of songs heartily joined in by all, a Bible reading and prayer opened the morning. The main address was given by Dr. Newell and no knowledge of Japanese was needed to assure one of the wit and wisdom that held the girls' attention and brought a smile or a laugh over and over again. Mr. Nishimura followed with a definite list of points, on mimeographed sheets distributed to each girl, of practical advice for conduct during the summer, such as keeping a diary, and not being out on the street in the evening without some older person. It was a pleasure to be able to bring the greetings of the Woman's Board to this group of her daughters, through the interpretation into Japanese of Aono-San, one of the teachers who has spent two years in America.

A touching little ceremony of farewell to one of the teachers followed, with the presentation of the customary parting gift. Again we rose and bowed to each other, and school was over. I stood on the balcony with Miss Hoyt to study individually the bright young faces as the girls filed out, and to enjoy again the pretty bows as they one by one discovered we were there, and could not wonder at her enthusiasm for them and for the work. Another foreign teacher is needed to work with Miss Hoyt in the School. Devoted as I am to our own dear land, it seems to me a wonderful opportunity for some young woman just out of college, wondering what she can do, anxious to count in the world. Here are natural beauty on which to feast the eyes, physical comfort and well-being, a small but choice circle of associates, and the chance to make upon these impressionable girls the imprint of love and learning, of character and Christianity, for which our schools stand. It seems to me there should be a chorus of voices saying, "Send me, send me."

Nor were the hours filled exclusively with mission visiting. There were friendly meals at Miss Judson's hospitable board, a visit to the Castle with its historical museum and a picnic supper in the radiant sunset. Best of all, for the benefit of the foreign

guest, Miss Hoyt gathered a choice circle of congenial spirits to enjoy a genuine Japanese feast, a gyunabe, served only with chopsticks, and greatly to be recommended when made by such skillful cooks.

The early morning boat sailed away among the islands, the fluttering farewells of the friends on the wharf bringing the message far across the water of love and trust and comradeship. Their work is our work; only as we work with them can it be accomplished. Our pride and our interest may well rally to the support of our work in Matsuyama, so well begun, so ably carried on, so full of promise.

Editorials

The Committee of Program is busy working out plans for the Annual Meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions, which will occur in Montclair, N. J., November 10-12.

Annual Meeting The sessions will be held in the First Congregational Church, and among the speakers expected are Dr. Herbert W. Gates, Missionary Education Secretary of the Congregational Education Society, Mrs. Alice Browne Frame and Miss Carolyn T. Sewall of North China, Miss Ellen M. Blakely of Marash, just returned after her years of war experiences in that isolated station, Miss Minnie Hastings of Ceylon, and a number of other missionaries from many fields. It is hoped that Miss Eleanor McDougall, President of Madras Woman's College, may remain in this country long enough to be present. Dr. Jay T. Stocking, pastor of the Congregational Church in Upper Montclair will lead the devotional services. On Wednesday evening will be held a public mass meeting and Thursday night will occur the supper for young people, followed by a reception and pageant for delegates and friends. Delegates to this meeting are urged to send their names to the chairman of the Hospitality Committee, according to the notice found on page 462. Those expecting to attend at their own expense will be aided by Mrs. Churchill in finding comfortable places to stay.

The Woman's Board of Missions has been fortunate in adding to its staff of officers Mrs. Theodore Storrs Lee, who began her duties July 1, as Associate Secretary in the Foreign Department. Mrs. Lee is the daughter of Dr. R. A. Hume, and a graduate of Wellesley College, class of 1900. The Woman's Board once before desired to secure her services, but in 1903 she was married and joined the Marathi Mission with her husband. Since his death in 1911 she has remained in Satara, an invaluable member of the small missionary force at that station. But since she is now compelled to remain in this country with her two children, Grace and Theodore, we welcome her to the responsible work of the Home Base, for which her experience and inheritance have so well fitted her. At present she will make her home in Auburndale at the Walker Missionary Home.

As an unusually large number of missionaries sailed in August, about 46 in all, the number of sailings in September will naturally be small. Miss Olive Greene, after a few months spent with her family in South Harpswell, Maine, sailed from New York, September 3. Miss Greene was happy in securing as a temporary worker for Smyrna, Miss Gertrude Grohé of Winthrop, Mass., who expects to follow Miss Greene, sailing September 14. Miss Margaret Melville plans to sail September 17th, returning to her work at Dondi, in the West Central Africa Mission.

The Queen of Holland will receive a special copy of the Bible from the American Bible Society in connection with the Pilgrim Tercentenary Celebration. It will be presented by the Right Reverend James H. Darlington, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Harrisburg.

A handsome copy of the Bible will also be presented by Bishop Darlington to each member of the Pilgrim Fathers' Commission, as a part of the American Bible Society's Pilgrim programme. This commission includes the burgomasters of Leyden, Rotterdam, and Amsterdam; the President of the Free University.

Lord Bryce, Lord Percy, and ambassadors from various countries.

From Holland the center of interest in the Pilgrim Celebration will be shifted to the United States. Celebrations of various kinds will be carried on in cities, towns, and villages including pageants, public addresses, and exhibits. November the 28th will be generally observed in the churches as Mayflower Universal Bible Sunday.

We are glad to note the gain this month of over \$1,600 from the Branches and a total net gain of almost \$3,900. This latter,

As the Year Closes. however, includes \$2,166 from the Congregational World Movement, and the \$25,000 increase which in the September issue we showed to be so sorely

needed was over and beyond what we hoped for from this denominational emergency fund. At this writing there are six weeks before the books close; but when this paragraph is read there will probably be less than half that time. Knowing the serious need, the readers of *LIFE AND LIGHT* have been working during the three weeks past to secure the funds to meet it. Other friends will see this appeal. Can we all together average a gain of nearly \$4,000 a week for the whole six weeks? It is a large amount, but we believe it can be secured.

We wish we could share with every reader the many letters that come to the Foreign Secretary's desk, showing the financial sacrifices made by the workers on the field, picturing the hindrances to efficiency through lack of proper funds, even predicting great harm to the work already accomplished unless there is relief soon. We are sure that no one could read these letters unmoved, but that all would strive earnestly to find some way to meet their urgent appeals. During the few days which remain before October 18th, will everyone who reads this do her utmost, by prayer, by sacrificial giving, by seeking gifts from others, to keep our faithful missionaries from serious disappointment?

THE FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD
RECEIPTS AVAILABLE FOR REGULAR WORK, AUGUST 1—31, 1920

	From Branches	From Other Sources	From C. W. M.	From Legacies and Reserve Legacy Fund	Income from In- vestments & Deposits	TOTAL
1919	\$4,629.76	\$678.00	—	\$244.67	\$359.35	\$5,911.78
1920	6,304.61	177.00	\$2,166.42	576.00	554.75	9,778.78
Gain	\$1,674.85		\$2,166.42	\$331.33	\$195.40	\$3,867.00
Loss..		\$501.00				

OCTOBER 18, 1919—AUGUST 31, 1920

1919	\$129,374.54	\$11,917.77	—	\$17,864.51	\$7,632.98	\$166,789.80
1920	143,520.51	9,854.83	\$17,607.21	18,726.48	7,921.08	197,630.11
Gain	\$14,145.97		\$17,607.21	\$861.97	\$288.10	\$30,840.31
Loss..		\$2,062.94				

Thank-Offering or Collection?

Three women went down the same street to the thank-offering service. They read the same lesson, sang the same hymns, heard the same message, and laid their envelopes in the same plate. But in the hands of the ministering angel the gift of the thankful heart turned to shining gold and went on a large errand; the perfunctory gift of habit became silver, and the one begrudgingly given became a little pile of pennies.

And the first woman said at home: "How gloriously the opportunities are enlarging! I am so glad I can help." And the second said: "It was a very interesting talk." And the third woman murmured: "Why do the missionaries always tell such uncomfortable things?"

And the first woman gave a thank-offering, and the second gave an offering and the third merely added to the collection.

Which shall it be from you and me—the first or second or third?—*Exchange.*

Thy Word a Light Unto My Feet The Bible in Bible Lands Today

HE Central Turkey Mission, to a very marked degree, was founded upon the Bible. It was through the study of the recently translated Bible which they could now read in the vernacular, that the first evangelical believers came into the truth. They would gather night after night in their homes to read for themselves the Word of truth and to discuss its meaning. And ever since those early days the members of the evangelical community have given great emphasis to this side of their Christian development. Like the early Christians they searched the Scriptures to know whether these things were so. In the evangelical churches, the Sunday morning service is the Sunday school, attended by all, adults as well as children. Great classes of fifty to a hundred members would gather about some teacher who was gifted in interpreting and teaching the Bible. It was a wonderful sight to see these working men, stonecutters, weavers, dyers with their hands dyed a dark purple up to the wrists, shoemakers and others, sitting on the floor around their teachers in the body of the church listening with eager, upturned faces to the words of life that were being spoken. And often they asked thoughtful, eager questions that would put to shame many a church member in Christian America.

One of the most striking figures in the early days of the work in Aintab was Sister Varteni, a beautiful old saint, who I am sure preached to many more than were reached by those who spoke from the pulpit. She had learned to read and rejoiced in reading and teaching the Bible to all who came to her house. She gathered about her a number of small girls and sometimes a boy or two, to whom she gave lessons in reading, and after the A-B-C had been mastered from the little wooden boards, it was the precious Word of God that was the text book. She did most wonderful gold and silver embroidery and this work took her into many wealthy homes, where she never lost an opportunity to speak for the Master and to urge the women and girls to learn to read

His Word. To the very end of her life it was her joy to thus break the Bread of Life to all whose lives she touched.

Copies of the gospels in separate form and bound in red were sent to us for distribution to all who would promise to read them, by a friend in Framingham, Mass. It was a joy to see the top of the little red book sticking out of the vest pocket of many of our students and to see a boy stopping under a tree during recess to take out his little gospel for a few moments. One such book, the Gospel of John if I remember correctly, came into the hands of a Mohammedan student in the city of Aintab. He knew a little English and read the book through slowly and carefully. When he had finished he came to see an American friend, to talk about its story and to ask if there were such a book in Turkish. He was given the Gospel of Mark in his own tongue and went away rejoicing. This, too, was studied and again and again the reader sought to talk more about these wonderful things. At last he came to accept the truth he had been learning, and best of all to trust in Him who said "I am the Truth." Kneeling one day with his friend in prayer, in simple and unique language he asked that God might reveal these wonderful things to other Mohammedans in that city and make it possible for them also to find the light.

I was once reading the stories of Jesus' life to a young girl of eighteen who had never heard them before. She had lost her mother and brother and other relatives in the exile. She sat on the floor at my side listening to the eleventh chapter of Matthew. I explained as I went along and when I got to the 28th verse, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest," the poor girl burst into tears. It seemed as if all her pent-up sorrow was coming out in that flood of tears. I tried to quiet her and thought she was crying with grief, as she often did, but after a while she was able to tell me that it was not for her mother she was crying. "What is it then, dear?" I said, and she replied, "Oh, it is those words you just read. I have never heard anything so beautiful in all my life."

I used sometimes to go to a house where needlework was given

out to Turkish women. I would take my Bible and sit on the verandah where the women were waiting their turn to be called for work. My Bible was bound in red, as the Koran often is, and the cover folded over on one side. This fact, simple in itself, often made an opening, for the women felt at once that this book was the Word of God and were glad to listen. Then, too, I always took the Bible printed in the Arabic character which is the one used in the Koran. As I read, the women would lean over and peer at the letters and finding that it was their own language and even the same character as the Koran, they were greatly pleased. "Read, teacher, read," they used to say. "Your book talks to us," for it was a new thing for them to understand the meaning of the sacred book. And I was told that some women changed from other workrooms to this one because at this place a "Hanum" came and read them the Word of God.

I. T. M.

Miss Shane's Experience in the Caucasus

(Concluded)

Towards evening reports came in that government troops were approaching from other directions. The Bolshevik leaders became nervous. It was generally known that the movement was not backed by Soviet Russia. The next day word came from the Bolshevik forces in Eriwan that the movement was untimely and if not stopped they would join forces with the government troops to stop it. Early in the morning of the 14th the Bolsheviks fled. They had asked Captain Ekman to raise the American flag over our house which he refused to do as long as they were in it. Eugene, the interpreter, remained, thinking perhaps he might make it appear that he had been here all along in that capacity. There was also a Russian officer who had stayed until it was too late to go.

During the past two days I had been going back and forth to the Polygon bringing the 550 orphans from there to Kazachi Post, as I did not know when we might be cut off from the Polygon and it seemed best to have the orphans here. So that morning I left as usual. On the way through the city, I saw the meeting which

was being held at the town hall, demanding the immediate execution of the leaders, especially Eugene. There were many people there, but everything was quiet. An order had been issued that no cognac be sold in the city. The government troops in search of Bolsheviks, many of whom were being seized, moved about in very quiet, orderly fashion, but one could feel in the atmosphere the grim determination that this thing should be effectually and summarily dealt with, and it was. I doubt if there has ever been a rebellion attempted with so little disorder, nor a revolution put down in a more masterly way. A delegation, including a representative of the Bolshevik party, came to our house and demanded Eugene and the Russian officer, and they gave themselves up.

As the Bolsheviks had gathered around our house, so now the government troops did the same. We do not know why, as the leaders did not call on Captain Ekman, perhaps expecting him to make the first advance. We heard that some of them expected to call the next day but were called away unexpectedly during the night to capture some Bolsheviks who had gathered in a nearby village. Many of these government troops were Turkish Armenians and we trust that this event will serve to draw them and the Russian Armenians closer together.

So this is past and we have every reason to be thankful that it has ended as it has. Personally I feel that we have not much to fear in the way of unrest in Armenia itself. I believe they will stick together—the Armenians. They must. However, if flour is cut off it may be different. Hunger easily turns to rebellion. But it seems now that conditions threatening the bringing in of supplies are being improved through Colonel Haskell's having moved his basis of operations to Baroum.

A few days ago we received 780 orphans from Tiflis. We have here now at Kazachi Post something over 5,000 orphans, besides the 1,000 or more in the hospital. It keeps us pretty crowded, but Captain Ekman has promised to give us a part of one of the warehouses. Captain Warner, who was formerly in charge of the warehouses, has returned for duty. He is one of our good workers and we are glad to have him back. Captain Clayton, who

* was in charge of supplies, has also returned. It means a great deal to have them here. The work on the Polygon, which had been stopped temporarily, is to be begun again and the work of concentration of orphanages carried on. Quite a task for one individual, and I often marvel that things move along so well. But as Miss Charlotte Ely used to advise, I take "short views" and take one step at a time, trusting the future as the present to the all-wise and kind Providence which I know is over-ruling all. Then, too, I never forget that there are "multitudes of people in America who bear this work upon their hearts and are willing to sacrifice for it."

Colonel Haskell came in today on his way to Erivan. He said his conscience was clear. He had done everything he could to get me out of the country, but since I chose to stay he would be glad to have me continue the work. He has always been very appreciative of the work I have done here, and I was very happy to find that he was not displeased at my refusal to obey orders.

As far as the missionary's sphere of influence is concerned, that can scarcely be lessened by any circumstances. It is true we are forbidden to proselytize, but I hold the standard of character high for my workers and children. Lying, stealing, quarreling, slandering, etc., are all discountenanced, and I think I am safe in saying there is as little of that here as anywhere in the Caucasus. They all know I love them, and without their knowing it I am teaching them the real principles of Christianity. Otherwise I should not be willing to stay here. It would be impossible to work on, feeling that nothing was being accomplished except feeding and clothing these children. My workers have been chosen with care, and some of my dear Bitlis Armenians as well as some others from Van and Harpoot are one with me in the desire to attain certain ends in our orphanage work here. So you see the missionary work which was begun in Turkey is really going on here, and it will not stop because it is real and therefore lasting.

In every member of our station here I have had a friend, and there was not one that was not glad that I could stay. And I was very frank in stating my reasons that I had come out primarily under the American Board and that I expected to stay.

Some Armenian Heroines

By Mrs. Ernest C. Partridge, Sivas

ONE of the marvels of the past years in Turkey is the amount of relief work which a few American women, scattered one in a place, have been able to accomplish. In Sivas, Mary Graffam, though alone so far as American associates were concerned, had around her a little group of Armenian girls, whom she protected, who by their heroic service many times duplicated her work. These girls, recent graduates or upper-class students in the American High School for Girls at Sivas, took their chances and remained in Sivas at the time of the deportation. They were thus saved from the Turkish harem and were given great opportunities for humanitarian service.

It is impossible to tell their complete story, but I can mention a few things they have done. The little girl standing in the middle of the picture, Vartuhi (Lady Rose), was a nurse in our hospital at the outbreak of the war, and has continued all these years, most of the time as managing nurse in one of the largest hos-



pitals in Sivas. She is still an efficient worker in the Near East Relief Hospital. Victoria, at the left, was Miss Graffam's right-hand woman in many experiences, living with her, helping to manage the house, and sharing in many delicate and dangerous problems of relief distribution when such work was contraband. For the past year she has done an extremely useful work as Miss Hubbard's assistant in the care of the Rescue Home with 160 girls, giving considerable time to supervising industrial work, mainly the production of woolen sweaters, stockings and caps, and linen lace and needlework. Sitting next her is Aghavni (Dove), who took a course in optical work with Turkish doctors and was in charge of all their eye work in Sivas. She is just now teaching in our large girls' orphanage. Vartanoush, sitting in the centre, was in charge of the bacteriological laboratory for all the Sivas hospitals during the last years of the war, and since the armistice she has been very helpful in industrial and medical work. Her great ambition is to study medicine and work for Armenian women.

Zabel, the second from left, standing, was for a long time the capable matron and a teacher in our boys' orphanage. Akabi, next to Aghavni, has been, for most of the past year, my assistant, keeping the record of relief and helping in distribution work. Makruhi and Yeranuhi are at present teachers in the girls' orphanage, the latter having charge of all the handwork for the girls.

Five years ago, with one exception, they were school girls. Nearly all of them were in charge of large hospitals at the time when Sivas had thousands of soldier patients and hundreds of cases of typhus. They uniformly, by their efficiency and womanly carriage, made and held positions of influence and respect, and really did wonderful service in very difficult and often impossible situations. With women matrons and nurses unknown in the interior, except in American institutions, and with the Armenians the object of deportation and persecution, these young Armenian girls, each one alone in the charge of a large hospital, bent Turkish doctors to their will in making sanitary and efficient hospitals. They are among the many heroines produced by the war.

The Doll's Festival in Japan

By Kay Ninomiya

This description of Children's Day in Japan was written by the daughter of one of our Kumiai pastors,—a young girl graduated from Miss Tsuda's school in Tokyo, and now studying at one of our colleges here in America. We think it will be full of interest both to children and to grown people. The children in the picture are Miss Ninomiya's own nieces.—*The Editor.*

DON'T you love to play with dolls? Or would you rather have outdoor games? Japanese girls are so fond of dolls that they have a special day for their dolls every year. It comes on the third of March and it is one of the happiest days for them. They will gladly invite you to their feast and explain to you all about it.

Every young girl looks forward to the day. A whole week or so she is absorbed in expectation, preparing for the day. She decorates her room with special things for the day of the very



Miss Ninomiya's Nieces

best of her possession. When the evening of the day comes, all the members of her family gather in the room as her guests to have the feast with her. And if she has friends from other countries, like you, she will be glad to have you, too.

Now, I want you to call your attention to the decoration of the room. All the electric light is put out, only a few candles are shedding their dim lights through the sides of lanterns of pale pink silk. Peach flowers in early spring are blooming in pink and white, and forsythias in yellow. In the middle of the room against the wall, the court life of Old Japan in miniature is represented upon "Hinadan"—the five steps covered with a crimson drapery. It is arranged in trim and gracious manner by the little hostess with her best effort.

The explanation of these steps is the hardest task for me and so I ask you to use your imagination a good deal. On the top-most step, the king and queen, richly attired, are sitting on the stately thrones. The gold screen with painted flowers and birds behind them and the canopy overhead are put to suggest a palace. The second step is occupied by the courtiers and court ladies who are in white robes and scarlet skirts. They are ready to serve both the king and queen. At both ends of this step, two guards armed with bows and arrows, are standing, one beside the artificial cherry tree full of flowers and the other beside the orange tree full of ripe fruit. These two trees are considered the court trees. The third step is for the five court musicians in yellow robes and purple trousers. They are playing on flute, drum, tabor and pipes to make a Japanese symphony orchestra. The fourth step is full of dolls, quaint and modern, old and new, and large and small, all the dolls she has are shown there to let them partake the feast of the evening. It is on this step that you find sometimes your dolls—American dolls which were brought to her by her parents, brothers and sisters, or uncles and aunts. The fifth step is for the miniature furniture and household utensils of the court use. They are all black with rich gold lacquering of flowers and birds. You may be especially interested in those tiny utensils such as lacquered palanquins, lacquered bullock carts drawn by

low-legged black bulls—these were the conveyances of the nobles in Old Japan—tiny silver and brass braziers with a pair of tongs and a basket full of charcoal. These are finely made as if for actual use. The dinner is served to all the dolls with the dishes of dainties from sea and land; the special cakes for the day are ready, and the special beverage, sweet and white, is served to them.

But how can these dolls eat the dainties? Here the little hostess has her little kingdom in her full reign during the whole evening. She is the queen of the household and entertains her guests with her best means. The dinner is served to them under the entire sway of the queen. The guests, becoming as innocent as their little hostess, enjoy the party and appreciate her efforts. They all talk cheerfully and sometimes sing spring songs together to please themselves and make the atmosphere sweeter. Thus the quiet, yet joyful, family party lasts long until the bed time comes. When the feast ends, the dolls and their belongings are packed away in their boxes and kept in the fireproof warehouse until another year.

Even boys have their own dolls and feast for them. But the Boys' Festival has entirely different features from the Girls'. It comes on the fifth of May. While the Girls' Festival represents the entire household of the court, the Boys' is a mere representation of the brave men in Old Japan. Where there are boys, a bamboo pole is set up, from which large paper carps, as many as the number of boys in the household are streaming in the breeze. The carp is the boldest of fish. It braves the rapids, so to Japanese boys it symbolizes ambitious striving. In the guest room, a few shelves are set up as in case of the Girls' Festival. The miniature of the favorite heroes from olden times are set out there. Among them, the figure of an archer clothed from head to foot in gay armour, with a huge bow in his hand and a quiver full of arrows on his back, and a figure of a knight who is standing beside the tiger he caught and the fat large boy fighting barehanded with a big black bear are the most popular ones. These dolls are all representations of vigor and bravery. Besides the dolls, armors and many kinds of toys for boys are displayed.

Board of the Pacific

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Editorials

There are times when a Woman's Board has need to exercise the grace of large visioned unselfishness under the severest of provocations. It's bad enough when lonesome American Board missionaries cast longing eyes

Personals.

toward the candidates sent out by the Woman's Boards, and carry them off just when they have acquired the language. They are not totally lost to us in that case, but would still be seen at station gatherings and mission meeting and be visible to old friends when on furlough.

But what can be said when the seeker comes from another Board, is not the case far worse? Which is to say that the W. B. M. P. has suffered such a loss and is trying to put the best face possible on the matter. At any rate it greeted the bride and groom, Mrs. Herbert Nicholson (née Madeline Waterhouse) and Mr. Nicholson, with a luncheon and wedding gift, glad hands and good wishes. The Doshisha Jo Gakko will sadly miss sweet Madeline Waterhouse and the Friends' Mission of Tokio, Japan, is to be congratulated.

E. S. B.

Isolated among the wonderful trees of the Coast mountains not far from San Francisco, Rev. and Mrs. W. P. Elwood have found new strength for the campaign of the autumn. They have come "bound in spirit" because of the tremendous needs of the Dindigul field, and it is hoped that their forceful presentation of the conditions that have stirred their own hearts will meet with an adequate and generous response from those privileged to hear them.

The largest group of missionaries bound for foreign fields from the port of San Francisco gathered the third week in August, and the auspicious occasion was celebrated by a Missionary Luncheon at the Hotel Ramona which eclipsed all former efforts. Covers were laid for eighty-five and the flow of soul

following the menu was of the sort engendered under the genial leadership of Dr. Kelsey and enjoyed by all. It was "Hail and Farewell" in truth, and one felt inspired by the glow of feeling which filled the heart at seeing so many gifted lives being dedicated to the service of the Master in the far off lands. Missionary interest in the nearby churches represented at this gathering will be greatly increased, it is safe to predict.

E. S. B.

We are in the midst of Mission Meeting, nine to half past twelve, and half past two to four. We bid fair to keep it up every day this week, and then comes a general Conference on Evangelism, and several sessions on Educational Work—so go

Summer Days in the Foochow Mission. the summer days. Thus far in the twenty days since we arrived at Kuliang, we have had more than two weeks of typhoons—some say two or three typhoons following each other; I have never known so long a stretch of wet, damp weather. The inside stone walls of our cottage have been covered with moisture, almost to the dripping point.

R. W. B.

Our music department really needs several foreigners, as that and the English are the only branches which cannot be successfully handled by the Japanese. I am hoping that at least one new member may be added to our music staff. The great love and pleasure of the Japanese

Music at the Doshisha. in our music makes it one of the strongest appeals of the Christian school, and is one of the few things which every girl and boy carries into home and community life. It attracts them to the local church, gives them definite work, and is the greatest bond of connection to the fast and in many cases unhealthy revolutionizing of social life. . . . How I would love to see a good singer and chorus director come to the boys! If one could hear the concerts, glee clubs, quartettes, etc., these boys get up almost entirely without help, I think he would love to come in and train them.

F. B. C.

On the Map in Japan

HERE the Woman's Boards going to stay on the map of Christian forces in Japan? If so, fifteen women must be sent at once. At a time when Japan is more of a "Key to the Orient" than ever, when her women are stepping out into more freedom, and all the responsibility and temptation which such freedom involves, when Christian home training and Christian education could walk in and fashion the future of this important part of the world's population; at such a time as this, we are found paralyzing our conscience and vision of God's work with the morphine drops of one woman for the Christianizing of a district of half a million, or a million people. In the case of the Niigata and Tottori fields, we even agree that no other denomination need feel the responsibility of sending assistance too. This is not going to occupy this land for God in this generation or for many generations to come.

In all Japan the Woman's Boards have just twenty-three women to do their work for sixty millions of people. In evangelistic work there are two whose age comes nearer thirty than fifty, while ten out of this twenty-three have given thirty years of service already. For the past ten years, we have been retreating by inches when the country has looked to us most appealingly and eagerly for help. Is this the way the Congregational Church of America would reply to her sisters across the waters?

No further explanation is needed. We give you the plain facts. They speak for themselves so loudly, more words would but confuse. We are pushed to the wall. Can we depend upon you at the home base to secure these recruits this year? We need at once fourteen regular appointees, and one term teacher.

ESTELLA L. COE. Tottori, Japan. (For the Japan Mission).

What a "Raise" Means

You have certainly done a most generous thing by us. To think that a Missionary Board will not only go beyond what we

asked for, and what we barely need, but give us \$28 extra so we can have peace of mind too! You have given us more than peace of mind; you have given us very happy hearts and confidence for the future. We do heartily thank you all for this extra and for standing by us so loyally.

I so wish you could have seen the face of our old janitress who has been with us ten years when I told her yesterday that she could have \$2.50 more a month! "Now we can buy our stoves and keep the children warm so my M—— won't cry when she goes to Sunday School because her toes are cold." I hate to think how cold the other children's toes were. Now we can raise the faithful teachers' salaries up to the lowest standard as called for by the special committee called by the Missions to investigate Kindergarten finances! Now we can have our swings mended! Well, you see what a difference it makes all around. When I told the janitress about her "raise," I told her to thank the true God, for it had come in answer to prayer, and she said, "I will." She is just coming out into the light and I am sure that this expression of God's love for her will help her. We will have a special Thanksgiving meeting at teachers' meeting tomorrow afternoon.

For the first time in the history of the Kindergarten we have not a long waiting list, but we are full, sixty children. We graduated a very large class, thirty-six, so we had room for an unusual number. One mother brought her little girl on purpose to get her under Christian influences. That mother's brother has lately become a Christian and has been sending her literature.

The Mission has put in a request for two more ladies for Tottori. One of these has already been authorized by the W.B.M. and I wondered if in a few years you would feel as if you could increase your influence in the community here, by adopting the other one. The need is apparent, half a million people in our allotted territory, and only the American Board responsible or working here. Half the girls can not get into the high schools, as there are no accommodations for them. We need a Christian Girls' School, most of all to make Christians, and to show the

beauty of Christianity here. If the Star is set on high the people will see and follow. We feel more and more that we must have definite works which will show Christian experiences and results before we can make the impression we want. For instance, the little kindergarten in Hamazaka started in a place where there was great opposition to Christian people just because they were Christians. The loving spirit of Christ was so lived in the kindergarten that the evangelist and Mrs. Takato are now the beloved of the town. This month the opportunity to buy a suitable and attractive piece of property for the chapel and kindergarten was presented. The Mission could not furnish all the funds, but the people of the town, whose lives have been* helped by the kindergarten there which you support, that unsolicited people raised 110 yen to go toward buying the property! We want to do more of that good work by a Girls' School in Tottori. The nearest institution of the kind is one hundred miles away. We would draw girls from two provinces, Tottori and the one further west. I am just writing this to let you know what we are thinking about and planning for and praying for every day. We are taking it up here all we can so that when the time comes we can start a campaign for funds here, and I know we can get something. The Kindergarten here is witness to that, and also it is a splendid starting point from which to build the school.

We have really begun to work upon definite plans. Miss Coe organized an English School for girls, meeting four times a week in the afternoons at the Kindergarten. We charge tuition and it more than pays its way. One hundred girls enrolled at first, then opposition to Christianity cut into that number, but we will continue to have a good school. We want you to be familiar with the development of the work here, then you, too, can hope and plan and pray intelligently.

Now we want one of the two young ladies for "Our School," the other for evangelistic work, for we can't touch the big need yet in that line. We have put in estimates for the school on the Interchurch Survey. We must not put off the happy day of its birth too long.

ANNA W. BENNETT.



These pictures were sent by Miss Louise Clark, nurse at Aintab Hospital, with a letter dated July 14. The picture at the top shows the Hospital staff with the exception of Dr. Shepard who was the photographer. The lower left-hand picture represents a waif whom Miss Clark encountered on the way to Marash where she went under the escort of two Turkish officers. At the left we see Miss Clark holding baby Alice Wellington Shepard, the little daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Shepard. Miss Clark writes with good courage although she says, "We are living hour by hour not knowing what to expect next."



Field Correspondents

Miss Fidelia Phelps of Inanda Seminary writes:

You ask me to write about myself. It seems to me that another subject would be more interesting. I am in excellent health and am enjoying my work in the school. The teaching of industrial subjects is very interesting but I find it somewhat fatiguing both to nerves and muscles. The amount that I have now is not too much but the two large cooking classes which I was taking for two hours two afternoons a week was rather taxing. Miss Clarke very kindly relieved me of those classes when she secured Miss Mahon in April, 1919.

I have seventeen hours of regular class work weekly; nine and a half of this is with three different sewing classes, two hours household arithmetic, so called, three hours household management, and two and a half Bible class. The industrial class is supposed to sew by themselves in the early morning when other classes are having study from 5.30 to 6.30. It is a large class this term, twenty, mostly new girls, and because they can do so little independently and because they are so eager to get on and I am so glad to help them because I think they are not having sufficient time for the garment making in the three hours of class work.

I am glad not to have my time too full of routine school work for I feel that it is my privilege and duty to give some of my time to Mrs. Edwards, reading to her and doing something for her that Betty, her native girl, cannot do. She is too independent still to let me do all that I would be glad to do for her personal comfort. She likes to wait upon herself as much and as long as she can.

She still has her poultry industry though not on so large a scale as in former years. Betty does the work in connection with it under Mrs. Edwards' direction and close supervision. She is sending a few eggs to market every week or two. She got over a dollar a dozen for the last three dozen.

Mrs. Edwards' newest interest is caring for a little girl. The child's mother is a poor shiftless woman on the station who comes

around periodically to beg for clothes if not for money. She came to Mrs. Edwards not long ago, and she told the woman to let this child come to her and work for clothes; it was much better to work for them than to beg for them. After a few days the child appeared with one garment only, a second-hand dress which the mother had picked up somewhere. She took her hoe and went into the garden to weed, Betty being delegated to look after her work. In a day or two Mrs. Edwards asked me if she had anything among her stores to make a dress for Nomemo. I investigated and between her remnants and mine, after a short sitting at my sewing machine, I evolved a frock and petticoat, and now the child is going to the station school. She is working before and after school for her board and clothes. She had not been going to school for some time because she had no clothes, the mother had told Mrs. Edwards. It is a great satisfaction to Mrs. Edwards to have an interest like this if only for a little time.

Another bit of service has come her way which is giving her much pleasure. Betty and two girls in the seminary are planning to go to Dr. McCord for a nurse's training when he returns and begins that work again, and now in the meantime they are coming to Mrs. Edwards in their free time from 4.30 to 6 o'clock to read her Chautauqua Nurses' Lectures. They read and she explains and questions them upon the lecture. It is a splendid preparation for their future work.

One of the native teachers comes to Mrs. Edwards almost every day to go over her arithmetic lesson before she teaches it and to ask the meaning of words in her reading lesson. Mrs. Edwards is very happy to be of use in this way. One of her pastimes is to work out arithmetic problems, square and cube root for instance, on a small blackboard. She has kept well during the long hot summer. It is only the last few days that the weather has turned cooler, enough so to make it seem that the back of the summer is broken.

I am hoping, now that the weather is getting cooler, to make more calls at the homes of old pupils and others on the station. The distances are great between the houses and up and down hill

in every direction. I am not a great walker at any time, and in summer heat here I feel exhausted if I attempt it very much.

If I could use the Zulu freely and understand the people well I should be glad. I am thankful that the younger missionaries are having better opportunities to learn the language than I had. Miss Carter is making good progress. She gets practice by going to the Kraals with a few of our girls on Sunday afternoons to hold meetings. I have feared that these long walks were too much for her and that she was not getting as much rest on the Day of rest as she should, but she is sure that the exercise is good for her, says she does not get enough during the school week, and though she is a little tired when she returns, a good night's rest puts her in good shape for the week's work. It is splendid that she can do this kind of work in addition to her full program of school work.

The dining-room is a beautiful large room. It makes a fine assembly room, too large for the need of our present number of girls (120) but we shall grow. We began using it for chapel exercises and for Sunday services at the beginning of this term, also the dormitories above are occupied. Many details of this part of the building have yet to be finished. It will be quite an imposing building when it is completed, quite too imposing to bear my name.

Miss Frances Woods writes from Mahableshwar, India:

Life is very strenuous these days. I have begun real teaching now, as you all know. Mathematics, science, music, drill classes, and club work, also housekeeping, make up my schedule. I have kept house at home in America, but I assure you it is quite a different thing out here. To see that things go smoothly is no small task. At mission meeting time, when all the missionaries came together for conference, we had twelve in our bungalow! Those were hectic days!

The nicest work I have is the club work. We have an organization like the Girl Scouts here and Miss Bruce, Miss Smiley, and myself, each has a group. We take them out walking and do special things for them, so that it is a real honor to belong. One

funny thing happened one Saturday afternoon when Miss Smiley had her girls out on a walk. They found a stray chicken by the road and brought it home with them. They called it Moses because they rescued it from the ditch, and Moses became their mascot. My girls, I am afraid, got dreadfully jealous because they had none. Well, one morning, just after breakfast, I heard a rap at my door, and there were two of my girls. The expression on their faces was the kind that Hannibal wore when he crossed the Alps. Triumphant was no word for it! "Oh, Miss Woods, we've got a bird!!" They had a poor harmless bird who had flown into their bath room and was evidently sick, as it made no attempt to get away. I didn't really want a real, sure-enough bird to take care of. Personally, I thought Moses was a dreadful care. So I explained to them that this was a bird who could fly and it would be cruel to shut him up. A chicken was different. So we doctored up the poor thing and before the day was over he flew away quite happy. I breathed a sigh of relief.

We had a lovely visit from Miss Calder in the spring, and though she came in one of the hottest months she went around and saw everything.

Miss H. Constance Barker of Aintab writes from Beirut:

Little did I suppose when I last wrote that I should have to leave Aintab before I wrote again. I believe you have had reports through the papers and otherwise concerning conditions in this part of the world. Some of the newspaper reports were, I believe, worse than the actuality, but things have been far from comfortable since the middle of January in our city. Though we never had the great massacre which was reported, we felt many times that we were on the verge of it, and it would have come had not the Armenians been prepared. We are proud of the young men who laid such careful plans for the defence of their people—built barricades, dug trenches, made loop holes in the walls, made their own ammunition and hand grenades. It was a marvel to us that they could do so much. But we fear that their fate is sealed—they refused to leave their women and chil-

dren to the mercy of the Turks and have decided to fight till the end.

When I came out here I had no idea I would see real warfare. I did not believe the Allies would allow such things to happen. America's action has been such a disappointment. I had such high hopes of my beloved country. I did, however, become quite accustomed to war. I never liked it, but I got to the place where I could go on without thinking very much about the bullets which were striking the walls of our house. Many a time we had wondered why our houses were built with double stone walls, but we were mighty thankful for it during those days. We were even beginning to be accustomed to the sound of cannon. So long as we knew they were the French cannon we had no fear, but after we knew the Turks were using some which were larger than the French, we were not so comfortable. The very first time the Turks shelled us, my own house was struck and the roof, pretty badly torn with pieces of shrapnel, went through to the ground floor. Our cook's son was fatally wounded and died before morning. That was the only death on mission premises from cannot shot, though both Dr. Shepard's house and the home of Dr. Merrill were shelled. The one in Dr. Shepard's did not explode and though it knocked stones away with great force, we who were in the cellar did not realize the house had been touched. At Dr. Merrill's the shell fell about five feet from the wall but every window on the west side of the study lost both glass and casing and the same was true of the room above. That happened the last night I was in Aintab.

I left the city on May 25th, coming out to bring 400 orphan girls and workers to Beirut. There were two other smaller orphanages and the women rescued from Turkish homes, as well as about fifteen hundred refugees. We had a much quieter journey than we anticipated—did not hear a single rifle shot, though just as we entered Killis a doctor in the rear guard of the convoy was killed. I stayed with my children in Killis four or five days, then went to Katma, where we were piled into box cars and shipped to Beirut. Here we have been put in a camp at the

Quarantine Station. There have been about nine hundred orphan boys arrive this week so that we have here over 1500 people to look after. For a few days I have been the only American here, but to my joy Mr. Travis, who has the boys' orphanage, will take charge tomorrow.

What are my plans for the future? I don't know. Our Mission work seems stopped for awhile, and we expect the remaining Americans in Aintab may leave within a week or two. For the present I shall have to look after these little strange girls in a strange land. A few of them know Arabic but to most of us it is an entirely new language. The Relief Committee hopes some time within a year or so to send the children back north but in this land nothing is certain.

It is a relief in many ways to get out to a place where we can breathe freely and go around openly without fear of being shot, yet our hearts and thoughts are much with those we left behind. We wonder whether there cannot be a way found to save many of them. We hope that if the other Americans in Aintab come out they may be able to bring many of the people with them. But all we can do is to pray. (Miss Barker arrived in the United States August 31.)

In a letter received July 6, 1920, Miss Susan W. Orvis writes from Talas:

We are pushing all the lines of work and trying to accomplish as much as we can while there is opportunity. So far we are not interrupted and have had no difficulty. We realize that in many places near by there is serious trouble but we go on hoping that here we may be spared. Sometimes it is well to be far away from the borders.

Last Friday I took all my school children here in Talas for a May Day picnic (the Turkish first of May, you know, is two weeks later than ours). We lined them up in front of our Girls' School and there were 400 in the long line of boys and girls. Isn't that fine? This did not include the 164 boys in the Boys' Industrial School at the former American School for boys that Mr. Wingate had. Besides using all our buildings we use all the Ar-

menian school buildings and even get money help from a rich Armenian family in New York for one of the schools. The Near East Relief supports the schools for the orphans.

I have just completed a careful inventory for all the schools and listed everything belonging to the Board and to the Near East Relief. We have also made a census, showing 1953 pupils in the schools over which I have supervision. About 1500 are under my personal direction. About 500 are at Yozgat, which I have visited only once. They send me their reports, however. Sixty are in a Moslem School for refugees in Cesarea. Thirty-five or forty orphans are in our kindergarten in Cesarea and about thirty are pay pupils in the kindergarten. I think I wrote you that all the educational work was put into my hands this year. Everyone was so occupied with relief work it seemed impossible to do any educational work at all. So we just decided to have one person attend to that. It was a big task to get buildings put in shape again, find teachers and books and equipment—much more has been accomplished than I dared to expect.

Now we have the use of the large Armenian Gregorian Church here in Talas for our Sunday services. All the orphans and town people attend. Over 500 are present. We had a communion service at Zinzerdere, the Greek village near us, last Sunday. It is the first for five years. Large audiences worship in our church in Cesarea every Sunday. Miss Richmond runs a big Sunday school there, also. We have a young man who preaches there and here every week. Another preaching service is held in Zinzerdere and one in Yozgad. The Cesarea Kindergarten building is in good condition and Miss Richmond is living there. We have a few pay pupils here in the Girls' school and also day pupils who pay in Cesarea. But they are not many.

Miss Ivy Craig writes from Mt. Silinda, East Africa:

At last I can say that I have arrived at the end of my long, long journey. I arrived here May 28 after more than three months on the way. Still I would not want you to think that I had not enjoyed every bit of the journey.

We spent over six weeks on the S. S. Quelimane. This was a Portuguese steamer. It was very comfortable and we had splendid food. There were very few English speaking people on board. The weather was lovely even when near the equator. We stopped at Madeira, San Thome, Loando, and Lobito Bay. Capetown was our only English port. We had to stay twelve days at Lorenzo Marques. It seemed a shame to have to stay so long when we were so near our destination, for it was only two days to Beira, but there was no help for it. Our baggage did not get on shore at Beira until too late for the Customs and this caused us another delay, as the trains go up only twice a week. Then when we got to Umtali we were unable to leave as soon as we would have liked to because our baggage did not get up from Beira.

We left Umtali, Tuesday, May 18, on our long but beautiful journey through the mountains. The road was not as bad as I expected, but riding in a big transport wagon drawn by eight mules was not very smooth and I much preferred walking. We made about fourteen miles a day, so I had no trouble at all in walking ten miles or over a day. I did not find my appetite at all lacking. In fact I was hungry all the time. We had to replenish our food at several of the settlers'. We had coffee and bread about six o'clock, breakfast about nine, and dinner about the middle of the afternoon. Sometimes we had tea and bread or crackers for supper and sometimes we did not stop until too late to have any.

The twelve days through the mountains were indeed very lovely. Our road went as high as six thousand feet and the surrounding mountains were about nine thousand feet. The cuttings did not seem as dangerous as those in the Rockies, but if there had been a little snow one might have easily imagined one's self there.

The Fullers wanted to go to Chikore so I was met by Mr. and Mrs. Orner at Chipinge and rode the rest of the way on horseback through a heavy rain. Though the distance was only twenty-two miles, it took us seven hours to travel it because the roads were so slippery that we had to let the horses walk. Mrs. Lawrence, a trained nurse, was at Mrs. Mather's, and she had a

hot bath ready for me and served my supper in bed. She took such good care of me that I did not even catch cold.

I was unable to see the station for several days because of a dense mist which settled over everything. It seemed strange to be in the place I had looked forward to being in for so long, and not be able to see it. Finally the sun came out and truly everything on this mountain is beautiful. The weather is cold like our cold fall days. They have had one light frost but it does not seem to hurt the oranges and bananas.

The school is out for the winter but I have seen the girls who are working and am surely in love with them. I took my ukelele out where they were the other night and they just danced up and down and sang while I played for them. I cannot see how anyone would have any trouble in loving them. I just wish I had all the language so that I could begin teaching right away.

In a later letter, Miss Craig writes:

The missionaries are beginning to come in for Mission-Meeting. Mr. and Mrs. Dysart and Dr. Thompson came in today on bicycles and in machilas. On Monday, the Fullers and the rest of Dr. Lawrence's family are to come. Then we will have a continuous meeting for ten days.

I have had a very pleasant week with Dr. and Mrs. Thompson and am now back at Mrs. Mather's. When a native comes for medicine, he gets it whether he has any pay or not, but they are encouraged to bring pay because these people easily become beggars. I saw a good many come with a half-gallon or so of corn on their heads to pay for their medicine. These sights are getting to be an old story with me but would interest you immensely. When the natives come to the door they cough to attract your attention. A few of them have nerve enough to knock but not many.

Miss Moulton, who is coming out with Miss Ellener, is from Moody's School in Northfield. We expect them by fall. At Mission meeting this week it was decided that I am to go to Chikore for language study. As I had so much language with Mr. Fuller, on the way out, they have decided to give me one chart class in the Chikore school. They think this will help me greatly.

Missionaries Suggest Remedies for Korean Unrest

Remembering the recent serious situation in Korea, the following account, furnished by the Interchurch correspondent, gives promise for the future:

A striking instance of the esteem in which Christian missionaries are held by the Japanese Government occurred in Tokyo last November, when a group of American religious workers were called into conference by Dr. Rentaro Mizuno, civil governor of Chosen, to help outline a new Korean policy. Those invited to attend included Dr. Albert Oltmans, head of the Interchurch World Movement in Japan; Rev. A. K. Reischauer, president of the Federated Missions, which includes practically all Protestant denominations at work on Japanese soil; Rev. Gilbert Bowles, of the Friends' Mission; Dr. Hilton Pedley, of the American Board; Rev. J. C. Bates and Mr. Arthur Jorgenson, honorary secretary of the Korean Y. M. C. A. in Tokyo.

The Japanese officials present admitted that their former policy had not been successful and expressed regret for not having consulted the missionaries at the time Korea was annexed. Bishop Hiraiwa, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, said the first missionaries gained the love and respect of the Japanese by uniform kindness; and that the Japanese government should follow similar methods in regard to the Koreans. Dr. Bates spoke of the British policy in Canada, where descendants of the early French settlers were allowed to retain their mother language and customs and where the two races consequently lived in harmony. A similar policy of toleration was suggested for Korea.

At the end of the conference, Dr. Mizuno said he had received invaluable suggestions for the improvement of Korean-Japanese relations. He added that he would carry them out wherever practicable, and whenever he found it impossible to do so he promised to explain why. The present administration, he said, will endeavor to treat the Koreans as the equals of Japanese.

Prayer
at Noontide



Encircling
the Earth

AROUND THE COUNCIL TABLE WITH OUR PRESIDENT

Loyalty to the Denomination

I

IN FINANCIAL LINES

It feels good to belong to a denomination even when one is not a denominationalist in any narrow, sectarian way. It is something like belonging to a family instead of being set all alone in the world.

I am conscious of a different feeling about my denomination than I used to have. Perhaps the Apportionment Plan gave me the start—something at any rate has sprung out of the new Fathering conception and caught me in its sweep. Do others feel this too, I am wondering. Do my comrades in Board service have with me a sense of pleasure that the “strong arm” of the denomination like the “strong arm of the law” is encircling our Board, our own local church?

Its comprehensive plans are made so as to include the possibilities of each unit. It studies each, pays regard to each and trusts to the loyalty of each to conserve the best interests of the whole.

THE BEST INTERESTS OF THE WHOLE

For example, at our last annual meeting we set an aim of \$300,000 for ourselves and proceeded to lay plans for securing that sum in the course of the year. But shortly our denominational leaders became ready to launch a Congregational World Movement and naturally desired to sweep all our society aims into one unified course.

The fact that the Board has received in 1920 through the united appeal of the C. W. M. to the churches less than its askings should not weaken our confidence in the leadership of the de-

nomination nor in the wisdom of such a partnership among the societies. High human ideals are usually beyond reach at first trial. But woe to us humans if we scale down the ideals to our seeming abilities! Many of our boys, of imperfect physical development, were made fit for service in the late war by reaching out for an ideal of height, weight and muscle, only attained by persistence through sloughs of mixed hope and fear. Should we be less brave and determined for the Church than for the State?

But someone expresses a lurking feeling—it may be found in many sections—"We should be willing to follow the denomination in its unified plans if it really seemed wise to aim for such large amounts in these times. The Church, of all institutions, should be slow to appear extravagant and I don't quite know about these millions."

AN ANSWER TO THE NATURAL OBJECTION

It is the fault of the individual societies within the denomination if the aims are set too high. There is no arbitrary court to sit and work up big figures to spring upon an innocent, bewildered and timid church. The ultimate aims for the whole mass are summed up from the budgets made by the societies, the societies in turn having summed up the budgets of their respective fields of operation, these budgets having been prepared on the basis of a careful scrutiny of *actual, existing, essential need* and *opportunity*. Needs and opportunities, whence spring they? Where is the starting end of that chain of logic which is surely bringing us forward and upward to larger conclusions than we used to reach? At the very beginning of the argument, buried in social, political and individual stirrings, both human and divine elements appear to blend. So surely is God at the starting end that we have confidence in His presence at the Big-Appeal end. Why not, all together, abandon the limited prairie-wagon method and get the automobile habit into full swing as soon as possible?

One small brain is of course circumscribed in its outlook, but to one, at least, in one of the constituent societies of our denomina-

tional movement the following advantages for a united appeal appear persuasive, and compelling on loyalty:

In blending appeals, courage is generated, each daring to state reality.

The psychological effect of the impact of the whole upon the constituency is stronger than the sum of separate impacts.

The Church is such a supreme factor in the life of the world that the present chance to emphasize it is too good, too providential to lose.

The process of survey, classification and fair equalization, brings out the weak spots, advises eliminations and improvements, cuts down waste, oxygenizes the entire Congregational plant, force and processes.

And, through all, the Great Leader's winsome, drawing call seems sounding. There are some gains for a popular attention to Christ's leadership in the life of the world. Here, in these new, large movements we followers, if loyal in co-operation, have our glorious opportunity to exalt still more the Master we love.

(To Be Continued)

M. L. D.

"'Go break to the needy sweet charity's bread,
For giving is living,' the angel said.
'And must I be giving again and again?'
My peevish and pitiless answer ran.
'Ah, no,' he said—and piercing me through—
'Just give till the Master stops giving to you.'"

Fifty-Third Annual Meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions

The annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions will be held with the First Congregational Church of Montclair, New Jersey, November 10-12, 1920. All regular accredited Branch delegates and all missionaries of the Woman's Boards and the American Board are entitled to entertainment from Tuesday night to Friday noon. Applications should be sent in before October 10 to Mrs. Arthur H. Churchill, 6 Westover Road, Montclair, N. J.

Junior Department

Girl Champions of the Philippines

By Effa L. Laubach, Missionary

FIVE years ago we arrived in the city of Manila, the capital city of the Philippines. We were on our way to another city on the island of Mindanao, which was to be our new home. You may imagine how eagerly we were looking forward to our first glimpse of the people among whom we should so soon be living.



Boating in the Philippines

We found ourselves in Manila in carnival time when the city is crowded with people from all parts of the Islands, come to attend the festivities. It is a sort of Philippines' World's Fair. Every hotel and every missionary's house was full of visitors. No room for us! Still we must stay somewhere, for we had to wait many days for a boat. So they put us in a dormitory where many girls who come to the city to study or to work find a good home with a kind matron to mother them. It is like a Y.W.C.A. in the United States. How we enjoyed meeting the Filipina girls!

The very first night the matron said to us: "I have a surprise for you. Some girls have come whom you must surely meet. They are from your island, Mindanao." How delighted we were! In a few moments in came ten big healthy-looking girls, about fourteen or fifteen years old. They all wore bright red suits, and they were a jolly looking group.

"Why do they all wear red?" I asked. "Does everybody in Mindanao dress like that?"

The girls laughed. "Oh, no," one replied, "these are our baseball uniforms."

"Baseball!" I cried in astonishment.

"Yes," the tallest girl explained, "we have come to play ball at the carnival, you know."

We must still have looked our surprise, for the matron went on to explain and we soon learned that the Board of Education of the Philippines brought to Manila for the carnival all the teams which held the championships among the girls of their own districts. Then during the festivities of the carnival a great baseball series was played to decide the championship of the Islands. These particular girls had come from the town of Oroquieta (Or-o-kee-a'-ta).

"And did they beat all the other teams in their provinces?" I asked.

Just then a young man walked in, in time to hear my question. "Did they!" he cried, "why they beat everything south of Cebu. My bet is that this Oroquieta team will beat every team in Manila before they go home." We very soon learned that the young man was the coach of the teachers and the superintendent of schools of their province. I was glad to hear his good report, but glad too that the girls themselves did not boast about their own playing.

"We had a hard time persuading our mothers to allow us to come," said a girl named Melchora, who did most of the talking, and whom we learned was the captain of the team. "At first they said they would never let us come, but the superintendent and the teachers came to our houses and persuaded them. They

said that we would have to come up to Manila to save the honor of the lower part of the Philippines. After a while they consented on one condition. That was that some of the mothers should come along. So Mrs. Chaves and Mrs. Pueblos were brought along as chaperones." And she nodded at a couple of middle aged women who had come with them, but whom we had not noticed before because they wore ordinary Filipina clothes.

"Are you enjoying your visit to Manila?". I asked of one of them. But instead of answering me she turned to one of the girls and asked,

"Onsa?"

Then I knew that the older ladies did not know English. But we had a very interesting conversation through the girls who translated for them. This time the girls blushed, for their mothers made them say that they were the best ball players in the Philippines, and they expected them to carry away the banner. You could see that they were as proud of their baseball daughters as they could be.

We were proud of them, too, although we had never been in Mindanao, and we wanted them to win the championship. We were afraid that because they lived so many miles away where we knew they did not have the advantages people have in large cities that they might get scared and not play as well as the girls who were accustomed to city crowds.

We all went down to see them play. There was a very large crowd, indeed, and one could see from the way they cheered the Manila team that their sympathies were nearly all with Manila. How awkward and queer the red costumes of the Oroquieta team did look beside the elegantly costumed girls from Manila. The game begins. Manila at the bat. Batter up. One strike. Two strikes. Three strikes. Out! My, what a swift ball that Oroquieta pitcher does send. We began to sit up and take courage. Another minute and the second out, and the third. Manila, no runs!

Then Oroquieta comes to the bat. The Manila pitcher swings her arm to get it good and loose and then — there comes the ball.

And there goes the ball! A hit. A high hit! A long hit! It goes over the fielders' heads. See that little red suit fly. Around the bases it goes, one, two, three, and slides into the home base ahead of the ball. First batter up with home run!

The Oroquieta girls look awkward no longer. They know what they can do. Manila begins to be scared. We few from Mindanao shout with all our might, but there are not many to help (for Mindanao is seven hundred miles away).

Second batter up. Bang! Right through the pitcher's hands. Next batter up. Another hit right into the field, and the girls on bases come home. Three runs and no outs! I began to feel sorry for Manila. I thought of that verse in the Bible, "How have the mighty fallen."

Still, it did me good to watch the people of Manila as they sat silent and astonished and watched that score roll up. After a while the people from other parts of the Islands began to applaud the wonderful little hitters. Nobody had ever seen a team like them in the Philippines. I admit that I am prejudiced, but I do not think that in all the United States there is a team that could beat Oroquieta girls as they played that afternoon.



The Champion Team

The score was so big on one side, and so little on the other that all the other teams wanted to give up without even trying.

You can imagine that our team became the talk of Manila. People began to look at them as though there was something superhuman about them. But there wasn't. They were just healthy, and strong, and had practiced very, very faithfully, and had never injured their health with too many sweets.

Then the girls went to see the carnival. What a wonderful time they had! There was very little that they missed. They had never been on street cars nor even seen them before, though they had read about them in their geographies. At the carnival they looped the loop, screaming with joy; went on all the scenic railways, taking their mothers and teachers with them, and attended the animal show, eating American candy and Filipino peanuts. The thing they liked best of all was—what do you suppose?—the merry-go-round. They would have been willing to miss their meals and go around all day.

That night the girls went to see the movies—the first they had ever seen. Here they forgot to be quiet. The Filipino people love to applaud the hero, and weep when the poor old woman loses her parrot, and laugh when Fatty Arbuckle falls into the water trough.

At last it was ten o'clock and they had to go home and to bed. They were ready, for that had been one of the busiest days they had ever known.

In the morning they attended the chapel service at the dormitory which was entertaining them. It was wonderful to see how hard they listened, and to realize that they were listening to the Bible read for the first time in their lives. It was a new book to them and they listened to the story of Jesus healing the blind boy as though they did not want to miss a word. They wanted to get the Bible and read those beautiful stories of Jesus themselves. Day after day they grew more and more interested in this Bible story of Christ, and when the time came to go back to Mindanao they were glad that we were coming, too, so that they could learn more about it from us.

"Why do you suppose they are so anxious to know what is in the Bible?" I asked the matron.

"Well," she said, "perhaps one reason is that in the Spanish days, before America controlled the Philippines, it was against the rules to own or read a Bible, and so the people feel that they have long been deprived of the finest book in the world."

At last the whole series was over. Oroquieta got the banner as the champion team of the Philippines, and carried it back to the Southern Islands. Everybody said when they saw it: "We all knew that Mindanao would some day be the greatest island of them all, but we did not suppose it would begin with baseball."

As they sailed away for a week and a day to Mindanao, they sang the new sweet Sunday school songs they had learned in the dormitory. Because they were happy they would sing,

"Oh, that will be, glory for me, glory for me, glory for me
When by His grace I shall look on His face,
That will be glory, glory for me."

Whenever they sang these songs they were reminded of the happy days in Manila. Religion seemed a very happy thing to them, as, of course, it ought to seem to everybody.

Of course we were anxious to invite the Oroquieta baseball team to come and see us when we had our own home in Cagayan about a hundred miles from Oroquieta.

At last they came to play ball at the Cagayan carnival. You see, besides the big carnival in Manila, many towns have baby carnivals and so Cagayan has one. We invited the Oroquieta girls to come and stay with us. We also invited another team which was coming away down out of the mountains. These were the girls from Bukidnon. We were surprised when the mountain girls arrived to find them all so little and so thin, and we felt very sorry to think of them playing with the other teams, so much larger.

"Why did you bring such little girls to play these older girls?" I asked the manager.

"Because the Bukidnons back on the mountains are uncivilized and they have a custom of marrying off all their girls when they

are about twelve years old. We have to use girls under that age or none."

Another thing that made it so hard for the Bukidnon girls was that they were used to living away up on the mountains where it is very cool, and when they came down to the coast where the sun is very hot, they felt like melting. Of course the other teams beat them as we all expected. But the surprise came for us when Oroquieta played them. I saw the girls whispering around about something, but did not know what they planned. I found out when they played the game. They mixed their team all up and put the poorest player they had in as pitcher. The little Bukidnon girls found that they could hit her slow balls all the way over the Oroquieta heads. So they made many runs, but the Oroquieta girls kept up with them in numbers until the last inning. Bukidnon had one run ahead and to win Oroquieta would have to tie the score. The batter hit a foul away up in the air. It came down, and down, at a little Bukidnon girl of ten years old and—*she caught it.*

Bukidnon had won! The people could hardly cheer for laughing. They crowded around and praised the little girls for beating the champions of the Philippines. But the team that praised them most was the Oroquieta team they had beaten. Think what it meant. And the Oroquieta team was as happy as if it had won in a real contest.

The Oroquieta girls wanted us to teach them some more Christian songs, so they and the little girls from the mountains sang together, and some of those little mountain girls heard the name of Jesus for the first time.

It was a great day in the province of Bukidnon when the girls went back and told them they had beaten the best team in the Islands, even if they had not beaten anybody else. To this day we hear them singing the songs they learned at our house, when we go back among the mountains. And some of those girls we entertained then have since become sweet Christians.

(NOTE: This story is published especially for 'teen age girls.—THE EDITOR.)

Woman's Board of Missions

MRS. FRANK GAYLORD COOK, Treasurer

Receipts, August 1-31, 1920

Congregational ment, Friend,	World Move- ment, 1.00	\$2,166.42	Aux., 98; Pownal, North, Aux., 5; St. Johnsbury, North, C. R., 5.34; Woodstock, Aux., 30,	396.80
MAINE				
<i>Eastern Maine Branch.</i> — Mrs. J. Gertrude Denio, Treas., 347 Hammond St., Bangor. Calais, Aux., 82; Freedom, Ch., 1,	83.00			
<i>Western Maine Branch.</i> — Mrs. George F. Cary, Treas., 396 Congress St., Portland. Au- burn, Sixth St. Ch., Aux., 25; Bethel, Aux., 25; Brunswick, Jr. & Prim. S. S., 10; Gorham, Aux., 5; Harrison, Aux., 8; South Berwick, Aux., 36; Waterford, Aux., 17.92; Wells, Second Ch., 6,	132.92			
		215.92		
NEW HAMPSHIRE				
<i>New Hampshire Branch.</i> — Mrs. Jennie Stevens Locke, Treas., 21 South Spring St., Concord. Amherst, Aux., 35; Barrington, Aux., 12.80; Brookline, Aux., 11.30; Candia, F. M. S., 8; Center Ossipee, First Ch., 7; Exeter, Aux., 12; Goffstown, Jr. M. B., 5; Hanover, Ch. of Christ at Dartmouth College, 76; Keene, First Ch., 4.25; Laconia, Woman's Soc., 60; Lancaster, Aux., 36.64; Lisbon, Aux., Mary R. Cummings, 50; Lyme, Aux. (25. of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. Jennie F. West), 75; Marlboro, Ch., 10; Mason, Ch., Women, 10; Mont Vernon, Aux., 12.50; North Hampton, Aux. (25. of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. Julia M. Philbrick), 31; Orford, West Ch., 13; Plaistow and No. Haverhill, Mass., Ch., 10.80; Somersworth, Ch., 9,	489.29			
VERMONT				
<i>Vermont Branch.</i> — Mrs. Walter O. Lane, Treas., 55 Cliff St., Burlington. Bennington, North, Aux., 63, C. R., 1.67, Prim. Dept. S. S., 2.62; Bellows Falls, Aux., 44.17, C. R., 1; Burling- ton, College St. Ch., Aux., Friend (to const. L. M. Mrs. Walter O. Lane), 25; East Arlington, S. S., 1; Fair Hav- en, Aux., 40; Jamaica, Aux., 14; Jericho, Aux., 10; Milton, Aux. (to const. L. M. Mrs. Charlotte Hall Fuller), 25; Peacham, Aux., 31; Pittsford,				
MASSACHUSETTS				
<i>Friend,</i> 110.00				
<i>Barnstable Association.</i> — Mrs. Charles Davis, Acting Treas., South Dennis. North Fal- mouth, Aux.,	16.35			
<i>Essex North Branch.</i> — Mrs. Leon- ard H. Noyes, Treas., 15 Col- umbus Ave., Haverhill. New- buryport, Belleville Ch., C. E. Soc., 5; Rowley, Aux., 10, Girls' M. C., 10; West Boxford, S. S., 2.40; West Newbury, First Ch., W. M. S., 17.50, C. E. Soc., 5,	49.90			
<i>Essex South Branch.</i> — Mrs. Law- rence Perkins, Jr., Treas., 27 Chase St., Danvers. Lynnfield Centre, Centre Ch.,	3.75			
<i>Hampshire County Branch.</i> — Miss Harriet J. Kneeland, Treas., 51 Harrison Ave., Northampton. Amherst, Second Ch., C. E. Soc., 3; Easthampton, S. S., 10; Enfield, Aux., 41.67; Flor- ence, C. R., 15.13; North Had- ley, Aux., 10; Southampton, Sunshine Band, 25; Williams- burg, C. E. Soc., 3; Worthing- ton, Aux., Miss Emma Hub- bard, 10,	117.80			
<i>Holden.</i> — Mr. J. Richmond Childs, 10.00				
<i>Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch.</i> — Mrs. Clara A. Ball, Treas., 136 Marlboro St., Wollaston. Abing- ton, First Ch., 31.30; Easton, Aux., 28; Hanover Centre, First Ch., 33; Quincy, Bethany Ch., 34.79,	127.09			
<i>North Middlesex Branch.</i> — Mrs. Flora M. Kimball, Treas., Lit- tleton. Acton, South, Aux., 15; Ashburnham, First Ch., 10; Boxboro, Aux., 19; North Leominster, Benev. Soc., 45,	89.00			
<i>Old Colony Branch.</i> — Mrs. How- ard Lothrop, Treas., 3320 North Main St., Fall River. South Dartmouth, Ch.,	18.75			
<i>Springfield Branch.</i> — Mrs. Mary H. Mitchell, Treas., 1078 Worthington St., Springfield. Inc. Agnes R. Allyn Mem. Fund, 35; Inc. Helena A. Daw- ley Mem. Fund, 60; Inc. Fund, Friend, 225.20; Life Member, 10; Blandford, First Ch., 19;				

Chicopee Falls, Second Ch., 23.68; Monson, Dorcas Soc., 173; North Wilbraham, Grace Union Ch., 30; Palmer, Second Ch., 23.40; Mayflower Cir., 10; Springfield, Hope Ch., Women's Guild, 60; West Springfield, First Ch., 19.50; Wilbraham, Miss Elizabeth P. Whiting, 2,	690.78	Plantsville, Aux., 76.50; Somersville, C. R., 3; Wethersfield, Aux., 216, 1,118.00
Suffolk Branch.—Miss Margaret D. Adams, Treas., 1908 Beacon St., Brookline, 47. Boston, Old South Ch., Aux., 25, Park St. Ch., Friends, 30, Union Ch., Aux., 25; Brighton, Aux., 50; Norwood, First Ch., 60; Waverley, S. S., Prim. Dept., 9.27, C. R., 6.20; Wellesley Hills, First Ch., 75,	280.47	New Haven Branch.—Miss Edith Woolsey, Treas., 250 Church St., New Haven. In mem. of R. A. S., 100; Friend, 200; Friend, 50; Gift Steward, 20; Bridgeport, Olivet Ch., 23; Colebrook, Armenia's Helpers, 1; Cornwall, Y. P. M. C., 5; Guilford, First Ch., 82.23; Litchfield, Aux., 11.50; New Haven, Yale College Ch., Aux., 207.50; Waterbury, First Ch., S. S., 20; Whitneyville, C. R., 12, 734.23
Wellesley.—Wellesley College, Christian Assoc.,	200.00	Norwich.—Miss Delia D. Leavens, 30.00
Worcester County Branch.—Miss Sara T. Southwick, Treas., 144 Pleasant Street, Worcester. Friend, 1000; East Douglas, Ch., 22.50; Grafton, Ch., 45; Rutland, First Ch., 18.90; Spencer, Prim. Dept., 5; Webster, Aux., 60; West Boylston, C. E. Soc., 10; Worcester, Central Ch., Woman's Assoc., 232,	1393.40	Total, 2,184.08
LEGACY	Total, 3,107.29	NEW YORK
Hinsdale.—Miss Jane L. Clark, through Hinsdale Aux., with int.,	1045.50	Binghamton.—Friend, 75.00
RHODE ISLAND		New York State Branch.—Mrs. Charles E. Graff, Treas., 46 South Oxford St., Brooklyn. Berkshire, C. E. Soc., 5; Center Moriches, Mrs. Jennie Newton Whitbeck, in mem. of Mrs. Catharine R. Newton, 5, 10.00
Rhode Island Branch.—Miss Grace P. Chapin, Treas., 150 Meeting St., Providence. Friend, 50.00		Total, 85.00
CONNECTICUT		NEW JERSEY BRANCH
Bristol.—Mr. W. H. Bacon, 12.50, Mrs. E. E. Newell, 62.50, Mrs. Roger S. Newell, 37.50,	112.50	New Jersey Branch.—Miss Martha N. Hooper, Treas., 1475 Columbia Road, Washington, D. C. D. C., Washington, Ingraham Mem. Ch., Aux., 40.28, Mt. Pleasant Ch., Aux., 150, League of Service, 40; Md., Baltimore, Associate Ch., Aux., 40, C. E. Soc., 25; N. J., Bound Brook, Aux., 70, 365.28
Eastern Connecticut Branch.—Miss Anna C. Learned, Treas., 255 Hempstead St., New London. Int. Martha S. Harris Fund, 130; Int. Eliza Freeman Woodward Fund, 10; Int. Elizabeth P. Woodward Fund, 10; North Woodstock, Aux., 25; Thompson, Aux., 14.35,	189.35	PENNSYLVANIA
Hartford Branch.—Mrs. Sidney W. Clark, Treas., 40 Willard St., Hartford. Int. Clara E. Hillyer Fund, 90; Gift Stewards, Mrs. A. M. Moore, 30, Miss Florence Moore, 30, Miss Anna Moore, 30. Mr. and Mrs. Martin Welles, 480; Bloomfield, Aux., 54, Jr. C. E. Soc., 6, Pro Christo Club, 5; East Windsor, C. R., 12.50; Hartford, Center Ch., C. R., 8, Fourth Ch., Y. L. S., Federated Classes, 47; Kensington, S. S., 30;		Pennsylvania Branch.—Mrs. David Howells, Treas., Kane. Milroy, White Mem. Ch., 20.65; Scranton, Mrs. William Pritchard, 5; Wilkes-Barre, Buttonwood Ch., 4.05, 29.70
		SOUTHEAST BRANCH
		Southeast Branch.—Mrs. Fred R. Marsh, Treas., Tavares, Fla. Fla., Crystal Springs, C. E. Soc., 5; Sanford, People's Ch., 18.75; St. Petersburg, Miss. Soc., 15; S. C., Charleston, Circular Ch., Miss. Soc., 20, Bible School, 10, C. E. Soc., 5, 73.75
		OHIO
		*Springfield.—Miss Sara C. Frantz, 15.00
		CALIFORNIA
		Long Beach.—Friend, 1.00

HAWAII		TOTAL FROM OCTOBER 18, 1919, TO AUGUST 31, 1920
Honolulu.	— Mrs. Theodore Richards,	100.00
	TOTAL FOR AUGUST	\$6,481.61
Donations,	Cong'l. World Movement,	2,166.42
Buildings,	Buildings,	262.50
Specials,	Extra Gifts for 1920,	370.00
Legacies,	Specials,	1,045.50
Total,	Legacies,	10,326.03
	Total,	234,411.11

*A Conditional Gift
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