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Life and Light For Woman

TO THE WOMEN

Those who are patiently mending the
old ways of the world,
Those who are freely and fearlessly
building the new ways,
And those who are gropingly but ar-
dently seeking the ways
That lead to Him who came to bring
abundant life,
We dedicate our service in 1920.

—Margaret E. Burton.

Congregational Woman's Boards
of Missions
PUBLISHED IN BOSTON

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Form of Bequest

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

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

Please make all checks payable to the Woman's Board of Missions.

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ONE OF PEKING'S STREETS

Life and Light

Vol. L

January, 1920

No. 1

The New Goal

By Mrs. Frank Gaylord Cook

WHY with a forty per cent increase in gifts during the last two years do we need a "new goal"? Why does the Woman's Board need \$300,000? We had in hand for the 1919 appropriations approximately \$126,000; for 1920 we have almost \$147,000. Is that not a sufficient increase for the present? Why was it that with such a sum at its disposal the task of the Appropriations Committee was fraught with rare difficulty,—not because of any affluence, but because of crying needs which could not be met even with this amount? We want to try to answer here such questions as these.

In the first place, the salaries which take precedence of all else in our appropriations require an increase of practically \$16,000. We wish this was due to the fact that a much larger salary had been granted every missionary, for they all richly deserve it. Such, however, is not the case. In only a few fields have the salaries been raised even a little. But there are twenty-six more names on the list for 1920 than there were in 1919. Here again we should rejoice if this meant that this number represented a net increase of workers. Many of the twenty-six, however, were among those who were detained by war conditions, and were, during the interim, self-supporting. Others fill places that have been vacant more than a year. Too few, alas! go to do entirely new work.

A second reason why the \$21,000 increase is entirely inadequate to meet the necessities of the case is that a year ago appropriations for the work were made on a scale which in no way approximated the higher cost of living on the mission field. As a result, "additional appropriations" have been voted through the year;

largely to save our schools from serious debt, in a few cases simply to avoid discontinuance of certain essential pieces of work. The estimates from the field show that not only will such additional amounts be universally necessary again this coming year, but that much more should be given that boarding schools may be properly maintained; that native workers may receive a living wage; that our missionaries shall not be obliged to make up deficits out of their meagre salaries. The difficulty was not that the Appropriations Committee had to turn regretfully from opportunities for new work—there were plenty of these,—but not one could the committee so much as consider. It was that our fine schools such as Capron Hall at Madura, Woronoco at Sholapur, those at Ahmednagar, Uduvil, Barcelona and Guadalajara; the important work of Miss Judson at Matsuyama, and Miss Adams at Okayama; the wonderful work of Dr. Parker at Madura; the evangelistic work in nearly every field, all absolutely need so much more money than our funds in hand will provide.

In one sense the foregoing is all “past history” when the Treasurer’s books closed on October 18th last, the amount that could be appropriated for 1920 was well-nigh determined. A few contributions given specifically for the work of 1920 could still be added, but it was practically a closed account. Thus we may turn at this point to discuss our *1920 goal*.

All are probably familiar with our policy inaugurated with the organization of the Woman’s Board, and adhered to now for more than fifty years. We repeat it lest, perchance, any reader may be ignorant. All funds designated for “pledged work” received during the year 1919-20 go to provide for the 1921 appropriations. All other contributions, legacies or other income received during the same period constitute the “General Fund.” From this fund during the year are paid the overhead charges, the salaries of our staff, the outfits of missionaries and the cost of their travel to and from the field; the support of missionaries in this country and “additional appropriations” which will be explained later. What remains of the General Fund is added to what has been put aside for the appropriations of the next year.

Now the item for travel last year was nearly double that of any preceding year and we cannot hope that it will be very much less this coming year. It is, however, the item of Additional Appropriations which needs special comment. These include not only the emergencies mentioned above, and salaries of missionaries sent out after the appropriations were made, but the cost of exchange of which we have heard so much,—the cost of changing our money into the moneys of the lands where our work lies. We cannot tell what the year will bring forth in this line, but our estimate at present is that this will call for almost \$18,000 more in the present year than in the last. If to this statement be added the fact that our share of the American Board War Emergency Fund was over \$23,000 last year and that this gift will not be repeated, we are prepared for the next sentence. If we should receive from contributions in 1919-20 the same as in the year just closed, if the amount received from legacies and income does not exceed the average and if the amounts that must be paid from the General Fund are as large as we estimate, it means that the amount left for 1921 appropriations will be approximately \$50,000 less than the amount appropriated in 1920.

Yet we have tried to show earlier how inadequate for appropriations was the \$147,000. In view of the increased cost of all necessities in the mission fields, the pre-war appropriations for general work should be increased by 50%. This would mean \$30,000 more than now given for this purpose.

One step further. Thus far in our calculations we have made no mention of buildings, yet there are several building funds uncompleted; buildings are constantly calling for repairs; many new buildings are sorely needed. The Chairman of our Building Committee says an annual item of \$25,000 for buildings is none too much.

If to \$195,000 be added \$50,000 and \$30,000 and \$25,000 the arithmetical answer is found to the question "why this new goal."

We believe, however, there is a deeper reason than that. We are thinking in larger, more generous terms than ever before. We are not afraid of large figures. Other denominations have recently

achieved such successes as to inspire us with courage and with desire for accomplishment. Already there are intimations of the enthusiasm which will be engendered as the great Interchurch World Movement gains in momentum. Our minds and hearts are ready to "go forward."

How are we to accomplish our goal? First and foremost we must bear in mind the need for faithful, persevering prayer. Will not every Branch, yes, every local society have its band of Intercessors? Will not every woman who is interested pray daily, pray earnestly for new givers, for larger gifts from those well able to give, for wisdom for all who in any way strive to present this appeal.

Our second need is "optimism." The Branch Committee which brought the recommendations at Providence signed themselves "all optimists," and by those two words made at least one instantaneous convert to their plans. We must believe in our goal if we are to accomplish it.

A third most important aid to success will be a new earnest endeavor to cultivate our "unclaimed resources." Indeed it were well that these two be our watch words for the year. We must reach the vast number of women in our midst who have not yet learned the privilege of contributing toward the extension of God's Kingdom; we must reach the hearts of the women of means who have dismissed the world appeal with a mere pittance. We are fortunate in having this year ready to place in their hands, books that clinch interest such as Dr. Patton's "World Facts and America's Responsibility"; Willard Price's "Ancient Peoples at New Tasks" and our own study book "A Crusade of Compassion." There is also much missionary literature in attractive "story" dress. Mrs. Daniels in her Council page further emphasizes the necessity of reaching these uninterested women. Let us not overlook the ever-present need of the persistent personal effort.

With prayer based on the promises of God; with optimism born of faith; with a determination to claim the unclaimed resources we may confidently expect October 18, 1920, to find us beyond our goal, even as did October 18, 1919.

Editorials

About twenty missionaries of the American Board, many of them recently returned from Turkey, met December 11-13 in conference with the Board officers. There was discussion of the many important questions relating to the re-establishment of mission work in Turkey and to the future of the distracted peoples of that land.

Conference of
Turkey
Missionaries.

Friday afternoon, December 13, a well-attended reception was given for the missionaries and their friends in the parlors of Park Street Church, at which addresses were given by Dr. Barton and several of the missionaries, including Dr. Caroline Hamilton of Aintab. The following minute was adopted as an expression of the conviction of the Conference:

"We feel that in this, the centennial year of our work in Turkey, the time has come to re-affirm the purpose of all our missionary effort in that land. That purpose is to declare the Gospel of Christ, and develop Christian civilization among all the races of these ancient lands. Hitherto, owing to existing circumstances, efforts have been mainly confined to the Armenian and Greek races and we rejoice that God has honored our work for these people far more than it could have merited. But as we look to the future, and face the great task of reconstruction, we desire to reassert the original purpose in its broadest aspects. We are in the Near East to help every race there found, and to declare the gospel of God's eternal love to Turk as well as Armenian; to Greek, Kurd, Arab, Circassian; to every race and tribe which will receive us and listen to our message. We have a gospel as wide as men's needs, and a Christ in whom is neither Jew nor Gentile, bond nor free. We desire to reiterate the catholicity of our purpose, and pray that God may use us in the new age which is dawning, to make known to the people of the Near East, a Gospel which is life abundant to all who receive it.

We rejoice that changing conditions in these lands are full of promise. We feel confident that the secret of permanent peace

and good-will among men is in the Christian message, and thank God for the many indications of what appears to be a new and responsive attitude among the peoples and tribes of the Near East."

The American Board gave Dr. C. H. Patton a warm welcome on his return to the office November 25, after more than six months' absence in Japan, Korea, and China.

Dr. Patton's Return. During this time he was privileged to meet about 3000 missionaries, and he comes back eager to share his rich experiences with his colleagues and with the wider circle who are eager to listen. At the Friday meeting in Pilgrim Hall, December 5, Dr. Patton spoke of the boundless opportunities in China, illustrating this with stories from his own experiences.

Because of the urgent call of Board duties connected with the Interchurch Movement he cut short his tour of the Far East, while Mrs. Patton, with other members of the deputation, are now in India, and plan to return by way of Europe.

Many friends of Mrs. George Knapp, formerly of Harpoot, are sympathizing with her in the sudden death of her only son, Addison, at their Auburndale home, November 28. Mr. Knapp had been a student at Norwich Academy, Northfield, Vermont, but had been unable to complete his studies because of a break down in health.

Personals. Friends in the Branches will sympathize deeply with Mrs. F. G. Cook, our Treasurer, in the death of her mother, Mrs. Edward Sterling, at her home in Bridgeport, Conn., November 25, after a few hours' illness. Mrs. Sterling has been active in the charitable and religious work of the denomination throughout her long life and a generous supporter of the Woman's Board.

Miss Adelaide B. Fairbank, who returned to India in July was married October 10 to Rev. Horace Wright of the Presbyterian Mission. The ceremony took place in the church at Wadale,

where the bride had confessed her allegiance to Christ in her early girlhood. Though no formal invitations were sent out Miss Fairbank was happy in having her friends about her and also as attendants several of her cousins and college friends. Mr. and Mrs. Wright will make their home at Vengurla, where Mr. Wright is stationed.

Letters received at the Board rooms from Miss Calder are full of enthusiasm over the opportunities this tour is affording her for a better understanding of the work of the Woman's Board. A little later we hope to show our readers some of her successful experiments with the camera. Her last letter was written from Peking, where she expected to spend Thanksgiving with Mrs. Murray Frame, and then to go on to Foochow for Christmas.

Did the Branches exhaust their enthusiasm and energies in reaching last year's goal? Will there be a re-action? Our first

The Treasury. Financial Statement for this fiscal year answers last year's efforts would seem to be carrying us emphatically, "No!" The momentum gained by straight forward. We rejoice to see a gain recorded in every single column. It is a rare sight, but one with which we hope to become quite familiar. Correspondence from Branch officers indicates that they are already seriously and courageously facing their new task with a determination once again to do their utmost to attain the goal.

The Financial Statement of the Woman's Board

RECEIPTS AVAILABLE FOR REGULAR WORK,

OCTOBER 18—NOVEMBER 30, 1919

	From Branches	From Other Sources	From Legacies and Reserve Legacy Fund	Income from Investments and Deposits	TOTAL
1918	\$8,334.81	\$287.46	\$10,530.20	\$357.50	\$19,509.97
1919	12,096.04	1,362.00	14,252.64	445.69	28,156.37
Gain	\$3,761.23	\$1,074.54	\$3,722.44	\$88.19	\$8,646.40.
Loss					

After serious consideration the Publications Committee has decided that the subscription price of LIFE AND LIGHT must be raised to **seventy-five cents after February 1, 1920.**

**An Advance
in Subscription
Price.**

The old price of sixty cents will be in effect until January 31, 1920. It is hoped that all old subscribers will take advantage of the month's leeway thus offered and that many new subscribers may join with them in sending in subscriptions promptly.

The advance becomes necessary by a new rise in the cost of printing and of paper which makes it seem unfair to the Board to carry the magazine any longer at a figure which does not cover expenses. The month's delay is allowed in order to give our subscribers ample notice of the increased price.

LIFE AND LIGHT will be a campaign document for the Woman's Board in 1920 and in order to claim our untouched resources of Life, Prayer, and Money, we urge all our Branch workers to strive for an increased circulation in their territory.

Day of Prayer for Missions

February 20, 1920

"Together" surely is the keyword of this era. We have witnessed nations doing mighty things together, things impossible attempted separately. And we have seen the conquering power of a united front attacking sin citadels. Councils and federations have been born and waxed strong. An international mind and interdenominational vision have become existant. The line of demarcation between Jerusalem, Judea, Samaria and the uttermost part of the earth is fast ceasing to be a line of cleavage.

For many years, missionary societies have been observing, interdenominationally, a Day of Prayer for Foreign Missions and a Day of Prayer for Home Missions. Now, at last, *together* the thanksgiving petition and intercession for Home and Foreign Missions will arise. The first Friday in Lent has been chosen by

the Federation of Woman's Boards of Foreign Missions and the Council of Women for Home Missions for the annual observance of this united Day of Prayer.

Together these two organizations have prepared a program for February 20, 1920, based on the happily-inspired theme "The World to Christ We Bring." Copies may be secured, one cent each, from the various denominational women's boards, home and foreign, from the Council of Women for Home Missions, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City, or Miss M. H. Leavis, West Medford, Mass., agent for the Federation. This program will be ready and on sale January 1. "A Call to Prayer," a two page card, contains topics for preliminary, preparatory prayer. These cards, which fit an ordinary correspondence envelope, should be widely distributed. They are now ready and may be secured, free, from the denominational women's boards.

All Boards are urged to bring the matter before their constituencies as widely as possible; speakers and leaders are asked to announce the united Day of Prayer for Missions, and to impress upon women everywhere that each feel a responsibility, if no one else is taking the initiative, to call together women of all denominations in the local community by January 15 to plan for the observance of the Day of Prayer. Pastors are requested to insert a notice in church bulletins and to call attention from the pulpit for at least two Sundays before the Day of Prayer, that we may all be together "with one accord in prayer and supplication" on that day.

Clara M. Reed

Miss Clara Reed, who has recently died at Westfield, Mass., affords an illustration of the wonderful triumph of the spirit over physical weakness and suffering. Though she was for years an invalid, she served as President of the auxiliary and was among the foremost women of the town in missionary and literary activity. She was a sister of Mrs. Edith Reed Smith, our missionary at Ahmednagar, and her loss will be greatly felt by the church in Westfield and by the Springfield Branch.

Caroline E. Bush

An Appreciation by a Co-Worker

Thanksgiving Eve Heaven's portals opened wide to receive one who had given long years of service to the King. Interested in missions from childhood, Miss Bush became in early girlhood a close friend of the saintly Harriet Seymour. After the appointment of Mary Warfield to Harpoot, Miss Seymour received the call to the foreign field, and the two sailed in 1867. Miss Bush kept constantly in touch with Miss Seymour and her work. After three years Miss Warfield was called to the heavenly home, leaving a vacancy in the school and in the evangelistic work. With the approval of the missionaries, Miss Seymour invited Miss Bush to fill that vacancy. At the same time, not knowing what had happened at Harpoot, Miss Bush wrote to Miss Seymour, asking her if there were a niche that she could fill. The two letters crossed. When Dr. Bush was informed of his daughter's desire, he said, "I have long expected it, as she was consecrated to the missionary work before her birth." Thus, at the age of twenty-one Miss Bush, one of the youngest single ladies to go to the field, began her life as a missionary of the Woman's Board.

She was welcomed royally at Harpoot and became the associate of the pioneers, Dr. and Mrs. Barnum, Dr. and Mrs. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. Allen. Miss Seymour took her into her heart and school, and for more than thirty years they were inseparable. Their friendship was most beautiful; they were one in thought and purpose; each was proud of the other. Not a day passed without a season of prayer together.

The school was conducted in a stable which had been renovated so that it was suitable for the needs of the pupils. Many of the students were wives and mothers whose husbands were in training at the Boys' School. In connection with the school was a Day

Note.—Caroline E. Bush was born in Greenville (now Norwich), Connecticut, November 4, 1847. Her father was for years district secretary of the American Board, and the home of the family in Miss Bush's early life was in Rochester, N. Y. She sailed for Turkey in 1870, and returned to America in 1908.—*The Editor.*

Nursery, so that the mothers could be free for their studies. The sessions of the school were during the summer, so that the women and missionary teachers could be free in the winter for work among the village women. Each student became a worker for others. For instance, a preacher's wife, mother of eleven children, as soon as she learned to read, even while sick in bed, taught the primer to other women. The motto of the school seemed to be, "Saved to Serve."

Misses Seymour and Bush made their home for many years in the family of Dr. and Mrs. J. K. Browne, where they were regarded as sisters, and were called "Auntie Hattie" and "Auntie Caro" by the children, and later by the younger missionaries.

After ten years or so of school life and after the arrival of other unmarried ladies who took up that work, they yielded to the call and gave themselves to the harder but more satisfying work among the villages. This work was directly for souls.

Miss Bush was a tiny woman, delicate in her tastes, frail in body, and only God knows what she endured for Him on the long tours. She was a fearless horsewoman, riding an Arab horse, and she traveled many thousand miles. Dr. Browne, Miss Seymour and Miss Bush were associated in the evangelistic work for years. They met with dangers, seen and unseen. At one time during a heavy snowstorm, even with a guide, they lost their way on a trackless mountain. Here and there were precipices, night was approaching. What could they do? They halted their horses and prayed together. Soon they saw a light and heard the barking of a dog. When they entered the Kurdish hut, of one room, full of cattle and people, smoke and smells, it seemed "like heaven." Dr. Browne often laughingly said that he preached, Miss Bush prayed and Miss Seymour practised. In a way it was true. Miss Bush was specially gifted in prayer in public.

The needs of the women were carried on her heart. In each village with a faithful Bible woman she went from house to house, carrying her Bible, tracts, pictures, gifts. Everywhere she tried to lead the women into a closer walk with Him. Day after day she trudged through the narrow streets, filled with piles of snow,

followed by the street dogs, and counted it all joy. The evenings, too, were given to the people, holding "talks," teaching the Bible and hymns, settling quarrels, etc. She was so well-known that when she entered a village with Miss Seymour the children often called out, "The Miss Bushes have come!"

Always after a tour the station gathered to hear the story which was always interesting and sometimes thrilling. The most thrilling story was that of a ride from Arabkir, which city Miss Seymour and Miss Bush left the day of its massacre in 1895. The Lord was a shield and kept them in safety during that long trip, so full of peril.

She had the "pen of a ready writer," and often inspired her friends by the story of her tours, written during her rest time in Harpoot. It was a great cross, when Miss Seymour, because of ill-health, was obliged to go to America. In answer to prayer God gave her another consecrated associate, Miss Poole. They worked together for only a few years, however. During the last years of her missionary life Miss Bush's heart turned to the needs of the Moslem women. In order to reach them she learned Turkish, and spent much time with and for them. Everywhere she received a loving welcome.

At last Miss Bush's frail body became so frail that her brave spirit could no longer work for others, and she was forced to give up her loved work. For years she was a constant and intense sufferer, but she gave herself to prayer for Harpoot and Turkey. Finally she was released, and at Home with her Lord. What a glorious Thanksgiving was hers! With her Savior, her own dear ones, her missionary associates and hundreds, yea thousands of those for whom she gave her life. "Their works do follow them."

M. L. D.

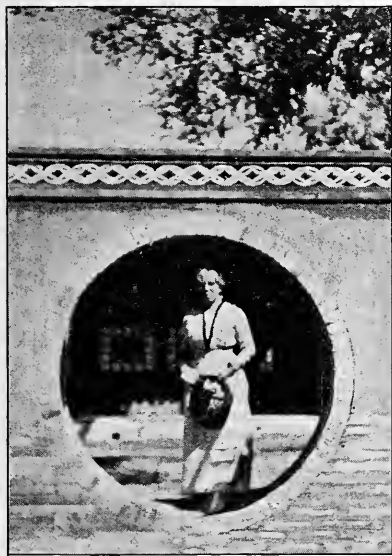
*"As Thou hast loved me, let me love, returning
To these dark souls the grace Thou givest me;
And oh, to me impart Thy deathless yearning
To draw the lost to Thee."*

The Woman's College of Peking Speaks

As Interpreted by Alice Browne Frame

TO introduce oneself is always embarrassing! Then, too, I speak most easily our own beautiful Chinese language, and being interpreted is slow, and sometimes stupid, though I am sure Mrs. Frame will do the best she can. And I am so eager that we get a little better acquainted, you eastern American women and I, especially since now you have two representatives on my faculty.

The whole of my present name is rather long and cumbersome, but I would like you to know it, because it sums up nearly all I can tell you about myself. "North China" it begins, partly because



Dr. Luella Miner
President of Union College

I am the only woman's college north of the Yangtze River. If you'll look up the map of China, you will see that I am responsible for some one hundred million women. Shut your eyes a second and think what that means. Do you know how many woman's colleges there are in Massachusetts? And when you've recovered from the shock of comparing those two sets of figures, begin to try to think what kind of a college I ought to be to measure up to a task like that,—the plant, the equipment, the staff,—I ought to have,—and keep that in mind as I go on. Remember, too, students from fourteen provinces are actually studying under my roofs.

Note.—Mrs. Frame is Acting President, during the furlough of Dr. Luella Miner, and Miss Grace Boynton, daughter of Dr. Nehemiah Boynton, has recently joined the faculty—under support of the W. B. M. I.—*The Editor.*

“Union” is the next word of my name,—a union of the Congregational Board, the Presbyterian Board, the Methodist Woman’s Board and the London Mission in their efforts to give a higher education to North China’s women. And let me tell you that the faculty representatives of those four societies work together, live together, and laugh together, and are the friendliest unity you can imagine! “Together-hearted” we say in Chinese. The graduates of their various mission high schools come to me, as do students from many other missions, from government and private schools, so it is a growing “union.”

Please take particular note that I am a “Woman’s College.” To the Chinese mind it is amazing! There are a good many men’s colleges, government and Christian, but only one other purely woman’s college in China, and I was the pioneer, fourteen years ago. Pioneering is a thrilling work, (I wish I could tell you some of my experiences), but oh! it is slow! There are still hosts of people,—shall I say right here in Peking itself?—even educated ones, who doubt the value of having a college for *women*. Their minds are in a stage of evolution more hopeless than that Mary Lyon met, and one must be patient with them,—but not too patient! Those who know my graduates and what they are doing are enthusiastic, but it is hard work convincing the others, and students have not come in large numbers,—yet! But each year brings students in larger numbers,—and when I think of that, and of the splendid far-reaching plans for affiliation and enlargement in the near future,—I hold up my head proudly high. “Lift up your head and see joy.” It is an old, old Chinese form of wishing good luck,—and it is coming true!

I wish you might all see my home. I used to live in the same halls with Bridgman Academy, but we both grew too large, so three years ago I moved to a new site a little to the east, to a wonderful old ducal palace. You’d fall in love with the huge gateway, its hoary carved stone lions shadowed by the great carved timbers and tilted tile roof,—the grassy courts within, one behind the other, bordered with the high gray curved roofs of the buildings that used to be guest-rooms and princes’ dwellings, and now

shelter laboratory and library, recitation rooms and dormitories. The old audience chamber, where once stood the throne for a famous emperor when he came to pay his filial respects to his mother's family (for this was her home), is our chapel now. A wizened old Buddhist nun had to reluctantly give way to the modern college girl, while the gaily-painted gods in the family temple fled from the American faculty who with sacriligious cheerfulness are living in the temple court, in the shadow of the ancient cypress and scarlet temple eaves. Do you know, I sometimes wonder that the grotesque little carved animals that perch so airily on the curved gable-ends do not slide off into the courtyards below, in sheer astonishment, when they see the girls playing basket-ball in the stately old enclosures!

Seventy-four students are enrolled this year. Some come as special students in English and music, but the majority choose either the regular four-year course or one of the two-year vocational courses,—the kindergarten normal, the higher normal,



The Gateway with its Carved Roof

the pre-medical or the higher religious courses. They study very much what you study, with the vital difference that their courses are adapted to the Orient and studied from the Chinese point of view. Asia is their background, not Europe and America and it makes a tremendous difference in the study of history or art or economics.

They are old-fashioned enough, too, to spend time in practicing writing our graceful characters,—it is really a kind of painting, you know,—and take special work in difficult Chinese composition, written and oral. They grumble sometimes over the time they must spend at their literary society, but the training tells. Each year, when the Week of Publishing the Way comes around, bands of Christian women go each day to homes or courtyards where groups of staring women and girls are invited to listen, it is our college girls who can talk vividly, eagerly, and straight to the point. Just this last spring, too, when the Peace Conference ceded Shantung to Japan, and a blaze of patriotic shame in the hearts of the Peking students set the students of the whole republic on fire, it was our college girls who were the wisest and sanest counselors and leaders of the Women's Patriotic League. They took their playtime to go, two and two, to homes where the women neighbors were assembled and to plead passionately with their wondering country-women to put their country first, to sacrifice for and love it. "The women just cried!" they reported. "They said, 'No one ever told us before that it made any difference to our Flowery Country whether we loved it or not!'"

But *our* girls know that it makes a difference. How they worked, last spring! Going to patriotic meetings, begging for extra time from their studies to make all sorts of articles to be sold in place of those marked "Made in Japan," writing fervent essays for publication and giving lectures. And when one day the Women's League felt that the thing to do next was to see the President, and from each high and normal school and our college, solemn processions of silent girls converged slowly at the apricot-tiled gate before President Hsu's palace, it was one of our students who, as a member of the small committee who were finally

admitted to the presence of the Chief Secretary, put into ordered, but burning language the plight of the students who had been arrested. They were tragically in earnest. The "Nation's Shame" was in their thought day and night. Class Day and Baccalaureate they gave up, and the actual graduating exercises were reduced to a quiet little gathering of families and friends in the college chapel. They have only the memory of that,—and the joy of wearing caps and gowns.

These are the foci of our college girls' loyalties,—country, and church, and society. For they are becoming social-minded. During the hottest part of last summer a group of our students who live in and near Peking helped in a series of entertainments to raise money for an industrial school for poor girls. For two years they have supported and themselves taught a half-day school for poor children, and the year before that, a school for flood sufferers. The chief difficulty in conservative old China, is to find enough forms of social service for their eager hands and hearts.

And so now you know what makes me gladdest of all. Not my quaint old palace, or the courses of study, nor the hard-won



Home of the College Girls
Library and Museum on Right

respect of those who know me, but what my girls have become, — are becoming. Even in college, they are being leaders in service to their country and to society. My graduates are teaching in Foochow, in Hupei, in Shansi, in Peking. A few are still studying in foreign countries but one has already come back from England to be a member of my teaching staff. One gifted graduate is a pioneer home missionary in the province "South of the Clouds," another a community worker among official classes, and some are Y. W. C. A. secretaries. Some are makers of such homes as I love to think of, — the kind of homes that are building a new China. *My girls each one, — and such dear girls!*

Did I say I wanted you to know me? I was wrong. I want you to know my college girls,—what they are and what they stand for, all over China. Know *them*, and you know *me*.

Counting Our Mercies in Ahmednagar

By Clara E. Bruce

IT hardly seems possible that we are so soon at the end of another year's work and that school is closing next week. My heart is very full of gratitude as I look back upon the last-half year. Not that it has been an easy-half-year, — far from it. But it has been far easier than we feared it might be. When I came back from the hot weather vacation my heart was heavy with the thought of famine conditions which must be faced, and of a probable recurrence of the influenza epidemic, — or at least of a plague epidemic. In 1916, almost immediately after my return from furlough, we had to close school for three months on account of plague. In 1917 we managed to keep open until nearly the end of October, but there was plague all around us and a great deal of anxiety in connection with it. You know about 1918 and the terrible combination of influenza and famine which came upon us. School was closed for only about two months instead of our regular month, but it was many months after that before most of us recovered from the strain of

the epidemic. And now the rainy season of 1919 has passed without a serious epidemic either of influenza or of plague, although we have been threatened by both. So you can understand how very, very grateful we feel.

The rain, too, has come and has brought with it relief for millions of people. Things looked very discouraging during July and August, for the rain held off day after day and the water supply for Ahmednagar was almost finished. Then in September came a regular cloud-burst and it poured day after day. More rain is still needed in order to have first-class crops. But there is a prospect of fair crops even if no more rain comes, and in any case there will be fodder for the cattle and a sufficient water supply. So we thank God and take courage. This, of course, does not mean that hard times are over. The grain merchants have a way of saying that it does not "rain grain," and they do what they can to keep the prices up until the new crop is actually in. Abnormal industrial conditions the world around are also causing prices to soar and exchange to fall very much to our disadvantage here in India. The financial situation with which we are faced is therefore still a very serious one. For many years the regular rate of exchange has brought us three rupees to the dollar, and often a little over, while now exchange has dropped so that we do not get very much more than two rupees to the dollar. It is only because the Board at home has stood back of us so splendidly that we have been able to "carry on." Readjustments are bound to be very difficult for a long time yet. On the other hand, perfectly marvellous changes and developments are going on around us, and we cannot help but believe that God is ruling and overruling.

School work has been going on steadily since June, and we have been able to get a little time for a few of the things which have before been crowded out term after term. For instance, Miss Smiley and I have for the first time been able to call on our day-pupils. I used to do a good deal of this work years ago, and always found it very worth while. But the last three years have been such intensely strenuous ones that it has been for the most

part crowded out. Even this past term we have not been able to get to all the homes where we had hoped to visit; the circuit remains to be finished next term. When it is finished we will have called on our day-pupils once during the year instead of the many times that we wish we might have! In addition to calling, Bible classes and Messenger Clubs have helped to keep us busy out of school hours. We now have three Messenger groups with nearly forty members. Miss Woods is the leader of the third group. Messenger club work takes a great deal of time, but we feel that it is tremendously worth while in the all-round development of the girls. More and more of the girls are beginning to get an idea of what it means to be "trustworthy."

The Y. W. C. A. is conducting a Camp for teachers in Lanowla next week. The Camp happens to come this year immediately after school closes, so we could not have asked for a more convenient time. About fifteen of our teachers hope to be going down for it. There will probably be nearly one hundred teachers altogether at the camp. Doesn't that sound like Northfield and Silver Bay?

A Striking Contrast to the Historic Days of Cawnpore.

During the recent unrest in the Punjab, the Christians were not found wanting in loyalty to the Government. They were severely tested, for promises and threats were made by Hindu and Mohammedan farmers to persuade the village Christians to rise against the British, but they emphatically refused. They actively assisted the British, as the following incident shows: About eighty English women and children were crowded into one bungalow, guarded by some Englishmen and Indian soldiers. A Christian heard that they were besieged and were in straits for food. His wife at once cooked some native bread, and he walked all night, a distance of thirty-five miles, to bring in. He wept for joy on seeing the missionary and said, "Sahib, if you will allow me, I will have 2,000 Christians here in two days to defend you all." While there are many proofs of the loyalty of non-Christians in the Punjab, the Christians are easily first for loyalty and steadfastness."—From *The Dnyanodaya*.

Board of the Pacific

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Editor, MRS. E. R. WAGNER, 355 Reed St., San Jose

Home Secretary, MRS. C. A. KOFOID, 2616 Etna St., Berkeley

Editorials

Miss Myra Sawyer, head of the Nurses' Training School in connection with the Porter Memorial Hospitals in Tehchow, Shantung, was a passenger on the steamer "Ecuador" recently arriving at San Francisco.

Personals.

She is now the house guest of Dr. Tallmon-Sargent at Berkeley, and will soon go to Miss Mary Porter at La Mesa, California.

Headquarters was recently favored by a visit from Miss E. Harriet Stanwood, for thirty years a secretary of the Woman's Board at Boston. She has been for the last two years a resident of St. Paul, Minn., but has now come to the Pacific Coast, and is making her home at Belvidere, Marin Co., Calif.

Other visitors to the rooms have been Dr. and Mrs. Henry T. Whitney of Ingtau, China, the Doctor having recovered the sight of one eye after an operation for cataract; and Mr. and Mrs. Irving M. Channon who go to work in the Philippines, after many years' service in the Gilbert Islands, and a prolonged furlough in Oberlin.

We are most fortunate in that Mrs. H. J. Bostwick has accepted the presidency of this Branch. Mrs. Bostwick was a missionary of the American Board, located in Tientsin for a number of years, going out with her husband in 1887, at the same time that Miss Miner and the Wyckoff sisters entered the North China Mission—a remarkable group of workers, all privileged to give great service to China. During the years since their return, Mr. and Mrs. Bostwick have been members of the staff at Clifton Springs Sanitarium, where not only as secretary of the Missionary Union, but in numberless ways, Mrs. Bostwick has enriched her

New Officers for the Northern California Branch.

experience. The Branch is to be congratulated upon the leadership of this trained and consecrated worker.

Another happy appointment is that of Susan Tallmon-Sargent, M. D., as vice-president of the Branch.

Plymouth Congregational church, Oakland, has been most happy in claiming for their own missionaries Rev. and Mrs. Harold H. Barber of Mazatlan, Mexico, the new station of the American Board which was reopened after two years, following the redivision of missionary territory among the Boards operating in Mexico. Here Mr. and Mrs. Barber went shortly after their marriage in 1918. When the hot summer months came they came north to California to spend their vacation, Mr. Barber returning to Mexico in August.

Down there alone, so far as his family were concerned, he succumbed to the dread yellow fever on the 31st of October. Mrs. Barber was in Oakland awaiting the advent of a little one. The sad news came shortly before the baby was born, when for a time it seemed as if his life, too, was to be forfeited. But this second tragedy was averted, and for a time the little mother lay in happy ignorance of the real truth, rejoicing in the little John Howland who was to carry on the traditions of the family. Not until her mother, Mrs. Howland, came, after a hard six days' journey from Mexico, did they dare tell her of the great loss that had come to her.

Writing to a friend in regard to his poem, "The Two Angels," the poet Longfellow said: "It will serve as an answer to one of your questions about life and its many mysteries. To these dark problems there is no other solution possible, except the word Providence."

"Angels of Life and Death alike are His;
 Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er;
 Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
 Against His messengers to shut the door?"

Home from Siberia

Dr. James H. Ingraham of Peking was one of the party of missionaries of the American Board who responded to the call of the Red Cross for service in Siberia, in September, 1918. He has been at the head of a military hospital for the Czech-Slovak troops at Tiumen, in the Ural Mountains, on the border line between Russia and Siberia. Here was located the immense Russian fortress, capable of housing 160,000 prisoners. The Czar's family were imprisoned in this city and finally murdered as all believe. Dr. Ingraham's Russian teacher was a young Baroness, formerly maid-in-waiting to the Czar's daughters. She was spending much time in the vicinity endeavoring to learn tidings of their fate, and was obliged to give up hope of their possible escape.

Dr. Ingraham escorted one thousand convalescent Czechs across the Pacific, through the Panama Canal, across the Atlantic to their homes in Bohemia, and is now about to embark for his post in Peking after having retraced his steps as far as San Francisco. He has intensely interesting stories to tell of the Russian peasants as he saw them in the far interior where he was stationed. He described them as bewildered and childish in contrast to the Czechs. Holidays are the rule rather than the exception, one occurring every week and sometimes oftener, most demoralizing to industry. It is with difficulty that they are persuaded to fight the Bolsheviki, either demanding individual signed statements from the officers of the troop that they were forced to fight against their will, or incapacitating themselves for service by shooting themselves in the left hands. He advocates missionary work for them as the profligate clergy are totally unfit to lead them even though released from the bondage of the Greek church.

“Prayer for Christ's evangelizing of the non-Christian world is the increasing obligation of those who are in the field and those who are at home.”

Field Correspondents

The following letter from Mrs. George L. Richards, written in October, was received too late for publication in the December LIFE AND LIGHT. Dr. and Mrs. Richards are on their way home, having spent almost a year with the Relief Commission in Turkey.—*The Editor.*

We have just been over one thousand miles in a Ford car into the interior of Turkey and back again! Doesn't that sound interesting just as a mere statement? When I tell you of the mission stations visited and our welcome by our missionaries you can easily believe that every one of the sixteen days was a red letter one. One leaves the railroad for the interior here at Oulou Kishla. There were too many of us to go up to Cesarea in one small Ford automobile so it was decided that Dr. Richards with three others in our party should go in the Ford—one a relief worker was ill and we were anxious to get her to Talas as easily and quickly as possible. I stayed behind to shut up our railroad house—our "house on wheels" to start the next day with Dr. Smith of Sivas whom we had taken into our car at Konia, just recovering from sand-fly fever. We went in a 3/4 ton Reo truck, Dr. Smith and I and one of our transportation men just arrived from Derinje. There were also two American girls returning to Sivas and two engineers going to Cesarea. We left promptly on the arrival of the train at noon expecting to make our 120 miles to Talas in seven or eight hours. But auto troubles met us only a few miles from the station and followed us every inch of the way.

It was, however, a beautiful afternoon, and with snowy mountains behind us we followed the Taurus and anti-Taurus ranges for miles and miles under the bluest of blue skies. The sunset glow was wonderful and lasted with its tints of orange and gold for a long time. Darkness came and found us still but in the beginnings of our journey, at an hour when we had hoped to be eating a late supper with the missionary folk! There are always compensations in every trying situation, and for me there were two that night: The first was in stopping for supper at a typical Turkish *khan*—my first experience. It was

nearly dark and the *khan* was full. There in the open court yard were the wagons and *arabas* and ox carts, all so picturesque to look at—so uncomfortable to ride in. In a front room with stone walls and a mud floor were the horses and mules and donkeys. The room was warm with animal heat and lighted by a tiny kerosene flame. Opposite this room was one for the guests, with its raised platform, for the native beds—just comforters, you know—the room, too, was lighted but not yet occupied. Chairs were set for us outside the *khan* close by a pretty stream of water, and there beside us our host placed a brazier of bright coals and on them was set a native copper kettle of milk to boil. We had asked for eggs, and after a very long time some were brought but minus plate or cup or spoon. If you want fun just try to eat a soft boiled egg in the dark—without any conveniences. Even the Sivas girls laughed with us over this our unusual evening meal. I shall never forget the picture of that old *khan* in the growing twilight, the wagons, the animals, and the lovely bright fire of charcoal with its shiny kettle of boiling milk, and we hungry travelers the interesting centre of a group of people from everywhere, camping for the night. As we had no beds or bedding and the *khan* was full, we all voted to go on rather than spend the night, for with that hope that springs eternal we hoped to reach Talas soon after midnight. So into the inky blackness we rode. Dr. Smith knew the ground, otherwise it would not have been safe, for while some of the Turkish roads look to be good, and the temptation is to spin along, there are pitfalls everywhere. Our transportation men have little to repairs cars with, no new parts or even repair materials for tires, for there it is always making bricks without straw, hence delays on the road are all too frequent. All night long, because of truck or tire troubles without number, we rode or stopped.

Just at dawn we stopped for repairs and then came my second recompense for the long night just passed. Slowly off in the east a slender wraith of a moon came up, soon followed by hints of the new day with wonderful colors of red and gold. We turned to the west for our first glimpse of Eidjeus—a miniature Matter-

horn snowcrowned, there she stood silent and sublime catching with warmth and splendor the glories of the rising sun. Here we were—pilgrims on the plain just outside Cesarea, and it was Sunday morning! Instantly there came to my mind the words of the hymn,—

“When morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries:
‘May Jesus Christ be praised!’”

It was worth the long hours of work and waiting to have seen the Turkish khan in the twilight and the rosy glow of the sunrise on Erdjeus!

We climbed the long hill up to the Mission Compound at Talas at just seven o'clock, having been eighteen hours on the way. Talas is the garden spot of Turkey. Some home-loving hearts in our compound have literally made the desert to blossom as the rose—for there are trees and lawns and gardens all about the buildings. And such a welcome as was accorded me as a member of the Woman's Board!

Miss Richmond told me that once she had gotten the guest rooms in her kindergarten school building in Cesarea for Miss Day and Miss Lamson but something had prevented their coming at the last moment so it was I who was to be the first of the directors to visit this station to see the school buildings—the boys' school on the hill—the industrial work and orphanages in Cesarea. There are nothing but ruins all about our kindergarten building. One can realize only by being here how great the heartache of our missionaries over the wreckage of their work of years and we marvel at their splendid courage in beginning so much of it all over again. We wanted to stay long enough in each place to really see all the work being done but our time was limited and Tuesday found us on our way to Sivas,—123 miles from Cesarea. Here we saw Miss Graffam at home. We had met her several times before in Derindje or Constantinople but here at ten o'clock at night she was waiting to give us hearty welcome. Here, too, was Mrs. Sewney, who with many other duties is the housekeeper and housemother of our compound.

The men come in on their convoys from Cesarea to Harpoot at all hours of the day or night and it is Mrs. Sewney they ask for and it is she who is first to greet them even though it be two o'clock in the morning when a car comes in. There is always something warm for these boys to eat and always a welcome!

I was sitting on the porch just before leaving Sivas, sitting with Miss Graffam and Mrs. Sewney, and I said: "I wish the women of the Board could be sitting where I am now, talking to you two dear people." Such interesting work as is being done in Sivas—yes—in every place. It differs at each station, but we marvel at what has been accomplished in even six months' time in the way of relief and reconstruction.

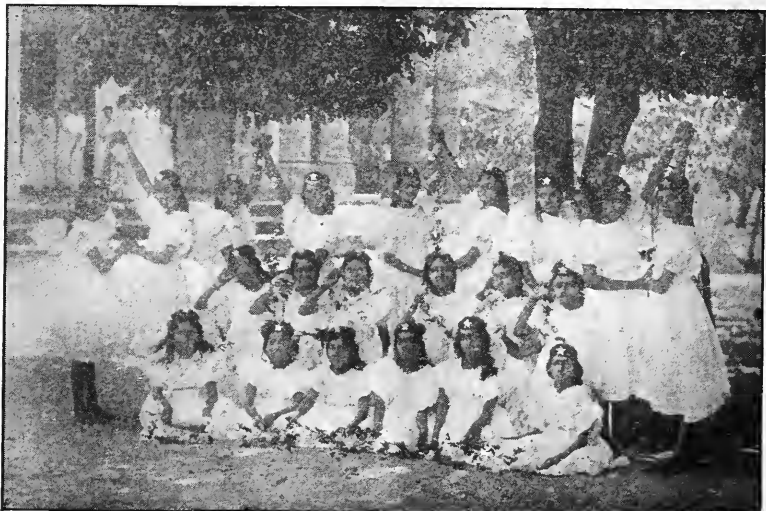
Three days later we were on our way to Malatia and Harpoot—a region full of refugee problems. The trip to Harpoot is a very hard one and takes two days. One has to cross eighteen mountains, to climb long heavy grades and over roads that at home we would call impossible. It was 148 miles to Malatia and all that long day as we climbed the grades or descended to the valleys I kept saying,—“Miss Graffam walked to Malatia—walked with her girls to try and save them when the deportation orders came!” Miss Graffam had said to me some time before, “I’m a missionary and we’re glad of all the help you people can bring to our mission stations, but if you come to help the Armenians they are in largest numbers out at Malatia and the stretch of country around Harpoot.” At Malatia we have established a relief station, and our missionaries and relief workers at Harpoot are caring for over three thousand orphans and are expecting to double that number. Splendid work is being done in Harpoot with great handicaps—it is isolated—it is so far from supplies—1458 miles from the railroad at Oulou Kishla—where we have a base of supplies.

We came from Harpoot over the same road back to the railroad. Our missionaries in these interior mission stations are wonderful women and doing a wonderful work of which we may be justly proud.

Miss Elizabeth F. Hansen writes from Inuvil, Ceylon :

The Committee in Jaffna who were appointed to arrange for the celebration of Peace Day, July 19, felt it should be a day that *school children* especially should remember. And so the plans centered about that as the objective. This day was celebrated throughout the whole British Empire, and every church, mosque, and temple was ordered to have a Thanksgiving service on that day in the morning. Fireworks on a grander scale than the oldest resident can remember were set off in the evening. But it is of the afternoon celebration that I must write especially.

All the English schools of the District and some of the Tamil schools had been asked to come *en masse* and parade before the Government Agent (the highest government official of the Province), beginning at four p. m. That is all right for boys' schools, but for girls over fourteen years of age to parade in public is a new idea to the Oriental mind. But the missionaries of all the different denominations, including Roman Catholics,



Uduvil Girls at Play

decided this was an extraordinary occasion, and, therefore, extraordinary ways of doing were feasible and advisable. The celebrations were to take place on the Esplanade in Jaffna town, in front of the old Dutch fort. And the main question was how to get several hundred girls from Uduvil to town, a distance of over five miles. It would be impossible to hire bullock carts enough for them all, so a "special train" was arranged for and the girls left Uduvil about two p. m., and marched in procession about a mile to the railway track (not the regular station), where the train stopped and they all piled in. Such a job as the Uduvil ladies had! Headmasters and teachers marched in solemn file each side of the procession to see that nobody en route spoke to their precious charges.

All aboard! But the scurry to count noses and be sure everybody that left the school got aboard! In about fifteen minutes they reached Jaffna station. Then all the girls had to be counted again to see that all left the train and got started on the march to the Esplanade, where each school had its allotted place to stand. The different schools made banners and carried flags and standards of *all* countries. Of course each school wanted to make a good appearance, and I can truthfully say that the Uduvil girls, all in white dresses, and blue ribbons in their hair or as a sash, made the heart glow with pride that we were able to help mould the lives of so many fine girls.

There were over five thousand school children from this one district in procession. From American Board schools, Wesleyan, Church of England, Hindu, Roman Catholics, too, and the nuns also marched! Each school stopped in front of the reviewing stand and gave three cheers to King George or the British Empire. It was a thrilling sight! The Uduvil ladies had arranged for an evening meal of rice and curry for all the girls, and they were glad to accept the hospitality of the Wesleyan missionaries nearby, who kindly opened their compound for the girls. So they were able to stay during the evening and see the fireworks. You may be sure "Peace Day" will be remembered throughout their lives.

Conscripts of Conscience

By Caroline Atwater Mason

(Continued)

MARCHING ORDERS.

"You could not have done otherwise, Merle; it is the right thing, the only reconciling thing."

It was evening; the quiet room was dusky; the windows, opened wide, let in the fresh spring air. Mary Earle lay on a low divan; Kate Quimby, who had just spoken, sat beside her. They were, as they wished to be, alone.

"The only reconciling thing," Mary repeated the words softly, under her breath, then they were silent. She had returned at an early hour that morning to her post in the hospital; there she had remained within the shadow of death until at four o'clock Ilien's flickering breath was quenched. Now she had had time, at last, to speak with her good comrade Kate of that which had entered in to change her own outlook on life by way of Ilien's tragic death.

Kate broke the silence which followed the repetition of her own words, saying quietly.

"You cannot guess all that this means to me. Now, Merle, I have courage to tell you that my mind is made up to go to India, myself, next year, after I get my diploma."

"Can you be in earnest? It is so sudden—so startling some-way."

"Not as sudden as you think and it is your own doing, anyway, in part. But I can't say that any credit goes to you, Merle, on that account. I think, at the time, you had never thought of foreign missions except as some thing people's grandmothers occupied themselves with."

"I have certainly been innocent of any exalted designs in your direction," and Mary smiled a little. "Please disclose when and how I had this extraordinary influence upon you."

"You wrote me a long letter just after we came back from

France; in it you described—pretty well, too, Merle—a ‘furloughed saint’ from India whom you met at a missionary meeting.”

“I remember her perfectly; it would be impossible to forget her. Was I unconsciously sowing good seed, then, in my Katie’s mind? I truly had never realized the situation myself at all until that day. It has worked in me ever since.”

“Very well. Your missionary from India told of the closing of a women’s hospital, over there, the only one in some wide region, for lack of doctors, and you said, ‘For sweet mercy’s sake, if they are going to open hospitals, why don’t they see to it that they have doctors to run them?’ Of course you brought yourself up standing as soon as you framed the question.”

“Obviously, if women don’t volunteer as missionary physicians it would be difficult to obtain them, would it not?” interjected Mary.

“Now I have always read and heard more than you seem to have, about conditions in China and India; I had known some missionaries and yet,—really it seems all the less excusable,—it had never once occurred to me as a possibility, until I read that letter of yours, Merle, that I could go myself.”

“And you began to think about it then?”

“Rather casually at first. I can’t say that I was keen about welcoming the notion, but the pressure of the awful lack of sane medical practice in India took possession of me.”

“I remember, Kate, the day that Ilien was run down, when the girls were here chattering about what we should do after we graduate, where to settle, how to get our kites up and all that, that you said something about India.”

“It was that night that I decided the question, while I was alone here. There was something so bizarre, positively, in sensible, intelligent, trained Christian women hunting everywhere for a place to practice medicine where there were not too many rival doctors already on the spot, here at home, and utterly ignoring those vast, uncared-for populations in the Orient where they are so mortally needed. The lack of all human proportion in the situation, the sheer disregarding of Christ’s will that His disciples

go out to succor and redeem all nations smote full upon me. For is not the question for us, if we are Christian, not where we can gain most, but where we are needed most? It seemed perfectly clear to me, and the matter settled itself then and there. That is, supposing I am the kind of a girl they want."

"But Kate, why haven't you told me before?"

"How could I? Think what these weeks have been for you. And then, too, I couldn't dream that you would see it quite as I did. I dreaded trying to explain."

"You would. But do you see how with both of us we can find our way now to go on this strange, new adventure in Christ's name without hesitation because of having once heard and answered marching orders, when we volunteered to go overseas? It simplifies, doesn't it? Really that was in many ways harder,—it was surely harder for our families, there being actual personal peril for us to meet. The separation from home was as complete and bade fair to last as long—for you know we enlist for China and India only for a seven or even five-year term. But that appeal was hardly made before we volunteered to go. It was a matter of course."

"Oh, Merle, what if Christian men and women in this country some day respond to Christ's call to minister to the needs of the world like that,—no heroics, just as a matter of course!"

Mary had left the divan; she stood now in the window, overlooking the sea of roofs with lights everywhere like constellations seen through a delicate haze.

For a long time neither spoke. Then Mary said, musingly, coming back to the present:

"Tomorrow is another day, and on the third day Ilien will be buried. Then life begins again—but not life on the old terms. Ilien is not dead; it is for me to make her live on."

After another pause, Kate said:

"You have had no time yet to let the Springfield people know, naturally."

"Not yet. That does not intimidate me. They will take it like the true souls they are, as they did before. But I have no end of things to think of, Kate."

"One of them is Constance Chilton. She is on your trail."

"Oh dear! I had forgotten her existence."

"She has by no means forgotten yours. She was here today and wanted to come again tomorrow but I put her off. She seems to have something serious on her mind."

"I suppose that is possible."

HONOURS.

May was nearly over and the splendor of June in the air. The annual meeting of an eminent Medical Association, convened for several days in New York, was nearing its close.

In the morning session of this, the last day of the conference, Mary Earle, coming into the hall alone, late, by a side entrance, slipped unnoticed into a vacant seat. Miscellaneous business, she found, was the order of the hour. Mary felt a touch of disappointment that nothing of vital interest to her seemed to have place on the program. Her days were crowded now, graduation being near at hand; she had missed the earlier sessions and even now had come for personal rather than professional reasons.

Then her interest quickened, even her pulse, perhaps, for a member rose and made a distinctly enthusiastic little speech, close beside her. In this speech he declared that, inasmuch as one of their number had been signally honored recently, it was in order that an expression of congratulation be recorded. The speaker alluded not chiefly, he said, to the fact that Dr. Minot Balfrey had received the Medal of Honor from the United States Government, for distinguished service in the field in performance of aid to the wounded, but that he had been invited within a short time, by the French Government, to return to France in order to cooperate with eminent French surgeons in measures for treatment of bone tuberculosis, a serious feature of that disease now a dark menace to the French nation.

"How splendid!" thought Mary, feeling in her surprise at so much interesting news gladder than she had any "call" to, as the recommendation was put into effect. It was in fact in the hope of

seeing Major Balfrey that she was here at the present moment, although not in the least for her own sake.

Then she heard the Major's own voice and realized that she had not come in vain. He could not engage, he said, in this work in France permanently, other matters making even stronger demands upon him, but it was his purpose to sail at once for France and give himself to this emergency work for a year at least.

As the Major stood to speak Mary saw him, his place being unexpectedly near her; she noted, as he turned in her direction, the old, unchanging sadness in his eyes, the absence of all elation in his voice. In another moment she was surprised to see him start to leave the hall. Instantly she left also. Now was perhaps her only time, for she must see him, that she had promised. What if it were in her power, this very day, to change that look in his eyes, to bring human hope and joy back into his life?

By fleetness of foot and by use of the side entrance Mary was able to intercept the Major as he left the building. Seeing her at his elbow, breathless, unwontedly excited, he exclaimed,

"What incomparable good fortune is this! Doctor Mary Earle actually running after me!"

"I haven't a doubt," Mary replied, walking on rapidly beside him, "that you are bent at this minute on doing your best to escape bores like me."

"I am certainly trying to escape the well-meant attentions of my brethren," was the rejoinder, "but as for bores like you—well, that's another story."

"You can't escape me any way, so we won't waste time on that. I have an important reason for seeing you. Now, Major Balfrey, seriously, can you give me a few minutes in which we can talk quietly?"

With this she led the way down a numbered street to a staircase which they climbed and which brought them to the entrance of a small and exclusive tea room.

"No one comes here at this time of day. You can breathe freely now, my friend." (*To be concluded.*)

Prayer
at Noontide



Encircling
the Earth

AROUND THE COUNCIL TABLE WITH OUR PRESIDENT
A SUGGESTED SLOGAN FOR 1919-1920: "CLAIM THE UNTOUCHED
RESOURCES."

Absolutely, if we are to secure the \$300,000 through the efforts of the Branches this year for the work of next year we must plan definite lines of effort. In thinking about our constituency, the women in the churches, the girls and the children, we must classify them, first, as those who are already attached and who give to missions, and second, those who are unattached and do not give to missions. The first class affords the easier line of resistance. Not but that such people need cultivating, not but that much aggressive work must be done to feed interest and to secure larger gifts, but efforts along that line will be more naturally, more readily undertaken. Already, during and since the annual meeting in Providence, some such remarks have been made as "Why not ask everybody who gave a dollar last year to give a dollar and a half this year, or even two dollars. Then we could do it," and "It is a bad time to ask givers to increase their gifts, so many are doing all they can." These remarks from opposite viewpoints show that the first reaction of the Branches is liable to be along this line of the attached women who already give. Let us leave them for the present, having it in the back of our minds that we will cultivate their interest, putting before them our larger aim, and if possible get them to double their subscriptions.

But let us now give our concentrated attention to the other possible line of effort, namely, the unattached women who are not giving anything to our Branch and Board work. Shall we not do well to throw ourselves with energy into work along this line where the obstacles are greater, to be sure, but where the end is most rewarding? In the belief that this is our most needed line of advance the Board ventures to put forth the slogan as above—

Claim the Untouched Resources. Already the Treasurer has sounded it forth in a letter to Branch presidents and treasurers, and the Interchange from the Home Department has gone to officers of all Branches carrying the same message. Now, around the Council Table, let us examine the slogan a bit and if possible join in an enthusiastic resolve to adopt it and go forth to act upon it.

RESOURCES

The word always suggests mines hidden away in the depths of the earth; forests growing into new vigor and strength; waterways not yet turned to account; the little pile growing bigger in the savings bank—in a word, something laid away waiting to be claimed and put to use. Scattered throughout the territory of the Woman's Board are at least 213,000 women members of the Congregational church, but for all practical purposes of the Woman's Board "hidden away." For all the use they bring to us they might be in the depths of the earth or on the treetops of the forests. When we meditate upon them we are almost startled to realize that they are resources for the Kingdom of Christ; they wait to be claimed. Many of these women have never been approached upon the subject. Some of them have been antagonized for one reason or another. Most of them are ignorant of the great and joyful facts which might be sounded in their ears. They are human Resources full of life, full of undeveloped power, leaders, many of them in the chrysalis condition, waiting for their wings to grow. They are brilliant women and quiet women, humble-minded and teachable some of them, others cold and defiant as to the folly of foreign missions. A very interesting study are these Resources of the Woman's Board, all about us on every side, in the big churches and in the little churches. Sometimes we are rather afraid of them. Again, we feel we have not the apparatus with which to work them. We venture to assert that these women should form the great object of our aim in this present year. We ask the co-operation of every Branch and of every auxiliary, small and great, to unite in looking steadfastly

and longingly at these Resources. That is the first attitude—to look at them, to long for them.

UNTOUCHED

Someone will say, and quite rightly, "It is nothing new to get new members and organize new societies. Why can't we have something new put before us?" Yes, it is an old-story-of-an-aim. Every leader will recall that one of the Jubilee aims was to secure 25,000 new members, and I hope will remember that we more than attained the goal. Remembering that, we cannot say absolutely and definitely that all these Resources are Untouched. It is as if we had descended into a gold mine and dug out some of the nuggets and taken them to the surface and put them to use. It is true that all the rest of the gold in the mine is untouched although some of the same sort has been claimed. So it is with these women. All the rest of them who were not won through the Jubilee efforts are still Untouched. We may have tried to touch them. We may have written notes, we may have gone out of our way to invite them by word of mouth to our meetings. We may have prayed for them. Still, as far as all practical results are concerned they remain Untouched. It is the great task of the year, but just because it is great and for a great end, even the greatest end—the Kingdom of Christ on earth—we are more stimulated at the thought of it. To act in a large way we must have something large for which to act. To do our best we must have a big aim.

CLAIM

This little word suggests the secret of our success in reaching our big goal. "Claim" suggests the active putting forth of energy. It surely cannot apply to a worker in one of our Branches who characterizes herself as "faithful but not aggressive." The faithful officer in order to claim anything must be ready and willing to take a step forward and actively reach out and get hold of what she is after. A certain minister's bride was expecting her first reception in the church and the people were about to

gather. Her husband spoke to her in this wise: "Remember you are not to wait for people to put out their hands first to you, nor for them to start the conversation. It is your part now, no matter if you are younger, to put forth your hand and to speak the first word. Go forward, do not wait for them." That is good advice for the officers who are "faithful but not aggressive," in the face of the compelling goal which the Branches set for us this year. We cannot afford to wait and attend simply to our routine duties. The first idea in this word "Claim" is *to plan*. We cannot enter upon the work in a helter-skelter, unconsidered fashion. We call upon every group of officers to plan as they never planned before as to how they can get hold of other Untouched Resources, the women of the church. One suggestion we have already made in the Interchange and in the Treasurer's letter is by means of the attractive big meeting of some sort—luncheon, supper, platform meeting, parlor meeting, conference. Under the influence of the social hour some of these Resources may be claimed. It is worth while even for the sake of gaining a few.

The other great line of approach is through a warm, winning personal contact, and if officers can lay their plans, considering just how many women they have in the church not yet affiliated with them, just what opportunities should be met in the Sunday school so that resources there can be claimed; if special consideration is given to the young women and the line of march decided upon and the organization made ready with the most up-to-date equipment, then, at least, human brains and hearts have done what they could to go ahead for the task. And into this effort can be worked life and beauty and strength through prayer. If God be with us we can do this thing; if God be not with us let us not go forward.

M. L. D.

BRANCHES — PLEASE ORDER!

Mrs. Cook's article, "A New Goal," has been reprinted as a leaflet and may be had for free distribution in the Branches on application to Miss Conley.—*The Editor*.

Junior Department

Tell Me a Story I Never Heard Before

By Mary Stewart

Note.—The title of this article is the title also of a book by the same author, of which the following paragraphs are a part of the foreword. The Editor believes that these will be full of suggestion for those people who are so often asking the question: "How can one learn to be a story-teller?" It is therefore published here with the kind permission of the publishers, Fleming H. Revell Company.—*The Editor.*

Far in the north of Scotland, in an island full of dreams and tales of mystery, there is a clear mountain pool—a tarn. "Drink from it," runs the legend, "as the rising sun turns the brown water to gold, and you will feel the joy of youth and wonder stealing through you."

Unless you have tasted of this tarn you cannot be a real story-teller, and every born story-teller will understand what I mean,—yes, though she may never have been in Scotland.

We may read excellent books on story-telling, we may take courses in Elocution, Interpretation, Dramatics, we may know the best stories in the world and be able to memorize a tale, word for word, in an hour, and yet—without the spirit of youth and wonder in our very souls we cannot, absolutely *cannot* by any art bring the atmosphere of imagination into our story.

"What you are speaks so loud that I cannot hear what you say."

If you are that kind of a person who wishes, first of all, to instruct, if you never believed in fairies and cannot feel a Something, a Somebody, in the wind, the sunset, the whispering trees,—then choose a life you are fitted for, and never ruin a fanciful story by trying to tell it.

But if—and there are many of us in this *if*—your heart is full of vague, wistful beauties and longings, if an intangible meaning speaks to you in beautiful music, in all out-of-doors, in every child's smile, but if you cannot easily express *what* you feel—then you are a born story-teller, and all you need is some study and much practice.

The words we use are not very important. They are only, a great artist has said, "A little path through the wood." The wood

is the important part. We must know it so well that we can see the leaves fluttering upon the trees, delight in every bit of moss and hidden flower. Read the story over and over again and then imagine that you are to tell it at once to a crowd of children. You will probably suddenly realize that you do not know it at all, do not know how to start, what to cut out, what to choose for the climax, how to simplify the end. From that moment you see it in a new light, you have begun to learn it. It makes no difference what the story you choose is,—and be sure you do *choose* it—you must make it your own, a part of your life. All this we can do if we have the power of feeling vividly, the will to forget ourselves and a great love for the listening children.

But how can we forget?

First of all,—relax! Don't strain every nerve to tell a good story, to hold your audience, to be a success. Most of us are too tense all the time, too stiff, too conscientious and anxious to be our best selves.

We are colorless, many of us, simply because we close our hearts and only open them to the people we love or the work we feel is ours or the play that we need for our health's sake. Let us play as children do for the pure joy of it, work as they do for the same reason and open our hearts with sympathy to every human soul we meet. Then when we have become great dreamers, living always with a vision of beauty before us, we shall become at the same time great story-tellers!

Of course there are other methods. I have studied three of them. My first teacher is now well known both in England and America as a famous story-teller. Her method is to learn every word by heart, so as to keep the atmosphere of the author. She believes in much action, changing the voice for each character, studying the gestures they would use, in fact acting out the story, and learning all this so well before you tell it that the action is subconscious.

But many of us tell two new stories a week, sometimes one a day. Unless we spend all our time learning them and become trained as skilled actresses we dare not attempt this method. Also

—I say this shyly, for I know that this wonderful story-teller is also a fine teacher, and that many of our best Public Library story-tellers follow her method— I have found that the spontaneous words which spring to our lips, the gestures, different every time perhaps, which come unprepared as we stand before the audience, are more successful for the story-teller who has much vitality but who is not a born actress.

One can easily swing to the other extreme and not study the story enough. As a matter of fact, after we have read and thought of the story until it is our own, we do use, *unconsciously*, many of the best words it is written in. The dialogues we generally know much as they are printed. But when it comes to voice intonation and gesture, either study one story for days and weeks or else merely feel it deeply and let it flow naturally through your own vehicles of expression.

Here again the extreme is horrible. If we let ourselves go completely and lose ourselves in the emotions we are trying to portray, we will sob and shiver and laugh hysterically and—embarrass the children beyond words!

Another teacher, one who has trained successfully many singers for acting in opera, said, "A hidden away part of you is Mary Ann. You may be a queen or a beggar or a fairy, to your audience you are none other, but never forget Mary Ann, keep her always on the spot!" We must be as flexible as that. We may be radiant with the beauty of our tale, enveloped with its mystery, actually listening to the fairies' song, but, all unnoticed, Mary Ann must see that boy yawn, must hear those drumming, listless fingers, must prompt us to direct a shaft toward this corner which will make that sleepy child wake up with live interest.

Then our voices—how desperately important, if they are to carry the message our heart dictates. Let us get into the habit of listening to them ourselves. Listening to trained voices is a great help, perhaps the greatest, unless we can also spend hours each day in training our own.

Remember the tremendous effects which can be made by pausing before words of great importance, filling the pause with facial

expression and showing that you feel what you are going to say; or by simply pausing before an exciting climax and letting wonder steal over your face, as though you did not know any more than the children what was going to happen,—until suddenly you see the prince come to the rescue, the giant's head fall!

Always see *everything*—that is the only trick that I know of which is a tremendous help. See, in the corner of the room, the far-away objects, see around you the little fairies, the dancing flowers, the intimate things. Often I have watched children turn and look behind them with a delighted shiver, as though they really expected to see the image there which you have described.

The fair lady had tasted of the tarn of youth, and with her blood dancing through her veins she turned and saw—a tiny figure in green with a golden harp upon his back, the Green Harper himself!

“Ah, I can see you now!” she cried. “So you must give me my wish, my heart's desire.”

“Yes,” he answered moodily, “although I don't understand why you saw me. So few grown people ever do, that I did not take the trouble to hide. What do you wish for? Gold and jewels, I suppose.”

The lady laughed. “No, indeed!” she replied. “The hills are brilliant with spring flowers and daffodils dance by the brook yonder. Your gold and jewels are dull compared to them.”

“Then I suppose you wish to be a queen with trains of subjects bowing before you? Speak quickly for I must hide; I hear the children coming.”

The lady heard them too. Voices glad and sad, lonely and in pain as well as merry and clamoring. She caught her breath.

“With your harp you weave magic spells!” she cried. “You bring forgetfulness or memory, banish dull care and give the bliss of fairyland. You can make a sad heart laugh, a lonely child dance. Give me your harp!”

And because the Green Harper was bound by an oath to give whatever they asked to mortals who could see him, he had to give the lady his harp!

With it she turned her village into fairyland! . . . May we all taste of the tarn of youth and joy, may we see the fairies and have our heart's desire, and—because of all the needy children in the world—may many of us desire the golden harp, our instrument through which we can unfold to our eager listeners who wait so patiently, the hidden beauty and meaning of God's world.

Christian Endeavor Topic, January, 1920

By Miles B. Fisher, D. D.

"The World's Need of Christ"—Ephesians II: 1-13.

The world sorely needs help. Fear, strife, misery, unrealized ambitions prevail. The cure is in intelligence, morality and resolute good-will. When we try to develop morals and strength of good-will we are thrown back upon the necessity of religion. In Christ we find answer to the world's need of morality and strength of good-will.

Part of the world knows its need of Christianity and is calling upon us to hurry with the message. The most highly educated governing class of China, in a provincial capital, after having been taught by the Christian Chinese minister the history and principles of western governments, interrupted the course with the significant inquiry, "Honorable Teacher, is it true that these nations had a Great Book before they had their constitutions? Is it true that this Great Book holds the teachings that have been put into the laws?" The Chinese pastor answered in the affirmative. "Then, Honorable Teacher, why will you not teach us from that same Great Book, that we, too, may know the wisdom that should go into our laws as we become a true democracy?" The pastor had waited for just this day, since which time these half a hundred most highly educated men of the city have been studying the Bible with eager desire. Increasingly are the leaders in China aware that true democracy can come only as the Christian religion brings its ideals and vindicates them in the lives of transformed natives. Thus a hundred years of missions in China have furnished compelling testimony.

India sees in Christianity its redemption. Only in Christianity do there appear ideas, ideals, freedom from caste, fear, ignorance, famine and misery. The output of mission schools, hospitals, practical agricultural work like that of Higginbottom, and especially the preaching of the good news, have left no doubt in the minds of the natives of India that Christianity is their hope. Those looking forward to democracy are increasingly convinced that hope lies only in character and intelligence. The native of India is as never before pleading for the Christian missionary. When missionaries were not wanted they would go; now that they are welcome they can't go—there are not enough of them.

Arabia is calling, Armenia has for long been upon her knees. Bulgaria, Serbia and even Turkey, between their war cries and their growns, have asked for Christian missionaries.

And what shall we say of America? Never before have our statesmen and industrial leaders been so frank in expressed convictions that the Christian church must take itself more seriously as the indispensable agency for casting out the vicious spirit of selfishness, greed, violence and inhumanity, and for bringing in the spirit of righteousness, brotherliness, concord and service. The Interchurch World Movement is a timely expression of this fresh conviction and response.

Part of the world does not know its need. There are those who have seen no demonstration of the principles of Jesus, nor of His power over human lives, have never heard His name. Increasingly the church of Christ is endeavoring to see the world's needs, to devote itself to the cure of social ills and to bring them justice and good-will. Christ is health and saving to every man. His ideals must rule, His helpfulness we greatly need, and His presence is our strength. We must, therefore, make our part of the world Christian and must push out our ministries until they touch the ills of all the world.

Woman's Board of Missions

MRS. FRANK GAYLORD COOK, *Treasurer*

Receipts October 18 to November 30, 1919.

Friend, 100; Friend, 50; K. M. W., 2, 152 00

MAINE

Eastern Maine Branch.—Mrs. J. Gertrude Denio, Treas., 347 Hammond St., Bangor. Bristol, Ch., 3; Eastport, S. S., 1.87; North Edgcomb, Ch., 1, 5 87

Western Maine Branch.—Miss Annie F. Bailey, Treas., 132 Chadwick St., Portland. Memorial Gift, 100; Bingham, Ch., 5; Dixfield, Aux., 10; Cumberland, No., Assoc., Off. at meet., 6.30; Gardiner, Aux., 10; Kennebunkport, Aux., 25, C. R., 4.50; Lovell, Ch., 3; Madison, S. S., 5.80; North Yarmouth, Walnut Hill Aux., 6; Otisfield, Aux., 2; Portland, Annie A. Gould Tent, Dau. of Vet., 33.50. State St. Ch., Aux., 12.52; South Bridgton, Aux., 5; South Paris, Friend, 25 cts.; Waterville, 2, 230 87

Total, 236 74

NEW HAMPSHIRE

New Hampshire Branch.—Mrs. Jennie Stevens Locke, Treas., 21 South Spring St., Concord. Alstead Center, First Ch., 2.70; Bartlett, Ch., 2.60; Bennington, S. S., 6.21; Claremont, S. S., 5; Concord, First Ch., S. S., 26.93; Dover, Belknap Jr. C. E. Soc., 1; Greenfield, Ch., 6; Hooksett, Ch., 3; Hopkinton, Ch., 25; Keene, Court St. Ch., S. S., 4.41; Pelham, Ch., 5; Penacook, Aux. (prev. contri. const. L. M. Miss Lucy K. Gage); Westmoreland, Ch., 3.90, 91 75

VERMONT

Vermont Branch.—Mrs. W. O. Lane, Treas., 55 Cliff St., Burlington. Barre, Jr. Dept. S. S., 1.63; Bellows Falls, Aux., 13.70; Brattleboro Centre, Ch., 8.62; Brookfield, East, Ch., 9.52; Burlington, College St. Ch., Aux., Th. Off., 51.57; Friend, in mem. Mrs. Benedict, 5; Craftsbury, North, Aux., Th. Off., 21.25; Corinth, East, Friend, (to const. herself L. M.), 25, Friend (to const. herself L. M.), 25; Danville, Aux., 10; East Charleston, S. S., 2.32; Jeffersonville, S. S., 1.96; Lyndon-

ville, Aux., Friend, 5; Norwich, Aux., Th. Off., 16.50; Peru, Aux., 18.80; Pittsford, S. S., 3.07; Post Mills, Aux., 2.37; Randolph Center, Aux., 5, C. E. Soc., 3; St. Johnsbury, South Ch., Aux., (Th. Off., 86), 120.35, Prim. S. S., 1; Thetford, Ch., 21.42; Townshend, West, Ch., 1.68; Warren, United Ch., 7; Westminster West, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; Wilder, Ch., 6.50; Wilmington, Ch., 11, 403 26

MASSACHUSETTS

Andover and Woburn Branch.—Miss Minnie C. Messenger, Treas., 24 Ashland St., Melrose Highlands. Off. at W. B. M. Ann. Meet. (Woman's League, Melrose Highlands, 10), 110; Andover, South Ch., Aux., 102.70; Ballard Vale, Union Ch., C. E. Soc., 3, S. S., 7; Boxford, First Ch., S. S., 6.60; Lawrence, Lawrence St. Ch., Ladies' Benev. Soc., 75; Lowell, Highland Ch., 15, Aux., 2; Montvale, Ch., 7.55; North Andover, Trinitarian Ch., Aux., 40, S. S., 27.98; North Reading, Union Ch., 4.31; Stoneham, Ch., Ladies' Benev. Soc., 2; Winchester, Second Ch., 90 cts., 404 04

Barnstable Association.—Mrs. Charles A. Davis, Acting Treas., South Dennis. Falmouth, Woman's Union, 17.44; Falmouth, North, Aux., 16.82; Harwichport, Aux., 10; Yarmouth, S. S., 6.59, 50 85

Berkshire Branch.—Miss Mabel A. Rice, Treas., 118 Bradford St., Pittsfield. Int. M. P. Hulbert Fund, 25; Adams, Miss Hannah A. Balldon, 23.50; Northfield Corner Class, 1; Dalton, Ch., 215.60; New Marlboro, Aux., 50 cts., Pittsfield, First Ch., S. S., 50.99, French Evan'l Ch., 2. Less expenses, 7.07, 311 52

Boston.—Union Ch., Prim. Dept. S. S., 3 25

Essex North Branch.—Mrs. Leonard H. Noyes, Treas., 15 Columbus Ave., Haverhill. Amesbury, Union Ch., S. S., 3.50; Haverhill, Riverside Ch., 10; Haverhill, West Ch., S. S.,

- 15.82; Merrimac, First Ch., 13.03; Newburyport, Belleville Ch., 22.16,
- Essex South Branch.*—Mrs. A. Lawrence Perkins, Jr., Treas., 27 Chase St., Danvers. Beverly, Second Ch., Woman's Union, Miss. Study Class, 51:30, Dane St. Ch., Dau. of Cov., 20, Washington St. Ch., Aux., 51; Cliftondale, Aux., 36.50, C. R., 5, Girls' Miss. Study Class, 10; Danvers, First Ch., Ladies' Benev. Soc., 16.10, S. S., Jr. Dept., 5; Manchester, Aux., 6.10, S. S. Cl., 5.50; Middleton, Aux., 19; Swampscott, Aux., 30, S. S., Blue Bird Cir., 5; Salem, Tabernacle Ch., C. R., 5; Wenhams, Aux., 12; S. S., Elemen. Dept., 5, 282 50
- Franklin County Branch.*—Miss J. Kate Oakman, Treas., 473 Main St., Greenfield. Leverett, First Ch., S. S., 2.55; Northfield, Trinitarian Ch., S. S., 21.30; North New Salem, Ch., 1.58, 25 43
- Hampshire County Branch.*—Miss Harriet J. Kneeland, Treas., 51 Harrison Ave., Northampton. Amherst, First and College Chs., Aux., 23, Mrs. Sarah Fearing Norton, 300; Amherst South, O. J. S., 13, C. E. Soc., 10; Easthampton, Dau. of Cov., 9; North Hadley, Aux., 20; Northampton, Smith College, 45, Edwards Ch., Aux., 180, 600 00
- Middlesex Branch.*—Mrs. Walter S. Fitch, Treas., 13 Dennison Avenue, Framingham. Ashland, First Ch., and S. S., 10; Framingham, Grace Ch., Aux., Th. Off., 41; Marlboro, Marmiso Club, 5; Natick, Walnut Hill School, Miss Florence Bigelow, 10; For. Miss. Dept., Woman's Union, 225; South Sudbury, Memorial Ch., Woman's Aid, 15; Wellesley, Wellesley College, Y. W. C. A., 250, 556 00
- Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch.*—Mrs. Elijah Ball, Treas., 136 Marlboro St., Wollaston. Cohasset, Aux., 4.75; Duxbury, C. R., 8; East Bridgewater, Union Ch., S. S., 4.50; Easton, Aux., 8; Hingham, Aux., 27; Milton Center, S. S. C. R., 3; Plympton, Aux., 6; Randolph, Aux., 30; Stoughton, Aux., 5, Little Light Bearers, 7; Weymouth and Braintree, Aux. 11; Whitman, First Ch., S. S., 4.05; Wollaston, Dau. of Ch., 8, 126 30
- North Middlesex Branch.*—Mrs. Flora M. Kimball, Treas., Littleton, Mass. Ayer, First Ch., Ladies' Benev. Soc., 5; Concord, Mary Shepard Watchers, 5; Concord Junction, Union Ch., Ladies' Miss. Soc., 10; Fitchburg, C. C. Ch., Priscilla Cir., King's Dau., 40; Rollstone Ch., Bible Sch., 5.21; Littleton, Nashoba S. S. Cl., 4; South Ashburnham, People's Ch., 7.50, 76 71
- Old Colony Branch.*—Mrs. Howard Lothrop, Treas., 3320 North Main St., Fall River. Attleboro, Second Ch., S. S., 30.25; Fall River, Mrs. Leonard N. Slade, 150, Pilgrim Ch., 15, S. S., 1.93; Middleboro, Sunshine Miss. Girls, 5; New Bedford, Jr. Ch., Aux., 5; Rehoboth, Jr. Aux., 12; South Dartmouth, Ch., 14.70; Taunton, Trinitarian Ch., 52.50, 286 38
- South Hadley.*—Mt. Holyoke College, Y. W. C. A., 10 00
- Springfield Branch.*—Mrs. Mary H. Mitchell, Treas., 1078 Worthington St., Springfield. Children's Dept., 3; Friend, 1; Feeding Hills, S. S., 3.47; Granville Center, Contrib. Soc., 5; Holyoke, Second Ch., S. S. Prim. Dept., 3; Ludlow, Union Ch. (prev. contr. to const. L. M. Mrs. Maria L. Hannum); Mitteneague, S. S. Brigade, 39; North Blandford, Second Ch., 3; Springfield, Emmanuel Ch., Holly Cir., and Golden Rule Band, 50 cts.; First Ch., Woman's Assoc., Friend, 30; Hope Ch., Kayopha Club, 10; Three Rivers, S. S., Prim. Dept., 3, 100 97
- Suffolk Branch.*—Miss Margaret D. Adams, Treas., 1908 Beacon Street, Coolidge Corner Branch, Brookline. Friends, 20; Allston, Mrs. Lucius Richardson, 2, Woman's Assoc., 50; Auburndale, Ch., 363.09, S. S., C. R. Dept., 8; Beachmont, S. S., Prim Dept, 1.25; Boston, Mt. Vernon Ch., 55, Old South Ch., Mrs. Eugene H. Clapp, 10, Mrs. W. M. Martin, 1100; Mrs. J. B. Smith, 25, Aux., 50; Brighton, Mrs. H. K. Newhall, 2; Brookline, Mrs. Mahel S. Blodgett, 25, Mrs. Fannie Hall Fegan, 5, Mrs. O'Brien, 2, Harvard Ch., Woman's Guild, 55; Cambridge, Friend, 2250, Dorchester, Harvard Ch., Woman's Benev. Soc., 13, Romsey Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 1, Second

Ch., Aux., add'l Th. Off., 6, Monday Eve. Miss. Soc., 56.75; Faneuil, Aux., 35; Mansfield, S. S., Prim. Dept., 1; Medway, Village Ch., S. S., 2.50; Neponset, Stone Aux., 18.75; Newton Centre, Mrs. J. M. W. Hall, 10; Newton Highlands, C. R., 12; Newtonville, Central Ch., Central Guild, 20; Norwood, First Ch., 30, Ch. Sch., 23.59; Roxbury, Imm.-Walnut Ave. Ch., For. Dept., (Th. Off., 184.50), 226.18; Somerville, Highland Ch., Bible Sch., 4.42; Waban, Union Ch., 52.50, Ladies' Cir., 25; Walpole, Ch., 64.75; Waltham, Miss Cornelia Warren, 50, 4675 78

Worcester County Branch.—Miss Sara T. Southwick, Treas., 144 Pleasant Street, Worcester. Athol, Aux., 13.50; Barre, Aux., 30; Clinton, German Ch., S. S., 3.50; East Douglas, Aux., 22; Hardwick, Ch., 1.50; Leominster, Pro Christo Soc., 10; Millbury, First Ch., Aux., 1; Oxford, Aux. (to const. L. M. Mrs. John Allen), 25; Princeton, Aux., 25, S. S., 4; Southbridge, Aux., 2.40; Sterling, Aux., 5; West Boylston, Aux., 10; Westboro, Aux., 10.66; Winchendon, Aux., 93.93, Worthley Band, 2, C. R. 4.07, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; Worcester, Bethany Ch., Aux., 7, Hadwen Park Ch., Aux., 9, Hope Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 1, Old South Ch., Little Light Bearers, 11, Park Ch., 25.48, Piedmont Ch., Woman's Assoc. (prev. contri. const. L. M. Mrs. Harold P. Frost); Plymouth Ch., Jr. Dept. S. S., 63 cts., Union Ch., 39.38, Woman's Bible Cl., 50, 412 05

Total, 7986 29

LEGACIES

Haverhill.—Mary M. Tibbetts, by Leonard H. Noyes, Extr., 1000 00

West Medway.—Jennie H. Adams, by Edward A. Adams, Extr., 5 00

Total, 1005 00

RHODE ISLAND

Providence.—Off. at Ann. Meet., 284, 1,259, 1543 00

Rhode Island Branch.—Miss Grace P. Chapin, Treas., 150 Meeting St., Providence. Special for Thanksgiving, 200 00

1743 00

CONNECTICUT

Bristol.—Miss Ellen A. Peck,

6.25, Epaphroditus Peck, 50, Miss Ella A. Upson, 300, 356 25

Eastern Connecticut Branch.

Miss Anna C. Learned, Treas., 255 Hempstead St., New London. Int. Martha S. Harris Fund, 75; Danielson, Aux., 33.08; Groton, Aux., Th. Off., 54.90, S. S., 3.06; New London, Second Ch. Aux., Th. Off., 44.10, S. S., 47.59; Norwich, Park Ch., Aux. (Th. Off., 42, Mrs. Osgood, 25), 97; Stonington, Second Ch., Aux., Th. Off., 24; Westminster, S. S., 1.60; Woodstock, Aux., 20, 400 33

Hartford Branch.—Mrs. Sidney

W. Clark, Treas., 40 Willard St., Hartford. Int. Clara E. Hillyer Fund, 247.50; Int. Julia W. Jewell Fund, 40; Gift Stewards, Mrs. E. G. Hart, 10, Mrs. H. W. Pease, 16, Mrs. Winslow Russell, 5, Miss Stanwood, 5; Berlin, Aux., 25, C. R., 10; Collinsville, S. S., 6.40; Hartford, Asylum Hill Ch., Aux., 200, First Ch., Young People, 10, S. S., 60.50; Newington, Aux., 2; Plainville, Aux., 1, S. S., 9.60; Simsbury, First Ch., 14.56; West Hartford, S. S., 31, 693 56

New Haven Branch.—Miss Edith

Woolsey, Treas., 250 Church St., New Haven. Int. on invested funds, 20; Friend, 150, Friend, 100, Friend, 50; Miss B. L. Comstock, 25; Mrs. A. R. Kimball, 100; Bridgeport, Mrs. Clark, 1, United Ch., Aux., 50; Bridgewater, Aux., 38.75; Cheshire, First Ch., C. E. Soc., 17.70; Cornwall, First Ch., S. S., 3, Second Ch., C. E. Soc., 15; East Canaan, Aux. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. Robert Fletcher), 30; East Haddam, Aux., 37; Fairfield County Meet., Th. Off., 14.38; Goshen, S. S., 9.60; Kent, S. S., 7; Madison, Aux., 85.06; Meriden, First Ch., Cheerful Givers, 40, Roll of Honor, 13; Morris, Aux., 25; Naugatuck, Ch., Friend, 200; New Haven, Miss Mabel H. Whittlesey, 10, Center Ch., Aux., 150, Westville Ch., S. S., 3.06; Northfield, Ch., 8.53, S. S., 1.80; North Haven, Aux., 75; Salisbury, Aux., 57.64; Saybrook, Ch., 27.47; Southport, Dorcas Soc., 5; Stamford, Aux., 25; Torrington, Aux., 22, C. E. Soc., 10; Torrington, Center Ch., C. E. Soc., 10; Trumbull, S. S., 12; Whitneyville, C. R., 4; Winstead, Second Ch., Aux., 31.56, 1484 55

Total, 2934 69

LEGACY

New Britain.—Miss Alice C. Tuck, in mem. of her mother, Mrs. Sophronia N. Tuck, by Oliver S. Lyford, Extr., (less succession tax), 4750 00

NEW YORK

New York State Branch.—Mrs. Charles E. Graff, Treas., 46 South Oxford St., Brooklyn. Mrs. Emma N. Crosby, 1000; Amber, W. M. S., 7; Aquebogue, "Forward" 50; Binghamton, East Side Ch., S. S., Elemen. Dept., 6, First Ch., Helpers' Miss. Soc., 40; Briarcliff Manor, S. S., 10.40; Brooklyn, In loving mem. Catherine M. Schenk, 25, Lewis Ave. Ch., Bible Sch., 6.50, Park Slope Ch., Mrs. Clara A. Rogers, 25, Miss. Soc., 45.02, South Ch., Woman's M. C., 275, S. S., 25; Buffalo, First Ch., Woman's Guild, 40, Fitch Mem. Ch., In-as-much Cir., 5, Men's Bible Cl., 5; Canandaigua, W. M. S., 100; Churchville, W. M. S., 30, S. S., M. C., 6; Cincinnatus, W. M. S., 10, S. S., 7.20; Fuiton, C. R., 5, S. S., 12, Prim. Dept., 5; Groton City, W. M. S., 20; Hall, O. J. S., 3.50; Henrietta, Union Ch., S. S., 6; Jamesport, C. E. Soc., 5; Montclair, N. J., Mrs. Walter McDougall, 100; New York, Broadway Tabernacle, C. R., 5, Y. W. Cir., 25, Forest Ave. Ch., Woman's Assoc., 15; North Evans, S. S., 12.40; Ogdensburg, First Ch., Miss. Soc., 25.75; Ontario, Immanuel Ch., Earnest Workers, 15; Osceola, W. M. Soc., 5; Oswego, W. M. S., 40; Patchogue, W. M. S., 25; Phoenix, Woman's Union, 25; Poughkeepsie, First Ch., Woman's Guild, 60; Pulaski, W. M. S., 18, The Twigs, 5; Richmond Hill, Union Ch., W. M. S., 10; Syracuse, Danforth Ch., Ladies' Union, 17.50; Walton, Mrs. C. S. Wyckoff, 5; Warsaw, Woman's Union, 103, S. S. Cl., 3.80; West Winfield, W. M. S., 51.55; Watertown, Emmanuel Ch., 3.75, S. S., 10.52; White Plains, Woman's Soc., 125, S. S., 6, 2491 89

Yonkers.—Miss L. S. Ackerman 50 00

Total, 2541 89

LEGACY

Berkshire.—Julia B. Gummerson, by Paul C. Gummerson, Extr., 587 64

NEW JERSEY

New Jersey Branch.—Miss Martha N. Hooper, Treas., 1475 Co-

lumbia Road, Washington, D. C. Md., Capitol Heights, Ladies' Aid Soc., 13.50; N. J., Friend, 25; Chatham, Stanley Ch., Ch. Sch., 9.27; Closter, S. S., 9.47; Egg Harbor, Aux., 3; Montclair, Watchung Ave. Ch., Aux., 65; Newark, First Ch., S. S., 12; Upper Montclair, Aux., 300, S. S., 25, 462 24

PENNSYLVANIA

Pennsylvania Branch.—Mrs. David Howells, Treas., Kane. Blossburg, Ladies' Miss. Soc., 3; Clifford, Ch., 50 cts.; East Smithfield, Ch., 4.80; Germantown, First Ch., W. M. S., 22; McKeesport, Miss. C. R., 5; Meadville, Park Ave. Ch., W. M. S., 5; Milroy, White Mem. Ch., 9.45; Moscow, Spring Brook Ch. W. M. S., 5; Nanticoke, Bethel Ch., 3.75; New Castle, First Ch., S. S., 2.40; Olyphant, Bethel Ch., 7.80; Philadelphia, Park Ch., W. M. S., 25; Pittsburg, First Ch., W. M. S., 5, Puritan Ch., W. M. S., 10, 108 70

SOUTHEAST BRANCH

Southeast Branch.—Mrs. C. E. Enlow, Treas., Winter Park, Fla. Fla., Arch Creek, S. S., 3.45; Crystal Springs, Mrs. G. M. Laybourn, 25, Aux., 1, S. S., 1; Daytona, Aux., 25; Key West, Ch., 11.25; Miami, People's Ch., 7.50; St. Petersburg, Ch., Mrs. Brice, 3, S. S., 2.75; West Palm Beach, C. E. Soc., 5; Ga., Demorest, Aux., 15; N. C., Dudley, Ch. Sch., 3.03; Southern Pines, Aux., 30, 132 98

FLORIDA

Crystal Springs.—Abi L. P. Nutting, 35 00

OHIO

Springfield.—Miss Sarah C. Frantz, 5 00

TURKEY

Constantinople.—Miss Ethel M. Putney, 200 00

CANADA

Canada.—Congregational W. B. M., Miss Laura M. Miatt, Treas., Toronto, 1000 00

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Total, 24,376 18

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