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Life and Light for Woman

Christian Literature for Women and Children

Sharing the Cross of Christ

Jeannette Wallace Emrich

First Fruits of Famine Seed Sowing

Margaret Ann Smith

Annie T. Allen: An Appreciation

Mary L. Daniels

A Glad Arrival

Harriet Wyman

**Congregational Women's Boards
of Missions**

PUBLISHED IN BOSTON

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CAPRON HALL, MADURA, INDIA.
"A Glad Arrival." (See page 102.)

Life and Light

Vol. LII

March, 1922

No. 3

Christian Literature for Women and Children

TEN years ago, in January, 1922, through the persistent efforts of Miss Clementina Butler of the Methodist Episcopal Church, there was appointed by the Triennial Conference of Woman's Boards, which met that year in Philadelphia, a new Committee. Its province, in large measure untried, was to push the needed and scarcely known work of providing Christian reading in their own language for women and children, boys and girls, who have been taught the Christian message, but who have nothing except the Bible and a few tracts and text books, in order to teach them further practical truths or to furnish wholesome stimulus and recreation.

The Committee has passed its tenth birthday. It has done some definite things like financing "Happy Childhood," which now reaches about 5,500 Chinese children at a cost of about \$1,000 a year, as the devoted editor, Mrs. Donald MacGillivray of Shanghai, adds the task of editing this magazine to all her work for the Canadian Presbyterian Board. The Committee is also aiding Japanese women through the Christian Literature Society of Japan and is making a definite appeal for \$2,000 for the translation and publication of Dr. Hurlbut's "Story of the Bible." For this project \$500 has been given as a memorial by parents in St. Louis, Mo., who have lost a child. Are there not others who will help to make this volume a fitting memorial, in the Name of Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me?" If \$1,000 more can be guaranteed the enterprise can be started.

After interesting vicissitudes a magazine for Indian school girls and boys is now to be launched by Miss Ruth Robinson of Bangalore, India. For this we have promised \$1,000 in 1922,

\$500 of which is in hand. It will be published first in English, later in two or three vernaculars if there is a demand for it. This paper will have the general characteristics of *The Youth's Companion*. It has the approval of the India Council for Christian Literature.

At last an editor has been found for the periodical long desired for the Latin American women and Miss Grace Murray of Mexico City is to undertake the planning and publishing of this much needed magazine as soon as a fund of \$5,000 is guaranteed. Of this amount \$1,000 has been secured by Miss Clementina Butler, who gallantly agrees to find individuals who will give the remainder. It is hoped that our own Mrs. Howland of Mexico City will be associate editor.

Parlor meetings for women are to be held in March and April in various cities in New England and in the vicinity of New York and Philadelphia, to present this subject to those whose riches in good literature are a positive embarrassment, hoping that such women may be willing to give generous sums to push forward this appealing work.

Co-operating with the General Committee on Christian Literature, which is now a Committee of the Foreign Missions Conference and of which Dr. C. H. Patton is chairman, this Interdenominational Committee of Women has assumed \$5,000 of the general budget, thus doubling the sum sought in 1921. But is \$10,000 for this purpose beyond the resources of the nearly 3,000,000 women who make up the constituency of the Federation of Woman's Boards?

The Committee now represents seven Boards (one in Canada), the Central Committee on the United Study of Foreign Missions and the National Board of the Y. W. C. A. It has been a delightful Committee to work with and the Boards are loaning for this task some of their strongest leaders. There has been a real advance in the awakening of Board officers to its importance.

But we need to get the information into our local societies and we sorely need more money—many gifts from individuals which will not count on apportionment until the Board's budgets include

larger sums than at present for this cause. A new program for Christian Literature Day has been prepared and will be ready March 1. Every local missionary society is asked to present this program or some part of it during 1922. It may be obtained from Miss M. H. Leavis, West Medford, Mass., from Board headquarters or from the Chairman of the Committee, Miss Alice M. Kyle, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Price, five cents per copy.

Editorials

Several visitors from overseas have been welcomed at the Rooms during January. Miss Nellie Alice Cole of Trebizond, who has come to America because of the illness of her parents and the death of her sister Mary, arrived in New York January 25 and spent a few days in Boston and Andover before leaving for Forest Grove, Oregon.

Mr. Bhaskarrao Hiwale, who was popular as a speaker in many local missionary societies while a student at Harvard and Hartford Seminary, has returned to America after a brief visit in India, bringing his bride with him. They will be located in Cambridge, but Mrs. Hiwale will study at Simmons College while Mr. Hiwale will take some courses at Harvard.

Rev. Ernest C. Partridge of Sivas spoke at the Friday meeting in Pilgrim Hall, February 3, on the eve of sailing for Turkey. It was a happy coincidence that Mrs. E. Victor Bigelow of Andover, whose husband is pastor of the church of which Miss Graffam was a member, was the leader of this meeting. Miss Katie Willcox of Capron Hall, Madura, who arrived Christmas Eve for her first furlough, was the other speaker. The program called together a large audience as always.

Word has been received that Miss Gertrude Harris and Miss Elizabeth Johnson of Ahmednagar, both of whom have been seriously ill with typhoid, are convalescent and under the doctor's orders to sail as soon as possible for America.

Dr. Harriet Clark is finding a large place in the hearts of workers and patients at the Ahmednagar Hospital. She is dis-

tressed at the needy condition in which the women reach the hospitals. "They are a poor, ragged, starved people. Everyone seems to try to get as much out of them as they possibly can, except the missionaries, and they surely must feel proud of the result of their work. To be sure, there are many failures, but many of the Indians whom they have rescued from the famine and many others whom they have brought up in their schools are holding responsible and prominent places all over the country. I wish you could see some of the little black babies when they first come in and after they have been in a short time and the difference in their actions when they get a clean shirt on! You know shirts are the only things we have for them and we have not nearly enough of those."

Dr. Caroline Hamilton wrote on Christmas Eve from Beirut, saying that she had been detained in leaving for Aintab as it was absolutely necessary for her to superintend the moving of the orphanage and her 500 little charges. This had been delayed by weather conditions and for other reasons, but while waiting Dr. Hamilton had seen Miss Foreman, who had been in Beirut for business. Miss Norton was carrying on a small school in Aintab while Miss Foreman was in Aleppo, expecting to open the Boarding School there. As Dr. and Mrs. Martin are probably also in Aleppo, Dr. Hamilton concludes: "This makes our circle smaller than we had anticipated, but there will still be two Americans when Dr. Kristensen (N. E. R.) and I are on the spot. I very much wish to go in with this new doctor but I simply *must* see this family safely moved. They don't know how to handle such a task and the strangeness will be lessened if I share it with them. I trust no one back in Boston will mind if I say how much I am interested in orphans and refugees."

Before sailing for Madura, January 7, Dr. Parker received word that the British Government desires to confer upon her publicly the medal of Kaiser-i-Hind, a decoration presented by the King to those who have rendered distinguished service, especially of a philanthropic nature, to India. It means "Em-

**High Honors
for a Modest
Doctor.**

peror of India." We are glad that the Government is thus to honor the modest little doctor who is not only ministering to about 12,000 forlorn women and children every year, but who from private means, is supporting thirty orphans in her "Bird's Nest." The Woman's Board rejoices that Miss Sarah D. Twichell, a trained nurse, is under appointment to the Madura Hospital. An associate doctor is imperatively needed and the Candidate Secretary is making



Dr. Parker.

every effort to secure a permanent appointee for the new and beautiful American Hospital for Woman and Children.

The resignation of Dr. Howard A. Bridgman, after thirty-four years of editorial service on *The Congregationalist* and his removal to Groton, Mass., where he has assumed the principalship of the Lawrence School for boys, left a big gap in the Congregational House circle. The love and regard in which his fellow workers held him was shown by a dinner given him at the Twentieth Century Club on the eve of his leaving where in every sort of way, grave and gay, "H. A. B." was toasted and feted as guest of honor.

Now we are welcoming to the ranks his successor, Rev. William E. Gilroy, who comes from Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, wise with the wisdom attained in a series of pastorates in Canada and the United States and with experience gained as editor of the *Canadian Congregationalist* and a successful writer of articles for various religious journals.

Changes in Congregational House.

While we speed with regret our parting co-worker, we heartily welcome to our goodly fellowship in the Congregational House the new incumbent of an honorable office.

In addition to the envelopes for Lenten offerings there is this year an accompanying card, "My Lenten Offering," prepared by Mrs. A. J. Lyman. These will be furnished free in any number desired, on application to Miss **Lenten Literature.** Conley. A beautiful "Service of Devotion" is also ready for Lenten meetings. For this we are indebted to Mrs. T. T. Munger of Salem, Mass. The price of this four-page folder is two cents each or \$1.50 per hundred.

The Lenten season this year is being made the occasion for a more united emphasis upon the development of the devotional life. A series of topics for prayer and meditation, entitled "The Fellowship of Prayer," covering the period from Ash Wednesday to Easter, has been prepared by the Federal Council's Commission on Evangelism for the use of the Churches. **Fellowship of Prayer for Lent.**

The plan was begun last year, when "The Fellowship of Prayer" at Lenten time was adopted officially by two denominations, one of them our own, and also used by thousands of members of other churches. So notable were the results felt to be that this year a special Lenten Fellowship Committee was created by the Commission on Evangelism to secure a wider observance of the Lenten season and the use of the special "Fellowship" booklet. It is issued by the Federal Council, the financial responsibility, however, being assumed by the Congregational and the Reformed Churches. It is brought out in such large quantities that it can be furnished at two cents each when ordered in lots of five or more.

"The Fellowship of Prayer" is a series of studies on Luke's Gospel. Beginning with Ash Wednesday, a Scripture reading, a hymn, and suggestions for meditation and prayer are given for each day until Easter Sunday. Special prayers have also been prepared for each week. It is hoped that as a result hundreds of

thousands of people will be led into a new appreciation of the Gospel of Luke by thus reading it as a whole during the Lenten season. For use in connection with "The Fellowship of Prayer" special copies of the Gospel of Luke in convenient form to go with the "Fellowship" booklet can be secured for five cents each from the Federal Council's offices, 105 East 22nd Street, New York, N. Y.

"*Far Eastern Problems*" is a "Five Lesson Study Course" (four pages) especially prepared for the use of Bible and mission study classes, young people's societies and other study groups. Price for single copy, five cents. The text book which it uses is the twenty page pamphlet issued by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, entitled "Problems of the Pacific and Far East," and prepared by Rev. Sidney L. Gulick, Secretary of the Federal Council's Committee on Relations with the Orient. Single copy twenty-five cents. Orders should be sent to the Federal Council, 105 East 22nd Street, New York City.

THE FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD

RECEIPTS AVAILABLE FOR REGULAR WORK, JANUARY 1—31, 1922

	From Branches and C. W. M.	From Other Sources	From Legacies and Reserve Legacy Fund	Income from Investments & Deposits	TOTAL
1921	\$22,775.64	\$2,479.20	\$260.00	\$665.25	\$26,180.09
1922	39,027.49	3,137.46	2,177.31	872.75	45,215.01
Gain.....	\$16,251.85	\$658.26	\$1,917.31	\$207.50	\$19,034.92
Loss.....					

OCTOBER 18, 1921—JANUARY 31, 1922

1920.....	*\$50,249.09	\$4,424.78	\$13,911.97	\$2,180.95	*\$70,766.79
1921.....	74,586.10	5,530.92	11,609.91	2,849.91	94,576.84
Gain.....	\$24,337.01	\$1,106.14		\$668.96	\$23,810.05
Loss.....			\$2,302.06		

*This sum does not include \$22,675.66 received from the Congregational World Movement Emergency Fund.

* My Part in the Task

This I did for thee. What hast thou done for Me?

IN chapter after chapter Dr. North has led us from one nation to another showing us everywhere an abysmal need, and an unprecedented, compelling opportunity. Now, as a climax, he asks, in face of these facts,—what is required of us? Let us sharpen and emphasize the question, and each one of us ask, humbly and earnestly, what is required of *me*. Missionary societies, Woman's Boards, auxiliaries, must organize for the great task that no one can do alone. But only as individual hearts are enkindled and devoted can the great wheels move duly. Let each one of us, taking account of her resources, talent, strength, time, money, ask what is required of *me*—not of my Branch, my church, my auxiliary, but of my own life, of things I hold dear.

First of all, who requires—who is it that calls us to sacrifice ourselves, our belongings? Surely if we have ever given ourselves in joyful self-devotion to Him who gave Himself for us, our hearts will spring up in glad, eager response when we hear this call. Whatever He requires it shall be our deepest purpose to give, rejoicing in the privilege thus to show our love and gratitude. So we ask again, what does He require?

The old prophet, far away and long ago, wrestled with the question and he found the answer. Hear his words: "What doth Jehovah require of thee, but to deal justly, love kindness and walk humbly with thy God." And will that answer, spoken so long ago, meet the need of this vast suffering humanity today? Let us see.

To deal justly. What does that mean for us? Think how much we have inherited, how much that is beyond price in our lives, that has cost us nothing. Read history and see through what long ages of darkness, of superstition, of persecution, has

*This article has been written to accompany the last chapter of Dr. Eric North's book, "The Kingdom and the Nations," by a well known writer who prefers that her name should be withheld.

come to us the knowledge that God is our Father and the privilege to worship according to our conscience.

“Truths which brave men once fought for
We breathe cheaply in the common air,
Dust we trample heedlessly
Once throbbed in saints and heroes rare.”

Think what our Bible has cost. Through the centuries men have toiled, suffered, died, that we may have the word of God in our mother tongue. Remember the price of our safe and comfortable homes. Men left much that was dear and faced unknown hardships and perils and we have entered into the fruit of their labors.

Does not dealing justly mean that we too must pass on the light to those who sit in darkness? What right have we to settle down, smug and complacent, when we have not yet begun to pay the cost of those things that make life good? Let us take into our souls the pungent warning, Jehovah *requires me* to deal justly. What right have I to luxuries on my table when millions are starving? How may I wear jewels and laces and useless ornaments when multitudes are naked and freezing? May I spend for rich furniture, for “couches of ivory,” when God’s little ones are shelterless? May we “sing idle songs to the sound of the viol” when whole races have never heard the love of the Father? Why are we so slow to learn that the law “thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself” is eternal, imperative, and that we violate it at our peril. If we fail to deal justly the penalty must come to us, and to our children, just as surely as when we break the law of gravitation. Not till we learn to deal justly, to share that which God has given us, can we have peace in the world. We have not yet learned the lesson of the world war.

Moreover, though to deal justly is far, far beyond our present standard, that is not enough. We all crave justice as our inalienable human right—are we satisfied with that? Do we not wish to be treated rather better than we deserve, to win a little more esteem, a little more praise, a little more petting by the way than absolute equity would award us?

So Jehovah requires of *me* to love kindness, to develop and cherish in my heart the tenderness which our Master showed. Think of the kindness so manifest in all His work: to take the children in His arms, to touch the loathsome leper, to pardon and inspire the sinning woman, in all this He left us an example, that we should follow His steps. To be *kind* means to be *kin* to all the needy. To love kindness—how the kind heart feeling itself akin to all sufferers will reach out to the little pinched, hard-working children in factories in Japan and China, to the child wives and widows of India, to the men, benighted, superstitious, hopeless, many suffering physical ills, all pitifully in need of our loving kindness. How can I spend money and time for my own selfish amusement till I have done my utmost for them?

Be sure that the Father cares for those children as He cares for us, and He can best show His care through the kindness we reach out to them. So this He requires of us—to love kindness, to *love* it, to abound, to rejoice in every chance to show our kinship to our needy brethren. How shall I respond to this call?

One thing more, the most fundamental: Jehovah requires that I walk humbly with God. Only in so walking can we learn to deal justly, and feel the strong impulse to love kindness. To walk with God—this is blessed, but not easy. It means taking up the cross daily, that so we may follow in that blessed companionship. This is not a “vile world” as the old hymn calls it—it is a beautiful world, showing everywhere the wisdom and love of our Father. But it is not yet “a friend to grace to lead us on toward God.” If we will walk with Him we must deny the self, often at great cost, we must turn away from much that is good in itself. We must be willing to be called queer, even by those who love us, for we cannot serve two masters. Too often we have chosen the easy way, and it has been too hard for our weak wills to walk with God. “Christians are not Christlike.” Can you go into any gathering and choose out the Christian men and women by any difference in manner, speech or dress? We have striven to walk as other men walk, to be conformed to this world.

Never was the world sadder, needier than today. We can bring healing if we will. Only as we hear and obey the call of the prophet can the light and love of God shine in the dark places, "the habitations of cruelty." Only as we send the Gospel can we deal justly, only as we learn and bear in our hearts the needs of all humanity can we love kindness, only as we forget ourselves in Christ-like service can we walk humbly with God. This is what our Master requires of us.

Consider: this is not a mere suggestion, a proposal that we may accept or ignore as we will. It is a requirement—woe to us if we fail to meet it. When we all meet it, then the Kingdom of God will come and His will be done on earth as it is in Heaven.

At the beginning of the Lenten season we do well to recognize a fundamental need if we are to secure the funds for the prosecution of the missionary program. On the Island of Manhattan the steel caisson is pushed down to bed rock before the costly superstructure of twenty or more stories is superimposed. The bed rock upon which the superstructure of missionary giving must rest is a love born of an adequate realization of what the life and teachings and sacrifice of Jesus meant for us. A love which is thus grounded will not fail under the weight which our present needs and plans for missionary promotion involve.

The Lenten season affords an opportunity for the cultivation of such a love. "There is no political alchemy," said Herbert Spencer, "by which you can get golden conduct out of leaden motives." On the other hand, we recall that Jesus said of one who gave most generously that "she loved much."

J. E. McC.

Sharing the Cross of Christ

By Jeannette Wallace Emrich

SHE sat crouched on the ground in the refugee camp at Malatia, one of that great huddled mass of misery. Around her women moaned or whispered to each other their stories as if the horror and shame of it all might not be spoken aloud. The loose ragged garment drawn closely around her showed the youthful lines of the body, but the face was lined and old with suffering. It was the eyes of the Armenian girl that held one; great black depths that had in them not only pain but wonder and joy such as the eyes of Mary must have held as she looked upon her Christ.

Near her a baby wailed and the girl reached over and gathered it in to her arms, wincing with evident pain as her cloak drew across her back.

"Whose child is it?" she asked of the woman beside her. "I know not. I took it crying from the breast of its mother dead by the road just this side of the spring.

"It will die soon, I think," the girl said quietly as the crying ceased.

"It will be gathered to the breast of God," the woman answered wearily. "There are thousands like this one. Can a mother live without food and still have milk for her child? Rest against me as you hold the little one," she added gently.

The girl shook her head. "I cannot lean—yet," she whispered.

"Were you beaten?" questioned the older woman.

Again came the slow shake of the head and the look of awe in the girl's eyes.

"No," she said softly. "It was given to me to understand the suffering of Christ."

The American nurse coming upon the group a few hours later lifted the little cold body from the arms of the refugee.

"Yours?" she asked.

"No, but I held it as it died." As the girl's face lifted and the relief worker saw the eyes she exclaimed aloud:

"But you are in pain—your sufferings must have been—"

"No," the Armenian girl interrupted softly. "Only it was given to me to know the cross with Christ."

"She is quite mad," muttered the older woman as she listened.

"What do you mean?" asked the American with a quick glance at the hands and the bare feet of the girl. She had looked upon unbelievable things before.

Again came the patient explanation and the mingied look of joy and wonder in the eyes—"It has been given to me to know the cross with Christ."

Taking her hand the nurse lifted her to her feet, searching her clear dark eyes. There was no madness there, only a questioning wonder.

"Calvary, Christ and the Cross," the girl slowly repeated. "You shall see."

Turning, she slipped back the one loose garment she wore and there, branded deep into the flesh of the back, was a perfect cross.

"Tell me about it," the American said, as she drew the covering carefully back into place.

"There is nothing to tell—only—not all at once was my cross given me. Each day for one week the Moslems of my village said to me, 'Mohammed or Christ?' and I had but one answer—'Christ'—and each day there was added a piece to my cross.



Mothering a Deserted Waif.

“The last day they said to me, ‘Mohammed and you live—Christ and to-morrow you die,’ and I said, ‘I shall have died knowing the Cross with Christ.’ That night some of us escaped, for we had heard that Americans were near and there was hope for us. So great a thing is not given to many,” she added simply.

“What is this case?” asked the relief doctor as the nurse brought the refugee in. And the American woman explained it—her eyes reflecting the wonder of the sacrifice that shone in the eyes of the Armenian girl,—

“It was given to her to know the cross with Christ.”

India's Self-Developing Realization

By Pauline Jeffery

FORCES FROM WITHOUT

(Concluded)

The rise towards self-realization along medical lines in India seems to assume two phases: one, a reversion to the old Arya-Vedic medicines, and the other, a tremendous influx into the seven western medical schools that exist in India today.

In 1911, there were 281 foreign doctors (male and female) and 51 Indian physicians with foreign training. Though no up-to-date statistics are available, the attendance in the one little baby medical school for women, recently started in Vellore, has an enrollment of 68 Indian women, which exceeds the total number of Indian physicians in 1911. And the number of applications to the first year class in 1921 was 168 women! The Missionary Boards are in despair of ever adequately staffing their hospitals with doctors from America, but the popularity of the Union Missionary medical schools seems to indicate that there is hope of meeting this dire need of doctors from among India's own people.

It is indeed surprising to think of the large numbers of women who are turning their ambitions toward the medical profession in India today. When we consider the extremely sheltered life to which India's women have become accustomed, it makes one realize how rapidly her women are coming forward. But perhaps it is this very scheme of protection which is largely responsible

for the development of the professional life of India's women, since it is the women confined to purdah and zenana life who have created the demand for women lawyers and doctors and teachers by refusing to admit men to their circles. But along with the other Indian women who aspire to higher education, the medically trained girl must be prepared to face the scorn and gossip of the community because she is not being married at the earliest possible age. But the situation has been altered by the opening of the little medical school in Vellore, as prior to this the Indian girl seeking a medical training had no other alternative in South India but to enter the medical school for men in Madras, and this meant much sacrifice in India where co-education is hardly known above the fifth grade. But most important of all is the part the mission medical colleges can take in fortifying India's protected women with those stronger inner fortifications of character which are her only hope of safety in a life of such exposure to temptation and disrespect from men as the medical profession for women in India has. It will take the staunchest of Christian virtues to fit these women to go into the world and yet not be *of* the world in India.

Western medicine is not so popular as we might suppose, and along with the wholesale criticism of things western, we encounter a decided revival of interest in the Arya-Vedic system of medicine, a system offering physiological and anatomical discoveries that antedate the notable discoveries of Harvey. But one striking difference in India's emphasis on Arya-Vedic medicine is that whereas the doctor of the West who harps on antiquity of medical doctrines and theories as the basis for their adoption is promptly laid on the shelf, this allusion to antiquity seems to be the main argument of the Arya-Vedic medical enthusiasts. Along with the Hindu, who spoke recently in Hartford, they consider it an unanswerable argument to allude to India's civilization as centuries older than the civilization of the West. If age were the whole show, a tree might be of more value than a baby or even a man!

And what about the Christian Church in the New India? Some

assume it is too vitally, too fundamentally knit up with the life of India to totter into degeneration and stagnation. But even the Church has its problems. Perhaps we westerners are not conscious of an element of conceit in our engrossing faith in our own particular *modes* of worship and in our own westernized theological problems until we run up against such remarks as those of Mr. K. T. Paul, who says, "Episcopacy is likely to be for a long time a perplexity to the Indian mind. It is so novel and strange to the outward organizations of Indian religious life. If the European system has done no better we need to ponder before going further into it. Already we as an Indian Church are in it and nowhere else; but now to accept Episcopacy is to take a further step in it, which will be absolutely irretrievable. . . . It is so intrinsically foreign to the whole trend of Indian religious expression."

Indeed, one who has had the experience of being on a boat loaded with missionaries of thirteen different denominations, returning from India, and all personally interested in the spiritual welfare of three Hindus on board, can partially appreciate the confusion which confronts the Hindu as he tries to glean the meaning of Christianity from Seventh Day Adventists, Pentacostals, Baptists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Methodists, etc., etc., and we cannot escape the wail of Mr. Duraiswamy, "Western Christianity prevails in India in its raw and imported condition with all its denominational differences."

But perhaps out of all this will come the unique "religious synthesis" for which Tagore is looking to India, and as Dr. J. P. Jones once said, "India will accept Christ, but it will not be western Christianity—it will be a Christianity of India very different from the denominational life of the West, an assertion not unlike that of Mozoomdar in his little book on "The Oriental Christ."

Perhaps the most fitting close to this hasty glimpse of problems in the new India will be to pass on the words of Tagore: "Today, at this critical moment of the world's history, cannot India rise above her limitations and offer the great ideal to the world that

will work towards harmony and co-operation between the different peoples of the earth? . . . Erecting barricades of fierce separateness in the name of national necessity is offering hindrance to it,—therefore in the long run building a prison for the nation itself. For the only path of deliverance for nations is in the ideal humanity. The Infinite Personality of man is not to be achieved in single individuals but in one grand harmony of all human races. The darkness of egoism which will have to be destroyed is the egoism of the People. The idea of India is against the intense consciousness of the separateness of one's own people from others, which inevitably leads to ceaseless conflicts. Therefore my one prayer is, let India stand for the co-operation of all peoples of the world. . . . Our present struggle to alienate our heart and mind from those of the West is an attempt at spiritual suicide."

The Story of Tiamarl

By Mrs. John P. Jones

THE New Lady was homesick. It was New Year's Day, and all day long people of a strange tongue had been telling her how much the Big Lady had been in the habit of doing for them. When she was weary and ordered Baboo, the pony, for a drive, the Boy who stood between her and this new world had said it would look very strange for her to go away on New Year's Day when people were coming to see her, and when she went on the veranda a woman called to her from the road that the Big Lady had been in the habit of coming to her home very often and always brought her a new cloth. So much she could understand, and that those who called and put a lime in her hand wanted something in return. "Boy" suggested that picture cards or little books would be welcome, but she had not thought of providing a stock of such things. When her "man" came to *tiffin* he was white and weary, and said he had been all day trying to settle a quarrel between two families of Christians. They were village people and could not understand his book Tamil, and he could not get much from them without the help of the catechist, who

was plainly prejudiced on one side. He said they kept meeting everything he suggested with the statement that he was too new and did not understand them, and that if the Big Father were there again, instead of being in Heaven, he would see at once the way of righteousness.

Tiamarl, a little neighbor girl, had been near Lady all day, not often speaking to her, but with big black eyes watching every thing she did. The girl would not enter the house, but hovered around the open doors and windows. When the New Lady gave her a picture book, hoping that would take her away for a time, she ran home like a deer and in five minutes was on hand again. The New Lady had tried all day to do her duty in the sphere to which she seemed to be called. She had carefully inspected the hands of the boarding school children for signs of the prevailing malady and had doctored several cases of country sore eyes.

To a teacher wife, who had brought a sickly two year old baby



Some of the Mothers and Children in Madura Who Need Christ.

with the statement that he would take no nourishment but coffee, she had given good advice, telling her that no child should have coffee but she should get milk for him. "Yes," said the woman, "but how shall I get milk? As much milk as you say he should take will cost more than all our monthly pay."

And all the time while Tiamarl hovered around, and she gave out sulphur ointment and administered eye lotion or tormented the cook about his dirty kitchen, Lady was seeing visions of the home far away. It was so dear and so clean, and the father and mother and brothers and sisters were all together this New Year's Day, and she was in this desolate land, not alone, for even there she was glad to be with her man, but how much happier she could have been if both had stayed in the home land.

But night came and another day and she was busy with language study and constant inspection of the school and various undreamed of servant problems. Day after day, Tiamarl came



Teachers in the Madura Mission.

around the bungalow. The New Lady went to her home and saw her "big mother" and her "little mother" and finally understood that the child's own mother was not living and that no one could control Tiamarl. The father, a government official, was polite and kind, and said he had no fear that she would teach the child anything evil and he would like to have her learn to read. She would be married soon and go to her mother-in-law, where she would come under a more strict rule than she had known.

But Tiamarl did not want to learn to read, or to sew, or even to crochet with colored threads. She despised the Christian girls who came every day, in orderly fashion, to work on the veranda, and did not hesitate to call them "untouchable." She even shrank from the touch of Lady's white hand and expressed in unmistakable terms what she thought of the foreign way of sitting at a table to eat and being waited upon by an outcaste, even though his garments were spotless.

Lady wondered if Tiamarl might not be an opportunity and tried to give her something of the message she had brought for the women and girls of India, but after listening for a moment the roving eyes showed the wandering thought, and Lady could



A shrine frequented by childless women in India. Note images left to placate god.

not tell whether she had even noticed the message. On the whole, she was one of the lesser trials and Lady was glad when she was married and taken away.

Years went by and Lady had moved to the big city. There were little boys and girls in the house now and Lady was no longer homesick for the far away land, though she often thought tenderly of the dear ones there. A Bible woman who worked in another town had met Tiamarl and brought a message of loving remembrance. She said she had learned to read and had bought a Bible. She was not allowed to talk with the Christians because her mother-in-law was afraid she would become one, but she did not know about the Bible and her husband did not care.

Then again was a long silence and almost forgetfulness. Lady and her family were getting ready to go on furlough. The house was to be occupied by someone else, and there was much to do in getting away. Some things were to be sold, others to be loaned, and still others to be packed away. There was much to go in the new strong boxes that were to go over the black water.

When things were thickest, came a company of Hindu women to call on Lady. She sighed, but had learned that such visitors must be seen, and tried to meet them graciously. There was Tiamarl, older and more sedate, with three little daughters, and several older women. Lady could not learn much of her spiritual life, as she evidently feared to talk in the company she was in, but she did say that Lady had taught her all the good she had known in her life.

When the older women said they understood that Lady was going away to arrange for the marriage of her daughters, seven and five years old, Tiamarl laughed and said she knew the white people did not do that way, but her little girls were already married.

Some years after the Lady had returned to India, a Hindu gentleman, calling upon them in friendly fashion, told them more of Tiamarl, who was a relative. He said that she had died some months before, but that she had become much beloved in her family and neighborhood and was called the "Jesus woman" be-

cause she talked so much about that good man. Before her death she had talked of a beautiful city and of Lady and had often repeated the name of "Jesus."

"Oh, no," he said, "she was not a Christian. She never thought of leaving us and joining your people. She did not oppose such observances as we follow, and was especially kind to the poor. She was a good friend and wife and mother and we all mourned for her."

Lady listened with tears in her eyes and said to herself, "Was Tiamar! a Christian?"

A Glad Arrival

By Harriet E. Wyman, Madura

WE arrived here on December 1st, and the girls at Mangalapuram gave us a wonderful welcome. First they all gathered on the tennis court in a mass of five hundred, and waved green branches and sang as our train went by the school. It was a wonderful sight, and I really didn't blame Miss Noyes when she turned from the window with tears in her eyes; I felt the same way myself. Then when we actually drew into the station, some twenty little scraps of Indian girl teachers swarmed around our window before the train came to a full stop, with the ambition to hold her hand, every one of them at once—and they just about accomplished it. When we were out, and surrounded by them, I felt perfectly mammoth beside the dainty little things. All the mission had come to see us arrive, and the pastors and masters and teachers in the Hindu Girls' Schools.

Miss Chandler and Miss Van Allen in their carriages, (for the sake of accuracy I have to amend that—they were in a regular auto) and we also in an auto at the head, and a troop of miniature pioneer wagons with little Noah's Ark bullocks to draw them, all formed a long procession through the streets of Madura. How five or six of the tiny teachers can curl up in one of those carts, I can't see, but they don't seem to have any trouble. At the entrance to Mangalapuram (it means "place of happy festivals,"

and I'm sure it deserves the name) we found the whole school again, singing our welcoming song:

“Miss Noyes and Miss Wyman, we welcome you here,
We meet you, to greet you, and give you all cheer,
Our hearts you have won, by the good you have done,
We'll all stand by you to the end, oh!”

It certainly sounded as if they would! So we climbed out, laden with chrysanthemum and rose garlands, and I just stood on the piazza, and let them smile at me; all the five hundred!

After breakfast, which is really a nice noon lunch, we rested, and then at six we had to dress up in our best for the real welcoming ceremony. Oh, no, that in the morning was just a starter. The Capron Hall girls are nothing if not thorough.

The program was elaborate. We sat on a special raised platform before a flower-decked table with Miss Chandler, who was master of ceremonies, to the extent, only, of announcing the numbers. There were songs by tiny tots standing in circles before us, and some of them had plates full of flower-petals, with which they pelted us at a certain place in each stanza; there were about twenty, I think. There was a *kumi*, in which older girls took part; they carried in lighted bowls with several tiny flames around the top of each one. These they set in a circle around a larger one on a table, and then they danced and sang to a rhythm kept with clapping, and our names were in the song, but that was all I understood. But the best thing on the program was a lantern show, entitled “Miss Noyes in America,” and it showed lively silhouettes of her being greeted by her friends, calling at the Board offices, where she told all about the things the girls want; one was the cocoanut *tope*, one the new building. She also met me, and persuaded me to go back with her, by telling me about the girls. She addressed a meeting in America, and received with profuse salaams the coins the people gave her. And then we two met again at the pier, until we finally sailed on October 21, with tearful farewells to our friends.

The last number on the program seemed to give the girls great satisfaction. The pastor gave us an address of welcome, in

Tamil, and Miss Noyes replied in kind, with a long speech. Then I rose to my full five feet seven, and I said, "*Oongalay, parkka, yennaka atheehuh sundthoshum!!!*" When the applause had somewhat subsided I finished in English. The fame of my first speech in Tamil has not yet subsided; I heard the story told again today. Miss Noyes taught me it at Miss Millard's in Bombay, where we spent the Sunday before our arrival at Madura. It was also useful to me at Battalagundu, where I visited last Sunday and went with Mrs. Matthews and the Bible woman to see several families. We were followed through the village street by about fifty children, who wanted to see us as long as possible, and crowd into the houses to hear what we would say, and perhaps get a pretty picture postcard. I used to think those were just "busy-work," like knitting during the war, to keep the home folks' minds off their troubles. But now I want two bushels of them, all as pretty as possible, some with good pictures of buildings at home, and all pasted smoothly over the back with a piece of smooth white paper, so a Tamil Bible verse can be copied on it.

I began Tamil study the Tuesday after my arrival, and am enjoying it very much. I have a lesson every day. After the January mission meeting, I am to go to Kodaikanal to continue language study in a class. I am glad that is the arrangement, because there are so many things to do here that I can't get enough time to study nor half enough to write my home letters.

First Fruits of Famine Seed Sowing

By Margaret Ann Smith



Gateway of the Ming TOMBS.

If you ever come to China on a sight-seeing tour you will probably visit Hsi Ling, the Western Tombs, because all the tourists go there. The Tombs are very beautiful with their golden or red tiles gleaming against the

dull green of the foothills. They are about four hours by train south of Peking and you may stop off on your way to Paotingfu and take the little Branch line that runs toward the mountains. But, I do not want to tell you of the Tombs gleaming white and blue and golden in marble, wall and tile.

On the plains near the mountains there are counties just full of people. Last year they were starving. No one was feeding Lai Shui county. It is just south of our Peking field and so the American Board workers did the famine relief work there. Those whose lives were saved are not ungrateful. Let me tell you a little of what I saw and heard.

Last fall the preaching band went to La Shui. Most of the band (Chinese preachers and Bible women) were those who, through the cold spring and hot summer had given out relief. Our entrance to the city was a triumphal procession—at every doorway the households stood calling words of glad welcome to the Bible women who had mothered their girls or their neighbors' girls in a poor school opened near the city's South gate. The city magistrate and his wife honored us, homes of rich and poor opened to us, and, of course, the tent was crowded every night, for this is a city where the gospel and the stereopticon are almost unheard of things.

From villages near and far came girls and their parents to say "thank you" for lives saved. Especially did they rejoice to see again dear old Wang Lao *tai tai*, our seventy-one year old county worker, who is truly a miracle, for, like Moses, her "eye is not dim" nor is her exuberant energy abated. I do not know who was happier when they met again, Mr. Liu, our handsome young preacher, or the village folk whom he toiled for during famine days.

Many were the rumors, too, when the famine workers returned as a preaching band. "They gave us *kaoliang* when we were starving, now they've come to make us join their church!" "We understood why they came before, but what are they doing now—I just knew it wouldn't be safe to take their grain, probably we'll all be taken to America!" At one village, the elders came

to greet Mr. Wickes and then quickly made their escape—they heard that Mr. Wickes had come to get payment for the grain distributed in famine days!

But in spite of questionings and rumors they welcomed us, they thanked us, they called on us and we on them—for were not these preachers their former friends and they who had already saved their lives surely wouldn't harm them now.

Going west from Lai Shui city there runs a pleasant road, through little villages where tall birches and drooping willows grow, alongside a little stream, where tiny houses with water wheels for grinding grain make dams and pools and little waterfalls. For us, just now, the road ends at Lou Tsun, set in its pear and apricot orchards and surrounded on three sides by the purple mountains. Before the famine this market town was prosperous, its people perhaps a little above those of the average Chinese village because their village elders were good men who tried to be just and kind.

In addition to the regular famine relief given out household by household, one of our famine schools for girls was situated at Lou Tsun, with Mrs. Yuan and Mrs. Shih, Bible women, in charge. As you know, all over the famine area girls were gathered into refuges not so much for the purpose of educating them as to save them from being sold by starving parents.

Food, clothing, bedding and books, we provided, practically everything else was borrowed from the villagers. Working thus together Mrs. Stelle, who had started the school, and our Chinese Bible women, became well acquainted with the head men of the village. From the first, four of these men showed a great liking not only for us, but for the religion that sent us to them. They helped haul and distribute grain and clothes and in the many activities and emergencies of the famine school they were ready to do their share, weeping often over the dreadful suffering that beat at their gates. In spite of the days of strenuous toil for all, in the evenings they urged our Bible women to teach them to sing and pray. Our Bible women even found time to call in their homes, and in many others and begin that slow, slow task—the teaching of the gospel to ignorant country women.

Before the famine school closed these four men were urging that it be followed by the establishment of a girls' primary school, but, of course, we had no funds for such a school, for alas, in many places where we have had work for years there is not yet funds for a school. Many were the deputations, entreaties, letters, prayers and tears of these four men and our two Bible women.

So in a little market town of the Western Hills, which, nine months ago, hardly knew there was such a religion as Christianity, there is now a Christian school for girls taught by a young woman graduate of a Christian school. The school is housed in one of their temple buildings, somewhat rejuvenated. The site, the building, the school stove, desks and benches, are furnished by the village. The special funds needed to pay a teacher are given, through Miss Anne Swann, by the Sunday school of the First Presbyterian Church, New York.

And then, its ten days in Lai Shui city over, the preaching band took the pleasant road to Lou Tsun and ten days of village life, leaving Preacher Liu and Mrs. Sun, Bible woman, to do the follow-up work for a month in Lai Shui city,—there were still fourteen of us, ten men and four women.

What were so many people to do in a little mountain town? Mr. Kao, a Christian from a village eight miles away, invited us to go there, and we thought after four or five days in Lou Tsun, the band would divide—part going to this nearby village, but—the evening crowds, instead of decreasing, increased as the news spread to villages near and far. Village women do not fear to be seen on the street as much as do city ladies, and coming once, they went home pleased and came again with many neighbors.

In the morning some of the men held a "model school," we women helped in the tent or went calling, some of the men went on preaching trips to nearby villages, and so there was work for all. We lived in the home of the Sun family, the men lived in the Li home and we were soon good friends with these two leading families. We were very happy—for at its best, when crops are good and harmony prevails, family life in China is rather enjoyable.

But, oh, the ignorance and superstition and suffering even in such homes. When we arrived at Lou Tsun, young Mr. Li's three-year-old girl was so sick, I, not being a doctor, dared not give it even the simplest medicine. Mrs. Yuan was easily won to my side and together, backed by the words and prayers of all the preaching band, we waged a campaign, in the Li home, against chunks of meat, cold persimmons, raw radishes. Hot cereals, a little milk from the missionary's tin, fresh eggs from the farm,—and the dying child's cheeks grew rosy and she began to laugh and play.

Nine months ago Lou Tsun hardly knew there was a religion called Christianity and now we have a Christian school there and a company of believers! The reason for this swift progress of Christian influence is largely one man, young Mr. Li. The son of a substantial farmer who is also a good scholar, he himself was given the more liberal education of the government school in Lai Shui city. For years he had been known as the "revolutionist," allowing no false gods in his home and refusing to join his fellow townsmen in any worship at the village temples. His fearlessness, combined with a kind heart, good mind, and modern education, put him into a position of leadership, he being the man who represented his own and seven other villages before the county magistrate. Also he is teacher of the village school for boys. Young he is, and straight and slender as the birches that stand like sentinels about his mountain village; courteous, with the punctilious politeness of China that almost over-awes one; determined, with a forward look that one hopes that all China may have, and loving, with a quick sympathy that often brings the tears to his eyes. The longings of his rebel soul found satisfaction in Christ. Wouldn't you like to have seen his baptismal service in the little school house? It was a fair day—of course a crowd of curious onlookers gathered about the school house door; even they were hushed by the quiet service within. At the back were seated the members of the preaching band, near the front on one side were the school girls, on the other Mr. Li's family, all but his older brother.

Pastor Wang preached in his usual splendid style and Pastor Yang had the privilege of baptising Mr. Li and his two children; then Mr. Li's father and mother, his wife and sister-in-law, nieces and nephews, gave in their names as probationers. There were others who gave in their names at the same time. We joined them in giving their first offering to carry on the work of Christ in their village. How new and thrilling it all was to them!

There are many, many more in the village who approve of Christianity, and a number of them took courage and made a stand for Christ that Monday night, making two baptized Christians and twenty-one probationers. Among them was Mr. Wang, also a village leader. He was very white and solemn, for if he follows Christ he must give up a big part of his livelihood and suffer persecution. I am glad we could leave a Chinese evangelist and a Bible woman to continue teaching them for a month, even though the work in their own stations must necessarily suffer.

Not only in Lai Shui and Lou Tsun, not only in many other places of our southern Peking field, but all over Chihli, Shantung and Shansi, are we, your missionaries, reaping souls for Christ because of America's generosity; because the money that you sent not only saved the lives of thousands but made real to many the love of Christ.



Going to Sunday School.

A Thankful Letter from Kusaie, Micronesia

By Elizabeth Baldwin

I AM now at Pidgin, the small island in the main harbor of Kusaie, which has been the property of the American Board since 1857, as the mail steamer is now due. We have just had a new cement tank built here which promises to be a great comfort, and we are also preparing to build a large cistern of the same kind on our school premises on the other side of the island. The cement is ordered to come by this ship and already a large proportion of the gravel and sand required has been carried up the hill and is on hand for use. We are rejoicing in the expectation of having a large reservoir for water. The old tanks have been giving out, until we only have one good tank, and that yields too small a supply of water for the needs of our school. So we are improving this opportunity, when Portland cement is selling at a comparatively low figure and the fine box of goods you sent to us last year relieves us of spending the usual amount for clothing our scholars, of having a large cement cistern built. Another thing which has helped to make this possible was the opportunity of purchasing our winter supply of rice at a very small cost of the company who sold out about two months ago. So our Heavenly Father has been making all things to work together for the supplying of our need in this line, and we praise His name.

November 14. The mail vessel arrived on the eighth, and failed to bring us the cement, so there will be a little delay in building the new reservoir. But she did bring us the four cases forwarded by Mr. Hosmer on July 20, and if the kind friends who send us these goods for Christmas could only know how happy we are to receive them, and how happy the children are to receive the gifts, I am sure that they would feel more than repaid for all that it has cost them. We hope to make personal acknowledgments later, as it has been impossible to do it in time for this mail. This vessel brought two of our Truk teachers to visit us, and it has been a great joy to us to meet them once

more, and to hear from them directly about the progress of the work on Truk and the Mortlock Islands. It also has given us the opportunity to help a little in the Christmas at Truk, by sharing with them some of the good things sent to us. These two young men began their work as teachers while we were still at Truk, and have been faithful during all of these years, under the Liebenzeller Mission, in the time when they were left without any missionaries, and now under the Japanese missionaries, but they never forget the American Board and their representatives, who first brought the word of life to them.

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Annie T. Allen: An Appreciation

Miss Mary L. Daniels, long associated with the work of the Woman's Board of Missions in Harpoot and now serving as librarian in the home office, has prepared this tribute to Miss Allen. The cable announcing her death was received just as *LIFE AND LIGHT* was going to press and it is with the full approval of the Board for the Pacific that this sketch of their honored and dearly loved missionary is placed in this department.—*The Editor.*

A cablegram from Constantinople has just been received announcing the Home-going on February 2 of another missionary heroine, Miss Annie T. Allen.

Miss Allen since 1919 had been active in the Near East Relief work. For some time she had been Director in the Angora district and decided a few weeks ago to make a tour of investigation. The authorities said to her, "Conditions are fearful, typhus is raging." "That is why I must go," replied Miss Allen. She went, and died "suddenly" of the dread disease in Sivas. This incident reveals the key of her life, an unswerving adherence to her sense of duty.

Miss Allen was born in Harpoot, Turkey, December 21, 1868. Her parents were missionaries, one of the three families, Allens, Barnums and Wheelers, that were so closely associated for many years. At the age of thirteen she came to America. She was graduated from Mt. Holyoke in 1890. Feeling that her mother needed her, after graduation she went to Turkey. While caring for her mother she helped first in the school at Van and then at Harpoot.

In 1895 came the awful massacres. The Allens, with missionaries and Armenian friends, were obliged to flee. They also lost their home and all worldly possessions. The following spring they came to America. The next few years were "silent years," as far as outward activities concerned. They were years of self-forgetful service in the care of her mother—service that amazed her friends because of her love and her physical endurance. They were years of preparation, too. The Lord had His plan for her life and He was polishing her and leading her step by step.

After the mother was released from suffering Annie studied at the Religious School of Pedagogy, Hartford, Connecticut, received her B.A. from Mount Holyoke College, was pastor's assistant at Gloversville, N. Y., and taught in the A. M. A. school in Lexington, Ky. She remained in America to be near her father. In 1903 she sailed for Constantinople with her father. Upon her arrival she received five invitations to take up missionary work. She accepted the call to the school in Brousa so that she would be near her father who lived in Constantinople with her brother Herbert. At this time she was adopted by the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific. While in Brousa her duties were varied, teaching, superintend-



Miss Allen.

ing the primary Sunday school, in charge of choir and women's meetings. Whenever she had opportunity she delighted to visit the villages. Everywhere the girls and women loved her dearly.

During her one furlough she "toured" in America up and down the Pacific Coast, visiting places that had never seen a missionary. She won all hearts, paid all the expenses of the trip and turned over quite a sum to the Board. In 1912 she returned to Brousa. During this journey she wrote "God's leadings have certainly been wonderful." After her furlough her father needed more of her loving care, so again she gave tender and devoted service while carrying on her missionary work.

At last she was wholly "free to serve." Then, how the Lord honored her—and used her—as only He can. We have glimpses of her, teaching in the school at Gedik Pasha, administering relief, receiving a gold cross from the Armenians of Brousa district in recognition of her devotion to their suffering country, then going as courier to regions in the interior of Asia Minor. "When neither Treasurer Peet, Managing Director Coombs of the Near East Relief, Admiral Bristol, American High Commissioner, nor any of the Allied representatives in Constantinople could get a word in or out of the interior, it was quiet, modest Miss Allen who accomplished the impossible!" In her last home letter, dated November 18th, she wrote from Angora, "We are starting soon a big Turkish orphanage." She had planned for a vacation last summer but she wrote, "At present my duty seems here and I do not think I shall plan again for America until I am sure. When I am on the boat then I will have a telegram sent you."

The earthly work of this great loving-hearted woman is over,—a woman loved and honored by her Board, her Armenian and Turkish friends, her missionary associates. One who knew her well wrote: "I was impressed with the hold she had on all classes of the community, especially the Turks. She was a woman of wonderful poise, with a diplomatic sense which gave her a special power over all classes of people. She was always forgetful of herself and thoughtful only of others and it is in this service that she has given up her life."

On February 9th a cablegram from Constantinople gave further par-

ticulars of Miss Allen's death. She arrived in Sivas, January 18th, very ill and despite the best medical care steadily grew weaker till the end came February 2nd. Very impressive funeral services were held, attended by military guard of honor and representatives from all official bodies. She was laid to rest beside Miss Graffam.—*The Editor.*

Editorial

Just before sailing, Mrs. Frame of Yenching College spoke in an illuminating way to a large and representative audience at a luncheon in the Palace Hotel. It was a surprise to many to hear that a professor from New England, who while passing through Peking gave the girls of Yenching a talk on international law with an opportunity to ask questions later, said that he had never spoken to a college audience so keen and well-informed on the subject. They asked many pointed questions. Young China has such patriotism that it amounts almost to a passion. The world is going to hear from it later. Now is our opportunity to mould it; by-and-bye it will be too late.

One of the most charming of the many verbal pictures which Mrs. Frame unfolded was of a young college graduate who was married to the progressive son of a Confucian scholar of the old school who wouldn't let his own daughter have an education. This wise young woman had studied Confucius and knew what he taught of the duties of a daughter-in-law, so when the father came into the room she would stand in a corner until she was told to be seated or to bring his slippers. Before long the father-in-law found that when he was puzzled by the news of the strange modern world as told in the newspaper, his daughter-in-law could explain it and that they could talk over many things together. Now he will hardly let her out of his sight, he is so fond of her, and is going around advocating the higher education of women.

Mrs. Frame's appeal for the Union Colleges brought forth pledges and awakened much enthusiasm.

Saturday, January 14th, the *Golden State* sailed with many missionaries, among them Rev. and Mrs. Laubach, of the Philippines, and Mrs. Murray Frame and her little daughter, of Peking. In the company were Mrs. and Mrs. Lincoln L. Wirt.

**Prayer
at Noontide**



**Encircling
the Earth**

A Lenten Message

By Mrs. Franklin H. Warner

Christ taught his followers to express their love for him by expressions of love to one another and, in that spirit, we have as Christian people taken two symbolic periods in the year for our giving. At Christmas we have tried to express by gifts of love to one another the love of God as He gave to the world His only begotten Son, and at Easter we have sent messages of joy to one another to express God's joy as through the Son He showed the way to victory over sin and death. Now let us take Lent as the best and greatest gift-time of all the year, by making it the time of gifts not only of love and joy but of sacrifice. God's greatest gift came not in the sending of the Son, but in the suffering of the Son.

Every mother knows that the physical pain of giving birth to her child is not her sacrificial gift. That pain is soon forgotten in her joy at having brought a man child into the world. The deepest pain that comes to motherhood is when she must watch her child bear his share of the world's suffering and sacrifice and know that it is not within a mother's power to take any part of it from him. If we would symbolize God's greatest gift to the world we must do it at the time of Christ's suffering.

There is the joyousness of youth in our Christmas giving, because it is celebrating a great and beautiful promise, as all youth is a promise. There is the solemn joy of victory in our Easter giving, because that promise has been fulfilled and Heaven has leaned down to earth to tear away the veil which has hidden God. We may have fellowship with both the promise and the victory.

Now let us enter into the fellowship of sacrifice. "I gave my life for thee—what hast thou given for me?" If we would sing with the angels at His birth and share in the glory of His ascension,

we must also go with him to the Cross. If we bring the gifts of promise and of victory we must also bring the gifts of sacrifice.

What have we that is worthy to bring to him at His Cross? God has never asked of any of us more than He asked of Moses. He says to us "What is that in thy hand?" That is all that He wants—not some rare, unknown, mysterious thing. Just the life that lies in our hands. Not the carelessly bestowed thing which slips through half-opened fingers, but that which is ourselves—our own—held closely all through our daily lives. And He wants it *all*, our whole life put into His hands for guidance. He wants time, intellect, ability, money, position, influence, everything which life brings to our hand turned to the making of His kingdom—all, every one. Is it too much to bring to His Cross in the fellowship of sacrifice?

E. F. D.

Shut-Ins — Shut-Outs — Shut-Aways

In your planning for the work of the coming year, will not each Auxiliary include an extension secretary in its list of officers? You will find a splendid field of service here for a consecrated worker, and while returns to the auxiliary will be substantial, the blessing and pleasure you will bring to those whom you will thus enroll as extension members will yield a rich harvest of love and appreciation; for every church has on its list of friends and members, first, the "Shut-Ins"—the aged and the ill; second, the "Shut-Outs"—the business women who cannot attend your meetings; third, the "Shut-Aways"—not ill, but not accessible because of household cares, real or imaginary; fourth, the "Stay-Outs"—or "Stay-Aways"—not interested. These you must beguile with interesting leaflets or books; ask them to read them and then ask them their opinion of what they have read.

Many of these groups will be happy to enroll as associate or home department members, and receive the monthly reminder of leaflet or magazine which you will send them.

—*Woman's Missionary Friend.*

Junior Department

Pictures, Programs, Plays and Pageants

"Why," said the visiting leader, in surprise, "I didn't know you had all this material or, if I did know, I've forgotten it. Why don't you advertise once in a while and remind us of all the good things we can get in the office."

With this leader in mind and in the thought that there may be many bits of material forgotten and neglected on our shelves, the Junior Department wishes to call to the special attention of Look-outs and leaders certain pieces of helpful literature available for various purposes.

The fact that the Exchange Bureau has provided from its some two thousand selections interesting exercises, sketches and impersonations for more than a hundred societies this past year by way of brightening up the program should be suggestive to some others who have been looking for ways of doing just that thing. In the Bureau are riches untold and there for the asking—almost literally. We sometimes forget that the Bureau has more than the elaborate play and that no program can be devised so peculiar in subject that some feature of it cannot be illustrated dramatically or semi-dramatically. Write to the Exchange Bureau, explaining just the particular need for which you seek help, the type of person whom you can use to take part and the length of time you wish to allow. You will receive samples from the Bureau, a collection which we consider best adapted to your purpose, from which you may get ideas or which you may use outright as they are sent to you. These samples are loaned for one week, the entire charge for the use of the Bureau being five cents plus postage.

"We count that year as lost in our society," said a young woman recently, "in which we have not presented to our church as a whole some missionary pageant or play by way of passing on the interest we have gained and starting other people off along the same line." Here again the Exchange Bureau can be of help and we would call to your special attention the following which seem especially timely or are noteworthy because absolutely new:

The Set of the Sail, a play of missions in the Philippines, by Anita B. Ferris. Price 25 cents. A play for young people.

Youth's Easter, by Helen Wilcox. A morality play for Sunday School use. Includes both children and young people.

The Search for the Light, a pageant of man's quest for God, by Mrs. Cronk and Mrs. Copenhaver. Price 25 cents.

The Honorable Mrs. Ling, by Jean H. Brown. Price 35 cents.

Tasks and Talents, by Ethel Howard, a pageant for fourteen 'teen age girls. Price 10 cents.

The Striking of America's Hour, a pageant of Christian liberty, by Mrs. Cronk. Price 20 cents. Exceptionally good for Sunday evening service in the church. Includes all ages.

Sunlight and Candlelight, a Japanese play for young people. Price 25 cents.

Alice Through the Postal Card, a Japanese play for children, by Anita B. Ferris. Price 15 cents.

Mai-ling's Adventure, a Chinese play for children. Price 10 cents.

Allied with the giving of a play is the recreational period of the children's group where many useful games are tried out and the dramatizing of programs is now a common and accepted thing. Have you ever tried with your children using the games of boys and girls in other countries, both as a means of education and as a means of recreation? For this, there is nothing better than the little book, *Children at Play in Many Lands*, by Katherine S. Hall, price 75 cents. If you are wishing for a real missionary game for the junior class or 'teen age group, we can lend you from the Junior Department a new game which has just been prepared. It is a means of familiarizing the children with the names of some of our missionaries and the fields where they are at work. It is a very small affair which you may keep for one week for the nominal charge of five cents plus postage.

We receive constant demands for picture material and stories. Both because of this fact and because we are already so well stocked with material of both these kinds, we are glad to list a few which people frequently forget and which may be of interest

to all. Order from the Young People's Department, Woman's Board of Missions, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

STORY MATERIAL

Beginners

Other Boys and Girls, a leaflet of six stories for the littlest people, price 10 cents.

Primary

Homes Around the World, six stories of child life with an enlarged picture (11 x 14 inches) for each story. Excellent material for the Primary Department of the Church School, price 50 cents.

Picture Stories of Armenian Child Life, similar to the above but relating to the children of the Near East only, price 35 cents.

Our Far-away Friends, a set of six stories with a picture for each to show what contribution the workers of other lands make to us in America, deals with such every-day contributions as hair-ribbons, swing rope, etc. Price 25 cents.

Juniors

Here and There Stories. There are back numbers of these stories available for every field where we have work and for home missions also. Write us when you have a special problem or a special country about which information is desired. Price per story, 5 cents.

On the Far Frontier, a pamphlet of eight Hero Tales of missionaries on the field, price 10 cents.

On the African Frontier, six stories of heroes in Africa, price 10 cents.

<i>How We Are Clothed</i>	} Four picture sheets. Useful for scrap books, bulletin boards, illustrated posters, etc. Price 25 cents each.
<i>How We Are Fed</i>	
<i>How We Are Sheltered</i>	
<i>How We Travel</i>	

Work Around the World, a picture sheet excellent for use in poster making, price 25 cents.

NOTE—There are other picture sheets available for poster use on various countries and types of work, all useful and large enough to be admirable for poster purposes. Most of these sell at the price indicated, 25 cents.

For Reading on Missionary Topics, Apply to Loan Library

Understanding South America	<i>Cooper</i>
America's Stake in the Far East	<i>Fahs</i>
The New Map of Asia	<i>Gibbons</i>
The Mastery of the Far East	<i>Brown</i>
Islam in China	<i>Broomhall</i>
India's Silent Revolution	<i>Fisher</i>
What Japan Thinks	<i>Kawakami</i>
What Shall I Think of Japan?	<i>Gleason</i>
Korea's Fight for Freedom	<i>McKenzie</i>
The Disintegration of Islam	<i>Zwemer</i>
An Introduction to Missionary Service	<i>Gollock</i>
The Gospel and the New World	<i>Speer</i>
Dad's Letters on a World Journey	<i>Wilson</i>
The Gospel and the Plow	<i>Higginbotham</i>
Red, Yellow and Black	<i>Fahs</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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*Observed by the Women's Missionary Societies in 1922
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