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Life and Light for Woman

As in New Testament days, Christ himself seems to be looking upon one, young, strong, cultured, rich, who is asking the way of life. As the Master looks upon this fine youth among the nations, He loves America, and directing eyes and heart toward the needy, bids us invest of our great resources in the lifting up of fainting men. To us Congregationalists doubtless He is not commanding, "Sell your *ALL* and give to the poor," but surely He is saying no less than that out of our abundance we should provide fully for the needs which lie at the door of our responsibility.

—*Dr. Charles E. Burton*
in the *Congregational Survey*.

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

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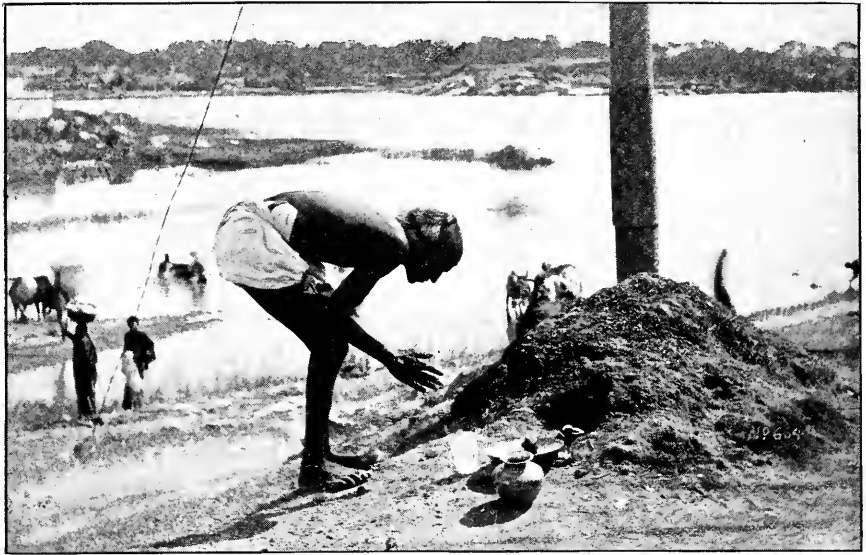
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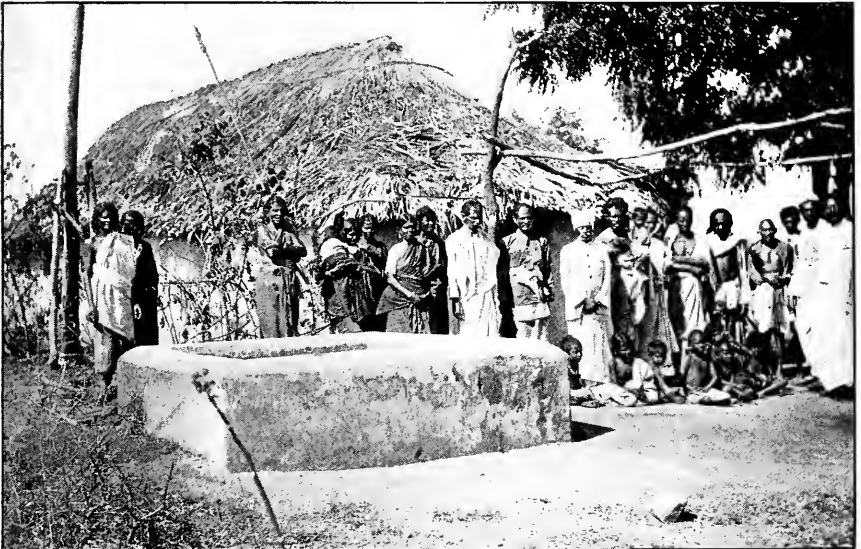
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**"The heathen in his blindness bows down to wood and stone."
Worshipper at a Roadside Shrine in Madura, India.**



**"Salvation, oh Salvation! the joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation has learned Messiah's name."
A Christian Congregation and their Prayer-House.**

Life and Light

Vol. LI

November, 1921

No. 11

Editorials

Under date of August 20, Miss Nina Rice writes from Sivas further particulars of Miss Graffam's death:—

“You are suffering with us in the terrible shock of Miss Graffam's death. On May 11th she had a grand celebration of her fiftieth birthday and seemed in fine health and spirits. But already she had noticed a little swelling and hardening in one breast and the doctor had begun to watch it. After five or six weeks it had increased so that we called Dr. Dodd and Dr. Talboy to consult about it. Dr. Dodd could not come and Dr. Talboy from Talas was allowed only a few days here. He advised waiting a little, as the nature of the swelling was not clear. It continued to increase, so we again asked for permission for Dr. Dodd or Dr. Ward to come. After considerable delay we found that they could not. Miss Graffam then felt utterly unwilling to leave and unable to travel and it seemed necessary to do the operation here. Miss Graffam said that she preferred our N. E. R. physician, Dr. Hekimyan, to any other she knew anywhere, and we had Dr. Haju Sava, formerly in our Marsovan hospital, and the head military doctor to assist. We had also two fine and devoted N. E. R. nurses. There was no slip in the operation and for three days she seemed to be in a hopeful condition, the wound healing well. But on the fourth day the fever increased, the pulse and heart were bad, and later acute nephritis developed. She suffered much, but was patient and very appreciative of the nurses, who never left her night or day. She did not realize her condition, but when partially delirious worried over accounts and

poor people. She was quiet at the last. We felt that nothing was lacking in skill or care. She died the eighth day after the operation.

It was a touching funeral, attended by crowds of poor people and orphans and by government officials and a military escort. The people feel themselves sheep without a shepherd and we have much to do to keep up their morale. Mrs. Sewny is still waiting in Samsoun for permission to enter the interior, Talas *via* Sivas. I know she is heart-broken not to be here." (Mrs. Sewny reached Sivas two days after the funeral.)

At last we can tell of the immediate prospect of a new building for our Woman's Hospital at Foochow, China. Ever since Dr. Lora G. Dyer went out to Foochow we have been delayed in our plans for this institution although the money to build was in hand. The difficulty of securing the right location, the very unfavorable rate of exchange and the war prices which prevailed for building have prevented our going ahead on the construction. In the meantime Dr. Dyer has been acquiring the language and has had a small hospital and a dispensary in temporary quarters. Now there has come a call from the mission and we have forwarded the funds in hand, \$25,000, with the expectation that work will begin immediately on the new building, which will probably



Miss Atwood

be a sixty bed hospital. It is to be located in the heart of the city of Foochow, near the famous landmark known as the White Pagoda and very near also the men's hospital of which Dr. Kinnear is in charge. Among the young missionaries who have recently been sent out to Foochow is Mrs. H. C. Gebhart, who is a physician and is enthusiastically ready to co-operate with Dr. Dyer in the Woman's Hospital.

Another piece of good news is the se-

curing of a trained nurse to be superintendent of nurses at Foo-chow. Miss Hazel M. Atwood, who has just been adopted by the Woman's Board, expects to sail for China, October 13. Miss Atwood is a western girl, about twenty-nine years old, who has the advantage of a college training as well as of a nurse training, and was for four years a school teacher. Those of us who met her at the Candidates Conference last June can testify that that she has a very attractive and earnest personality and we are confident that she gives promise of excellent executive ability. This past year she has been teaching in the nurses' training school at Kalamazoo, which is a good preparation for her new work.

The Survey of the missionary work of the denomination which appears simultaneously in the October magazines is a most challenging appeal. The \$5,000,000 of the Appropriationment is amply justified and its need accounted for. These magazines should be widely read and duplicate numbers passed on to friends, poor in missionary culture. There are many wise ways suggested as to use of the Survey in church organizations and in mission study classes. The Survey number of LIFE AND LIGHT has met with much favorable comment, despite the fact that the Editorials of the different Boards were somewhat mixed in the new make-up.

The Congregational Survey.

The sermon is "said," it is now a part of the responsibility of each church, yes, of each church member, to see that it is "done."

The registration for the attendance at the Board meeting should be nearly completed by this date. If, however, any have failed to send in their application to Mrs. Lansing Lewis, 35 Highland St., New Haven, our hospitable friends in New Haven will doubtless try to arrange for entertainment.

Annual Meeting.

A conference for Branch officers only will be held Wednesday, November 10, beginning at 9.30 A. M. At 11.30 the delegates and others interested will convene for organization and business of the Fifty-fourth Annual meeting of the Board.

Each session up to the time of closing Friday noon will have its features of special interest centering about the general theme, *Christ's Program in Our Modern World*.

Friday morning, Armistice Day, will be devoted to the subject of "Christian Interdenominationalism." Miss G. A. Gollock, of London, England, associate editor of the *International Review*, who has been a most welcome guest at various gatherings in Boston and New York, will speak at this time, also Secretary Alden Clark of the American Board and Miss Ethel Putney of Gedik Pasha.

Dr. Charles E. Burton will speak at the evening session Thursday. Miss Lillian S. Picken of the Marathi Mission and Mr. J. E. Kwegyr Aggrey from the Gold Coast of Africa, a member of the recent Phelps-Stokes Commission, will be the other speakers.

A reception for delegates and friends will be given Wednesday evening, at which time there will be brief dramatic episodes and informal speaking. A supper and rally for young women with addresses of special interest will be held Wednesday night at six o'clock.

It is hoped that nearly every mission field will be represented by the missionaries in attendance.

Several missionaries are scheduled to sail for India from New York, October 21, on the "City of Lucknow," among them Miss

Mary T. Noyes, returning to her duties as principal of Capron Hall, with Miss Harriet Wyman, newly appointed to Madura, Miss Anna L. Mil-

Personals. lard and Miss Ella C. Hoxie returning to the Marathi Mission, and several families of American Board missionaries, among them Rev. and Mrs. E. P. Holton of the Madura Mission, so long detained because of Mr. Holton's severe illness. On October 4, Dr. Edward W. Wilder, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Wilder of Dorchester, Mass., sailed to join the Madura Mission. October 15, Rev. and Mrs. Dana K. Getchell and Miss Sara C. Snell left for Smyrna, and on October 22, Miss Abbie G. Chapin is booked for North China on the "Nanking" returning to Pao-tingfu. Miss Stella Cook sails for Foochow October 13 thus



Miss Earle

reinforcing the depleted staff of the Wen Shan Girls' School at Ponasang. With her goes a trained nurse for the new Foochow Woman's Hospital, Miss Hazel M. Atwood.

Miss Atwood had expected to go to the Philippines to the American Board Hospital at Davao, but cheerfully accepted a change of plan. She was born in Wisconsin. She volunteered for the foreign field after the Student Volunteer Convention at Des Moines. Her sunny personality, her ardent desire for service, her well-balanced judgment and strong, sincere Christian purpose make her a rare acquisition for the missionary circle at Foochow.

October 17, Miss Eva Maude Earle plans to sail for Japan, under three year term appointment of the W. B. M. She will be associated with Miss Olive S. Hoyt at the Matsuyama Girl's School.

Miss Earle is the granddaughter of Rev. A. B. Earle, the well-known evangelist. She has had special musical training at the New England Conservatory, has also studied methods of primary teaching and has taught for twelve years in Pomona and San Bernadino, California. She has the highest recommendations from her friends and associates and has had much experience as choir leader and in church work. An interesting fact stated by Miss Earle in her candidate's papers is that her first interest in foreign missions was aroused by Mrs. Peabody, who induced her to take charge of a young woman's missionary society in the church of which they were both members.

Rev. Ernest W. Riggs, formerly of Harpoot, has accepted the position of Associate Secretary in the Foreign Department of the American Board and has entered upon his new duties. Former Associate Secretary, Rev. Enoch F. Bell now becomes Editorial Secretary, succeeding Dr. William E. Strong, who has been asked to give all his time to oversight and correspondence in the Foreign Department as a Corresponding Secretary.

The Campaign of the Joint Committee for the buildings needed for the Union Colleges for Women of the Orient will be well underway before this is in print. It is a matter of regret that our own Woman's Board is unable to assume any financial responsibility for this fund. Our readers know all too well the straitened condition of the treasury, and all Branch officers will recognize the fact that individual pledges for this object cannot be applied on the apportionment.

Yet, believing as we do in the importance of these colleges and sure that the women of our churches will wish the information and will desire to co-operate in sympathy with and prayer for the campaign, we give below plans of the committee of which Mrs. Henry W. Peabody is chairman.

"To quote the President of a great society, 'These colleges are the capstone of our woman's missionary work for fifty years.' Now the question is, shall we give them what they must have for their very existence, their first groups of buildings?"

If we wish to keep these colleges Christian and missionary; if we wish to train in them a host of Christian leaders; if we propose to lift these women of the East to the place which God means them to hold we must face this task, seriously.

There are ten Boards co-operating in their maintenance. These must take the lead in securing funds, though it is an appeal to all who are interested in Christian education, especially to the Boards who do not help to maintain these schools, but must use them for their own students since there are no other colleges.

It is not a great undertaking. Of the \$3,000,000 required for these seven colleges — Tokyo, Ginling, Yenching, Peking Medical, Lucknow, Madras and Vellore — we have the promise of \$1,000,000 from the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial Fund. Of the \$2,000,000 left to raise, the Joint Committee has secured and sent \$750,000, which includes \$250,000, the first payment from the Memorial Fund. The land is bought, building has begun. We must proceed to our task which is to obtain pledges for a

million and a half, which will secure the remainder of the Memorial gift.

If the women in our missionary societies will give a little time and follow out the plans we can complete the task. We have in addition, the co-operation of students in our colleges and also the Collegiate Alumnae, who, through their own organizations, are ready to help. Some of the Boards will be able to put their fine organizations into the task. Others must, for denominational reasons, work as individuals in an interdenominational way, as do the Y. W. C. A. and the Y. M. C. A., the Near East and other Christian groups.

College Day will be observed in one hundred centers and simpler plans are arranged for smaller cities and towns. Literature of the most attractive type is ready. A booklet on each college, an illustrated circular, Bright Hour pledges, posters, pageant, lantern lecture.

There are headquarters at 300 Ford Building, Boston, Mass., and an office in Chicago. Information and helps may be secured on application to these offices.

THE FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD

RECEIPTS AVAILABLE FOR REGULAR WORK, SEPTEMBER 1—30, 1921

	From Branches and C. W. M.	From Other Sources	From Legacies and Reserve Legacy Fund	Income from In- vestments & Deposits	TOTAL
1920	\$25,747.05	\$706.50	\$8.68	\$1,981.88	\$28,444.11
1921	*32,876.85	795.00	56.87	81.33	33,810.05
Gain	\$7,129.80	\$88.50	\$48.19		\$5,365.94
Loss				\$1,900.55	

OCTOBER 18, 1920—SEPTEMBER 30, 1921

1920	\$186,874.77	\$10,561.33	\$18,735.16	\$9,902.96	\$226,074.22
1921	*195,607.69	14,208.18	15,743.46	8,811.88	234,371.21
Gain	\$8,732.92	\$3,646.85			\$8,296.99
Loss			\$2,991.70	\$1,091.08	

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

A picture widely published several months ago portrayed a husband and wife bending over the account book while one of them exclaimed, "To think we have in one year given for the cause of the Kingdom less than we spend for one automobile tire!" Many who saw this were led to think over more carefully the ratio of their own giving. We believe that the cause leading to such disproportionate giving in many, if not in the majority of cases, is sheer thoughtlessness due to the absence of "Christian bookkeeping." The Every Member Canvass holds up the aim of a contribution from *everyone* in the parish and is successful just so far as this goal is attained. Other denominations, however, which have lately been raising unprecedentedly large sums, have gone a step further and have stressed, as we Congregationalists have not yet done, systematic giving and tithing. Can adequate support of our work at home and abroad be secured until vastly more of our fellowship practise the principles of stewardship? We think not. From the letters that come to our office, from the very many gifts which we know represent real sacrifices we are confident that large numbers among our readers are indeed Christian stewards. For that very reason they are fitted to use their influence in the home, the Sunday school and through the church life to increase the number of those who shall give thoughtfully, conscientiously, in a more Christian proportion. Here is a wide field for those who are already giving to the limit of their own ability.

We wish especially to call attention to the stewardship questionnaire published by the Congregational World Movement and obtainable from its office (287 Fourth Ave., New York City). Many pastors hesitate for one reason or another to introduce this subject of stewardship. Will you agitate this matter, create an atmosphere which will welcome consideration of the subject, persuade your pastor to use the questionnaire or otherwise adequately present the *duty* of Christian stewardship? And do not forget the power of prayer in your own efforts to secure stewards, for your own church in its presentation and for the denomination as it seeks this fall to extend much more widely the teaching and practice of systematic proportionate giving.

Our Life Members' Response

It has been the custom of the Board of late years to send out an annual letter of greeting to Life Members. This year it was written by our president and was mailed the first week in September to more than 5500 individuals. Responses have been returning to the Board ever since, many of them in the form of checks, often enclosed with friendly letters. The many gifts coming directly to headquarters have amounted to something over \$1500. The ages of the givers range from ninety years to nine years, the sums sent from \$200 to fifty cents. The latter, coming from a little girl of nine, represents two weeks' work at dishwashing and dusting. Undoubtedly other gifts besides this represent willing sacrifice. Some of us wiped away a tear after reading the letter enclosing a one-dollar bill sent by a good friend well on in her eighties, who is now in an Old Ladies' Home and mourns because she has not more to give. Several Life Members have followed up the suggestion made in Mrs. Warner's letter and are assuming the support of a Bible woman or a scholarship for a pupil in a Mission school. One gift of \$25 was sent in the name of a little boy, with the request that it be applied to a child in China. We wish space permitted us to quote from some of the beautiful letters received, but enough has been indicated to prove that our Life Members are an interested and loyal group.

One Branch, at least, has realized that its Life Members were a strong asset and has taken pains to cultivate them. Springfield Branch invited them all to a luncheon in the middle of September and took the occasion of their being together for a time of good fellowship and the enjoyment of an interesting program to lay before them the financial emergency of the Woman's Board. About one hundred were able to attend and this company raised then and there \$600 in extra gifts. Since then the amount has grown to more than \$900. A hymn was written for the occasion to be sung to the tune of *Faith of Our Fathers*, and thinking others might like to use it, we are printing it herewith.

LIFE MEMBERS' HYMN

Band of our Mothers, faithful few!
In sacrifice and toil they wrought,
With fervent prayer and purpose true
Their joyful off'rings to thee brought,
Our Mothers' Band! We heed thy call,
Let now thy mantle on us fall.

Prayers of our Mothers! Oft we knelt
As children when we learned to pray.
Thou taught us then in accents sweet
And led our thoughts in upward way.
Prayers of our Mothers, lead us still
In humble way to do God's will.

Give us clear vision—shorn of self.
Give us true loyalty of heart.
Shall we not be life members all
And fully share a daughter's part,
Our Woman's Board still faithful prove
Thy plea—one work, one heart, one love.

“Thy kingdom come!” Lord, oft we plead
And long that thou that prayer fulfill,
Heart needs and soul needs may we see,
The message bear as thou shalt will.
Our Woman's Board! Her sword the word,
Till all shall know and love our Lord.

Thy kingdom come! Strengthen the chain
That binds in fellowship below.
Thy power shall give us strength to win
And gain new victories o'er the foe.
Our Woman's Board, still earnest be
Her aim, all people won to thee.

MRS. THEODORE LEETE.

Our Missionaries in Micronesia Entertain the Royal Family

In a letter to a personal friend, from which we have been privileged to quote, Miss Elizabeth Baldwin of Kusaie, Marshall Islands, writes:

Your kind letter of February 21 was received on April 19 which is very recent mail for us! We rarely ever receive anything under two months. Most of our letters are five, six, or even more months' old. In this same mail with your letter, a 1914 letter was received and one of July, last year. During this past year we have been receiving our 1914 mail in detachments, some had lain in the post office all of this time, and others had been returned to the writers, and they again forwarded them to us as curiosities.

As I sit here writing to you this morning, on my left hand is a room where one of our younger boys is lying very ill from ptomaine poisoning, but I am thankful to say a little better today, so we have been able to give him a little solid food. On my right is another room where four of our older boys are sewing and binding books. We have been trying to complete the sewing and binding of five hundred copies of a small book in the Marshall Islands language so as to forward by the mail ship which is due next week. Our little sick boy does not like any noise so we are not running the press today. This boy is a son of the King, and his father and mother and several of the little princes and princesses are here with him. Indeed they have been here for some weeks. They came around at the time of the celebration of the Lord's Supper, for the King is one of the deacons of the church. Then they remained for us to doctor the baby who was quite ill at that time. Following this came the marriage of one of their daughters who has been in our school since she was a little girl. This occurred on June 3, the birthday of the King. There was a large crowd here and a big feast, the remnants of which proved too much for our little Teiye. After the wedding the royal party remained over to celebrate my sister's birthday. Then by that time Teiye was sick,

so they are still here. We have four of the King's children in the school, two boys and two girls, and two of his little granddaughters, who are the babies of the household. He looks upon our place as a kind of second home and is very kind in giving us food for the school when we have no supply on the mission premises. Indeed all of the people are kind. Last week the members of the Christian Endeavor Society in two of the villages sent around a gift of food, breadfruit, taro and bananas, sufficient to feed the whole school the rest of the week and over Sunday, and lots of the bananas are left for this week.

Pray for our dear boys and girls that they may not be contented with anything less than a whole-hearted consecration to Christ and His service.

Carrying On in Harpoot

By Isabelle Harley

Once more after all these long months of silence I have the pleasure of sitting down to my typewriter to write you a letter. We were told this noon that we might send letters with an outgoing truck tomorrow. It seems too good to me to be able to write you and I hope that circumstances have taken a turn for the better and that I will be able to let you hear from me oftener. I know nothing about the situation; there are signs which indicate happier days.

I think it is just a year since I wrote you people, and it is almost a year since I heard from some of you. A few weeks ago I got a nice bunch of letters which Dr. Parmelee brought from Sivas when she went there on an enforced trip. I came near going with her; in fact it looked at one time as if I should be going home to see you—I was all packed indeed—but the order was changed and I stayed. Ruth went as far as Sivas and was invited to come back. We are both very happy in our work again. It was an upsetting time, I can tell you, and I have never been the same since. Try as I will I cannot seem to gather up the threads I dropped at that time.

And now what shall I tell you? The school year passes successfully, summer is almost over and it is time to begin to think of school again. As yet I have had no vacation this year, and it does not look as if I would get much of a rest. I think I can take three or four days next week. This running two peoples' jobs for an indefinite time doesn't leave any time for recreation. The problems are numerous and difficult, but there is always a way out and each one passes to give place to another.

As last year I have been running summer schools but have had to leave them mostly to the teachers. I decided their work, assigned them each a place, and told them to go to it. They have done well too without much supervision, and the result is that I have something like 400 yards of lace to sell which they made and have turned over to the clothing department; several hundred dresses and rompers that the children have sewed. They are also knitting stockings. The best part of it is that they are so happy in doing it, and the matrons of the orphanages testify that their burdens of discipline are greatly relieved by the summer schools.



The Gardens — Resting Place for the "Harpoot-lis."

Just how our school year will open up I do not know. I feel sure that we will not have extensive schools as we had last year, for economy will have to be practised in that department as well as in every other. I shall always be proud of our last year's school record. The teachers worked beautifully and from inside the circle we had very little trouble.

Nine of my girls graduated from the high school this year and are ready for work. Three of them have gone into nurses' training at the hospital, one of them is interpreting for one of the Americans this summer, and the rest are waiting for something to turn up which they can do. The girls are scattered for the summer. Those who remain here are doing very beautifully in lace work. They are good girls and give very little trouble. My love for them never wanes and I am constantly swelled with pride when they go out and do good work. Miss Bury tells me the girls who entered her training class are very good, and very promising.

We have had a very hot summer. I have spent a few nights at the Garden, which place is more beautiful than ever this year, but the rest of the time I have been in Mezereh. My work is very scattered, one day in Mezereh and one day in Harpoot. I sometimes feel that my brain is as scattered as my work. There can be only three weeks more of very hot weather and then the cool days will begin to come. We need rain, too. Such a scarcity of water as we have had this year makes living very hard.

In June I got your letters. I want you all to keep on writing regularly and then if I don't get your letters on time I will get them all in a bunch, as I did last time, and have the fun of reading them in serial numbers. There is nothing that helps a person's morale like getting letters from home and friends, so don't forget me for I still am on top of the earth and longing to hear from you. The reason for the long silence I cannot tell you, and the reason for refusing also people of our nationality permission to travel for so many months we have never been told, but now some are to go out and some are to come in.

The School of Brothers and Sisters

By Ethel A. Putney

Nearly fifty of the graduates of the American School, Gedik Pasha, met, June 25, 1921, to renew old friendships and form an alumni association. Of those, thirty-six were members of classes which have graduated since our last mission meeting, representing the fifty-eight who have received diplomas from us since 1914. Perhaps this more than anything else indicates the prosperity of the school even during the hard war years when opportunities were limited only by the walls of the school building and the strength of the teachers. The largest class ever leaving the school took its diplomas the June after the armistice. There were sixteen, of whom six were Greeks, three Armenians, three Turks, two Albanians, one Persian and one Syrian. That is, forty percent were Moslems, the proportion which held throughout the school the following year.



The Least of These

For years the school has been crowded but in 1919-20 we tucked in a few more in an afternoon class of older girls who came for English only, making 264 enrolled. Of these twelve girls, three have found regular places in the school this year. This last year, 1920-21, a few more could be received because a room at the new Vlanga Church has been used for one grade, so in all 278 have been on our list, though 275 was the most at one time.

Of those who stayed through the year, 261, over 44%, have been Moslems, 99 Turks, 16 Persians and 1 Albanian. Of those leaving school during the year, ten have been Armenians leaving for America and last year several others left for the same Promised Land. The Armenians keep their even third of all the pupils very well, but for the last few years the Greeks have decreased and the Turks increased.

Of individual children and changes of personnel time does not allow us to speak. In the general report of the station, the foreign staff has been mentioned sufficiently. To the missionaries connected with this school the chief joy in life comes from the personal contacts which are possible because of the official relations we have with children and their families.

The evangelistic opportunity we have in our school does not produce results that show at once. Our work is to prepare the way for right decisions later. This spring at the Smyrna Con-



The Teachers and Graduating Class at Gedik Pasha, Constantinople.

ference Miss Barker and I realized afresh the importance of this unobtrusive preparatory work when we met seven of our former pupils. One of them told us that the foundation of the decisions of the conference was laid in our school and another, a Persian, who is Christian at heart, thanks our school for opening his eyes to see and appreciate the Truth that had come to him at Smyrna. Of all of them we heard very fine reports for Christian character and leadership.

A New Teacher and a New Board of Managers For Matsuyama Girls' School

By Olive S. Hoyt

Letters from Miss Olive Hoyt of Matsuyama bring the latest news of our Girls' School and if we read between the lines we discover what heavy burdens Miss Hoyt is carrying. Her right-hand man, the Dean of the school, as he is called, Mr. Nishimura, was taken ill in June with tuberculosis and has had to be sent away to a sanatorium. It is thought that he will recover, but Miss Hoyt writes, "I shall have to get along without him this fall term and it will be hard as he is my one right hand. The school always suffers if he is absent even a day. We are rejoicing in being able to send to Miss Hoyt's assistance an American teacher, Miss Earle, who goes for a term of three years. Miss Hoyt gives some interesting information about the new Board of Managers of the girls' school. Besides three of the men missionaries, there is Miss Charlotte DeForest, President of Kobe College, and three prominent Japanese of whom Miss Hoyt writes:—

"Mr. Sawamura is a pastor of a church near Tokyo but is giving it up to become the Evangelistic Traveling Secretary for the Kumiai body. He has held this position before and has visited the school many times. He is one of our favorite speakers. He will be able to bring the school into closer touch with the Kumiai body. I feel sure that he will take a real vital interest in the school. Mr. Aono is one of the most loyal and faithful Mission workers. He was born and brought up in this region and is a pastor of a church not far from Matsuyama. He is recognized as a wise councilor and I am sure that he will take a very deep interest in the welfare of the school. He has a daughter teaching in the school and has had two daughters grad-

uate here. I omitted to say that Mrs. Sawamura is also a graduate. Mrs. Ichihara is a graduate of the third year class. She has brought up a large family but has never lost her interest in the school nor her desire to help the world, that was fostered by the teachings of the school. She is somewhat of an 'advanced' woman but well balanced, I think. She was present at the *Alumnae* meeting last April and stirred up the whole *alumnae* by her wit and energy. She has very decided views of the amount of money that the *alumnae* ought to be raising for the school and will be a help in this direction. She lives in Kobe and she came to see Mrs. Barton and interested her very much. I hope that she is going to be a power in arousing the *alumnae* to work for the school.

"The beginning thus made in sharing the responsibility of the control of the school with the Japanese is one that I feel marks a great step in advance. I am expecting great things from it."

The Story of Mariamarl

By Mrs. J. P. Jones

It was nearly three o'clock in the missionary's bungalow, and the Lady had promised to meet the Bible woman at that hour in the village. Punctuality is not a foible in India, but the Lady was the more anxious to show that, with her, three o'clock did not mean four or five. But the Ayah had not come back from the noon rice, and the Missy baby could not be left, even though she had decided to take an extra long nap.

When the Ayah came, she excused herself because her small daughter had fever, and she wanted to stay with her. Lady was just about to start, but the word "fever" made her turn back with visions of smallpox, typhoid or plague to say, "Bring Mariamarl to me." Ayah was reluctant to do so, saying, "Lady need not be afraid, it is nothing Missy baby is in danger of taking." But that made Lady the more determined not to go away without knowing what was wrong.

When poor little Mariamarl (the Lady Mary) came, Lady said, "Oh, truly Ayah, Baby will never have anything like that." The poor child's ears had been bored and heavy leaden rings put into them to draw down the lobes to the shoulders. It had been rudely done and the ears were bleeding and the child had fever as the mother had said. "Oh," said Lady, "Ayah, how can you do such a cruel thing? You are a Christian. Don't you think the good God knows how to make ears?"

"Lady, it is true, it makes me shed tears to see my child suffer so, and I remember how I screamed when my own ears were done," and she shook with some pride her load of gold and silver hanging from her own long ears. "But what can I do? It is the custom of our caste."

"For shame, Ayah. You are a Christian. You have no caste. And don't you know that many of your people are going to the Doctor Lady to have their ears cut and sewed up?"

"True, Lady, it is a heathenish practice, you have made me see that God would have made ears that way if He had thought best. Truly we are half heathen yet, but I will take out the lead rings."

So the lady went on her way, rejoicing that although late for her appointment she had done one good deed, but within a few days she missed Mariamarl and was told that she had gone to her village. When she came back a few weeks later she had the long ears and the heavy rings and in running with the other children she had to hold her ears and rings with both hands to keep from hurting herself.

"Yes, Lady, I know I said it should not be done, but it is our custom and my mother would not listen. Besides, she is to be married to my uncle's son and he would not marry her with short ears." "Your uncle's son! But that is Gideon in the boarding school. Are you sure that he cares?" "Oh, one would not expect him to care anything about it, but his mother would never consent and it will be such a good marriage for the child." And Ayah turned to fondle Baby Missy and to tell her how she should be married to a very rich man who would give Ayah a pension.

A few years went by and Mariamarl was twelve years old,

and her grandmother said she must be married. Gideon was a boy a bit older and still in school. He said, "No, I would rather not be married for some time. I wish to stay longer in school and become a teacher or pastor." But his mother said, "But see how old your wife is getting. It will be better to marry and leave school and come home to the farm. Let the poor boys who have nothing stay in school."

Mariamarl had always known that Gideon was to be her husband. They had played together as children and sometimes he was kind and sometimes rough. When he struck her, some one was sure to say, "Oh, Lady, it is only your husband beating you. That is the way he shows his love." But, for a year or two they had not spoken, though at one time when she was carrying a very heavy water pot home, he had come up and taken it from her. Of course he would not have done so if it had not been dark, but Mariamarl was glad she was to marry Gideon, and not like Pulneyamarl, a neighbor, to wed an old man who already had a wife and some grown children.

When the wedding day came she wept, because every well-brought up child should weep on her wedding day, but she dearly loved the new jewels that were given to her, and was glad to have such long ears to hold the heavy silver rings that had been her mother's. The wedding procession went slowly through the village, the boy mounted on the missionary's old pony which had been asked to grace the marriage of a school boy. But, the complicated heathen ceremonies were not followed and the Indian pastor, after a long exhortation, pronounced them man and wife.

Then followed a wonderful feast, when all kinds of jokes were made about the new husband and wife, but soon Mariamarl was serving her mother-in-law and felt that God had been kind to leave her among her own kindred. Gideon was glad that his wife could read and write, and they sometimes talked of the life in the missionary's compound when she lived with her mother, and he was in the boarding school.

But in the rainy season, cholera came to the village and Gideon

was taken away. His people were Christians so they did not shave his wife's head, nor did they charge her with being the cause of his death, nor did they starve her.

But the old mother would cry, "Oh, my jewel, my heart! Why could not this girl have been taken instead of you? It would be easy to fill her place, but who will now care for me? See how heartless she is. She should be pale with sorrow, and thin with fasting. See how she devours her rice."

Mariamarl was indeed sorry, not so much for the loss of her husband, whom she had known for so short a time, as for herself,—to be left a widow and barely thirteen years old. She could not expect to be married again. Even a Christian would not marry a widow.

Her friend, the missionary, came to see her and suggested that she should come to the boarding school and learn to be a teacher, offering herself to meet the expense of her training. The mother-in-law said that she could go and it would be best so, but she should remember when she earned wages that her first duty was to her husband's people.

So she went to the boarding school. Her education had not gone beyond a little reading and writing as she was to be a village wife, but she had a good mind and made good progress.

One day in her life there was always to be remembered. It was a Sunday and the pastor had preached about sin. In the girls' afternoon meeting the teacher had talked very seriously to the girls about their sins, some of them had told her lies, some had stolen, some had used filthy language, but all had come short of what she would have them do. At the evening prayer a wave of emotion swept over the school and all were weeping and wailing because of their sins. The missionary came and quieted them, telling of God's infinite mercy and from that time Mariamarl had a new life. She had been a Christian without thought because her people had accepted that faith—from that time she was a child of God.

Time passed and she was ready to teach, and had a very sweet and loyal spirit but it became evident that she could not be happy among her own people who jeered at her as "widow."

A lady from a neighboring mission wanted a teacher for a girl's boarding school and Mariamarl was asked if she would go. "Yes," she said, "I shall not go away from my Lord Jesus, and I shall be glad to go." She was then about twenty and was an attractive woman. One reason why she wished to leave her people was that a man of her family, a non-Christian, persecuted her with urging that she should come and live with him. He could not think of marrying a widow, but he would care for her.

Before she went to the new home, the long ears were cut and made as normal as was possible and she wore a good cloth and modest ornaments. Her mother-in-law said it was shameless to smooth her hair and wear a jacket as if she were a virtuous wife instead of a widow. She soon made herself beloved and valuable and an opportunity of which she would not have dared to dream came to her. The headmaster of the school, a fine Christian man, was a widower. He had early married an ignorant village girl to please his old father and found, to use his own expression, that he was tied to a beast. Fortunately she died after a couple of years and he had resolved, notwithstanding strong urging, that he would not marry again until he found a woman who would be a companion whom he could love.

The courtship was carried on very decorously. Gnanamutthu (Jewel of wisdom) consulted the missionary, who talked with his wife, who sent for Mariamarl to come to her. Mariamarl was surprised and decently averse to marrying again, but she admired Gnanamutthu greatly as a good and pious man. She would be glad to be his servant—yes, even his wife if that would make him happy. So the marriage was arranged and took place without consulting the relatives and when the storm broke the happy pair were safely sheltered in the Mission Compound.

His friends were shocked that he should marry a widow. "Now there will never be any children," they said, and when Mariamarl received the crowning blessing of an Indian woman and became the mother of sons and daughters, they said, "The children will be dumb or without sense."

Her people said, "She no more belongs to our family. She is an outcaste, an untouchable."

There was a happy family life, but Mariamarl never forgot to think of the ignorant and poor idol worshippers around her. She was not in mission employ but would spend many hours in the homes of the friends she had made, reading to them and talking to them of Jesus the Saviour from sin.

The time came that her husband's family looked to him for help and condescended to come to their home and even to take food there. His own brother asked her daughter in marriage to his son, but the parents said, "No—he is ignorant and she would have a hard life. She may marry or not as she chooses."

Mariamarl was known in the village as the "praying woman" and her prayers for her children must have had much to do with their success in life. One is a pastor, one a teacher, and all are living useful lives. Mariamarl has gone to the land that is far off but her influence lives on in many lives.

The Coming of Malan

By Adelaide Fairbank Wright

Scene 1.

A white, hot, road in West India, lined sparsely with trees and dotted with slow-moving oxcarts laden with cotton bales. Here and there on the road a little group of travelers with clothes tucked up and shoes in hand according to the custom on a long journey

"Hush, Malan! If you cry like that the white lady won't take Daya into the School."

"But she won't know *now*, and I'll stop when I get there," wailed the child, tired from the long day's trip.

"Oh, those *sahelok* (white folk) know everything. They are children of God, was the mother's reply.

Five-year-old Malan almost forgot the hot sun and her tired feet in pondering over her mother's words.

"Children of God who know everything," she mused. "Surely they must have eyes and ears all the way around their heads just

as the goddess Kali has ten hands to make her strong." How Malan did long to see that *Baisaheb* (white lady)! She had never seen any *saheblok* and it was with this sole object that she had teased her mother into allowing her to come on the thirty mile pilgrimage to the big city of Ahmednagar. Yesterday she had been ready to turn around and go home, for the sun was hot and the white road rose up and hit her in the face with every step she took. But now her interest was revived again, and it was only a few miles more, her father said.

Scene 2.

A big bungalow swathed in vines dozing in the afternoon hush. Not a soul in sight save the patient old tailor squatting on the veranda, and stitching faithfully away on his little hand machine.

A tired cavalcade of travelers, troops up to the steps, crunching the gravel noisily. They sink down grunting with satisfaction on the cool stones of the shaded veranda. After a moment's consultation Malan's father approaches the tailor.

"*Shimpi dada*, where is the *Baisaheb*?" His voice rings out rudely in the stillness.

The little *shimpi* starts up alarmed. "Aray," he exclaims, "they are all asleep at this time of day and you will wake them if you shriek so. They rise very early in the morning and work hard all day. So, being foreigners and unused to our air, they have to rest or they would fall ill. You better go away and come back in a few hours."

So, so? . . . all right," was the answer and the information was conveyed to the waiting group at the other end of the veranda.

Malan sat bolt upright. She had been stretched out full length on the grateful stones. "Does she close *all* her eyes when she's asleep?" she demanded.

"Why, of course, silly child." This from *Daya*, the older sister.

"Then she didn't see me when I cried on the road," and Malan rolled over again in great relief. But not for long, for the big front door opened just then with a mighty squeak and through the opening came the soft tones of a foreign language.

"Does she speak Canarese?" Malan wondered. Just then she saw the bamboo screen at the door move and on the screen she saw a hand as white as milk, far fairer than a Brahmin's hand. The hand pushed the screen aside and she walked out. Malan's eyes nearly popped out of her head, but try as she would she could see only two eyes and no ears at all on this child of God and the hair where the ears should have been and all over her head was yellow and fluffy like a chick's fuzz.

"Why doesn't she oil it down?" Malan thought "*Che*, what a funny looking creature this *Baisaheb* is after all." She had no time to puzzle further over these mysteries, for the Baisaheb opened her mouth and began to speak intelligently in Marathi. She asked question after question of Malan's father and mother, and the Christian teacher who had brought them did most of the answering.

Yes, they had come to put Daya in school. She was eight. There was no school in their village. The nearest was the teacher's own school five miles from them. Daya's family were distant relatives of the teacher. He had heard that she was to be married and had hurried over to their village, dismissing school for the day, as it seemed a matter of great importance to him to inquire into the affair. The proposed bridegroom was fifty years of age, had had four wives, (including, of course, the sacred rui tree which is every Hindu's third wife), and owned as many as ten acres of the best land near the village. Yes, the family thought it was a fine match. The horoscopes agreed perfectly, and Daya would surely have enough to eat even in famine time after she should be sent to live with her husband.

The mother took up the tale at this point.

They had been much disturbed to find the teacher displeased with this excellent arrangement. These Christians had such queer ideas! Of course what he said was true. Daya's husband was old and might die, leaving her an accursed widow before she could bear him a son, but the horoscopes were favorable and the dowry was not so high as a young man demanded. But even so

the teacher had insisted that they should put her in school instead and had promised that if she learned to read and write that he would arrange to have her marry his son without dowry. The boy was now in the fifth standard in the mission school here in Negar and only two years Daya's senior. Of course he was a Christian and Daya would doubtless become one, too, but what was that to them if only she were properly married and had enough to eat? They had other relatives who were Christians and in consequence caste rules were not observed so strictly in their village, so she might even be permitted to come to visit them occasionally. Of course, if she became a Christian she would be shockingly old before she was married, even sixteen or seventeen, they say, but if she is under the *Baisaheb* protection surely no one will chide her?

The *Baisaheb* shook her head sadly. "We have no more room in the school even for one girl," she told them gently, "and not enough money to feed and clothe those already here."

"Surely they have not stopped sending money from the great America *desh* (land)?" asked the teacher. "Last year you had more girls in school than now."

"Yes, but prices were not so high. The great war has made it very hard and it is making the kind friends in America forget us for awhile, because they are so busy sending money and food to the starving Belgians and Armenians."

"Do they think, *Baisaheb*, that hunger eats out the heart of Belgian people more than that of Indian people?" asked the teacher piteously. "Lo, I will pay, pay full fees for Daya if you will only squeeze her in. Her parents cannot pay. They are in debt now and there are three children beside Daya. He pointed to the baby sleeping peacefully on its mother's lap, to the little two-year-old boy peeping out from behind his father, and to Malan, wide-eyed with the anxiety of the occasion. She had begun to like the *Baisaheb*, but she would hate her if she refused Daya.

"How can you pay, Saveleramji?" said the *Baisaheb*—and

Malan thought she saw tears in the pretty queer-colored eyes. The Baisaheb knew that the teacher drew only ten rupees (\$3.33) salary a month and that she was partially supporting two boys in school and had three more children at home. Full fees were three rupees a month and Daya was only a distant relative.

"I have refused five girls this month already," said the Baisaheb piteously. "How can I break over and take Daya?"

"And how can I see her married to that *mhatara* (old man)?" pleaded the teacher. "You will give her childhood here. He will make her a servant for his other wife, and he is a cruel man."

There were real tears in the Baisaheb's eyes now and she had Daya's hands in hers and was looking down into the child's sweet, innocent face. "Do you want to stay with me, dear?" she asked, "or do you want to go back to be married?"

"Oh, Baisaheb, please let me stay," said the child.

"Saveleramji," the white lady turned to the teacher, "God will provide the money. Your children must be fed, too. We will pray and all will be well. Pray, too," she added, "that the government inspector will not be angry and take away our grant (bonus to mission schools in good standing) when he finds that again this year I have overcrowded the dormitory."

Scene 3.

The big playground back of the dormitory. A violent game of basketball in progress, the Baisaheb umpiring.

"Baisaheb, Baisaheb," one of the bystanders halts the game with her shrill cry. "There is a little girl up at the bungalow weeping by your door."

"Is she looking for me or for one of the other Baisahebs?"

"I think it is for you, for she looks like the sister of the new girl."

"No, she couldn't be, for the whole family started back for their village this morning.

"Yes, and *Bai* (the matron) has taken Daya to be fitted for some frocks to keep her from being homesick, so it couldn't be she."

Baisaheb heard these comments vaguely as she hurried toward the bungalow. As she came nearer she could see a little bundle of misery huddled by her door. She leaned over and picked it up in her arms.

"Why, it is little Malan after all. You dear baby, how did you get here?" The big black eyes flashed fire. "I—I—ran away," came the indignant answer. "They were buying things in the bazaar and I slipped away in the crowd and came here."

"And why did you come?"

"Because they said *now* they would marry *me* to that *mhatara* and I *won't!*" vehemently. "I'm going to go to school and be your little girl, too." The dusky little hands stole around the white neck and the oily black head snuggled in perfect trust against the cool voile shoulder.

There was no time for the Baisaheb to answer for hurried steps sounded on the veranda and voices were heard demanding the *dhakti* (youngest). Baisaheb. "Wait, Malan, dear," she whispered and dumped the little bundle on the floor inside her room.

"Baisaheb," it was a man's voice, much agitated. It was so dark that she did not recognize him at first. "Could my family stay in your yard again tonight?" We lost Malan in the bazaar and cannot go on until we find her. If I could borrow a lantern to search by, I——"

"*Ai, aiyo!* The gods are angry with us!" The distracted mother interrupted with a wail. "We should not have gone against the horoscope and left Daya here. The gods are very angry with us. *Ai aiyo, ai aiyo!*"

"Hush," said the Baisaheb, "I have something to ask you. Is there any evil you have done since you left here that might have brought this calamity upon you?"

"No, no, Baisaheb. We went straight from here to the bazaar stopping only to buy food for our journey and then we started to go on and Malan was gone. We have been searching for hours and cannot find her. *Ai aiyo!* No, we have done no evil except that of leaving Daya here."

A little black form shot out of the darkness of the inner room onto the veranda and hopped up and down in rage before the weeping woman.

"Haven't you done any evil, though?" shrieked the child? "Didn't you say that you would marry me to that cruel old man and his sharp tongued wife now that Daya was gone? Is that not evil after the Baisaheb has been so kind? It is the Christian's God that is angry with you. It was He that put it into my heart to be His child and not to marry the old ogre, so I ran away. And I'm going to stay here always and be the Baisaheb's little girl and never come home at all. . . ." The childish voice broke and she added softly "at least not until the old man is dead." She was in her mother's arms by this time. After the weeping had subsided a bit, the mother put the child down and led her by the hand toward the missionary.

"Baisaheb," she said brokenly, "will you ask your God to forgive us? It is as Malan has said. We have sinned against Him, and in token of our repentance, we give Him this child, too, with Daya. See, I put her in your *wati* (lap), and I promise Him in your presence that I will try to serve Him alone. You will teach Daya and Malan of Him and then they will tell us, that we may walk in His path and become His children."

And so it came to pass that Malan had her heart's desire and more besides, for she had come to look on a child of God and had remained to become one herself. As for the Baisaheb her sleep that night was not disturbed, as was usual after admitting new pupils for whom there was no room, by the apparition of an irate government inspector, for she knew that God Himself had chosen Daya and Malan to be His children and was sure that He would take care of them.

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. Belated applications for entertainment should be sent *at once* to Mrs. Lansing Lewis, 35 Highland Street, New Haven.

Field Correspondents

Miss Alice Adams of Okayama, Japan, writes of changes in the Loving All Institution:—

Just before I left Okayama the Supervisor of Social work in the Province came and took moving pictures of our daily life in the settlement, and they were shown several evenings at an exhibition of the social work of our Province. You did not know that your missionaries were becoming movie actors, did you? We have for years had a mothers' meeting and in June started a fathers' meeting which we hope to make helpful to the community. We have not yet been able to secure a trained evangelistic worker but in May found a young man whom we think can be trained into an efficient helper.

And now I want to speak about changing the Day Nursery into a kindergarten. You will remember that we first had a kindergarten, then gave that up and started a Day Nursery, as we could help the mother more by taking care of the very little children while they were at work. Then there were no day nurseries in the factories. After we got our Day Nursery well running, the factories sent women to study what we were doing, and then started day nurseries for the children of their employes. They take in those below kindergarten age. Because of this our Day Nursery which has done a splendid work is no longer needed, but a kindergarten is. Having a kindergarten at first we had quite a little of the needed equipment, and ever since we started the Day Nursery we have had a small kindergarten class, and at one time had a real kindergartner as the head of the day nursery. For more than a year we have had no very little children, all being of kindergarten age, so that our Day Nursery is practically a kindergarten as forty children come to the kindergarten class, returning home when that is over. Being a working kindergarten we want to call it such and drop the Day Nursery name. It will still be a part of the Hakuaiikai and not be put in with the other kindergartens of the Mission. It is not a new work only the kindergarten class of the Day Nursery has grown to be the whole thing. More Christian work can be done in this way than any other.

Our graduates have a little club which has recently started to clean up the neighborhood. Recently they went out with buckets and cloths and washed off vile pictures from one hundred and twenty-eight places. They will soon do something else worth while. Our thirtieth anniversary comes in December.

Miss Carolyn Welles writes of the Josephine Kindergarten, Sholapur, India:—

The kindergarten is full this year. More little tots come every day. We are still giving the smallest children a cup of milk each morning hoping to help build them up mentally and physically. We have only a little more money left and we are hoping that some one will not forget these kiddies and their need, and see that they get their cup of milk each day. The teachers are doing well and a fine spirit prevails throughout the school. The new feature this year is the "Mothers' Club" which has just been started. We are trying to reach the mothers of the children, to get better acquainted with them and to establish real friendly relations between the home and the school. Many of them are so poor and cannot afford to provide clothing for the children. We are furnishing cloth and are letting the women make the clothes for their boys and girls. We think this is better than to provide clothes outright whenever there is need. Some of the mothers do not know how to sew and we are teaching them how by having them sew squares together to make small patchwork quilts for their babies.

We meet two hours a week in the kindergarten. The first part of the time is devoted to sewing and then we end up with games and songs. One afternoon some of the Hindu mothers came and it was very interesting to see how some entered into the fun of the games, and forgot themselves long enough to run and play. Once a month a doctor of the city is coming to give lectures on how to care for babies, knowledge that is greatly needed in this city, where the infant mortality is very high. Next to Bombay, Sholapur has the highest infant death rate of any city in Western India. Seventy percent of all the children die before they are

five years of age. It is our hope that by means of these talks and other welfare work this percent can be lowered.

The city of Sholapur has grown remarkably in the last ten years. By the census which has just been completed we can boast of a population of 114,000. Some of the largest cotton mills are planning extensive enlargements. The railways are enlarging their facilities. The city is spreading out and whereas our Mission compounds were quite out in the "country" a few years ago they will soon be right in the midst of a thickly settled suburban section. This presents a great problem to us. There are not only Marathi speaking people but there are 40,000 Mohammedans in the city and many thousands of those who speak only Kanarese or Telegu, people who have come to Sholapur from the southern part of India. There are thousands of people working in the six cotton, spinning, and weaving mills here. We are the only Mission working in the city except the Zenana Mission, which is working for the Mohammedan women and children. There are thousands in the city itself who have barely heard the name of Christ.

Miss Margaret Melville writes from Chisamba, West Central Africa, under date of June 22:—

A week after the Mission Meeting, eight of us started out for a trip to see the Kuhemba Falls and to have a change of air. We made quite a caravan for eight ladies must have eight ways of travel. So off we started with seven bush cars and one hammock, carriers of all sizes and ages had bundles, boxes, bags, trunks, beds, chairs, and other varieties of articles—in all about forty-five people. On we trailed for four hours with a short time at noon to eat our lunches. Thermos bottles are handy things for such times and refreshed us greatly as we sat at the side of the road in the shade of some rather scrubby trees. We camped near a group of villages where the people danced and sang all night. Happily it was too far from us to keep us from sleeping. But many people left their beer and came down to our camp in the evening. They heard the Gospel message and learned some

of the simple refrains of the hymns. We remained there over Sunday, dividing into two groups, we went to two of Chisamba out-stations on Sunday morning. At the nearer they have a little school house which could not nearly hold more than two hundred who meet for service. They have been having a very discouraging time and the leader was delighted to have the help and advice of the missionaries.

The other group went to another out-station where one of the Dondi graduates is in charge. It is his own home village, his father being its head. There they have not yet a school-house so we met out under the blue sky with the green trees around us. A space had been cleared and hewn boards stretched from log to log in a circle to act as pews. Kumba, the Chisamba elder, who was with us, was expected to preach but lost his way and arrived after all was over. The young teacher preached well. He is a very fine lad but has leprosy in its first stages. Dr. Hall is trying what he can do. We pray that he may be cured if possible.

On Monday we again went on our journey crossing the Coanza river in boats, just dug-outs. Some had never seen them before and were rather nervous but they are quite safe if one sits still and if the boats are not too heavily loaded. It was a tedious thing, the crossing. We were almost five hours at it. This brought us into another country and into another tribe. They are shorter than our people and heavier set, wearing almost entirely skins with many trinkets. Their hair is plaited in many little braids daubed with balm oil and red clay. They plait into it also buttons, shells, seeds—almost anything they can make stay there. Because of this hair dressing they sleep with their heads on little wooden pillows looking more like a miniature flower stand than anything else. They were very friendly and begged us to teach them the songs of Jesus. Some of them remembered Mrs. Currie, Miss Read and Miss Clark having passed last year and having taught them "Jesus Is Light." So as soon as they saw us they began to beg us to sing and to teach

them. No work has been done in this tribe only as they are touched on the outskirts in a couple of places. Many, many villages are in the darkness of superstition with only that darkness as their light. They beg us to come and teach them, and beg us to stay. We ask does the dear Lord mean that they shall be denied? It makes us sad to see their desire and to see their need.

Board of Missions for the Pacific

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Annual Meeting of the Board.

Our gatherings were in San Francisco, at the First Church morning and afternoon and a banquet in the evening when the social rooms were full. Mrs. C. A. Kofoid was the toastmistress and in a most happy manner introduced the missionary speakers, Miss Bertha Allen from Foochow, Mrs. Herbert King from Samokov, Bulgaria, and Mr. Kenneth Saunders.

Officers.

One change became necessary on account of the continued absence of our President, Mrs. E. A. Evans, in New York City. Mrs. Robert C. Kirkwood of Palo Alto is now President. She has been a member of the Board for ten years, during which time she has held many important positions. The daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Williams of the W. B. M. I. in its early days. she has an inspiring missionary heritage. Mrs. Evans as Vice-President as well as chairman of the Council of the three Boards will continue to do great things for us. For the devoted help of these choice leaders we are most grateful, and begin a new year with much courage.

Delegates.

They came from Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Utah, and Northern and Southern California, and there were four days of conference in preparation for the Jubilee we are to celebrate two years hence.

Editorial Notes.

Immediately following the conferences, Mrs. Ranney, our Executive Secretary, and Miss Bertha Allen, of the Foochow Union Kindergarten Training School, began a tour among the Branches, planning to attend several of the annual meetings in the different states.

Union Kindergarten Training School.

There is great interest in this school in Foochow. Work has already begun on the new buildings. We shall follow every detail of the splendid plant, which is unique in that it is to provide for the first *union* school of this kind in China, and soon we predict it will be quite uncalled for to explain the meaning of this mysterious symbolism — U. K. T. S.

Sivas.

All feel the deepest sympathy for those who have lost such a rare worker and friend in the death of Miss Mary Graffam. Miss Nina Rice of our Board is thus left alone in a very difficult situation. If it were not for the Near East Relief, it would seem as if no one could go to her.

At Angora.

News has come of Miss Annie T. Allen at this post, as her companion, Miss Billings, has recently been in Constantinople. Both these workers are well and are having very pleasant relations with the Nationalist Government. What this influence will be we can only surmise, but it looks as if the results might be far reaching.

At Brousa.

Arrangements have been made so that Miss Noyes and Miss Hinman can join Miss Jillson and Miss Parsons for a time, and

this means great relief and happiness for our overworked force at this important center. Miss Jillson is full of enthusiasm and hope for the year upon which they are just entering.

Light and Shade at the Doshisha.

"Japan is not all Chrysanthemums and Plum Blossoms," explained a keen observer who could see the clouds upon the mountain tops. We know this is true of the Doshisha Jo Gakko. One loves to linger over the charming reports of the year; over the account of the way in which the seniors of both the classes in the University went to the International S. S. Convention at Kyoto, spending the entire ten days assisting in the exhibits and drinking in the inspiration of the great meetings which gave them a new outlook upon the wide world of Christian interests of which they had scarcely dreamed; and over the events of Founders' Day, from the early morning climb up to the cemetery, where both Dr. Neesima and Dr. Davis lie, to the great concert that closed the anniversary, attended by 3000 in the largest auditorium in the city, when the Primrose Chorus and the Miriam Choir, under Miss Frances Clapp, helped to carry out a fine program; and over the enthusiastic descriptions of the in-gathering that has come under the direction of Dr. and Mrs. Ebina. Many students have united with the college church, as many as fifty of the girls being added at one time.

Referring to their experience they had much to say of the vital influence of the work in the Sunday schools, and this must have brought great joy to the splendid force of college girls who, at great sacrifice, give themselves to the care of the many Sunday schools they have charge of in the city, as many as sixty of the young women are now doing this very thing, and are indeed an example to us in America who are so apt to insist upon it that we can not do Sunday school work either when we study or teach during the week.

But on the other hand there are clouds that are very real to Miss Denton—financial strain and an undermanned teaching staff that is constantly shifting. Two young women whom the

W. B. M. P. expected to send to the Doshisha this fall are unable to go, and the disappointment is very great. Surely it should not be difficult to find young women who would count it all joy to enter into the fellowship of this great work in this choice institution. Would that some artist would put a poster in every college, sketching the Japanese woman who after her conversion wished always to sleep with her face toward the West: "For in the West is America, and from America came my great light."

Our Book Shelf

We shall miss from our columns the gracefully written book notices prepared by Mrs. Joseph Cook who, for fifteen years, has been giving us the benefit of her wide experience and ripe literary judgment. We are glad to announce that from time to time we are to have reviews of the new missionary books from the able pen of Mrs. Charles H. Daniels, has written the two published herewith.—The Editor.

The Rebirth of Korea. By Hugh Heung-Wo Cynn. Abingdon Press, N. Y. Cincinnati. Pps. 272. Price, \$1.50.

The author of this book is a Korean and was educated in the United States. He has been for several years the principal of the Pai Chai School in Seoul and has shown himself to be a Christian and a patriot. He writes modestly, but firmly, convincingly, as one who knows the history of Japan's relations with Korea through past years and is determined that the truth shall be known. Many pages are filled with quotations from letters and records, while the appendix gives the text of various treaties between the two countries, dating as far back as 1876 and including the annexation treaty of August 29, 1910. Facts speak for themselves. The book, while harrowing in some of its tales of persecution, is valuable to use in connection with the lesson on Korea in our text book, both for its information and for its spirit of fairness to Japan.

The New Map of Asia. By Herbert Adams Gibbons. The Century Co., N. Y. Pps. 555. Price, \$3.00.

The author of this year's text book, Dr. Eric North, has re-

minded us of the view point which he takes for "The Kingdom and the Nations" in the valuable introduction. It is a broad view and his vision penetrates the political and economic conditions which have prevailed for decades in the nations of the world. Such a view differs from the usual one obtaining in our text books but is not less important, perhaps more so in this period of history. No book can furnish a better background for our study than "The New Map of Asia." To be sure, one lays it down heartsick because of the un-Christian attitude of those governments which might have played the Big Brother to small, weak, backward people when instead they imposed themselves upon innocence and ignorance, not even saying, "By your leave." But these being facts we need to know them and Dr. Gibbons recounts them in a clear, vigorous, readable manner out of a storehouse of knowledge gained by deep study and extensive travel in Asia. The book follows Dr. Gibbons' similar interpretations of Europe and Africa.

M. L. D.

Junior Department

The following paragraphs are written for Girls' Clubs and Young Women's Societies.

Be Sure to Get "That Book of Em's"



"Em" has certainly filled a long felt want in providing a book of helpful ideas for "Maidens' Missionary Meetings." The title suggests not only the author's name—Mary Walcott Welles Clapp, but also the fascinating character of the book itself—for every chapter and section involves a word beginning with the magic letter "M." Recreation, High Finance, Programs, Devotions, Hand Work and Organization, all these important departments of any good girls' club receive attention in the book under such titles as "Making Missionary

Meetings Modern," "Making Money and Magnetic Merri-ment." Even the women's society finds an answer to its old question of "how to help the girls of our church" in the chapter on "Mothering Maidens' Missionary Societies." In practical help and clever ideas this book is well worth its sale price of \$1.00 or \$1.05 postpaid. As the book is entirely undenominational it may be obtained at any bookstore, or better still from the Woman's Board, where a good supply is on hand.

Be Sure to Study

World Friendship, Inc.—By Lovell Murray

A thrilling picture of the task of the church overseas, in all its bigness and all its variety challenges the interest of every red blooded young American from the pages of this book. Do the girls of your society really know what the missionary's job is? Do they really see the missionary at work, healing the sick, relieving suffering everywhere, teaching, translating, ploughing, at the desk and at the carpenter's bench; in all the "fifty-seven varieties" of his great and well-nigh impossible task? I really do not believe they do, and I would hereby dare them to give some good thorough study to this book! So that your study may be easier and may "get somewhere," you will get the pamphlet of helps, called "Suggestions for Classes Using World Friendship, Inc.," and written by Ruth Isabel Seabury, your Young People's Secretary. Will you accept the challenge to be World Friends this year? Send for both books (50c and 15c respectively) and join the rest of the girls and young women of all denominations and all parts of the country.

Be Watching for Something to Do This Year

Is your society in a rut? Do you try to find some new and clever plan every year? If so, will you not send the good ideas you have found and used successfully to the Young People's Department so that they can be passed on to others? If you are looking for a new plan think over the following brief points:

I. Try a play or pageant which will give the thought of service to others in your church or town. Excellent plays and pageants

may be borrowed, in assortment, of the Woman's Board on application to the Exchange Bureau.

II. Try a Reading Contest. Lists of interesting books will be furnished on request. Watch the pages of this department of LIFE AND LIGHT for the announcement, soon to be made, regarding a big inter-society and inter-state contest for every Congregational girl.

III. Try getting acquainted with missionaries and with the girls of other countries. This may be accomplished by letters between individuals or, better still, between groups.

IV. Work and give for something real and definite. Your Branch or State Secretary can give you suggestions you will love to follow.

V. Know your Branch Secretary. She is ready with suggestions and help for you. Ask her for it. Be sure she knows about you and your needs. Under her leadership the girls of your county or state have agreed to do certain things for other girls overseas, not so fortunate as they, but just girls, none the less. Write to us of the Young People's Department, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., if you do not know her name and address.

Summary of Receipts, September 1-30, 1921

MRS. FRANK GAYLORD COOK, *Treasurer.*

Congregational World Movement \$1,381.43 less 1,160.55 credited to Branches in August adjustment	\$220.88	New York State Branch	\$594.35
1921 credited to Branches	1,160.55	New Jersey Branch	1,437.50
Gifts not credited to Branches	1,410.00	Pennsylvania Branch	72.30
Eastern Maine Branch	169.20		<u>Total \$35,691.89</u>
Western Maine Branch	742.27	TOTAL FOR SEPTEMBER	
New Hampshire Branch	2,956.19	Donations	\$33,671.85
Vermont Branch	3,602.80	Congregational World Movement	220.88
Andover and Woburn Branch	529.66	Buildings	1,112.16
Barnstable Association	66.90	Specials	687.00
Berkshire Branch	1,089.25	Legacies	125.00
Essex North Branch	419.86		<u>Total \$35,816.89</u>
Essex South Branch	188.96	TOTAL FROM OCTOBER 18, 1920 TO SEPTEMBER 30, 1921	
Franklin County Branch	18.03	Donations	\$209,815.87
Hampshire County Branch	270.00	Congregational World Movement 1920 Emergency Fund	32,034.63
Middlesex Branch	46.00	September Gifts undivided	1,381.43
Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch	180.97	Buildings	23,249.51
North Middlesex Branch	428.55	Specials	10,049.15
Old Colony Branch	1,184.21	Legacies	5,416.51
Springfield Branch	1,445.05		<u>Total \$281,947.10</u>
Suffolk Branch	951.50		
Worcester County Branch	2,302.18		
Rhode Island Branch	1,955.36		
Eastern Connecticut Branch	1,268.20		
Hartford Branch	9,280.34		
New Haven Branch	1,700.83		

For Reading on Missionary Topics, Apply to Loan Library

India's Silent Revolution	Fisher
The New Man of Asia	Gibbons
Understanding South America	Cooper
The Gospel and the New World	Speer
Working Women of Japan	Gulick
The Three Hour Sermon	Kanamouri
The Call of Korea	Underwood
The Disintegration of Islam	Zwemer
Islam in China	Broomhall
The Philippines and the Far East	Stuntz
Mohammed or Christ	Zwemer
Student Witnesses for Christ	Harlow
Some By-Products of Missions	Headland
The Education of Girls in China	Lewis
The Home with the Open Door	Platt
America's Stake in the Far East	Fahs
Everybody's World	Eddy
The Rebirth of Korea	Cynn
Korea's Fight for Freedom	McKenzie

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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Annual Meeting-New Haven, Connecticut
November 9-11, 1921

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