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OCTOBER, 1921

NO. 10

Life and Light For Woman

Our Denominational Apportionment

Dr. Charles Emerson Burton

Survey of the Woman's Boards

Mary L. Graffam of Sivas

A Surrendered Life

Congregational Woman's Boards
of Missions
PUBLISHED IN BOSTON

CONTENTS

\$5,000,000—Our Denominational Appor- tionment	337	Teaching Phonetics in Famine Schools. <i>By Isabelle Phelps, Paotingfu</i>	371
Survey of the Woman's Boards	344	The House of the Door with the Thousand Dents	374
Woman's Board of Missions	344		
Woman's Board of Missions of the In- terior	349		
Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific	352		
Editorials of W. B. M.	353		
Editorials of W. B. M. P.	355		
Fifty-Fourth Annual Meeting of the Wo- man's Board of Missions	357		
Financial Statement	357		
Mary Graffam of Sivas	358		
Ahmednagar School Happenings. <i>By Clara E. Bruce</i>	360		
Entering Open Doors. <i>By Elizabeth S. Stelle</i>	364		
Two Years in Our Nicomedia Orphanage. <i>By Sophie S. Holt</i>	367		
		FIELD CORRESPONDENTS	
		Letter from Miss Eunice Thomas, Foo- chow, China	382
		Letter from Miss Esther Fowler of Shola- pur, now at Wai	383
		Miss Margaret Walbridge Writes upon Her Arrival in South Africa	384
		JUNIOR DEPARTMENT	
		Brand New Helps for Junior Leaders	386
		Summary of Receipts	389

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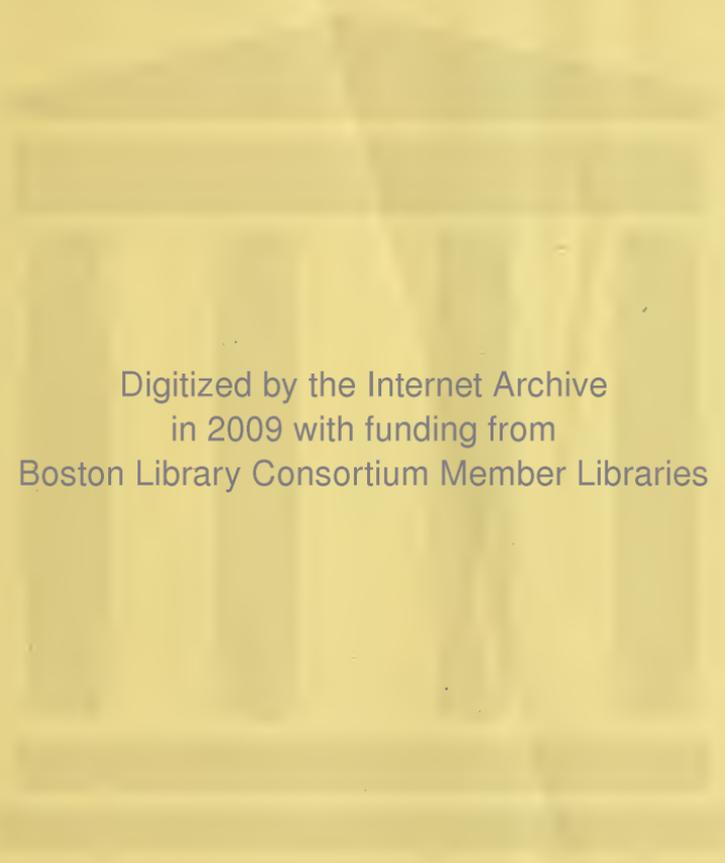
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Class in Basketry with Zulu Teacher, Inanda Seminary, Africa, in Industrial Department of which Miss Walbridge will have charge. See page 384.

Life and Light

Vol. LI

October, 1921

No. 10

\$5,000,000

Our Denominational Apportionment

Charles Emerson Burton,
Secretary National Council

THE *Missionary Herald* and *The American Missionary* for October are printing in full a Survey of the denominational missionary and educational work. LIFE AND LIGHT, not having space for the full Survey, is printing that of the Woman's Boards, and I have been asked to put the gist of the whole into a comprehensive article. It is by no means an easy task, but I can safely assume that the readers of LIFE AND LIGHT have an intimate knowledge of our great denominational enterprise, which lightens the task tremendously.

An Entrancing Panorama

The view which the Survey affords constitutes a wide-spreading panorama of fascinating interest to all who are concerned about their human kind. It takes us to every State in the Union, to Alaska, to the islands of the sea, to Europe, to Asia, to Africa; it introduces us to all kinds of people; it deals with human values, physically, mentally and spiritually expressed, in industry, in hospitals, in schools, in literature, in statescraft, and in moral, political and spiritual life.

The viewing of this great Panorama is calculated to create and stimulate a genuine desire to have a part in our enterprise for the advancement of the Kingdom of Christ. This Survey also furnishes a guide for those who desire information regarding the needs of the world in order that they may lend their assistance in meeting them. For those disposed to promote actively the advance of our missionary and educational work, the Survey fur-

nishes an unlimited quantity of valuable information and ammunition.

The uses to which this material may be put are various. The individual may find in it data on the basis of which he may determine his contributions and, if he have considerable amounts of capital to invest in such interests, whether by way of legacy, conditional gift, or actual contribution, this will introduce him to the many fields from which he may choose particular objects for his benefaction. Missionary committees in our churches will find in it the basis for making up their apportionment budgets. The Every Member Canvassers may by its use equip themselves for answering almost any question concerning our denominational work. Leaders of missionary committees and various societies of women, young people, and men, and in the Sunday school will find in it comprehensive facts and interesting details for the promotion of their endeavors. To the pastor it will become a handbook of missionary information, a storehouse of homiletic material, a guide for making up his missionary program in the church, and an inspiration for all kinds of missionary services. He will want to introduce it to his committees and missionary leaders and keep it on file for constant reference. Mission study classes, discussion groups and schools of missions will in some cases find in it their text-book, and in more cases it will become an invaluable supplement for whatever text-book is used in either the home or foreign missionary field.

Our Great Adventure

Pride and enthusiasm are the natural consequence of the vivid consciousness of what we are endeavoring to do as a people. It will help our imagination to think that, approximately speaking, eight hundred thousand souls in America are unitedly interested in eighty million people living in all quarters of the earth. That is, each one of us is presumably interested in the welfare of one hundred other persons as expressed in our missionary enterprise. Forty million dollars or thereabouts is invested as capital in this adventure. There are in the neighborhood of ten thousand paid

workers and from one hundred thousand to two hundred thousand volunteer workers freely exercising the best elements of their nature for the good of their fellow men. This interest expresses itself in relief for the suffering of body, medical service for the sick, industrial guidance for the backward; it enriches the mind through education of the child, the youth, and the adult, in both cultural and practical lines; it floods the world with uplifting literature; it builds churches, provides preachers, commissions, evangelists, organizes religious activity; it promotes social welfare and industrial reconstruction in our own land and among the backward peoples of the earth.

The agencies for administering these forces are: the Sunday School Extension Society, which organizes and promotes missionary Sunday schools in America; the Home Missionary Society, which fosters the entire church life of our own land, and in particular organizes and aids new and weak Congregational churches; the Church Building Society, which gives assistance in building churches and parsonages; the Education Society, with a wide range of activities, involving religious education in the home and the church and the institution; the Board of Ministerial Relief and the Annuity Fund, providing pensions and relief for aged and needy ministers and their families; the American Missionary Association, whose field is among the less favored peoples of America—Indians, Negroes, Orientals, Mexicans, Hawaiians, Porto Ricans; the Woman's Home Missionary Federation, cooperating with all the foregoing organizations; the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, working under twenty flags in the foreign world; and the Woman's Boards of Missions, whose work is fully presented in this issue. The whole constitutes an area of interests calculated to enrich the mind and enlarge the heart of all who familiarize themselves with these activities.

The Romance of the Treasury

Missionary finances do not consist of sordid money matters but of real romance of the soul. Through the treasuries of the organ-

izations named above, there flows annually not less than \$1,500,000 from the love and devotion of preceding generations, and, like the transfusion of blood from one living person to another, our eight hundred thousand church members are transferring their own life forces represented by anywhere from \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000 annually, accompanied by thought and prayer for the quickening and spiritualizing of their brothers and sisters in all the world. Is this sordid finance or spiritual romance?

Within the last two years, a season in which the calls have been innumerable and financial conditions uncertain, the Congregational people of the United States have more than doubled their contributions to this work. To be exact, apportionment receipts in 1920 were 101% higher than in 1918. What were the motives which prompted this increase? Nowhere is there to be found a selfish motive, everywhere only the response to the finest emotions of the soul. Who can measure the blessings which have come to our hundreds of thousands of homes when we remember that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." If anywhere, then, the financial question is a bugbear, let such considerations transform that bugbear into an angel of blessing.

But opportunity is still with us, for it must be borne in mind that 100% increase is but half the increase which the present situation desperately calls for if we are to maintain the good work we have been doing and only make the slightest beginning in meeting the new demands which post-war times present to us. 101% increase in the gifts of our people does not mean 101% increase in available money for our work. There has been no increase mentionable in that blessed flow of \$1,500,000 from previous generations. The consequences are that, given 101% increase from the living, there has been an increase of approximately 32% for our missionary societies in addition to the small amounts for educational institutions and miscellaneous objects not heretofore included in the apportionment. Now the critical needs of our missionary societies were for an increase of not less than 67%, so that only half of the need is met by the splendid increase of 101%. So the call now is that, as Christians having gone the first

mile, we should be eager to go the second mile. Shall we want in that eagerness if we know the facts?

What has it meant that the increase was only half of what is needed? It means that the American Board accumulated an indebtedness of \$242,000 in one year; that the Woman's Boards at the present writing face a deficit of more than \$120,000. The Home Missionary Society has been forced to reduce its number of workers by 344 and the number of home missionary churches and stations by 562. Low salaries for pastors have resulted in the reduction of the number of ministers serving our churches by 650 since 1914; there has been a loss of 179 churches since 1915; there are 27,485 fewer in our home missionary Sunday schools than in 1916; our church membership has grown in the last census decade only two-thirds as fast as the population of the country and only two-fifths as fast as the total Protestant membership. Such loss is traceable almost entirely to the decrease in home missionary forces. The American Missionary Association has been obliged to allow its plant to deteriorate most seriously, and in the current budget has been obliged to cut over \$62,000 worth of work from its regular ministries. The Education Society and the institutions dependent upon it have in some cases been brought to bankruptcy, while a general halt has had to be called in service for young people, for university students, and in the general ministries of that organization. With the Church Building Society it is simply a question of appropriating money in hand, and two-thirds of our Congregational churches are now inadequately equipped. All of these results we have had to face while turning our eyes away from a shattered world whose needs have called for redoubling our endeavors.

Enthusing Opportunities

Turning, however, to the positive side, what does the Survey show with reference to opportunities to express our finest interest? It shows that the entire world is a ripe harvest field. Just as the farmer provides extra hands and implements for labor in anticipation of the harvest, we are challenged to furnish equip-

ment and to recruit the force of workers to meet the rich opportunities of the present day.

Of children and young people in America under twenty-five years of age, two out of every three are not in Sunday school, yet these children and youth respond readily to our efforts to enlist them especially in the missionary fields. Two out of three of the Protestant constituency of America, old enough to consider church membership, are not affiliated with any church. Everywhere our workers go, however, most encouraging responses are had.

To restore the 344 missionaries dropped from our force, to reopen the 562 stations closed, would without any question produce a comparable return in Christian converts and in Christian life. Again, to furnish our ministers who are struggling in two-thirds of our churches with inadequate facilities with implements fitted for their tasks, would convert comparative failure into rich success. New life-blood in our educational forces dealing with the young people, and especially with students in our colleges, academies and great university centers, would mean the manning of our church forces for the future with the finest of workers everywhere. And if the Negro and the Indian and others in America constitute something of a problem, it is more for the lack of enlightenment and leading than for any other cause. The American Missionary Association needs only buildings and workers to redouble its effectiveness in this important service. Or, if we turn to the foreign field, the opportunities among seventy-five millions of non-Christian peoples who constitute our exclusive parish afford opportunities practically without limit. Never in the history of the Christian Church were the opportunities for evangelization so rich as they are today, while doors are wide open for medical, industrial and educational ministries. In short, restore our home missionary forces to their normal strength, equip our churches and educational institutions with adequate implements and staff, furnish our American and Woman's Boards with resources, and glorious victory will hearten every associate in this great adventure.

The Will to Win

We have had a taste of victory. When the Pilgrim Fund call for five million dollars endowment was issued there were many to tremble, not to say criticise, but the subscriptions rolled up to six millions of dollars. Through the Congregational World Movement, the denomination challenged itself to meet the emergency and the five-million-dollar apportionment. This challenge went forth in the face of adverse circumstances, but in spite of everything a fair measure of success has been recorded. The American Board appealed for three thousand contributors of special gifts during July and August to avert a catastrophe, and more than that number responded with amounts beyond their expectation, and this in the face of adverse financial conditions. Young men and young women are offering themselves in increasing numbers, especially for our foreign missionary service. The Year Book reports the largest number of additions to our churches of any year in our history. The net gain amounts to 10,959, which restores us to the rate of growth of the population of the country. The Sunday school gain of 15,013 in membership promises well for the future. The larger number of churches which undertook to meet the increased apportionment with fear and trembling, but found themselves successful, indicates that the task is not impossible.

It remains, therefore, only for us to attack our tasks with spiritual purpose in order to guarantee a splendid success. Here it is encouraging to notice that criticism of the greatly enlarged apportionment has almost entirely disappeared. Information afforded in a stimulating manner appears to be all that is needed to develop the spiritual purpose required. Every reader of LIFE AND LIGHT is invited to share in this magnificent adventure and to have a part in the fullness of spiritual purpose in guaranteeing its successful outcome.

Survey of the Woman's Boards

Treasuries

The three Woman's Boards have treasuries separate from that of the American Board and the general Board assumes no financial responsibility for their work. They determine their own budgets, the number of missionaries they will support, and the amount they will appropriate for the work under their care. Without the money paid into the Woman's Boards treasuries, the educational, social, medical and evangelistic work for women and children in American Board fields would in great measure cease, as the latter Board makes no provision for this.

Needs

Circumstances which have led to the critical financial situation of the American Board have affected the Woman's Board in like manner. For the past three years expenses have increased far more rapidly than income. With no hope for new work, with all possible reduction in expense, with building projects indefinitely delayed, each Board yet faces a serious deficit.

Council

During the last year the three Boards have formed a central organization, the *Council of Congregational Woman's Foreign Mission Boards*. It is advisory only, but will promote efficiency by co-ordinating the work of the Boards, securing uniform policies at home and abroad, avoiding duplication and confusion on the field, and furnishing a medium of communication for interdenominational societies.

Woman's Board of Missions

14 Beacon Street, Boston

Territory at Home

The Woman's Board of Missions now comprises twenty-five Branches and has for its constituency the women and children of about 2,300 churches in the Atlantic States.

Its Goal

The purpose as stated in its Charter is "the Christianizing, education and physical relief of women and children in foreign lands, in co-operation with the American Board." This purpose is being slowly realized through the primary methods of evangelization and education, modified and expanded in Christian social service and medical work.

Its Assets

At Home: 1287 women's missionary societies with approximately 48,000 members; 1081 Junior organizations which last year contributed over \$20,000; 546 Branch officers who give freely time, strength and many incidental expenses for the King's business.

LIFE AND LIGHT, a monthly magazine, is its publication.

Abroad: In thirty-six higher schools and 300 or more day schools, thousands of girls in training for useful lives; 250 Bible women who touch with hope and cheer, at the most conservative estimate, 25,000 women each week; hospitals and dispensaries bringing healing every year to at least 50,000 women and children otherwise hopeless sufferers. This work is directed by 141 American missionaries and temporary workers.

Its Liabilities

The year's budget, with all possible pruning and including nothing for buildings, called for \$330,577. To this should be added \$40,000 immediately needed for buildings. Toward this the Board can expect from other sources than apportionment \$25,000. Its share of the \$5,000,000 is \$357,500. Had this latter sum been raised, it would have been possible, not to consider new work, but to make a somewhat more adequate provision for old work.

Taking the receipts for the first half year as a basis, it appears that the Board, instead of receiving \$357,500 from the churches, will receive little over \$200,000. In spite of some decrease in expenses the Board bids fair to close the year with \$60,000 less on hand than will be needed for 1922 appropriations, unless receipts increase largely in the next few weeks. Instead of the

twenty-nine new workers called for to fill vacancies, six only have been sent out. The missionaries have been urged to curtail in every possible way. Thus, instead of the advance anticipated, their long-deferred hopes are yet unfulfilled.

The full apportionment for 1922, \$385,000, is essential to put the work so long severely hampered by inadequate funds, on a more efficient basis.

Bright Spots in the Picture

A College in the Near East

In June the American Collegiate Institute in Smyrna was incorporated as a Christian College for Women. Men and women of well-known business and social standing, consented to serve as a Board of Trustees. This school was founded and has been maintained for forty-five years by the Woman's Board of Missions. Seventy-five percent of its graduates have been teachers in the Near East, others have taken positions of trust in the United States, and have become doctors, nurses, and workers in social service centers. The present faculty includes graduates of Vassar, Wellesley, Oberlin, Olivet and Queen's University, Canada.

A New Doctor for Ahmednagar

In May, Dr. Harriet Clark, a physician with well-established practice and splendid equipment, sailed to relieve Dr. Ruth P. Hume in what has been a "one woman hospital" for six years. Dr. Clark has had experience in Red Cross work in Greece, and is in every way fitted to assume charge of the hospital while Dr. Hume comes home for her overdue furlough. Money for Dr. Clark's maintenance has still to be provided.

Philippine Growth

At the Jubilee of the Woman's Board of Missions in 1917, new work was assumed in the Philippines and new money pledged. Because of this fact, two sisters are today at work—Misses Anna and Florence Fox. Anna, an evangelistic missionary, has opened a small hostel for girls where she gives Bible training. Two of the students have started a Sunday school in their home town,

others are teaching in a little day school. But there is no equipment and no funds to support these girls who must earn their own way and study the Bible after their day's work is done. Yet Bible teachers are sorely needed. Florence Fox is the only nurse in the community and has already found appealing work in teaching the people simple hygiene and sanitation even before she has learned the language.

An International Centre

Amid Turkey's tumult, our day school at Gedik Pasha, Constantinople, has kept on its busy way. In the last year 188 children have been refused admittance because there was no room for them. The 270 in attendance are packed in like sardines. Children of all nationalities in this cosmopolitan city mingle in friendly fashion and attend a common Sunday school where the attendance has reached 500. Shall this Christian "service station" be forbidden to grow?

Currents of Influence

China's Attitude

In the midst of confusion and political oppression, the church in the person of preachers and teachers, her students and church members, is setting a standard of sympathy and service never before undertaken in China.

At the Wen Shan Girls' School, Foochow, a new gymnasium, the gift of a former missionary, has been opened. The Governor of Fukien Province, with imposing military escort, visited the school and, in appreciation of the program offered, made a gift of \$100 for needed apparatus.

This school is so understaffed that a missionary of three years' experience, who must act as principal next year, recently wrote: "You know the extremity of our High School this coming fall. Just at the time when education for girls is in such good repute and becoming almost popular, it is nothing short of tragic that our school should be in such a pathetic state. I shall have to teach, supervise, keep unending office hours, continue the treasurer's work, be adviser for all the school societies, whose name is

legion in these days when the student motto is *service*. Of course, it simply cannot be done." The Board has sent temporary workers but no permanent appointee for this important post. A missionary of the American Board says: "I think girls' educational work about the most important work there is in China. A well-educated girl makes far more impression than a well-educated boy."

Doors Opened by Famine

From refugee workrooms in North China, superintended by Woman's Board missionaries, warmth and cheer have gone to thousands of women. At Lai Shui (Peking field) doors of famine have opened big chances to reach the children. Eighty girls were received into a school in a village not before reached. Relief for the starving bodies has been poured into China by American friends. What is to become of hungry minds and needy souls?

Japan's Seed Sowers

A Japanese inspector of silk worm culture in three provinces became an ardent believer in the Christian religion through his little son, a kindergarten pupil in the Imadegawa Kindergarten, Kyoto. Having lost his wife and son, he has become a "touring missionary," organizing Bible classes and preaching as he makes his business rounds. No tabulation of souls thus taught can be made. This is one instance in many of the influence of little children in the mission kindergartens. Yet a Japanese missionary says, "The money sent by the Woman's Board does not cover *one-half* of the regular expenses of the Kindergarten."

India's Hope

"In Japan everybody smiles, in China many smile, in India nobody smiles." Yet in Capron Hall there are 500 students who have been taught the joy of living. They have been freed from slavery to superstition, have their own Self-Government Society, and are going out into all Southern India as light-bearers. Madura District without Capron Hall would be a Massachusetts and Rhode Island area with no high school girls, no trained women teachers in its lower schools, no educated wives in the homes of its pastors.

Yet it has no adequate dormitory, not sufficient class room, no domestic science building. For years lack of funds has limited its influence.

An African Product

Listen to the story of one of the graduates of Inanda Seminary, founded in 1868 by the first missionary of the W. B. M., Mrs. Mary K. Edwards, who is still reaping the fruits of her wonderful seed-sowing in South Africa, though in her ninety-third year. This student was supported by gifts from Turkey. She is now at work in one of the darkest spots in the district—the only girl in all the region who ever went to school! She has opened the first school in the whole countryside, where she is mothering, evangelizing and training for future service fifty-eight young people. But she is the *only* Christian worker there.

Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior

19 South La Salle Street, Chicago

In this its fifty-fourth year, the Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior has a force of 115 missionaries in ten different countries. They have built up an efficient line of day schools, boarding schools, kindergartens and colleges, training schools and hospitals, social, industrial and evangelistic work, which are profoundly influencing the life of women in those nations. If the home churches could see these crowded rooms filled with irresistibly attractive pupils, and could see those others "without the gate," no appeal would need to be uttered for 1922.

The Educational Ladder

Bottom

At the bottom of the educational ladder are the kindergartens. In Glory Kindergarten, Kobe, Japan, the little folks learned last fall, through fascinating story and play, about the great World Sunday School Convention and its motto, "I am the light of the world." Every year at Thanksgiving time they bring gifts for the poor of their city, and this year, besides, they filled little envelopes with money for the famine children of China.

The Glory Kindergarten Training School graduated twelve fine young kindergartners this year. One of them, who had accepted a position in a Christian kindergarten, was also offered a government position at a much higher salary, and her father did his best to make her take it. But she held firmly to her purpose of helping to make little Christian citizens.

The Top

At the top of the ladder are the women's colleges, so few but so much needed for the training of Christian leaders. The students of Yenching, in Peking, have done this year what no Chinese women ever did before—planned and carried through, without foreign initiative or supervision, a refuge home which is considered a model even by foreigners, for two hundred little famine victims who would otherwise have been sold into the worst of slavery.

Kobe College, with a strategic location, a splendid faculty and government recognition of its high standards, has doubled its enrollment in six years. The college and academy numbered 550 in 1920-21, and for lack of dormitory space, 328 girls who had passed the entrance examinations were turned away. An opportunity has come to buy a fine piece of land adjoining the campus, which would give the needed room. Shall we let this slip by? Colleges in the Orient as well as in America cannot be maintained without endowment. For building and endowment to meet the government's requirements, \$500,000 is needed in the next four years.

Says a keen observer, after a visit to Japan last fall, "Whenever I saw a peculiarly gracious and strong and winning Japanese woman, one who is a force for good in her community, I came to expect the words, "O, she is a graduate of Kobe College."

The Rounds

All the way up the ladder are the scores of day schools and the sixteen boarding schools. Every graduate of the latter "can become the center of a little circle of influence that may spread to far and unseen shores. When a girl is the mistress of a little country school, the field is pretty much hers."

In Dindigul, India, is a boarding school which, though essential to the whole mission system of education, is housed in tumble-down structures that violate any number of government rules and have been condemned again and again; \$15,500 must be raised for the girls' dormitory and recitation building.

Bridgman Academy, Peking, has won such a place in the hearts of the people that it can afford to be very particular about the government students it takes in; but it must have laboratory equipment or it will not be able to meet the entrance requirements of the university.

At El Fuerte, Mexico, is a very new school that has to use kerosene cases for desks, yet has two hundred eager, faithful pupils.

The boarding school at Lintsing, China, has half its new building completed and is obliged to choose between building the other half and buying a furnace to make the first half habitable; and the new building is already so full that some of the girls must eat from a shelf in the kitchen.

Of the institutions at Samokov, Bulgaria, the former prime minister said, "Your schools are becoming the backbone of our national life." The girls must still live and work in the old buildings that are literally in danger of falling about their ears; but work has been begun on the fine new plant near Sofia, the capital city, on the land which the government gave. Money is needed at once to meet the construction costs, which it is estimated will total \$100,000.

The Ministry of Healing

Four doctors and four nurses are the contribution of the W. B. M. I. to the healing of China. In Shaowu there has been for years just one woman doctor for two million people. Now, there are two Americans and two Chinese, and they expect to revolutionize the medical work for women and children. The long-awaited woman's hospital is not quite finished, for the money gave out before the floor was all down or the windows all in; \$1,250 is called for at once. Similarly, \$3,000 is needed to put

the necessary equipment into the Kate Ford Whitman hospital in Fenchow, and the Esther Barton hospital in Taiku is still under construction. These two and the William Porter hospitals in Techow were in the famine area and were filled last winter and spring with famine patients, besides which the doctors and nurses gave themselves to fighting epidemic and superintending relief work.

Our Native Co-Workers

Less in the public eye than the schools and hospitals, but equally important as it reaches deep down into human need, is the patient, consecrated work of the native Bible women. Going into the homes of the people as no foreigner can, teaching and comforting, these women are a vital part of every mission's work. Many a future leader has first been brought to school by the Bible woman; many an inaccessible village has been opened up by her. For this work she receives a bare living, and with rising prices times have been hard indeed.

From kindergarten to college, most of the actual teaching is done by native teachers, generally under missionary supervision but often carrying great responsibility. With these and the native doctors and nurses, indispensable to the hospitals, the staff of native helpers is many times larger than the missionary force. Missionaries and native workers alike live on the merest pittance, while giving themselves as few of us can realize to the work of the Kingdom. Shall we at home be less loyal?

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific

Sub-Address, 760 Market Street, San Francisco

It comprises seven Branches: Northern and Southern California, Oregon, Washington, Utah, Idaho and Arizona, supporting eight missionaries, two boarding schools, two kindergartens and one hospital in addition to partial support of five schools, a hospital and many native helpers. It publishes a monthly *Bulletin*.

For 1922 \$55,000 must be secured.

China. Better Babies for China. Our hospital at Lintsing provides care and training for mothers and babies; our Kinder-

garten Training School at Foochow prepares teachers for the children's spiritual culture; the next need is a supervisor for the lower primary grades in the day schools. We must supply this link in the chain.

Turkey. School as Usual. While opposing armies of Turks and Greeks have been contending about Brousa, with victory now on this side, now on that, Miss Jillson and Miss Parsons have held our special fort, the school at Brousa, in continual triumph. Relief work in soup kitchens, hospitals and camps has been added to their heavy responsibilities in a constantly increasing school. These valiant commanders must be relieved by the aid of two assistants. Miss Rice at Sivas is caring for hundreds of orphans.

India. "Send me!" In a city, the core of Hinduism, peopled with high caste Brahmins and religious devotees, a hospital was established by two adventurous souls, Drs. Lester and Rose Beals. At first despised, now revered, they minister to India's disease and pain. Our Dr. Rose Beals attends the suffering women almost unaided. An experienced nurse asks to go. We must say "Yes."

Japan. The Open Doors. Japan's are flung wide. Ours — for lack of teachers, equipment, room — are closed to the waiting line of girls and children standing without the Doshisha Jo Gakko, our kindergartens and Sunday schools.

Africa. "Give the Best You Have to Africa." We seek it for our Girls' School at Gogoyo.

Mexico. "The Cry of the Children" reaches us from this foreign land lying at our very door. We are heeding it through aid to our school.

Editorials of W. B. M.

Great preparations are being made in New Haven for the Fifty-fourth Annual Meeting of the Woman's Board to be held November 9-11 in Centre Church. Delegates and **Annual Meeting** friends who are planning to attend should make **At New Haven.** early application for entertainment.

The program has not taken sufficient shape for us to give at this writing the schedule of speakers, session by

session, but each day will have certain notable features of its own. Besides the usual addresses, conferences and devotional services, there will be attractions of a different character such as an appropriate pageant, an evening reception, a supper and rally for girls, a mass meeting for the general public, at which Dr. Burton, the new secretary of the National Council, will be one of the speakers.

All officers of the Board will be in attendance as well as other missionary experts and overseas workers from various parts of the world. A guest from England who is expected to have a share in the program is Miss Gollock, associate editor of the *International Review of Missions*. At every session missionaries will be heard. Among those who are expected to take some part are Dr. Ruth Hume, Dr. Harriet Parker, Mrs. M. Lois Sibley and Miss Carolyn D. Smiley of India, Miss Laura Ward and Miss Elizabeth Perkins of China, Miss Alice Cary, Japan, Miss Ethel Putney, Constantinople, Miss Lucy Clark, Ceylon, and Miss Anna F. Webb of Spain.

Miss Gertrude Grohé, who joined the faculty of the Smyrna A. C. I., last year, has been compelled to undergo a very severe surgical operation at Constantinople, but the latest news is of an encouraging convalescence and promise of improved health. Miss Sara B. Snell of the same school is spending a few weeks with her family in this country, expecting to sail for Turkey. October 15.

Personals

Miss Elizabeth Perkins, principal of the Wen Shan Girls' School, Foochow, arrived September 24 for a much-needed furlough, coming by the way of Europe. Miss Laura Ward of the same Mission is on the way to America via India. Miss Alice Cary of Osaka, Japan, is expected about October first, after an extended stay in England and France. She will, for the present, make her headquarters in Bradford, Mass. Miss Ethel Putney of Constantinople arrived September 17 and is with friends at Spencer, Mass.

A large party sailed August 31 from San Francisco for Japan and China. Among the eighteen we note Miss Phoebe Beard going out under the W. B. M. to Foochow, her childhood home, in company with her father, Rev. W. L. Beard, also Miss Gertrude Blanchard, returning to Foochow for temporary service, supported by the W. B. M. I., and three new missionaries, Miss Susan Armstrong, who will teach in the Boys' School, Foochow, Miss Cleora Wanamaker and Miss Lucy Lanktree, going to North China under the W. B. M. I.

A pleasant luncheon, arranged by the W. B. M. P., was given in honor of these missionaries, August 30, at the First Congregational Church, San Francisco. Dr. James L. Gordon presided and there was a large and representative attendance.

Miss Frances J. Runnells, for thirty years treasurer of Old Colony Branch, and all her life a devoted friend of the Woman's Board, entered into rest, July 26, at her home in Fall River, Mass.

Editorials of W. B. M. P.

The Elizabeth Memorial Hospital also has its reclamation work. Dr. Helliwell is starting boy beggars and surgically deformed lads in a new industry, the making of rugs. They will be worth about one dollar per square foot, and he will be very glad to receive orders from America. Mrs. Eastman is assisting with instruction in making tennis nets and hammocks. Until they get the trade learned, they are provided for in the hospital grounds. This saves many a worthy lad from beggary. For the girls tatting is taught by Mrs. Eastman in a regular school attended by crippled women and girls. One of the first tasks Dr. Cooke will have will be the effort to make feet for a poor girl of twelve who is in this school learning to support herself very well. It is hoped she will at least be as well off as with the customary bound feet. In

planning our Christmas gifts, let us remember these new industries in destitute China.

With the Congregational Council in Los Angeles, the June Conference of our Board at Claremont, and with rewarding and inspiring days at Asilomar, Mount Hermon and Seabeck, there have been mountains of vision for the great west coast that have lifted us above the ordinary round and given us high hope for the coming year. We feel more a part of the great fellowship, we have a new sense of responsibility, as we realize the great problems so bravely faced and advanced in Boston, New York, Chicago and in all the great centers of our land farther East. Shall we not take up the work defined by the Council and give ourselves to our part with unquestioned devotion?

The comparison below gives us some cheer with its gain after the material loss reported a month ago. Our greater encouragement is due to the fact that in certain lines the charges have amounted to less than we anticipated when the situation was set forth in the May

How Will the Year End? **LIFE AND LIGHT.** Exchange has been more favorable, fewer missionaries have gone out and the Missions in their effort to co-operate have sent in fewer emergency calls. This has enabled us to reduce our figure of increase imperatively needed for appropriations for 1922 from \$100,000 to the \$60,000 mentioned last month. As the accounts come in from the field we are hoping for even further savings. Having this encouragement shall we not renew our resolve to secure the \$60,000 extra to provide for the appropriations and to strive for the \$40,000 additional to meet the desperate needs for buildings? Gifts of the many can do this. The splendid success of the American Board shows what can be done when lovers of missions once realize the seriousness of a situation. Their success has not relieved the distress in our treasury as it does not provide for any of our

work, but we hope that the wide dissemination of information as to conditions and the earnest endorsement of foreign missions by the National Council will help us also to finish our year without deficit.

THE FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD
RECEIPTS AVAILABLE FOR REGULAR WORK, AUGUST 1—31, 1921

	From Branches and C. W. M.	From Other Sources	From Legacies and Reserve Legacy Fund	Income from In- vestments & Deposits	TOTAL
1920	\$8,471.03	\$177.00	\$576.00	\$554.75	\$9,778.78
1921	*12,236.66	637.96	\$304.16	1,309.77	14,488.55
Gain	\$3,765.63	\$460.96		\$755.02	\$4,709.77
Loss			\$271.84		

OCTOBER 18, 1920—AUGUST 31, 1921

1920	\$161,127.72	\$9,854.83	\$18,726.48	\$7,921.08	\$197,630.11
1921	*162,730.84	13,413.18	15,686.59	8,730.55	200,561.16
Gain	\$1,603.12	\$3,558.35		\$809.47	\$2,931.05
Loss			\$3,039.89		

* These figures do not include gifts for 1920 Emergency Fund.

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

The fifty-fourth annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions will be held with the Centre Congregational Church of New Haven, Connecticut, November 9-11, 1921. All regular accredited Branch delegates and all missionaries of the Woman's Boards and the American Board are entitled to entertainment from Tuesday night to Friday noon. Applications should be sent before *October 10* to Mrs. Lansing Lewis, 35 Highland Street, New Haven.

Mary Graffam of Sivas

A Surrendered Life

The words oftenest heard since the cablegram came bringing the news that Mary Graffam had laid down her life in Sivas on August 17, seven days after undergoing a surgical operation, have been, "How can she be spared?" And indeed there is no answer. To whom now will the poor and distressed of all that region look for a brave, self-forgetful, skilful defender? "God buries the

workmen, but the work moves on," and He has in waiting the shoulders on whom the mantle of this great missionary must fall.

She was born in Maine, in 1871, in the little northern village of Monson, and to that spot her heart turned as "home," though she lived for some years in Andover, Mass., and was a member of the South Church of that town. She received the degree of M. A. from Oberlin College in 1917 and rejoiced in her connection with the "Western Reserve."

"Where did she get the missionary impulse?" has been asked often in these last days. Was it at home or at school? What influence kindled the flame of missionary interest? At any rate, she had a great longing to go to the non-Christian



A Recent Picture of Mary Graffam
Taken in Sivas

world with her glowing, practical Christianity and she sailed for Turkey in August, 1901, just twenty years almost to a day to the time of her "finished course."

She was an enthusiastic teacher, a wise director of young people, and she was soon busy at the Girls' School at Sivas, one of the most promising schools of the Woman's Board of Missions, whose missionary she was. Later she became principal of the school, a Teachers' College for the girls of the district.

A book recently published by this Board, *Lone Sentinels*, written by Miss Ethel Hubbard of the magic pen, has as one of its heroines this woman of the many-sided nature. Read there the story of her wonderful work during the war years and since, her courage in the face of the swarming misery of the deportations, her versatility in the salvaging of human wreckage, her quiet sense of humor, as shown by her description of herself when she received the outfit selected and purchased by Mrs. L. J. Barton for her as for other missionaries who had stayed at their posts during those scarring years: "Everything just fitted me and now I look as young as anybody."

What was the secret of it all, her skill in meeting the ever-changing political situation, her marvelous setting up of industrial efficiency with almost no tools and with her life constantly menaced by political enemies? One must answer as in the case of Cyrus Hamlin, General Armstrong, Mary Slessor, and a hundred others: "She did not know when she was beaten and she had no thought of anything save her Master's work."

Her aged father, her sister and her brother-in-law, fellow missionaries, Rev. and Mrs. Ernest G. Partridge, are the inner circle, and beside these hover "a great cloud of witnesses" who realize that while her voice is silent and her presence passed from among those who so sorely need her, her heritage is secure and the years shall fulfill her hopes for her people.

Ahmednagar School Happenings

By Clara E. Bruce

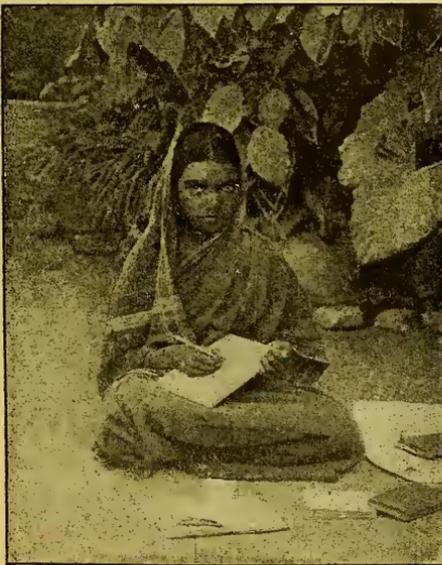
ON my way back from Pachgani to Ahmednagar, I stopped over for about two days in Poona. A very interesting conference of missionaries was being held there to consider the question of the conscience clause. Perhaps you know that according to the new Reforms Scheme, an Indian minister has been appointed to take charge of the Educational Department. There has also for several years past been considerable discussion in regard to the teaching of Bible in mission schools which accept Government grants. I was interested to see how nearly unanimous was the opinion in regard to this in this informal Poona conference, that the missions could not consider any compromise which would in any way prevent their giving a thoroughly Christian education to the Christian pupils in their schools and to any other pupils who wish to attend these schools. Since January, the Inter-Mission Educational Board has also considered this question at two different meetings and has decided to issue a public statement which will make our position quite clear. I myself am heartily in favor of the attitude which the missionary bodies are taking. As someone has said, we have no intention of remaining here simply as low-paid members of the Educational Department.

Since beginning school early in January we have kept more than busy. The second term of the year is always the time when there are a great many interruptions and this particular year is not proving to be an exception to the rule. Mission meetings, committee meetings, the making out of accounts and estimates, visitors coming to see the school, and so forth, have all combined to fill up the days. About two weeks ago we had an entertainment for the parents of the children. Preparations for this entertainment took a good deal of Miss Woods' time. The girls went through several different drills including the winding of the May Pole. Some of their drawing, sewing and lace was also on ex-

hibition for the parents and visitors to see. We hope that an entertainment of this kind may be made a regular annual event in the school. Anything of this kind helps so much in keeping the parents in touch with what their children are doing and also keeping them in sympathy with the school; but of recent years, we have been so over-burdened with regular school duties that we have not had time for any of these "extras."

In addition to the things mentioned above, we are also having to give a good deal of time to making arrangements for the weddings of two or three of our girls. You will doubtless be as much amused as Miss Welles frequently is, by the way in which marriages are arranged for out here. In the case of most of the girls in our school, the relatives arrange the marriages, and we take no responsibility at all in connection with them. There are always a few girls, however, who have no homes to which they can go in the holidays and for whom we are entirely re-

sponsible. It therefore falls to our lot even to arrange for their weddings. About a month ago while we were at tea in the bungalow, someone came in and announced that two Salvation Army men were at the door. I have already had so many requests for wives from Salvation Army men that I remarked in a matter of fact way, "They probably want a girl." Miss Welles could not get over the ridiculousness of the whole situation and



A Busy Student

laughed over it to her heart's content. It turned out, however, that my guess was right and one of the men who appeared at the bungalow that day is to be married to one of our girls tomorrow. Another one of our girls has also been recently married. So we are having a strenuous time, acting as go-betweens, making plans for the weddings and arranging for wedding dinners.

This all sounds funny, I admit, but I assure you that it is anything but pleasant to take responsibility of this kind for the future lives and happiness of our girls. I often say that the one thing about the work here which I dislike the most is the frequent necessity which arises of arranging marriages. I certainly hope that the two girls who are getting married this month are going to get on nicely and "live happily ever after." Of course the result of their training here in school is going to show in their homes more than it will in any other way. If only the girls who go out from this school would all live truly Christian lives and found truly Christian homes, they could be a tremendous power in the regeneration of India!

The hot weather is descending now and the afternoons are getting very trying. Just when school will close for the hot weather vacation, I do not yet know. We have been most fortunate in having been able to get enough water thus far for the 250 people in our compound. If the water supply holds out, we shall probably keep school going until nearly the middle of April. Otherwise we may have to close earlier. One reason why we do not wish to close early this year is because of the terrible famine condition in the villages. When school closes many of our girls will have to go to homes where they can hardly get enough to eat. Here in school we are able to give them enough to eat even though the food is simple. Expenses in the dormitories have of course been running very high and we are all at times anxious as to how the money is going to hold out. We are very grateful for the help which friends at home have been giving us and hope to be able to pull through this hard year without debt.

In looking back over this past year, I can but think of it as a

year of readjustments. As you know, Miss Smiley left us in October and Miss Welles came a short time later. Then about three weeks ago, Mrs. Smith sailed for home and a week ago Miss Foster arrived. You can imagine how much of readjustment has been needed in order to plan for the work of those who have left. Miss Welles is taking over Mrs. Smith's teaching and Miss Woods has taken the industrial work. We are very happy indeed to have Miss Welles and Miss Foster with us. When I look back at our Holyoke family—Miss Woods, Miss Welles and Miss Foster—I sometimes wonder whether it is not almost too good to be true that we at last have these three fine girls for the school. We have much reason to be full of hope and courage as we face the future. We hope that Mrs. Smith will return after her furlough, in which case we shall at last have our full staff of workers in the school. Do you wonder that we are very happy?



An Early Breakfast

Entering Open Doors

By Elizabeth S. Stelle

[Mrs. Stelle's letter was written while famine conditions still prevailed in North China, but shows the permanent chance for education and evangelism which the dark doors of want have opened to hundreds of children.—The Editor.]

DEAR FRIENDS:—I am just back from a three weeks' stay in the county of Lai Shui. This is one of the counties that is assigned to the Peking-Tungshien station to work. We have no center there, but last year the western section of that county was devastated by drought, hail and locusts. In December, Dr. Wickes went out to investigate famine conditions. We are now giving grain to over 10,000 people in that county. These are people that would be now simply starving to death. About a month ago it seemed well to suggest starting schools for girls in this district. Girls from nine to fourteen were to be received. In many cases these girls might have been sold and in every case they were not getting enough in the family to feed all the children and the girls would be the ones to suffer. One of the large market towns of Lai Shui has one or two truly fine public-spirited leaders. As soon as they heard of the proposition for such a school they eagerly went to work. A place was secured and three weeks ago I went there with two of our Bible women. Later a young girl came to help in the teaching. Our plan is to give them two meals a day and teach them as much as possible. The phonetic script, Chinese characters, arithmetic, stories, calisthenics, games and singing make our program.

At Lou Tsun there are two old gentlemen who bear the brunt of the responsibility. One, Mr. Sun, was there from early morning to night. We received sixty girls to this school. It was hard to have to refuse any, but our accommodations would not allow more. One little mite when asked her age said nine, which meant eight or perhaps seven. We hesitated to accept her but all begged for her. We call her the Mite and she is as bright as can be. Another girl has the lovely name of Dog. She is twelve years old

and has two sisters and a brother younger. The baby is a little over two months old. When it was just a month old, because there was no food in the family the mother went to act as wet nurse in another family. She gets her own food and one dollar a month. The father tries to sell odds and ends of stuff but no one has money for extras and he is running in debt. The oldest daughter took charge of the baby. She is fed with a paste made of a very little wheat flour mixed with chaff. The father did not see how he could spare the daughter to go to school and yet it meant one less at home to feed and a chance for her to learn to read. So she comes, but goes home every noon to see to the baby sister.

After the school at Lou Tsun was started, the people in the suburbs of the county seat, Lai Shui, urged that one be started there. A very nice place was prepared for us. The owners of the place are people that once had means but now are poor. I was struck with the sad expression of the wife and on inquiry found that their two sons had died, the older one when fifteen and the younger one just a year ago at the age of twenty-two. The daughter, too, had died, leaving three children. The old mother-in-law, aged seventy-four, constantly reviles the daughter-in-law for being so unlucky. It was a joy indeed to be able to tell Mrs. Chang of the Saviour Friend who knows our griefs and will help us to bear them.

At Lai Shui we received eighty girls. We put the age limit up there and it was very interesting to note how none were below ten. One tiny thing when asked her age said eleven. "Come now," I said, "tell me truly how old are you?" "Seven" was the answer. Her mother was behind her prompting her but the child was more truthful. We would have been glad to keep her but that was impossible. Only one exception was made and that was for two motherless girls. The older one was twelve and the other nine. She looked like a boy about six years old. She is very bright and really learning quickly. A nice appearing man came to ask if we would receive resident pupils. Our accommodations

were limited but we took twelve in from outside villages, five or six others found places to sleep in the near-by homes and spend the day in the school.

I could write reams in praise of the Bible women as they take hold of this work. You cannot imagine the amount of time and strength that such work takes: food measured out twice a day, quilts to be made, some clothes to be given out and a constant stream of curious visitors to receive, besides having to refuse numerous appeals for help.

Such a joy it was to see the children eat! Their food consists of millet cooked as a dry cereal like rice with cabbage soup in the morning and millet porridge with salt vegetable at night. Most of these children have not had any dry cereal for months only porridge consisting of chaff, sweet potatoes, vines chopped up and perhaps a wee little bit of grain of some kind. The fuel used is mountain stubble. Usually they burn corn and kao liang stalks, but no harvest meant no fuel. When at Lou Tsun I would go out late in the afternoon for a walk. Lou Tsun is up in the hills and usually there is plenty of mountain fuel a mile or two away. I met a lad of eleven carrying over his shoulders two heavy bundles of fuel. He had to go six miles into the hills, starting early in the morning, working all day and carrying back this load, and all this on one bowl of thin porridge. This he did every day as it was the only fuel the family had. He was not as tall as our own ten year old laddy.

We cannot help thinking of the doors that will be open after this in Lai Shui. At Lou Tsun, Mr. Li is already asking, "Can we not have a permanent center here?" He is not just seeking material aid. Every evening a group of men consisting of Mr. Li, his father, brother and two young nephews, Mr. Sun and one or two others gather in the school room to study phonetics and learn hymns with the Bible women. Of course we are very careful now to make no promises but there is good soil ready for the seed that is being sown.

Will you not add your prayers to ours for rain in Lai Shui?

For a month now dry winds have been blowing and if there is no rain the wheat will be utterly destroyed. We shudder as we think what that would mean to these patient, long suffering country people.

We are so grateful for all that has come from friends in the homeland to help our people here. It is these special funds which make it possible to save these little girls. This week another school is to be started in Fang Shan. You may think of these 220 girls as happily in school getting all they need of good nourishing food instead of starving at home or being sold into slavery or betrothed to some family, a little better off than their own, where they will really be household drudges until old enough to be married.

Christ said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me." Surely His heart must rejoice over these little ones who are being cared for at this time.

Two Years in Our Nicomedia Orphanage

By Sophie S. Holt

OUR record of June 29, 1919, reads as follows:—"Our first orphan, Marie, came two days ago from Derinje. She has been badly spoiled, but we disciplined her, and now she is perfectly lovely." The aforesaid Marie is still with us, though she has left us once or twice. We can hardly say that she is still "perfectly lovely," though she has certainly made much improvement during these two years, even though we consider her one of the least hopeful of the 500 we have taken into our fold since then.

Yes, we have 590 orphans in our charge, to clean and dress and feed and educate, since that small beginning two years ago. Of these only 360 now remain, a small number in comparison with that found in the orphanages of the Interior, but quite enough, we think, for bringing up in the way they ought to go. Two hundred

and thirty have left us—seven to be married, 140 returned to relatives, three as nurses, and only one death.

Of our marriages we know only one that turned out unhappily, and that was a bride who became a widow just a month after her wedding day. Rumor had it that she was to marry again the next month, but Rumor was evidently wrong for once! We have only one grandchild as yet, but doubtless will have others before long. Weddings have ceased since the burning of the villages whence came our bridegrooms and also during the preceding month of Lent. We had given away nearly all our marriageable girls, but with the advent of the Brousa orphans we now have a good supply on hand. The only demand at present is from Greek soldiers and we could speedily give away every girl we have if we listened to their pleading, but we do not.

As we look back at what has been accomplished these two years our hearts are filled with gratitude, and also with some pride. Those days of first beginnings were of such slow progress that we can never feel discontented when we remember the contrast between those days and these.

We were then under the Armenian Central Committee and our relations with them were always delightful, but we never could quite understand just what we could expect from them and from the N. E. R. Probably both would have been more generous if we had asked, but not being accustomed to such big things we did not know how to ask largely. It was partly that and partly because, knowing of the thousands of starving elsewhere, it did not occur to us to ask for more than the bare essentials for ourselves.

And so we opened the orphanage with almost no equipment. All the units of the land were wanting supplies at the same time that we were, and so even our modest requisitions from Derindje were slow in arriving. We managed to smuggle in half a dozen benches, however, and so in those early days the orphans sat on the floor for meals with benches as tables. We elders ate from a small sewing table that barely came above our knees, so it made

our backs ache to eat. We borrowed tubs and clothesline from our neighbors for our washings. In the school room, old *sedirs* (*cushions*) whose owners had died in deportation, musty, ragged cushions, were arranged in a semicircle for the children to sit on.

Nevertheless those were happy days and it has been so much more fun developing things gradually than it would have been to start with a full equipment. If we had not built up the work ourselves so that we can note the contrast, we might be discontented at times because we have not all the luxuries of a model orphanage. But now we look back and see the gradual improvements. First of all in the children—from dirty, skinny, sour-faced ragamuffins to clean, healthy, well-dressed, bright-faced, happy, normal children. We never hear bad language and cursing among the children as was so common in the early days. They now never bite each other or use their fists on each other, and seldom quarrel. Stealing has become almost obsolete, quite a remarkable fact when one considers that for four years all the children had to live on was their wits. Petty theiving was quite common at first. About nine months ago a large girl who had just come to us was caught at it. From her imprisonment on bread and water she wrote us a most touching letter begging forgiveness, stating that during the deportation she had been whipped if she did not steal. She was anxious to go away at once to hide her shame, but we knew it would be better for to remain and live it down. This she did and became one of our most valuable orphan-helpers, so that we parted from her with real regret a few weeks ago.

From being savage heathen, now when Death approaches they can calmly say to us, "Fear not; the Great Physician can heal me," as did one of our apparently least promising children who was snatched twice from the very jaws of death lately.

Oh, they are not saints, by any means, but there is not one intractable child among them, not one who will not meekly take any punishment we may give, not one who does not want to be good. Some are stupid, but it is surprising that 90 per cent of them are not abnormal. I think we should be if we had been through their

experiences. And many of them are as bright and intelligent as the average normal American child, and I think they are happier than the average child.

A year ago we thought our orphanage was full with 220. Then, in June, we were bombarded out of Ismid. It was a real banishment to us in Constantinople, for were we not shut up within four stone walls with no view of the sea or of the outside world, except through the iron bars of a gate, and an occasional walk? It was with great joy that we returned to our open fields of Ismid, three months later, with the ever-varying, ever-magnificent view of the sea and the mountains.

Three days after our return the Adabazar orphanage, also at the point of the sword, joined us. The following April the Brousa orphanage came. At our return from Constantinople, our orphanage passed from the control of the Armenian Central Committee to that of the N. E. R.

It was with the approaching advent of the Brousa orphans that our greatest improvement on the buildings began. With 160 new orphans another building was absolutely essential. We had solved the problem at the coming of the Adabazar orphans by sending part of the children out to Miss Kinney's new school. Now the Armenian Catholics kindly gave us the free use of the west wing of their parochial building, about five minutes' walk from the orphanage main building. This Annex is a new building with marble and cement floors and was easily cleaned up after the departure of the soldiers. Immediately after the cleaning, before the new orphans arrived, the Greeks tried to get it back for a hospital, but graciously withdrew at our request. In this building we have merely dormitory room for about 125 orphans. They all come over to the main building for meals and lessons.

Our dining room facilities had always been unsatisfactory since the early days. It had been our first desire to convert the community theatre, which occupies about half the main floor, into a dining room. But as the building is the property of the Gregorian Community of Ismid, they were unwilling to give up their theatre.

However, they now allowed us to put in a good wooden floor to take the place of the bare ground floor. Now the new room, clean and airy, serves as dining room for 400 or less, assembly room for Sunday evening and other special occasions, classrooms on week days and Sundays, and is also used as a theatre by the community when they so wish.

With the new dining room came the new kitchen with its luxuriously (?) equipped dish washing room. The old kitchen makes a spacious laundry where two women are busy five days a week, assisted by five or six girls who are changed daily. An enlargement of the reservoir is now being completed. We have suffered greatly from lack of water at various times. Now unless the Nationalists cut off our water supply, as they did last year when we were away, we need fear no water famine. A good Turkish bath and dressing room have been added, and a shed for washing faces and hands completes our improvements for a time.

Teaching Phonetics in Famine Schools

By Isabelle Phelps, Paotingfu, Poatingfu

AT present I am in Shansi, recuperating from my sciatica. I gained steadily but slowly all last summer, laying aside my crutches about October 1. Then the famine relief work descended upon me like an avalanche, and of course that had to have first place in my thoughts and life. In November I opened an industrial refuge, taking in gradually over 130 women and girls. They studied for an hour or more a day, learning the national phonetic script, and they made thousands of garments and quilts to be given away to the poor. They were an ignorant, lawless crowd of people when they came to us, but it was beautiful to see the way in which they gradually improved along all lines, and to hear them talk about the things, for which they prayed daily to the true God. There were hardly half a dozen Christians among them when they first came, but practically all of them declared before they left that they were praying daily.

In January I felt that we must open a famine school for women at the Women's and Children's "Broaden-the-Knowledge Court" and gradually 160 between the ages of 16 and 50 were received there. We did not undertake to hold the regular school for children at that center, but Mrs. Su, the consecrated worker there with a young assistant, threw herself heart and soul into this relief work. A house to house investigation was made of conditions throughout all that neighborhood and only the desperately poor were enrolled in the school. Some old people, past age for studying in the school, were given a small sum of money each month to keep them from starvation. The latter part of January a similar school was started in our church compound, with 200 pupils. In both the schools the pupils were divided into four classes, each woman coming once in two days for half a day. They studied the phonetic script first, then had a brief singing lesson and gospel talk, after which each woman was given a portion of millet to take home with her. The money for this work all came from Christian givers, so I felt at perfect liberty to have Christian teaching accompany the grain distribution. Many of



A Class in Phonetics

those at the "Broaden-the-Knowledge Court" were people who in ordinary times would not have needed charity, but with the failure of crops for a year they were unable to make ends meet. Before the schools closed in June a great many of the pupils were reading with ease in the Gospel by Mark, could sing several hymns and had established the habit of daily prayer. In all this work Chinese Bible women and teachers faithfully day after day did the bulk of the actual teaching, thankful to have such an opportunity of serving their Lord and their country.

Responsibility for a lot of work in connection with famine-relief in the form of hair net classes for girls in the country districts, took up part of my time, greatly increasing the bulk of my correspondence and the number of my callers. These classes lasted one month and were held in many centers, as many as 800 girls studying at a time. At the end of the month new pupils took the places of the old ones. Besides the hair net teacher each class had a Christian matron who taught phonetic script and held a daily meeting for the girls.



Young China, We are Coming Your Way

The House of the Door with the Thousand Dents

Street of the Crescent, Algiers, Algeria

Miss Elizabeth Trowbridge, en route to Aintab, wrote for us the accompanying delightful account of the work of Miss Lilius Trotter, an English woman, who, since 1888, has carried on a remarkable missionary work under the "Algerian Band." This organization is supported by her own efforts and by friends in England and America. Dr. Patton in the "Lure of Africa" refers to her as "a heroine if God ever made one," and adds: "The dents in the door are the marks of attention which rabble mobs have bestowed upon her. * * * * But Miss Trotter is winning out. The stones do not fly quite so frequently as of yore, neighbors are becoming friendly, her children are growing up into fine men and women, hopeful converts are being made. She is a woman of literary gifts, rare artistic ability, undaunted courage, unlimited common sense, and a faith like an apostle's."—*The Editor*.

IF you could only be here where I am, sitting on the flat, red-tiled roof of this old house, you could see what I see now, and could hear at least something of what I have been learning the past three months. Or, if I had Miss Trotter's gift of telling things, briefly and vividly, so that others far away could see and hear them, that would be the next best. I am sitting by the parapet of the roof with plants in pots growing near it, and can look over it, down to the mass of close packed, gray-white houses and red roofs, reaching out into the blue bay with the lighthouse at one side, and an arm of the break-water at the other. The green hills above the city are hidden just here by the clifflike houses, and part of the European and business quarters cannot be seen, but I can look across the bay at the further hills circling it round, with the villages along the shores shining out as the setting sun strikes them. Then out beyond the point at the end of the half-circle, comes the wide Mediterranean. The sea is very quiet, a few little boats, with their pointed sails dotting it here and there, and a steamer has just slowly come into port. Looking out over the sea, one thinks of Phoenician merchants and Roman soldiers sailing these waters, of the early Christian churches, with their great leaders, and then their great martyrs, of the rush of the Arab conquerors, sweeping

every one and everything into Islam. Then come to mind the stories of the fierce Barbary pirates, bringing to the dungeons of those Arab cities French, Italians, even English prisoners, till at length, after many struggles, ninety years ago, French troops took possession and put an end to those raids.

This is Miss Trotter's old home in the city, rented by her for years. Now it is offered for sale, but it may still be secured permanently for mission work; if God needs it still it will be. It is a good center, near the "Place," the trams and the places of business, and on the lower edge of the Arab quarter, and all around is a medley of houses, shops, people, Arab, Jewish, French, Spanish. Many houses are Arab, with blank walls, and heavy grated doors, opening from dirty cracks of streets into inner courts. This is such a house. A dark entrance-way and stone stairs, also dark, lead up to a square court, paved with marble. The inner street door is the one of "the Thousand Dents" of which Dr. Patton tells in his book on mission work in Africa. Plants and palms in pots, horseshoe arches and twisted pillars, curiously carved doors, and above, a gallery with tiles, carved railings and more arches and pillars, and a third inner staircase leading up to two rooms on the roof, make up the setting of a Moorish house scene. The court is open to the sky, except for a wire netting, to keep the stones of naughty boys from falling on missionary heads. Most of the bed rooms open on the gallery. The inner windows are barred, and the outer ones have narrow panes of bright colored glass. On the main floor opening on the court are a dining room, and a tiny kitchen, a drawing room, a room for children's classes and storeroom. Everywhere are tiles of many patterns and colors; blue and yellow are favorites and in the room I first slept in, I think there were six kinds; they border the walls and windows and recesses, decorate the gallery and stairways.

Just near the street entrance is a little room where Mr. Smeeton patiently helps some blind men to read the Bible in Braille. Beyond this, an arched door leads into a long, white-washed room.

vaulted and arched, and lighted dimly by a square hole in the ceiling and by lamps when used. It was once a Moslem prayer room, a sort of house-mosque, now "the church in the house," where a little company of workers and Christian converts and inquirers gather Sunday mornings to hear a message, pray and sing, and once a month for the "breaking of bread." Some Arabic texts are on the walls, there are several rough benches, mats on the floor, cushions for the women, who sit behind the heavy striped curtain, a table, a baby-organ, chairs, and a Koran-stand for the big Bible. These make up the simple furnishings of this little chapel; that is all, but it is Christ, not Mohammed, who is worshipped there now, and His life is the foundation and center of the life in the house above.

In the paved court, the Arab girls come for their embroidery work and games, with Bible lesson hymns in the children's room. They are the merriest girls and it does one's heart good to hear their shouts and happy laughter at the games and drill, and the hymn singing, and to think of the healthy fun, the loving words and helpful teaching they find here, instead of abuse, gossip and vile stories as in their own dark homes. They love it all, and their coming helps to open homes for the visiting, which is an important part of the missionary work. When they marry and are shut away, they are followed up with visits and prayer. I have been taken to several of the Arab houses, most of them after the general style of this one, but with eight or ten families living in one court. Even from those who were not the ones we went to see there was a pleasant welcome. Here and there are some of the Lord's children, eager for love and teaching.

On Sundays and Thursdays come the boys, real "street Arabs" most of them, ragged, red-capped, barefoot, some with their shoe-black's outfit, bursting in with a shout, boiling over with life, mischief, and curiosity. For them there are hymns, a Bible lesson with a picture and then kneeling by their benches or sitting astride them, they revel in coloring the lesson drawings, choosing crayons according to their own taste. Moses' beard may be green

and his shoes pink, and Daniel's lions as gay as his robe, but they have a free hand and are happy!

Fruit after many days comes sometimes from the boys, too. Lessons in Arabic are given to newcomers by an Arab teacher. Guests and travelling friends come and are refreshed. It is a true Christian home, one of the light centers in this gay, dark city — gay and picturesque above, dark underneath with untold evil and sorrow. Mr. Smeeton helps much to make this a home to all; he is a white-bearded man, but younger in spirit and step than any of us, always cheery, ready with fun, thinking and working for others, leading us in prayer and thoughtful Bible study, and drawing others in many places into prayer and Bible study unions, keeping up, in his little room on the roof, with the best reading and the latest mission news, and drawing us all on to a true following of Christ. More in the depths of the town is Beit Naama, "Room of Grace," the "slum post," a small house with a narrow court, now in charge of a Christian woman and her family, and a center for more classes for girls and boys. The regular worker is now in England, under medical care, but part of the work goes on.

"The House of Dawn," Dar-el-Fedjir, was a hostel not far from here, for girl workers who came from England for short terms of service taking hold in all kinds of ways. This house had to be discontinued during the war and since. Two months and more ago, I landed near midnight, to be met by three patiently waiting workers—four counting "Livia," the steady station horse, and was brought up along silent streets and an open road in the moonlight to Dar Naama, "The House of Grace," now Miss Trotter's headquarters in El-Biar, a pretty scattered suburb on the green hills above the town. That house is also an old Arab mansion or rather two thrown together, and was left to her by a dear fellow-worker. It is a house out of an old story; I am finding every little while a new court or tucked-away room, dark passage or arched over stairs. A central court, like the one in the city house, has many rooms opening on it, but also there are

many irregular additions, and another beautiful court, with separate entrances, tiled porches and orange trees. Outside is a large garden, with many trees, one towering stone-pine, roses and other flowers and vines, the roses bravely blooming through the winter. Beyond is a pine wood and a large piece of land, now being cultivated for grass and vegetables, and giving work to two young converts, promising young men from the South country, who, with a blind boy, Aissa, having been under careful training for some time, were baptized the day before I arrived. A bright young Swiss is caring for this land work, as well as for a French Boy Scout Band, while preparing himself for wider work. There is a room recently opened on the street, where Gospel meetings are held for native men, who go by on the highway or come in from the village cafe.

A Gospel van is a great help for short trips to other towns, and as it moves along preaches silent sermons, with the clear texts painted on the sides. The young converts are being regularly taught to know and use the Bible. A good French pastor is now a mission worker, helping especially in the men's work. This house is the center for meetings and conferences and the planning and managing the general work of the mission. Friends and tired workers often come to learn or get advice or change. Friday brings together all who can come for a day of prayer and praise, and talking over the special problems of the work, and in the autumn there is a "Rally" bringing together the workers from the lonely stations for reports, prayer and conference. A small Bible depot, right in the heart of the Arab quarter is one of the points of light where big, black Beliad is on duty afternoons, with workers coming in turn to sell the books and do personal work.

There are outstations along the railway line where the work is more especially for women and children, through classes and visiting, and one town on the edge of the desert in Tunisia, where the men are great readers, and come eagerly, often in a steady stream, to listen and talk. The title deeds for the house there, after years of prayer and effort, came a few weeks ago into Miss Trotter's hands, and great rejoicing and praise followed.

In December I visited two outstations, one at the foot of the hills and looking over a wide, beautiful plain. The other was higher up in the mountains, a fanatical town, center of local saint worship. Both places are French garrison towns with a strange mixture of French, Arab, Spanish, and Jewish life. I have vivid memories of visits with a dear young Christian girl and a blind old "Hadji" also a Christian, of the soldiers drilling on the parade ground near us, and of the splendid figures of the "*kaid*s" in white head-dresses and flowing red burnouses, riding their white horses among the plane trees; of the talks and stories with the workers around the supper table, and the looking over records of classes, sketches and views, showing places where work had been attempted or begun — places where "the strange roads go down" by sea or desert or mountain. From the parapets in front of the barracks or the open, sunny roads outside the city, one could look across to more mountains, behind that range was the south land, and that melts into the desert with its wild tribes, its oases and desert towns. One could feel the drawing of the land and of the people with their great need. There were visits and classes, and then the rush of the Christmas fetes, for women, girls, boys, little ones, with a tree, Bible lantern pictures, stories and small gifts. Can any of us ever forget that Christmas day when the smallest guests arrived, but were lost in a mass of uninvited rough boys in front of the street door, and had to be fished out one by one from under their feet and hauled in over their heads, disheveled and even in tears to a place of safety in the court?

A little visit to Cherchell, a seaside town, where Roman ruins lie about, here and there, was most interesting, as I saw a little of the work of another English society, the North Africa mission. The carpet weaving and lacemaking are an important part of the work for women and girls, and are carried on as real missionary work. There are still other societies working in Algeria. The Brethren, among mountain Cabyles and in the city among the French, the American Methodist Mission for Cabyles and

Arabs, workers for Jews and Spanish people, and Bible depots. I cannot tell you of all. There is much done.

Quite a good number of European workers gather just in this city for a monthly meeting, and one hears prayers in French, English and Spanish. But the need and difficulties are indescribably great. Seed has been sown for years, often no fruit is seen. The workers continue in prayer, in praise, and in faithful ploughing and sowing. What of the lady whose name and message drew me here? I could say much of her but I know she would not wish it. She crept into my room after midnight, the night I arrived, to give me a loving welcome, as to a dear friend, and to stir up my fire; and ever since in the midst of constant heavy work, she has stirred the fire! A tall, spare figure, with bent shoulders, grey hair put plainly back, a gentle manner, a worn, loving face, and a peculiarly beaming smile, — that is just a sketch of the outside, but one must know her day by day, read her unique “parables” hear of her from others, see the life, with all its rare gifts, spent out for all who touch it, to begin to realize what she is and how God has used her. Faith in God’s power to keep, to provide and to work, a message of full salvation through an almighty, divine Saviour, love that does not tire or fail, but reaches out in personal interest to all — I think these are the life-principles of her work, and she helps to inspire with them the devoted workers who in different ways have been drawn around her.

There are many things that I could write of the people, the city, the life and sights, but you can read delightful descriptions of all these in books and magazines and see pictures. Many things remind me of Turkey and Syria, others are entirely North African. The picturesque figures, the variety of color, the constant contrast of French and Arabic, East and West, are all most interesting to watch, as one goes about. But at times, the great need of the people comes over one like a weight.

May I show you two last pictures? A few days ago I was invited to the charming home in El-Biar of some English mission-

ary friends, working with the American Methodist Mission. Before tea, some of us were taken around the two houses which are the homes of about thirty little girls, Arab, Cabyle, and French. These are lovingly cared for and trained in the home — with no capital “H”—and go for lessons to the French government school. There were neat, airy little bedrooms for a few together, — each room with a flower name, and the flower painted on a scroll text; nice arrangements for meals, baths, clothes, a garden and playground, with beautiful views. Several girls were learning their lessons in a little study room, and looked happy and well cared for. We knew that they were taught of Jesus and felt His love in those that cared for them.

Later, as I entered the tram, I found Mr. Smeeton. At the upper part of the Arab quarter we left the tram and started down a long, steep street. As we stopped to look down a chasm-like side street to the sea, my companion suggested that we enter it and see more of the native side of the city. I think I shall never forget that walk; night was coming on, and down in the crooked, narrow lanes, with their high, overhanging houses, it was dark, except for an occasional street light, or with the flicker of tiny oil lamps in shops or cafes, where we could see in the dusky half-light white figures in loose burnouses and pointed hoods women, too, veiled and wrapped, buying something for the evening meal. Once there was a glimpse, as we passed, of a street at one side, opening like the round mouth of a tunnel arched over, descending steeply and then turning to go — where? It seemed to take one’s thoughts into strange depths. But the moral and spiritual darkness was what could be felt, as Mr. Smeeton said. House after house we passed, where unveiled women, bold-faced, gaily dressed — and girls, sat on low, open doors calling, laughing or silently watching, watching, — and in the closed Moslem houses counted respectable, we know that sin and suffering must be hidden.

There are government secular schools here, the people are not oppressed, the country is rich and beautiful, the colony, a pros-

perous one, but it seems burned into one that the need of Moslems here, in our poor, broken Turkey, and every where, is a new life, through Christ.

And I feel more and more that I and all who long to help the Moslems should know Him truly, not in any matter-of-course way, but as our life, "God with us," and working in us, knowing not only the Koran and Moslem prejudices, but what we have and can give in His word; so that in whatever line we are working, heavenly life may be passed on. Is not that the only power that can overcome this darkness and death?

Field Correspondents

Letter from Miss Eunice Thomas, Wen Shan Girls' School, Foochow, China:

I'm sure you are keeping so closely in touch with us that you know the extremity of our High School this coming fall. Its foreign faculty is reduced to one tutor, without a syllable of the language, and Mrs. Scott of the American Board who comes over from her South Side home for music classes. The situation would be *hopeless* except for the fact that our head Chinese teacher, Catherine Ling, is postponing her marriage to a fine young man employed in our mission, to fill in the great breach. We feel that it is hardly fair to ask of her what has never been required of foreigners in similar circumstances but out of her love for the school she offers to make the sacrifice.

Of course you understand that I am a grammar school teacher and have been in no other department since I came to Foochow. I now have 88 girls in seven classes which take *more* than all my time, it need not be said. Until I came no foreigner or trained Chinese was assigned to this department at all, although it was twice the size of the high school, and more girls "finish" their education here than in the high school. No one was in the least

to blame, but there was not even a matron for all these infants and they were merely *attached* to the more demanding high school. Miss Perkins realized the need keenly and welcomed my coming to devote myself exclusively to the younger girls. The numbers have increased materially, the buildings arranged more practically, and the teachers have been touchingly responsive to my suggestions. Unless this work is kept up, not only these girls will be the losers, but the high school cannot raise its tone as it certainly should.

Now I face being taken out of this congenial and much needed work to a *general* supervision of the whole course and the high school will swallow nine-tenths of my energy and time in case I am given such a wide, shallow field. I shall have to:

Teach like a tutor to keep our pledges to the students as to courses, keep unending office hours, continue the treasurer's work, be housekeeper for the hotel we always run, no matter how small our household, be adviser for all the school societies whose name is legion in these days when the student motto is "service" and each one of these societies is doing some real work and is capable of heaps more under direction, represent the school on Union Committees and in all the manifold connections city life contrives to make.

Of course it simply can't be done. I shall have on the total staff of about twenty Chinese, four young women who have had two years each of study away from Foochow. The others are faithful but need direction down to the smallest detail. To a person who has for years worked in efficiently run schools at home, the situation is appalling. I am going North partly to pull myself together for the fall term when I must fill in a few of the gaps and let the others gape.

This letter from Miss Esther Fowler of Sholapur was received in the summer. Miss Fowler is now at Wai.

Isn't it lovely that notwithstanding Bai's and my illnesses the Woronoco School has kept right on so well? For the Vernacular School the grant this year was Rs. 1000, a big increase over last year, and the inspector wrote that there would be another grant

for the Anglo-Vernacular. I went through examinations trembling lest with the dividing of the school I might be worse off than before, and coming off so much better has made me especially joyful. Also the new government English school has asked if we will take the girls from their school of the first four standards of the A. V. School into the Woronoco School so that they need not take girls into their school only from the Fifth Standard. This would be fulfilling our desire so much more than we could ever have hoped for, in getting the Hindu girls to come to the school. Whether they will really carry out this plan I do not know yet, but it is rather gratifying and interesting in the present conditions of India that they should have even asked about it. They have also asked for one of my teachers to teach drill in the Hindu training school, also a new school in Sholapur. She has been doing it. How beautifully God's plans work out! All last year it was really an anxiety every month to wonder where the money was going to come from for the next month's expenses, for there was scarcely ever anything left over from one month for the next. But somehow just enough money would come and I felt that God was wanting to teach me to trust Him day by day, and then when I was sick and there was a need that I should not be troubled, your \$1000 came, and then the school grant was raised so that I have had no anxiety about the money.

Miss Margaret Walbridge writes upon her arrival in South Africa:

I know you have been wondering about my first impressions. I know you would like to get hold of me and ask about a million questions, such as, "Weren't you *thrilled* when the boat came into Durban harbor, when you reached Inanda and when you saw Mrs. Edwards?" "What are you doing at Adams Mission Station?" and "How much Zulu can you speak by this time?" Well, I'm telling you all about it now.

We reached Durban Saturday, May 14, about four-thirty in the afternoon. Saturday afternoon is a holiday in Durban and there were loads of people down to see us come in. The "Arundel Castle" is the largest boat to reach Durban, except during war

times. Of course, everybody in Durban wanted a look at it. The crowd would not have looked big to a New Yorker's eye, but Mr. Stick said it was a huge one for South Africa. Some way, just before we reached Durban, the Sticks and I were separated. I was standing with a Durban girl on the upper deck when we tied up. We were waving to her family and I wasn't looking for any familiar faces in the mob, as I thought there would be none. Miss Clarke had written to the boat at East London, saying that she and Miss Carter would meet me, but I did not know what either of them looked like. All of a sudden, a hand descended vigorously upon my head and Mr. Stick's big voice boomed out from behind me, "Here she is, LeRoy," and in a corner by the customs sheds a group of people waved frantically. They must have made a noise, too, as I could see their mouths going but couldn't distinguish anything above the general hubbub. There

were sixteen in that group. Among them were Miss May Tebbatt and Mr. and Mrs. Jessop. It did seem good to meet people I knew right the first thing. It was dark by the time we got through the customs, so I did not see much of Durban on the way up to the McCords' house. Miss Clarke had gone back to Inanda before the boat got in, but Miss Carter had remained behind to pilot me safely to Inanda. We remained in Durban until Monday with Dr. and Mrs. McCord.

Early Monday morning we started for Inanda.



Mrs. Edwards Welcoming Miss
Walbridge to Inanda

Phoenix, the railroad station for Inanda, is an hour's ride from Durban. Inanda Seminary is about seven miles west of Phoenix, and it is uphill all the way. It took us two hours to make the trip from the station to the school. We rode in an old wagon that had seen twenty-two years of service, drawn by two donkeys. The road was not as bad as I expected. It was no worse than many of our Kansas roads, but still it was far from an eastern hard-surfaced driveway. We reached Inanda about eleven o'clock in the morning. The first thing I saw was that beautiful avenue of trees planted by Mrs. Edwards. It is about two blocks long. The trees are eucalyptus. At the end of this avenue the Inanda girls were lined up on both sides of the road with palm branches in their hands, singing a welcome song.

They always keep the best until the last and so I met Mrs. Edwards last of all. She is a wonderful woman and the more one sees of her the more you realize it. She is almost blind and so lame from rheumatism that she cannot leave her chair without the aid of crutches. Her mind is as clear and alert as a young woman's. She will be ninety-two July 8th. She is teaching nursing to three pupils and advanced Bible to two others. She said she did not want the people at home to think that she was "sitting in a rocking chair and doing nothing." (Incidentally, she does not like rocking chairs and never uses one. She sits in a high, straight-backed chair.)

Junior Department

Brand New Helps for Junior Leaders

Although the regular textbooks, helps and additional material for the year were outlined in the summer number of this magazine, there are a few which have come in since that time. Leaders may like to have some of these as supplementary material, even if their program for the year is planned.

GENERAL. We have just received from the London Missionary

Society copies of the picture "The Desire of All Nations." These are in color and in two sizes. Size 18x24, 50 cents each; postcard size, 4 cents each, 40 cents a dozen.

FOR INTERMEDIATES. For those leaders who are planning to use *A Noble Army*, by Ethel Daniels Hubbard, the book for intermediates, there is a pamphlet of helps written by Miss Gertrude Bigelow (price, 15 cents).

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. A pamphlet of suggestions to leaders on the book, *World Friendship, Inc.*, has been written by Ruth Isabel Seabury (price, 15 cents).

FOR BOYS. Leaders of classes of boys will be glad to hear of a series of missionary books written especially for boys. This is the "Yarns" series, an English publication. There are six books, paper covered, price 25 cents each. The stories are true and are written to appeal to boys twelve to sixteen, especially those of the Scout type. Five of the books are written for the leader's use, with notes and suggestions at the end of each "Yarn." These are as follows:

1. *Yarns of South Sea Pioneers*, by Basil Mathews.
2. *Yarns on Heroes of China*, by W. P. Nairne.
3. *Yarns on Heroes of India*, by J. Claverdon Wood.
4. *Yarns on African Pioneers*, by Basil Mathews.
5. *Yarns of the Near East*, by Basil Mathews.

The other is in such a form that the boys can read the stories themselves. This is called *Brothers of All the World*, by Arthur P. Shepherd.

FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS. The Sunday School material is ready, prepared jointly by the American Board and the Woman's Boards. The price of the set is 40 cents. This includes the following:

1. FOR THE PRIMARY DEPARTMENT. *They Love Him Too*, six stories for use with Harold Copping's picture, "The Hope of the World."

2. FOR JUNIORS. *Hero Tales*, eight stories of men and women at work for Christ in China and Japan.

3. FOR INTERMEDIATES. *Ten Minute Programs*, six programs, including simple dramatic features, suitable for use in the worship period of the School or Department.

For Reading on Missionary Topics, Apply to Loan Library

Working Women of Japan	<i>Gulick</i>
The Three Hour Sermon	<i>Kanamouri</i>
The Call of Korea	<i>Underwood</i>
The Happiest Girl in Korea	<i>Guthapfel</i>
The Spell of Italy	<i>Mason</i>
The Philippines and the Far East	<i>Stuntz</i>
Mohammed or Christ	<i>Zwemer</i>
The Disintegration of Islam	<i>Zwemer</i>
Islam in China	<i>Broomhall</i>
Student Witnesses for Christ	<i>Harlow</i>
Some By-Products of Missions	<i>Headland</i>
Social Evils of Non-Christian World	<i>Dennis</i>
The Home with the Open Door	<i>Platt</i>
A Better World	<i>Dennett</i>
Everybody's World	<i>Eddy</i>

These or others on our list will be sent by mail or express, as desired, though we are sorry to have to limit the distance to points east of Ohio. Terms: Books loaned free for two weeks. Postage charged to and from Boston. A fine of two cents a day on books kept over two weeks. For catalogue or for books apply to

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