

Life and Light for Woman

Seeing Kyoto

A Tour Conducted by Japan Missionaries

The Hindus at Worship

Harriet M. Wyman

The Dedication of Phelps Hall

Inanda Seminary, Africa

Eight Months in Africa

Margaret Walbridge

The Price of a Girl

Mathilda T. Dysart

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

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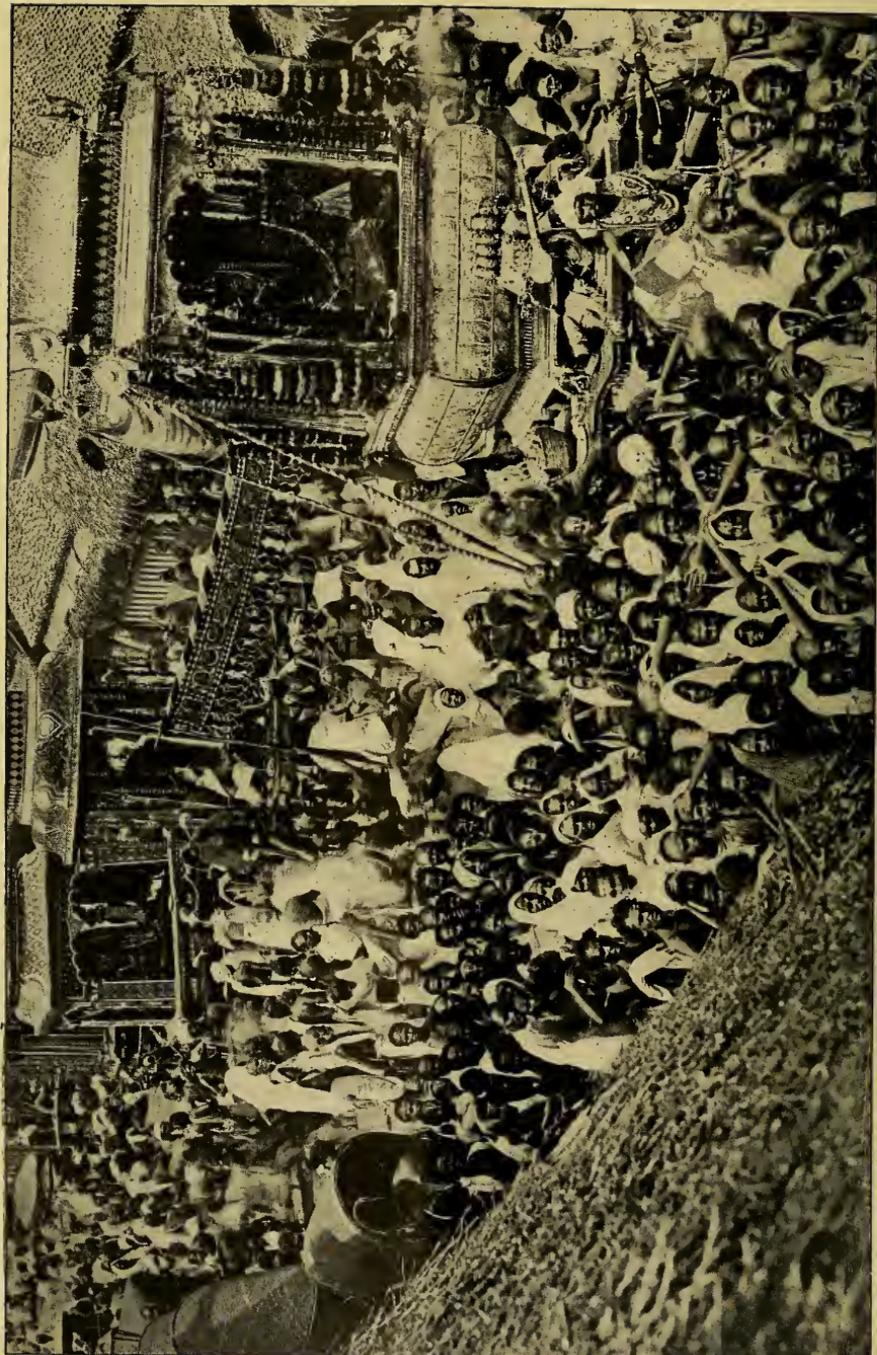
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A HINDU FESTIVAL IN A TEMPLE NEAR MADURA. (See page 268.)

Life and Light

Vol. LII

July-August, 1922

No. 7-8

Conference for Candidates

THE eighteenth Conference of the American Board with newly appointed missionaries was held this year from June 13 to 18. About thirty young men and women were in attendance and were pleasantly quartered at the Gordon Bible College.

As usual the young people were kept steadily at work with note books forenoons and evenings, taking down varied instruction from the secretaries. Recreation and diversion were provided at several pleasant social gatherings. The Board of Managers invited all the candidates, also the officers and directors of the Boards to supper at the Walker Missionary Home, Saturday night. A most enjoyable impromptu program, both grave and gay, was furnished by missionaries, candidates and Board secretaries. The Woman's Board entertained in its rooms at an informal afternoon reception the opening day of the Conference.

An intimate and beautiful communion service was held Sunday afternoon at Central Church and the "Godspeed" service took place at Park Street Church the same evening.

The Woman's Board of Missions had only three appointees in attendance, two of whom are going out for term service. Miss Esther Bridgman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bridgman of Jamaica Plain, Mass., expects to sail for Constantinople this summer where she will assist Miss Mary E. Kinney for three years in the Girls' School at Scutari. As she has known Miss Kinney from childhood this arrangement is a peculiarly happy one to all concerned. Miss Bridgman is a graduate of Mt. Holyoke



Miss Bridgman.

College, class of 1920, and since her graduation has been engaged in Y. W. C. A. work for industrial employees in Brockton, Mass., and Pittsburgh, Pa.



Miss Moody.

Miss Esther Moody, under appointment for the North China Mission, is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ambert G. Moody of East Northfield, Mass. She graduated at Northfield Seminary and at Wellesley College (class of 1920), and has been teaching at Ridgewood, N. J. Miss Moody's inheritance and training fit her preeminently for the foreign field, where her coming this summer will be hailed with joy. She hopes to enter upon evangelistic work and Christian social service after acquiring the language.

Miss Florella Pedley is a daughter of the Japan Mission, as her father and mother, Dr. and Mrs. Hilton Pedley of Kyoto, have been widely known for their successful work for more than thirty years. Miss Pedley is a graduate of Mt. Holyoke College, also of the class of 1920, and has been doing welfare work among children in Pennsylvania. She is going out for term service and will probably teach at Kobe College.

Others who are to sail soon are Mr. and Mrs. Lucien H. Warner, son of the President of the Woman's Board and his bride, for Peking; Miss Grace Babcock and Miss Stella M. Graves, for Japan; Miss Dorothy E. Bascom, for Shaowu; and Miss Elizabeth Turner, for North China, missionaries of the Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior.

Editorials

Miss Sophie Holt of the Western Turkey Mission is in this country for a short stay having been called home by the illness of her mother. She has been temporarily working for the Near East Relief and was in charge of an orphanage at Ismid. She still considers herself a daughter of the Board and is proud of the

Personals.

fact. She writes: "I ask no greater opportunity for service than has been mine these three years."

Miss Eleanor Foster has passed her first language examination (rumor has it she has passed with honors) and is now carrying a full schedule at our girls' boarding school at Ahmednagar. Frances Woods was one of the examiners this year, which speaks well for her Marathi, considering the fact she has been in India but a little over three years.

Miss Carolyn D. Smiley sailed from New York, June 17, and will spend the summer in Europe before returning to her work in the Marathi Mission.

Miss Sara D. Twichell and Miss Maude Taylor sailed from San Francisco, June 24, for India. Miss Twitchell, who is the daughter of the late Rev. Joseph Twichell of Hartford, Conn., is a trained nurse and is to join the staff of the Woman's Hospital in Madura. Miss Taylor is also a trained nurse and will be stationed at Wai, where she will give the long-desired assistance to Dr. Rose F. Beals. She is a missionary of the W. B. M. P.

A letter received recently from Rev. Watts O. Pye of Fenchow, China, tells of the wonderful encouragements in the Shansi field.

Wide Open It is here that the Christian Endeavor Societies
Doors. of the Woman's Board of Missions' territory are supporting Mary McClure. We quote from Mr. Pye's letter:

"These are truly epoch-making days in Northwestern China. There never was a time when people were crowding in such numbers into the Christian Church as just now. It is worth noting that while this station suffered the worst of all of our American Board stations in China in those days in 1900, today it is this station which is receiving by far the greatest number of people into its membership. There are seven stations of the mission in North China, and it looks not improbable that the number of folks who are received into the church here in this one station this coming year will equal the total received in the other six stations. To be

sure, it is true also that the field of this one station is almost equal to the total fields of the other stations put together.

"There is also another factor which enters in. The fact that the two governors of these provinces are in the one instance a nominal Christian, and in the other a thorough-going Christian man, makes possible this difference. Governor Feng, in our far away Shensi field, is making his influence for Christianity felt at every point, and this means the opening up of the entire province to the influence of the Christian message. We have during these last few months received appeals from forty different churches, either by personal delegation or by public petition, asking that a preacher be sent to them, and a preacher also includes the need for a Bible woman. So long as these opportunities last we ought to be doing our best to get into them. If anything should happen to Governor Feng and he be transferred to some other section of the country it is very likely that many of these openings would be closed, but everyone which we can enter now will be permanently ours. It is surely a matter of strategic importance that while these opportunities are open to us we make a very special effort to take advantage of them. It will shorten very materially the length of time and lessen very greatly the amount of energy and money which will be required eventually to make the Christian conquest of this great country.

"Now it is this field in which Miss McClure's work lies. She is doing splendid work, is discovering and getting hold of women for special training who can go back into the work to be the real centers of Christian influence. She is just this week starting on a month or six weeks' trip among these centers."

Miss Vera Lorbeer, writing from Guadalajara, Mexico, speaks of the new attitude of young Mexico, in a letter addressed to personal friends from which we quote:

Young Mexico Speaks. "Not long ago at one of our Sunday school teachers' meetings when we were discussing the Sunday lesson on the reforms of Hezekiah, Mr. Wright asked the various Mexican teachers what were the re-

forms that Mexico needed today. The answers were so interesting that I think I'll have to tell you some to show you that they are really thinking. One said, "Soap and water"; another "Public baths"; another "Truant officers to make the children go to school"; another "Enough schools to which the children could go"; others said "Universal education," "Clean politics," "Newspapers that tell the truth about International Relations," "A Reformation in the Catholic Church," "More work and opportunity for work," "Industrial schools—especially agricultural schools," "Morality, Christianity," etc. I guess Mexico isn't the only country that needs these things.

"To show you that we are really growing, growing slowly, I'd like to tell you that two years ago on Easter Sunday we had a combined Sunday School of our two churches and we thought there was a fine showing because we had two hundred present. This year each Sunday school held a separate session and the combined attendance was 350. Thus we feel quite encouraged."

An event of deep significance to students of the history of Christianity has recently transpired in Rome. A Eucharistic Congress having been in session in that city for four days ended with a scene no less impressive than the celebration of the Lord's Supper within the Coliseum. There under the shadow of the walls that have witnessed the sacrifice of Christian blood, where the open exits from the dens, formerly used for the wild beasts and from which they came to fall upon the Christians, speak loudly of the heroic deeds of the first followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, there now has been celebrated the Sacrament of the Last Supper. While only one Branch of the Church of Christ participated in this unique celebration, and we should rejoice if all Branches of that Church might have had their share, we may thank God for the wonders that the years have brought to pass, and with courage look forward to a day of greater fulfilment when His prayer shall be answered and all His followers become one.

K. G. L.

Reports are now coming in of the remarkable China Conference held in Shanghai, May 2 to 10. The Bulletin issued May 6 reports 1100 delegates, involving advance correspondence with 200 churches and missions. Half the members of the Conference were Chinese and from the very first it was evident that they intended to take no secondary place. The chairman, Dr. C. Y. Cheng, is a man of the type of Robert E. Speer and quite equal to the duties to which he was elected. Much will be found in current religious journals concerning the wonderful reports of the various Commissions. The names of Dr. Mott, Bishop Roots, Fletcher Brockman and others familiar to American audiences appear side by side on the program with those of Chinese leaders. The interpreting was largely done by Rev. Lucius Porter and Peter Chuan of the American Board Mission.

The address of Dr. J. H. Oldham, of London, Secretary of the International Council, was one of the high-lights of the Conference. He spoke out of twelve years of experience in international missionary relations and his wisdom and brotherliness were of inestimable value in shaping the great issue of these epoch-making days—the promotion of a National Council for China.

As was explained last month, we expected a decrease in gifts from the Branches in May because of one large contribution that came in April this year and in May in 1921. So the loss reported in the financial statement must not discourage us. Nevertheless we must not overlook the fact that in order to reach our goal we need almost \$100,000 and the weeks are becoming few in which to obtain this. Moreover, a comparison of amounts applicable on apportionment from January first to June first as compared with the same period of last year shows a loss. If during the last five months we have not held our own we cannot help feeling somewhat apprehensive as we think of the coming months and recall that a good share of the \$31,000 received through special appeal last year must come by increase in regular contributions this year.

**The
Conference
in China.**

The Treasury.

The Commission on Missions is endeavoring by various means to follow up the churches that have not reached their apportionment, urging them to attain their goal, and helping them to do so. We trust all our Woman's Board workers will in every way possible further this effort. We have dwelt so much on the \$287,000 goal of this year that we are almost forgetting that our share under the apportionment is \$387,500. We are also in danger of thinking that \$287,000 will provide for all our needs, whereas it provides only for a repetition of this year's appropriations, a sum altogether too small for adequate support of our work. The other Boards need their share of the whole apportionment—we need ours. So let us work with a will wherever we have opportunity or can make opportunity to bring the gifts from the churches up to \$5,000,000 in 1922.

THE FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD
RECEIPTS AVAILABLE FOR REGULAR WORK, MAY 1—31, 1922

	From Branches and C. W. M.	From Other Sources	From Legacies and Reserve Legacy Fund	Income from In- vestments & Deposits	TOTAL
1921	\$32,486.80	\$3,277.28	\$237.47	\$691.70	\$36,693.25
1922	26,873.75	3,831.19	159.85	454.63	31,321.42
Gain		\$553.91			
Loss	\$5,611.05		\$77.62	\$237.07	\$5,371.83

OCTOBER 18, 1921—MAY 31, 1922

1921	*\$128,120.14	\$11,635.27	\$14,838.63	\$5,280.66	*\$159,874.70
1922	159,144.11	9,857.11	12,878.75	6,045.50	187,925.47
Gain	\$31,023.97			\$764.84	\$28,050.77
Loss		\$1,778.16	\$1,959.88		

*This sum does not include \$29,051.98 received from the Congregational World Movement Emergency Fund.

A Tribute to Mrs. Minnie Lois Sibley

By One Who Loved Her

The news of the sinking of the steamer "Egypt," May 20th, brought a shock of sorrow to those who knew and loved Mrs. Sibley. It was to her loved work in India she was now returning after a furlough period.

Forty-five years ago Mr. and Mrs. Sibley first went to India, but it was not until 1887 that they joined the Marathi Mission and were stationed first at Sholapur, then Satara. Mr. Sibley's death in 1888 left Mrs. Sibley, grief-stricken, to carry out their plans for the development of a new center—Wai. Not until 1892, however, was the new bungalow built and named "New Haven" in honor of the Branch of which Mrs. Sibley was long a representative. From the very first the new home was indeed a home and a refuge to many a tired worker in search of rest. Its well ordered charm, its immaculate cleanliness, its gracious hospitality, and the fragrance of its human fellowship are grateful memories for all who have been privileged to shelter in that home. Mrs. Sibley's garden was a place of beauty: flowers bloomed for her in profusion; nor did she fail to cultivate vegetables which contributed practically to the needs of the household. So was it always in her life. She combined to an unusual degree a gracious personality with marked executive ability; sweetness with strength; spirituality with practical goodness. Her sense of humor was keen. The community, the district, the mission were made richer by the loneliness of her widowhood.

For thirty years Mrs. Sibley has been praying, working, living for and loving Wai. Her work was of a varied nature and might be called that of a "general missionary." In it she was a missionary general. She gave herself to it with abandon of devotion. In the earlier days it was almost pioneer work, and for years Wai was a station "manned" by women—Mrs. Sibley and Miss Gordon her beloved associate. They have had the joy and satisfaction of seeing great progress in their work and many hopes realized. While Miss Gordon shouldered the educational

department, Mrs. Sibley superintended the evangelistic work. She mothered the boys and girls in the boarding school. Her specialty seemed to be babies and flowers. How common a sight it was to see her with a baby in her arms or a child clinging to her hand. Yet the accounts for thousands of rupees were kept by her with scrupulous care. She knew how to buy grain with the finest economy and made the meagre appropriation entrusted to her go to the very farthest limit. She had charge of the Widows' Home and planned the work of the Bible women and directed the evangelists in their preaching tours.

Mrs. Sibl y loved and understood the Indian people and they loved and trusted her. Indian officials and non-Christians revered her. Missionary associates relied on her mature judgment, while her judicial temper made her a valued member of committees. In times of sickness—before the days when Wai was blessed with doctors and a hospital—Mrs. Sibley was doctor, compounder and nurse for many sufferers. During plague and cholera epidemics she nursed the orphan children back to strength and health, or, bringing them into her own room the



The Sibley Memorial Church at Wai.

better to care for them, carried them tenderly to the River-which-must-be-crossed. And always they knew that "Mother Sibley's" God was their Saviour and Friend. Her Christianity was always practically applied.

On the bank of the sacred Krishna stands a beautiful church. It was in order that she might bring to realized completion this cherished dream, that Mrs. Sibley delayed taking her furlough till she had been out for ten years and a half, and that her third period of service. When the church was dedicated in 1916 the Indian Christians begged that it might be named the "Sibley Memorial Church." Mrs. Sibley consented, for to her it was in memory of her husband. To the Wai community it is also a memorial of one who gave herself in unmeasured service to them. When there was to be some special occasion in the town, some festal day, the non-Christians would come to her and ask that the church bell be rung in recognition of the event. Her life among them has been a living witness of the love of God. Through her many have learned to know the widows' God, the children's Friend.

At sixty-eight, after rich years of earthly service, Mrs. Sibley has gone on to heavenly service. But she has left behind in Wai women and children desolate in their need and blind with tears. She has left more: a challenge to young women to take up the tasks she laid down, to carry the torch. Who will volunteer?

Rev. William H. Gulick of Spain

In the *Missionary Herald* for June, under the caption, "The Passing of a Pioneer," will be found a sketch of the late Rev. William H. Gulick, who entered into rest at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Gulick Lincoln, in Boston, April 14. His long missionary life in Spain from 1872-1919, linked as it was with the wonderful work of his wife, Alice Gordon Gulick, for the girls of Spain, is bringing forth in these days fruit unto life eternal in many homes and churches throughout that land. "Their works shall praise them in the gates."

Seeing Kyoto

We are indebted to the March *Japan Mission News* for these interesting personally conducted tours which enable us to "see Kyoto" with real intelligence. We regret that we are unable to reproduce the excellent photographs with which the articles are illustrated. *The Editor.*

A Glance at the Past

By Rev. Dwight W. Learned

IN 1875 Japan was still a closed country; no foreigners could live there except in the half-dozen open ports, nor could one spend even one night there outside of these limits without getting from Tokyo a passport for travel for "health" or "scientific research," such passports being granted only for specified routes and for a limited time. Necessarily, then, Christian work was confined within those narrow limits, there being as yet no Japanese pastors or evangelists, and to open a Mission Station in the interior of the country, at Kyoto, seemed quite impossible, especially as this ancient capital was the very center and stronghold of Buddhism. One who knew the city well said it would be as easy to move Mt. Hiei into Lake Biwa,



Madame Neesima.
(A Recent Photograph)

and another (a man usually hopeful) said we could no more establish a Christian school by the side of one of those old temples than we could fly. Truly it would have been impossible to open Christian work here except in the form of an educational institution founded and conducted by the Japanese, with the missionaries as their "employees," nor would even that have been possible except for Mr. Neesima's friendship with the Minister of the Imperial Government and with Mr. Yamamoto, a man of influence in the local government. Even then for several years the situation was exceedingly critical; "we got in by the skin of our teeth and hung on by our eye-lids." Soon after the opening of the first school buildings a visitor who gave an address there on the Centennial Exhibition was warned not to say anything about Christianity; before long Dr. Taylor was obliged to leave the city because (in a most quiet way) he had given medical help to persons who called on him; in 1878 permission was refused for another family to join the station; and in 1879 it was only with very great difficulty that our permission to live here was renewed. Opened in November, 1875, in a very small way, in rented buildings which were pulled down over our heads in a few months, it was not till four years later that the Doshisha could be said to be firmly established.

The history of the Station has been closely connected with that of the Doshisha from the beginning, and all the men of the Station have been teachers in that institution, but also nearly all the early members were actively engaged in general evangelistic work. Mr. Neesima and Dr. Davis began preaching services in their houses before the school was opened; in 1876 three little churches were organized in three missionary homes (one of which is now represented by the Doshisha Church and two by the Heian Church); and for a number of years work was carried on widely in the Lake district on the east and way across to the Japan Sea on the west, work now taken over by the Kumiai Churches, while work in the city has been continued down to the present. Besides this, two large kindergartens have been maintained now for twenty-five years and more; a very considerable amount of literary work in

Japanese and English has been done by several members of the Station; for a number of years medical work was carried on in the hospital and nurses' school; and for nearly all the time during the past thirty-five years members of the Station have served the Mission as Secretary and Treasurer.

*Seeing Doshisha Girls School

Frances B. Clapp, Conductor

Good morning! I hear you have already seen the Academy boys at their chapel exercises this morning. You must have arisen early. Well, for the greater part of the year the Girls' School, too, has chapel at the same early hour. Fortunately we are still on our winter schedule, and you are just in time for our 8.45 chapel service. You see the girls are gathering in the big, bare gymnasium. In mid-winter this room is icy cold as you can imagine. We are all longing for a new chapel building. We hear that \$20,000 has already been given to the Woman's Board of the Pacific for this purpose but as much more will be needed for the erection of a building, adequate to our needs. That is President Ebina on the platform. He is to speak to the girls this morning. Yes, once a week the President conducts chapel at each of the three schools in turn. The chapel exercises for the University men are held in the Theological Hall. At the close of the service here each of the girls rises, folds her chair and stacks it at one side of the room. In two minutes over 750 chairs have disappeared from the floor and the room is ready for the gymnasium classes.

The gymnasium was rebuilt and enlarged three years ago and contains a number of rooms, used for other purposes. Off from the main room is this alcove used for piano practice, and at the back a tiny room for one of the piano teachers. You see the music department has no building of its own, so it overflows into every available nook and cranny. The thirteen pianos on the

* The W. B. M. P. supports this school and attention was called to this article in the June LIFE AND LIGHT.

campus occupy space in seven buildings, and are "going" from early morning until late at night; and as for organs!—they nestle under stairways and cower in cold, unlighted halls everywhere! No place seems to be thought too inconvenient for a practice organ. Here, connected with the gymnasium, are four other rooms, devoted to piano and organ teachers and practice, and a room for chorus work. Across the hall here is a lovely, well-lighted room fitted with tables for the large Academy sewing classes that have been crowded out of the Domestic Science building.

This large, attractive brick building used for the Academy girls' classes is known as Pacific Hall, since it was a gift to the school from the Pacific Board. Over there beyond the tennis courts is James' Hall, a similar beautiful building for the college classes. Immediately behind James' Hall is the cement or stucco building known as Domestic Science Hall, most attractively equipped, but quite inadequate to meet all the needs of this great department. The large kitchen is in constant use, and the downstairs dining-room is used for the weekly-faculty meeting and lunch, and also for all the foreign meals prepared and served in the course of the students' work in this department. A chemical laboratory, dye room and washroom are on this same floor, while upstairs are rooms for foreign and Japanese sewing classes and for the teaching of etiquette, flower arrangement, etc. Yes, I knew you would enjoy seeing this Domestic Science work: all of our visitors are greatly interested in it. Miss Mase, the Japanese head of the department, is a very capable woman. She is a graduate of Kobe College, and has been a student at Mills and Mount Holyoke.

A small office building and four dormitories, two for the Academy, one for the College Preparatory (a one-year course) and one for the college, with Miss Denton's home for the foreign teachers, complete the buildings on the Girls' School campus. There are about 150 girls in the dormitories. More dormitories are greatly needed. There are thirty regular teachers in the faculty and there are eighteen lecturers coming regularly every week from the Y. W. C. A., from the men's department of the Doshisha, and from the Kyoto Imperial University. Professor

Yamamoto, an astronomer from the latter institution, and an earnest Christian, comes every Tuesday evening to conduct the vesper service held in the dormitory. The assistance of these men, and the fact that a large number of the Imperial University professors have sons and daughters in the Doshisha is an indication of the friendly relationship existing between the two institutions.

The American teachers now in the school are Miss Florence Denton, Miss Bertha Bosbyshell (who came last summer from Pasadena for a year's work), and myself. Our actual teaching is confined to English, Domestic Science and Music. Miss Chadbourn, of Los Angeles, however, gave four months of valuable service in Physical Education during the autumn of 1921. Prof. Mary Vail of Mills College arrived February 2nd and has consented to remain through the spring and take work in English and Domestic Science. Her work in Mills College has been in the science of foodstuffs, and her training and enthusiasm should be a great stimulus to the girls.

If you should come here on Sunday you would find a very busy place. Miss Denton's house holds a Bible class for boys at 8.30 A. M. and a large Bible class for College girls at 2 P. M. There is a Sunday school for young children from the immediate neighborhood, superintended and taught by the girls, in the gymnasium, and a Sunday school for the younger school girls is held in the largest dormitory in the afternoon. About sixty of our older girls teach in Sunday schools of various denominations all over the city, sometimes as many as forty going out for this purpose from the dormitories alone. At 10 A. M. all dormitory girls attend the Doshisha church, where both a mixed choir and the Miriam choir of college girls take part in the service. The day closes with a half-hour of song in one of the dormitories.

The real difficulty with which the girls are persuaded to leave the dormitories during vacation indicates the great pleasure they find in school life, a fact not wholly accounted for by the distance from which many of them come. Peking, Dalny, Korea, Formosa and Honolulu all have representatives in our Girls' School.

With the Little Folks

Mrs. Florence H. Learned, Conductor

Very glad to see you! I am so glad you came early, so as to see the children in the playground before the bell rings at nine. Here it is, as you see, fitted out in a rough-and-ready way; and here they are swinging, sliding, rocking, teetering. Those two crooked tree-trunks sprawling across the yard made fine "horses." I felt sure the sight of so many lively little youngsters in their picturesque dress would charm you. Those in Western dress, you see, have greater freedom of movement. The bell is ringing, so we will go in.

Please sit here on the window seat, where you can see the children, sixty of them, march to their places in the circle. Are they all from non-Christian families? No. Usually about one-fourth from Christian families and the three Japanese teachers are Christians. Now we stand and sing the greeting song. The short prayer begins the children's "song-worship" of ten minutes.

The songs they are singing are "Father, we thank Thee, for the night" and "Can a little child like me thank the Father fittingly?" That is the weather calendar that child is bringing to the teacher; another child is going to paste on a little flag—a white one, for today is fine.

This is our "patriotic week," which is the reason for the Japanese flags crossed over the alcove. The French flag between them is in honor of Marshal Joffre, who is the city's guest. Monday we have the story of David and Goliath,—David delivering his country from the Philistine invaders; Tuesday, that of Joan of Arc, who saved France; Wednesday, that of Wakinokiyomaro, a Japanese patriot;



Kindergarten Baby.

Thursday was a national holiday; today the teacher is telling the story of William Tell, the Swiss hero. Tomorrow we celebrate *Kigensetsu*, Japan's birthday. (Notice how eagerly the children listen to the story of Tell). Yes, those pictures pinned low down for the children to look at,—Michizane Sugawara, Washington, Lincoln, and others,—and the flags of the nations help in making the *atmosphere* for the week. Can you believe it? All the week no guns, no cannon, no officers and soldiers in glittering uniform,—but the shepherd boy, the farmer's daughter, the hunter, who loved their country, are the heroes that thrill. This is what the teacher is saying now: "We, too, are patriots if we are brave and true. And we all belong to the big world-family, we are all brothers and sisters, children of the same heavenly Father. The world's heroes are ours, and Jesus who loved the whole world and gave himself for it, is the greatest hero of all."

Must you go? I wish you could stay and see the children at their work and games. This week they are playing the "love game of nations." They have lunch here, too, from their own lunch boxes, a jolly picnic every day. Thank you for coming; please come again. Good-bye.

At the "Soai" (Mutual Love) Kindergarten

Mrs. Martha Clark Pedley, Conductor

You will find the "Mutual Love" Kindergarten on the east side of the Kamo River in the heart of a large industrial section of the city, where live the workers in pottery, porcelain and enamel, and the small shopkeepers that cater to their daily needs. Here, as in every other section of Kyoto, temples and shrines abound, and religious festivals with temple grounds turned into market places are common sights. This is a populous district and before the war the houses were poor and mean. Now, however, the unusual prosperity of the laboring man has enabled him to imitate, in a measure, the example set by the kindergarten with its substantial fence, its well-kept flower garden and playground. Furthermore,

the teaching for thirty years of successive groups of children in the kindergarten has left its impress on many homes and on many lives.

It is just thirty years since Kyoto Station opened work on the east side of the river, with Rev. M. L. Gordon in charge. A kindergarten,—the first child of our Kobe Glory Kindergarten Training School,—was opened in September, 1892; a night school, Sunday school and preaching service followed, and finally a dispensary was opened and a visiting nurse employed. All of these lines of work were carried on for a number of years as a part of the original plan for a neighborhood house or social settlement. It was hoped that it would become a real "House of Neighborly Love" (Airinsha) for the whole community in ministry to its needs.

After the death of Dr. Gordon it was impossible to carry on all these varied activities. The kindergarten and its Sunday school are the institutions that have continued through the years as vigorous today as at any time in their history. They are the beacon lights shedding rays of Christ's love for the children into many homes.

Short Sunday Excursions

Miss Mary Florence Denton, Conductor

The girls of the Doshisha Girls' School are, many of them, earnest Christians and are anxious to do all that they can to show others the way to Christ. Their Sunday school activities are in charge of a committee of the Y. W. C. A. The graduating class was allowed to spend a week in Tokyo at the time of the World's Sunday school convention, doing all that they could to help Mr. Coleman. The inspiration and knowledge gained at this convention are still a great help to them in their Sunday school work.

When Sunday morning comes, the dormitories at the Girls' School are very busy places with so many girls getting ready to go to the different Sunday schools in which they teach. Very early the children of our neighborhood begin to gather for the Sunday school which the girls have organized in our own gym-

nasium. This is a very interesting and flourishing school, with a large attendance every Sunday morning.

During Mrs. Cobb's absence in America, the Shin-ai Sunday school is in charge of Mrs. Hoshina. At this Sunday school five of the older girls are teaching and from thirty-five to forty of the younger girls go with Mrs. Hoshina to help. They help in the singing, in keeping the little children quiet and with the secretarial work. After the Sunday school they have a Bible class in which they themselves are taught.

Another group of girls go to a house in the northern part of the city. This Sunday school is surrounded by temples, and the girls do not find the work easy. Often there is not even one child at Sunday school. Then the girls hold a prayer meeting and afterwards go out into the grounds of the different temples and encourage the children to come to Sunday school, regardless of the advice of the priests. In spite of all the discouragements here, this Sunday school has had some boys and girls who have grown up to hold positions of trust and honor. We feel that the seed sown by these faithful student teachers has brought back "an hundredfold" and that the success of these young people,—all that they are accomplishing out in the world,—is largely due to the lessons learned at this Sunday school.

Across the river are two places in which our girls have been working for many years. One is a poor, shabby little house near a big factory. Dust and mud and sordid poverty are everywhere. To this Sunday school come a noisy lot of boys and girls to whom that shabby house is a palace. It is their point of contact with a world of light and beauty which they dimly perceive as their teachers point them to the Heavenly Father.

The other Sunday school is just behind an ancient Shinto shrine, with beautiful park-like grounds shaded by wonderful old trees. It is a place of quiet beauty where poets write verses to hang on the cherry trees at blossom time and where painters find inspiration in the snow scenes of winter or in the glory of the autumn maples. Here we have a spacious house with a pretty Japanese garden and a playground for the children. Even in

these beautiful surroundings the girls find many problems to meet just as they do in the more sordid centers. The children come from homes of culture and refinement, but they need the Gospel message just as much as the others.

One of our oldest Sunday schools is down in the business part of the city. Here the superintendent is usually a student from the Theological Department of Doshisha. We are proud to be able to say that three of the most successful of the young men who have graduated from the Theological School have had much of their training and experience in this Sunday school and in the preaching-place connected with it. Many of the children here begin very early to talk of taking the examinations for entrance to Doshisha and we now have some splendid girls who have come to us from this Sunday school.

While our girls are working chiefly in these six Sunday schools you will find many of them doing earnest service in other places. Go into any of the Sunday schools in the Protestant churches of the city and you will be almost sure to find one of our girls at the organ, at the secretary's desk, or teaching a class.

The Hindus at Worship

As Seen By a New Missionary

THIS morning Miss Noyes invited me to go with her to the wonderful Madura temple to Siva, the Destroyer. We found not only this terrible god there, but also his monstrous wife, even more hideous, and his sons and their awful wives, and thousands of their associates in various human-animal forms. They say the temple covers thirteen acres, though our guide told us twenty-two. The pillars are god and animal forms, hewn from solid rock.

There is the elephant god, and the monkey god, and a beast I couldn't identify, somewhat like a leopard, with a base-ball of the rock carved in his mouth, so that it rolls around but can't come out. There is no shrine to Brahma in this temple, because

once upon a time Brahma told some sort of a fib about the other gods and they got angry and now can't be persuaded to have anything to do with him, at least in the Madura temple.

We went through corridors and courts, past altar after altar, until I lost all sense of direction. One was the parrot court, where cages of live parrots were hung among the dead gods. Another had altars to the twelve planets, each of which, surrounded by its constellations, is in the form of some imaginary scheme of creation that looks like the brainstorm of a fanatic



Gods in Temple Near Madura.

sculptor. The cubists haven't anything on these artists, who can add a few pairs of arms or legs without taking the responsibility of solving the anatomical problem of articulating the joints. The ceremony of worshipping these planets involves walking around their enclosures a certain number of times, smearing them with castor-oil, and sprinkling them with holy ashes, which is a fine powder, bright red or green. One awful dancing form with a half dozen arms on each side, was also plastered with lumps of butter and looked quite messy.

The sacred ashes that the people have on their faces, arms and

chests is a fine powder left after the incense has been burned. All wear a dot the size of a dime, or smaller, of bright red or black. It represents the third eye of Siva and also indicates the caste. I have seen a line between the eyes, tattooed in blue. There is ever so much fascinating mystery about the Hindus and their customs that I am afraid I never will know.

The four big square towers of the temple are the sky-scrapers of Madura. They taper towards the top, and consist of tier on tier of the sculptured forms of thousands of gods. And right up the center of every side are arched niches that are used for lights in the full-moon festivals. The moon is so brilliant here that I don't wonder that they are fascinated. Above Siva's altar, which is in a court that the profane foot of a westerner may not enter, is the wonderful golden dome. When we came to the door of this court, they let us peek in, and we saw the dark image of the god and men offering gifts and incense. The stone is naturally reddish in color but they put on so much oil that it turns black.

There were hundreds of people wandering around in the temple, studying the legends, painted on the walls of the court around the sacred pool, worshipping before the altars, and buying things in the bazaars, which are in all four of the long entrance courts, like in the capital at home, only much longer and wider. Here were merchants with jewelry, garlands, fruit, curios and sweets, spread out on the pavement, right under the noses of the gods. And the noise of bargaining (for you never pay what is asked) is just like the confused noises of the side shows at the circus. The whole scene and the whole town, and India itself, is as fascinatingly interesting as Barnum and Bailey; even the older missionaries never get tired of it, because there is always something new and strange even to so simple a thing as riding down the street. Let's go back to the temple. Tiny lamps, like the saucer a florist uses under the little pots, were on sale. Tonight is the full moon and the festival of a Thousand Lights. Some men were polishing the myriads of brass lamps set in the door frames of the wide arches between the courts, and long bamboo balustrades

had been built all around the sacred pool, which is in the center of the promenade in the midst of the temple.

We saw about a cord of these tiny earthenware lamps. They put in castor-oil and a wick hangs over the side, and it is the labor of hours to go around and light them all. They set them about six inches apart all along the balustrade making them stay on the curved surface with a lump of cow-dung. Of course one might say "mud," might one not? But the lowly article mentioned is used for hardening mud floors, for cleaning the same, as well as material for construction; for fuel, and for cleaning the stone on which the grain is ground. These are all the uses I have so far discovered.

When I found that a special function was in order for the evening, I asked Miss Noyes if we couldn't drop in on our way from the "tea" at the college, and see the lighted temple. So the four ladies who constitute the family at our bungalow drove over at about eight. Our equipage is quite stylish here; the coachman up in front with his long red turban and white coat. Our style consists, mainly, however, in the fact that we have a horse instead of a bullock team, and a buggy in which two of us ride facing the other two instead of the toy pioneer wagon in which most people travel.

All the people from the villages around seemed to have their valid reasons for wanting to be there and the streets around the temple were simply packed. "It is the custom" (that answers every question as to why? in India) for people to walk all over the street; as a matter of fact, there are no walks; the street is the walk. Our coachman yelled "Hey! Hey!" to part the crowds so that we could get through. At the entrance guarded by police, Gertrude decided to stay with the carriage, while Miss Noyes and Martha and I went in. It was just as well. We were immediately in a perfect jam of the little dark people and had no choice but to move with them. The police had to keep the crowd moving in one direction around the courts, but in one place they took a notion that they wanted to go ahead instead of turning, and so we were caught and couldn't get one way or another. For strange

smells, incense, dust, ashes and other things, and for lack of clothing, it was like nothing I ever saw before. Those pressing people were outsiders—I mean from the villages and not the city of Madura, and they know nothing about us; they just wanted to get past. Well, I was frightened and the others didn't offer any reassurance, but held my hands pretty tight, one on each side. There seemed to be thousands of people in the temple, and most of them ignorant; suppose some high-caste Brahman, with a grudge against missionaries or foreigners, or English, should call the attention of the crowd to us, and say we were desecrating the temple by wearing shoes! or that we were Christians! or suppose that I should set my Cantilevers firmly on the bare foot of some fanatic! (See Frontispiece.)

Never mind, I'm safe here in the little office, and telling the tale. The soldiers, who with locked arms were holding the people, motioned us to crawl under their arms, and directed us around to another court, where an assistant guard left his place and made a way for us through the labyrinth of courts to the outer air, which certainly smelled fresh after the crowded, smoky temple. And we had seen the beautiful pool brilliantly reflecting the myriad little lamps.

Just at one side of the exit there was a great ringing of a hand-bell in an enclosure of iron fence, and I saw a man dancing before



**Holy Man Rolling on Floor of Temple.
Notice Beggar's Bowl which he holds in his hands.**

a stone god, ringing his bell with one hand, and swinging an incense-burner under its nose with the other, and shouting a chant. He was trying to wake up the god.

The streets are still crowded now, at ten-thirty, and drums and bands and fireworks have been going on ever since I sat down to write this to you. Maybe they are still, in this brilliant moonlight, around the bonfires in the streets, trying to wake the gods. Maybe it is just a funeral going by, to the burning ground near us. There are always drums for funerals, to drive away the evil spirits trying to capture the soul of the departed; his fate is uncertain and awful at the best. The corpse is carried in a litter, sometimes sitting up. As the mourners, male relatives only, return across the river, they stop and go into the water for the ceremonial washing of their garment and body, and as they walk along the road to their homes, they fly their cloth to the wind, to dry it.

I've written a lot of gruesome details, I see. But there are plenty of other interesting things in Madura that are more pleasant. I told you about the welcoming ceremony they gave Miss Noyes and me on our arrival; it is a characteristic example of the hospitality of the Indians. Madura is the "holy city" of southern India, because of the monstrous temple I've described, and the hundreds of smaller ones all over the city, besides little wayside shrines and gods set up under trees, and sacred trees marked with stones.

And yesterday I attended the Christmas exercises in one of the Hindu girls' schools of the city. These girls are not like Capron Hall girls. Our school is called "Mangalapuram," which means "place of happiness." Theirs has only a few Christian girls. You can tell by the lack of the little colored caste-mark on the forehead, between the eyes. And they don't wear the pounds and pounds of gold ear-rings, drawing down long slits almost to the shoulders, or the gold necklaces, or ruby and diamond rings in their noses, at the sides, and hanging down the center over their lips; or gold patines on their hair, and a half dozen finger and toe-rings. Let's neglect to mention anklets and bracelets, or they'll

think its exaggerated. But one little mite wore eight bracelets! The Hindu girls' schools have no students above fifth grade, because they stop to get married. But in my school, Capron Hall, they stay sometimes through High School and teacher training. One of our girls is in the boys' college here, several are in college in Madras, and some are teaching here and in the Hindu girls' schools, of which we have four in Madura.

HARRIET WYMAN.

A Hindu Sadhu's Prophecy

Writing to *The Indian Standard* for March, the Rev. A. Ralla Ram speaks of an interesting interview he had with a Hindu Sadhu at the Magh Mela in Allahabad, "where," says Mr. Ralla Ram, "anyone can 'feel the pulse of India.'" Speaking in good English, the Sadhu said:

"I'll tell you this, I believe the whole of India will come to Christ. Not only India, but the whole world is to be Christian one day. The blood of Christ saves. It is a wonderful and comforting teaching. I am an old man of seventy-five. I am soon coming out openly to declare myself a follower of Jesus Christ. In my boyhood and youth I was a student in the Jamna High School, Allahabad. Let us join in the prayer of the Lord Jesus—the Lord's Prayer."

If we read the Bible aright, we read a book which teaches us to go forth and do the work of the Lord; to do the work of the Lord in the world as we find it; to try to make things better in this world, even if only a little better, because we have lived in it. That kind of work can be done only by the man who is neither a weakling nor a coward; by the man who in the fullest sense of the word is a true Christian, like Great Heart, Bunyan's hero. We plead for a closer and wider and deeper study of the Bible, so that our people may be in fact as well as in theory "doers of the word and not hearers only."—*Theodore Roosevelt*.

"The Mrs. Who-Won't-Let-Me-Suffer"

Mrs. Jeannette Wallace Emrich sends the accompanying story of her sad yet joyful task of relieving suffering in the Constantinople area as a Near East Relief worker.

We have been working out plans to open a Kindergarten Day Nursery in one of my areas. I think I wrote before of the wretched conditions we found among the little children there. I have nearly 500 children in that area and most of the mothers go away to work for the day. The children of school age go to school, but it is the little ones between two and four years of age who are the sufferers. They are left at home to be cared for in almost any way. We found four little dark cellars where groups of children were being cared for by an old woman. The whole situation was such a pitiful one that I knew we must do something about it. I spoke before the Housewives' League at Robert College and a committee was formed there of five American women. Mrs. Ravndal, wife of our American Consul General, who has been giving me volunteer help, was made chairman. Through the courtesy of Dr. Frew of the English Church here we had two rooms given us, free of rent, in a mission house in this area. We have fixed up the rooms, even stenciling some bunny rabbits on the wall. There is a nice garden outside where the children will take their naps during the hot weather. We are using little hammocks, and these hammocks, if you please, are made of German sand bags! Literally millions of them were stored at Derindje, which was a German base of supplies. These were to be filled with sand and used in the blockading of the Suez Canal. Today we are using these bags (and a well-woven material it is) for hammocks in which little refugee children will take their naps while their mothers go out to work.

I am sending you in this letter some photographs of my work here. In one of them you will see me in the midst of a lot of refugee children at Daoud Pasha Barracks. There are about 6,000 refugees here, 1,560 of whom are children. The Near East Relief was helping in this area until last month, but now the work has been taken over by the British committee. I want you to see

what fine faces many of the children have. Whether you will ever recognize me in one picture I don't know, but there I am with a perfectly good Turk over my left shoulder watching us.

We are glad the British have taken over this great problem, for there are many others to be looked after. Naturally there is a general feeling everywhere that there is much that is political in the relief work that the British, Italian and French do. One blessed thing about America is that we are never suspected of anything political or of trying to win the good graces of any country by the relief work that we do.



Mrs. Emrich with Mothers and Children.

It is almost a year since I left America and I am planning now to stay on another year. The boys are doing good work in school and are well and happy and I seem to be needed in the work over here. You can see from the pictures what the need continues to be. These children (needing and receiving clothes) are in my Haskuy area. The woman in the picture is my native director there. The child sitting alone is a beautiful one but her face is too old and tragic for a child of seven. And you at home can see how we need clothes. Please send along all you can spare.

Today a woman dropped unconscious at the door into my office, —a refugee who has been some months in the city but could find only a little work to do, not enough to pay her small rent and keep herself and her three-year-old child in food. The landlord turned her out three days ago and she had been two nights in the street and about thirty hours without food. Then she was told to hunt up the Near East Relief. I suppose it was sheer will power that kept her up until she reached my door and there she fell. When she came to consciousness she began to cry in a way to break one's heart. The little girl meanwhile sat on my desk swinging her small legs and hugging a doll I had given her. One of those lovely K & K dolls that Mrs. Malcolm sent. I did want to get a picture of the little girl to send to one of the children who had sent the doll but we were altogether too busy trying to get the poor mother back to life again to even think of a photo. Miss McQuade, our child welfare nurse, and Dr. Clark, both came to the rescue, for fortunately it was clinic day and they were both here. Miss McQuade is as good as a whole hospital herself, so quiet and steady and sympathetic.

I had such a pathetic lad come to me a few weeks ago. He was only fifteen years old but he had such a sad, worn, sick look that with his big body, he looked like a man of forty. All the suffering of the war years was in his eyes. He left Van six years ago with his father and mother, two brothers and a sister, and all were lost or killed except



Caring for Baby Brothers.

this boy and he came alone into Aleppo. Just remember that he was only nine years old at the time. Since then he has drifted from one place to another in the interior, doing some work, living somehow. Then he got out to Constantinople and worked in restaurants as errand boy, being allowed to sleep at night on the floor in the eating house. When he finally came to us, he evidently had tuberculosis. It isn't often that we shed tears in this room but several of us did the day this boy came in, for of all the pitiful lives that have come to us here, this boy with his fever red cheeks was the saddest we had seen for many days. My tears didn't come until he smiled, but the bravery of that smile was my undoing. We have placed him in a hospital where he will have care for the few months that he has left to work. He calls me "The Mrs. That-Does-Not-Let-Me-Suffer," rather a lovely name I think, especially when it is accompanied by the smile that would tear your heart if you could see it. I sent the Armenian doctor (Dr. Alexen, who goes out for special cases for me) to see Takvor at the hospital two days ago and to ask him if there was anything special I could get for him for Easter, for he has only the plainest of food and what is barely necessary. Takvor said, "All my life I have wanted to eat some little sweet crackers. I tasted one once and it was so good. And do you think I can have an orange?" So he's having his oranges and his crackers and whatever happiness we can give him now at the end. So much agony has been crowded into the fifteen years! I looked at Duncan yesterday, fourteen, and thought of the difference in what the years had given the two boys. Takvor said to the doctor, "I've been all alone since I was small. Nobody has cared for me and because I want somebody to care for me, do you think I might say 'The Mrs. Who-Loves-Me'?" So that's Takvor—lonely—pathetic—six years of exile and misery back of him and a few months of life left to live, and a very passion of longing for some affection.

After Eight Months in Africa

By Margaret Walbridge

I AM writing this letter from Inbumbulu, one of the out-stations of Adams. All of the language students are here for a short time, living in a native home and having a native teacher. This is the same teacher that Miss Carter has had so much of her work from. She is considered the best Zulu teacher in this section by the language committee. She is Violet Makanya and has been one of the native teachers at Inanda for several years. She is a fine example of what a Zulu girl may become. She has the interests of her people at heart and is doing everything within her power to help them.

It hardly seems that I have been in Africa eight months today. It has certainly been a very happy eight months for me and the time has gone like the wind.

Doctor Taylor, one of the language students and the youngest



Turning the Tables: Violet Makanya Teaching the Missionaries.

doctor in the medical department, (there are only two doctors), went to Durban last week to help Dr. McCord, the senior doctor, with some cases. When he returned he told some interesting happenings at the hospital, among them the following: A Zulu girl had been in the hospital off and on for about a year. She had some kind of a skin disease that had caused sores about her ears. I saw her once and she was a terrible looking object. The skin was raw and red, forming a startling contrast to her black face. Now she is almost well. The new skin that is forming is not an even color, sort of spotted black and brown. She didn't like it this way so she took stove polish and made it all black! She uses it every now and then just as we use powder.

Another story he told shows what we have to teach these people and how long it is going to take. A baby was born at the hospital. It was very weak. The mother had no milk at first to feed it. If the baby was going to live it must be fed soon. The doctor sent a nurse into the woman's ward with a breast pump to get some milk from one of the mothers there. They refused to let her take any. Then the doctor went in and asked for it. "No," they said, "it is not our custom." Only one of the women said she was a Christian. Well, Doctor sat down and preached them a sermon right then. He told them that Christ had given His blood, His very life to save them and that they were refusing to give just a little of their abundant milk to save a baby of their own race. But they wouldn't repent, only saying, "It is not our custom." So Mrs. Taylor, the Doctor's own wife, who has a baby three weeks old, gave her milk to keep this little Zulu baby alive. We do not know what old superstition held these women from saving this baby's life. Often it seems to us that the Zulu people are not willing to help each other. Even when they are accepted as members of the church and are trying to live Christian lives it seems hard for them to do unto others as they would be done by.

In contrast to this story is a meeting we held last week. Such incidents as the following show us our work is not in vain. We went to one of the outstations to hold this meeting. Here there is a young married woman with a wonderful influence. Her face

reflects her character. A lovely face, one of the most spiritual I have seen among the Zulus. She has converted her own husband and six heathen women to Christianity. Every week they have a meeting and she leads their little group. She only has a little education, can just read the Bible a little, but she is trying to teach what she knows about Christ to the rest. We held the meeting in her house. There must have been about forty people, including children and ourselves, in that small room. Many of the women were in heathen dress and there were many babies and children.

As usual they gave close attention. Doctor Taylor spoke first on "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want," and Mrs. Jessop spoke of the Light that should be in every life. Mr. Jessop commended the work of the leader and the native pastor, who had gone with us, spoke of the opportunity to accept Christ and asked if any present would choose Him for their Saviour. Two women finally stood up and said, "I choose the Lord." After the meeting and talking with the people for a time, the leader asked if we would eat a "small" dinner. We accepted and had a very nice meal.

The Dedication of Phelps Hall

Inanda Seminary, South Africa

THE first accounts of this joyful occasion have reached us and are of interest to all who have followed Mrs. Edwards' wonderful work through the years. Miss Evelyn Clarke writes that 2,000 girls have been students at the Seminary since 1911, so a large number were invited, as the invitation included all pupils since 1869, also representatives from all mission stations and all interested in the school. We quote from an account published in *The Natal Mercury*.

"The Woman's Board of Missions of the Congregational Churches of America, which now has its special work for women in every field where the American Board has work, sent its first

missionary to South Africa. That missionary was Mrs. Mary K. Edwards, who founded Inanda Seminary for native girls in 1869. This institution is the oldest boarding school for native girls in the province, and its influence on the religious and social life of the natives is well known.

“On Saturday, the 15th inst., Hon. Mr. Wheelwright, chief native commissioner, formally opened a splendid new dormitory, called Phelps Hall, in honor of Miss Fidelia Phelps, the second principal, who still continues as a member of the staff. Phelps Hall is a massive, modern building, which would beautify any college campus. A great dining hall has seating capacity for three hundred girls. The dormitories upstairs are on the open-air principle, wide-arched windows, latticed instead of glazed, making the sleeping quarters wholesome and ensuring very high health standards. The architect was Mr. K. R. Brueckner, head of the Industrial Department of Amanzimtoti Institute.

“Old students had gathered from the mission stations throughout the Province. The present principal, Miss Evelyn Clarke, had amply provided for the hundreds of native guests by the killing of three oxen. The great cooking pots in the kitchen of the new hall were kept working to capacity throughout the festivities.

“The room where Mrs. Edwards, feeble in body, and blind, but with every other faculty acute, still lives and sheds the sweet influence of her wonderful personality over all who visit her, was a kind of shrine. She was continually surrounded by groups of reverent former students, renewing old memories and carrying away fresh inspiration.

“The exercises opened with a welcome service on Friday evening, at which the Principal and Miss Violet Makanya, head native teacher, voiced a welcome on behalf of the school, and the Rev. C. N. Ransom on behalf of the mission. At morning prayers on Saturday Miss Phelps gave a historical sketch of Inanda Seminary, and told how the building had been provided through a fund originated at the Woman’s Board’s fiftieth anniversary, supplemented by a grant from the Native Affairs Department.

“At 10.30 A. M. the Chief Commissioner, who was accompanied

by Mrs. Wheelwright, together with other visitors, European and native, were conducted by the Principal on a tour of the industrial classes. From the beginning the school has placed much emphasis on industrial training. The party found the classes at work in a new building fully equipped for the domestic arts, which was added to the campus some two years ago. Here classes were seen in cooking, sewing, housekeeping, basketry, etc., while in the laundry adjacent and in the extensive farming operations were seen other examples of the splendid training given by the school.

"At 12.30 the crowd assembled around the tower entrance to the hall. The Rev. J. Dexter Taylor, D.D., secretary of the Mission, acted as master of ceremonies. The Rev. A. E. Le Roy, M.A., introduced Mr. Wheelwright in an eloquent speech, in which he outlined the many ways in which the Chief Commissioner is serving the best interests of the natives, and the hearty co-operation of the Education Department and the Native Affairs Department with the work of the missionaries.

"Mr. Wheelwright then formally opened the doors and made an appreciative address, paying tributes to Mrs. Edwards, Miss Phelps, and the present Principal Miss Evelyn Clarke.

"Responses were made on behalf of the Mission by Mr. A. J. Hicks, agricultural instructor at Amanzimtoti Institute, and on behalf of the natives by Mr. Charles Dubé, of Ohlange Industrial Institute.

"A most interesting feature of the occasion was the service of Saturday and Sunday evenings, when representatives of the various groups of old scholars related personal experiences of the benefits the school had brought them. There were many touching stories of the finding of new life, and of Christian ideals through the personal influence of the teachers. Sunday was devoted to Easter services, led by Dr. Taylor and Miss Grace Hitchcock, at which the message of new life in Christ Jesus was impressed upon all as the great message of the school to its scholars."

A School Without Books Kindergarten Methods in the Near East

By Nellie Alice Cole

WHEN we stop to think of it, aren't we all simply little children on stilts of varying heights? And so why should we be surprised if the same methods and the same things with adaptations, should appeal to the wee girlie of six as well as the lassie of sixteen. Such proved the case in Trebizond, on the Black Sea coast, when I opened the school for rescued Armenian girls from the ages of twelve to twenty. Most of them had either never known the inside of a school-room, or, during the five years of wandering hardship, had well nigh forgotten what they did know. And so when it came to opening a regular school, without desks, books or qualified Armenian teachers, it had to be done—but how? The most advanced pupils could barely read and the ninety and nine knew neither Joseph nor his primer! The saddest part was the lack of play and joyous laughter—two of the rightful possessions of every normal, happy child. But it wasn't long before the recess-time was as merry as one could wish, for they went at games as if to make up for lost time.

Their very desire for school proved the needed spur to their making catch-up records in class-work as well. But while all this advancement brought about the natural division of the whole school into definite grades, yet in general training, they were at the kindergarten age, and needed the kindergarten methods. Those who were put into the kindergarten and sub-primary room were from six to twelve years of age. Story-telling was an event in the day, and what one class heard was passed on to the others. With no general town-library to consult, only a few personal books of stories, it was a pure case of invention and adaptation, to splice out the meagre supply. Of course the Bible stories were a stand-by, and soon most of the leading ones were like old friends. There had been so much of tragedy in their lives, that I didn't want stories that were too sad. If once I

chanced to suggest the moral of a story, that part was never omitted, even months after, when I had forgotten giving it.

This came out vividly when a wee mite of a girlie got up to tell the story of the Three Bears. Her voice went through all the variations in tone to represent the Big Father Bear, the Mother Bear and the Little Wee Bear,—then when finishing up about Golden-locks, this wee damsel surprised me by adding quite solemnly—“and Golden-locks ran home as fast as she could, and never went away again without permission”!

An older group of girls came with a special request that they might begin English lessons. At last I made time in the full program of teaching, and it was a genuine pleasure, because the girls were so interested. To help with the mastering of pronunciation, I gave little proverbs and short poems to memorize. Each class worked up songs which they had to learn so well, that the rest of the school would take it from them without a mistake. (That was the goal but sometimes was alluringly distant!)

Friday afternoons there was a chance for these classes to sing their songs and recite their pieces.

Members of the above class got up and solemnly recited proverb and all:

“All is not gold that glitters”—

“Twinkle, twinkle little star.

How I wonder what you are”—etc.

If Stevenson had heard the revised rendering of “Treasure Island,” I think he wouldn’t have quite recognized it!

The most advanced girls, for English practice, had a Bible story to read in English, then tell it in English, in their own words. Of course, this was after over a year in English. It’s hard to imagine any wee girlies in most of our American schools without at least one dolly. But our little friends hadn’t even seen one, to say nothing of possessing one, before the first Christmas Tree exercises. Luckily, we chanced to have some that kind friends had sent out and these were given out. As the girls were taught to keep their hair tidy, naturally it was the first impulse of the young

mothers of the doll-babies to comb out every last snarl! The hair looked severe enough, what there was left of it, when the ordeal was over. The way that every scrap of bright ribbon or cloth was cherished in place of the abundant playthings of this country, made you bless the adaptability of childhood to find happiness just where it was. Chancing to suggest that they save olive-pits for beads, I started what turned out a general decoration, for almost every girl in school—a necklace of olivestones. It made occupation for the cold, rainy days when they couldn't play outdoors; and the results were soon apparent. The natural grooves on each bead, looked like hand-carving, so that they really were pretty.

Another occupation was to have each child make a scrap-book of what pictures could be found, and paste them into an old magazine. Did anyone in this land ever wonder what to do with old magazines, silk scraps, worn dolls (not minus limbs)—I don't know what we should have done without them. Never has the saying been so clearly illustrated—that there is place for everything under the sun and a time for everything!



Kindergarten Children, Western Turkey, at Play.

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The Price of a Girl: A Gogoyo Story

By Mrs. Mathilda T. Dysart

While Makakaseni was still a mere slip of a girl, her father died, leaving a wife and three little children as the inheritance of a next younger brother, who immediately set to work to insure himself of still another wife by exchanging Makakaseni for the daughter of an old friend; however, he waited some years before sending the girl-bride to her future kraal.

When the time came that she must be turned over to her new owner, Makakaseni very reluctantly allowed herself to be taken to her aged bridegroom, perhaps even vowing in her heart that she would not remain. Being the newest and youngest addition to the family, she was treated with partial respect for a few days; but gradually she had to take her place and fulfill her share of hoeing gardens, carrying water from the distant river, stamping and grinding corn for meal and beer, gathering fire-wood in the nearby veldt, and cooking for and serving her master on bended knees. All this and more, too, Makakaseni did for the space of a week or two, but she was not happy, and in some ways she would not obey her lord and master. She would be his wife, yes, seeing there was no help for it, but in name only; and Nkoe found out that this slip of a girl was beyond him. He tried brute force, he tried strategy, he tried coaxing and promises; but she was wise in the ways of men and managed to escape his snares, and baffle his purposes to such an extent that he gave up in despair and took her back home, saying, "This girl you gave me has a *jaha* (youthful lover); she won't be my wife; take her back and return to me your daughter and grandchild."

This was more than either the uncle or mother could agree to.

A mere slip of a girl thwart their plans? A stubborn little imp with no lover in view, make him lose his newest wife and child? Not while he was master in the kraal. A back bared to the rod would soon bring her to herself, or he would know the reason why. But a sore back and a broken rod only made her all the more determined. "I'll not go back! I'll not go back," she cried. "I'll not be the old man's wife. I will not!"

"You have a boy, then, and that is why you will not go back?" questioned the irate uncle. But she only shook her head and sobbed, "I have no *jaha*, but I'll not be that old man's wife." Mother and grandmother added to the torture, but they did not know their child. Amidst the beating and the shrieks of the poor little girl was heard the plaintive cry, "I'll not go back. I'll run to the jungle and die before I'll go back to that old man." The mother shook her head. Looking penny-wise she said to her husband, "There must be a *jaha*, no girl would refuse a man unless she had a *jaha*." "We'll soon find that out," said the uncle. "She'll go with us now to the witch-doctor. He'll soon tell us if she has a *jaha*; and if she has he'll have to deal with me."

GOING TO THE DOCTOR

With a command to follow he set off towards the witch-doctor's kraal, and obediently they followed down the narrow snake-like trail hedged in by tall rank grass a man's height and more—grandmother, mother and daughter, the first with a large rooster, the usual fee for a first consultation, the second with her baby a-straddle on her back, tied in securely by a buckskin, his head bared to the scorching tropical sun, bobbing up and down as she tried to follow the two in front. None the less valiantly, and far more painfully, Makakaseni brought up the rear, limping from the visible effects of her thrashing, and wearily wiping the tears coursing down her cheeks.

What would the result be? Would she again be forced to return to the man she now more than hated, or would the bones, seeds and shells of the witch-doctor's divining paraphernalia fall

in her favor? Would he decide that she had a *jaha*? And if so what would be the consequences? Not being able to point to any herself, would he also be called upon to find the young beau, and if so might it not be going from the frying pan into the fire? But Makakasenj finally gave up her attempts to pierce the future, too weary to think, too painfully aware of trickling blood and tears. Whatever the witch-doctor should find to tell his clients, of one thing she was sure: she would never, never return to that old man.

With that she strode on, paying little heed to the stinging of the sharp seeds on the tall rank grass as they slashed her tear-stained face, almost wishing she might go on forever and ever rather than stop at the kraal already visible on the slope of the hill just up ahead. Having fallen behind, partly from weariness and partly from a desire to arrive after the hateful conversation had taken place, she did not appear on the scene until after the witch-doctor had been well informed and satisfied with his remuneration, the rooster already fighting for his place among a choice lot of the country's best feathered stock. Slowly and wearily she approached the well known witch-doctor. Humbly she got down on her knees before his high personage (the usual greeting to superiors), and all the while her heart beat apprehensively as she arose to seek a spot out of reach of the much dreaded eyes of her uncle.

SIGNS FAIL

Entering his hut the wizaḡd returned with his paraphernalia. Spreading his reed mat in the shade of a young mahogany tree in the corner of his pen-like office, he sat down leisurely and emptied out his bones, shells and seeds. Seriously studying the position of each object, he shook his head; then gathering all up, he again emptied them upon the mat, and slowly, carefully studied their position, one by one. This was done again and again with an occasional glance at the girl sitting with downcast face wondering what her fate would be. At last the objects seemed to have fallen in a favorable position, and turning to the uncle he said, "She has

no *jaha*." At the same time he gathered up and replaced everything in his little bag, rolled up the mat, and disappeared within the hut with his outfit.

Satisfied, the uncle arose and without a word, nor a look at any of the women, he strode out of the kraal and out upon the narrow winding path. Quietly and obediently the women followed, the grandmother minus her rooster, the mother with her babe on her back, and the limping Makakaseni bringing up the rear.

AN INSPIRATION

Not a word was spoken, but the ominous silence made the girl all the more determined. Suddenly her face lighted, and her heart leaped with joy as a report or two from her distant relatives beyond the mountains came back to her mind. Yes, yes, if they insisted that was just what she would do. Who knows? It might be the opening of a new life, a better life. At any rate, better or worse, it could not be as bad as being beaten to death under the daily grind of uncle, mother and grandmother. With a lighter step than she had known for some time, Makakaseni followed the trio into the uncle's kraal just as the sun was setting. Obeying a command to go after water, she picked up the large earthen pot, balanced it upon her head and set off again down the narrow trail to the nearby stream. Stifling a desire to chant, she hugged her secret close, no longer dreading the morrow, nor the rod, no, not even in the strong hand of her uncle and stepfather.

It was significant that not a word was spoken that evening in the kraal. In silence the mother prepared her husband's meal and relish and set it before him on bended knees. Returning she again put water in the earthen pot and set it on to boil while she measured out the meal for the remaining members—all but Makakaseni.

She was there against everybody's wish. If she wanted food she could prepare it herself when the others were satisfied. Let it be that she was faint from hunger, from tramping across the country three times in the scorching sun, and from

(Continued on page 292.)

Field Correspondents

Miss Mary McClure writes of a "Fenchow-for-Christ" Movement in letter received in spring of 1922.

This has been a decidedly strenuous year, and for us new folks for whom it has been a first experience under famine conditions, a year that has pulled hard at our heartstrings, and been a big drain on our sympathies. But it is all over now, for which we are duly thankful, and we are gradually setting down into normal living conditions again. More people have been brought into the church this past year than in any other seven years put together, and they are not "rice Christians" either, they haven't come with the expectation of receiving financial help in a time of need. Our method of giving famine relief only in return for an equivalent amount of work done has effectually prevented that. But as so often happens, God has turned this seeming calamity into an opportunity and one can almost see, and certainly can feel, His spirit working in the hearts of men everywhere about us.

As an attempt to meet this tremendous need, and insistent call for "more light," we are now completing our plans for a big "Fenchow-for-Christ" evangelistic campaign, to begin next week, into which we expect to throw all the energy and enthusiasm of which we as a church are capable, each church member being requested and expected to take his share, his full share of responsibility in it. In the city every "door" as they say in Chinese, every family will be called upon by someone in the church, preferably someone who knows them, and they will be personally invited to attend the daily meetings at some one of the three centers of our city work.

There every effort will be made to interest them in, and give them some understanding of "The way of truth." And the slogan, and the great aim of this campaign is "At least one Christian in every home in Fenchow." And this effort is not confined to our city work, but is to be carried on also in the outstations. Wherever possible we are opening station classes, where the women will gather for a week or more of intensive study. Miss Walton and I will be "on the road" for about a month, visiting

the various station classes, getting acquainted with the women who attend them, with a view to future material for our Women's Bible Training School. I hope to cross the Yellow River this spring and go six or seven days' journey beyond to some of our further outstations.

It is intensely interesting work, and when one is privileged to see with one's own eyes what the "Good News" does for these fine, upstanding mountain people, released from the most enthralling superstition,—a new joy and meaning in life itself, with the fear of death replaced by a great faith in a wise and loving Heavenly Father, and a great hope for the life beyond,—it all seems very much worth while. I just covet for each one of you who are so faithfully doing your part at the home end the opportunity to see with your own eyes the power which the Gospel has to really transform and beautify and fill the lives of these women, which heretofore have been so narrow and poverty stricken.

Miss Mary Riggs writes enthusiastically of her present work in Constantinople.

During term time I find very little time for letter writing as my work is very heavy and requires a great deal of time outside of class. But now that our Easter vacation has begun and I am on shipboard, I want to do quite a lot of writing. My trip will not be long for I hope to get to Smyrna tomorrow, but the rain has driven me in from the deck and everything is quite favorable for letters.

I am going for a little visit with my sister Susie and her husband (Mr. and Mrs. Getchell of Marsovan, temporarily stationed at Smyrna). She and I have never had very good luck in seeing each other. Once, after several years of separation, we had three happy hours together; and in 1916, when I was on my way to America, we had one whole day together, here in Constantinople. Except for that one day we have not seen each other since 1913. I am anticipating this little visit of about ten days with great eagerness. We have had most interesting and enthusiastic letters from them about their life and work in Smyrna, especially about the new club that they have been starting for men and women

who have not had opportunities such as are offered in our Christian schools.

Our Scutari school in Constantinople is progressing finely. I was greatly pleased yesterday to have one of the American tourists speak of Miss Kinney as the "wonderful miracle worker" because of the successful way in which she started up the school in a new place, with new pupils and with little money. She answered immediately that she never could have done it without her fine native assistants. It is true, if she had had to take on new teachers she might not have succeeded. But we have the teachers from Adabazar school and they are a beautifully loyal and united group, and this school is running on the same principles and with the same high purposes as that school. When we began we simply kept the old rules and regulations, and everything went smoothly and well because all the teachers were old at the business and enough of the pupils had come from Ismidt school to give tone to the school. It was just like going on with a transplanted school.

To be sure the name is different and most of the pupils are new, but the spirit and purpose and need of this school is just the same. In a way, too, it serves the same community, for the Armenians from Adabazar and Ismidt are mostly here in or near Constantinople. It is true that the trustees of the old school are scattered and are not acting in any official capacity now, but those who are here are loyal and helpful. And the graduates of the Adabazar school hold their Alumnae meetings at our Scutari school and feel very much at home there. They seem to feel that their *alma mater* has simply changed its residence. Our family of teachers is a very happy and harmonious one. No one is working for money or any such low motive. I wish you could know them all.

Miss Willard is living with us while waiting for her permit to return to Marsovan, which is delightful. Miss Zbinden is not to go back with her if she gets off now, for she wants to finish out her year in our school.

We are very glad to hear that Miss Esther Bridgman will come out to be in Miss Kinney's school next fall. I find that Miss

Kinney is quite counting on my being with her too. I confess that my own heart is pulled in two directions. You remember perhaps what a struggle it was for me to break away from Adabazar and adopt Harpoot as my station. I never ceased to love and be loyal to Adabazar. And now that I am back in that same work, though in a different place, I find myself very much attached to it again.

Miss Florence Fox writes from Cagayan:

I think time goes faster here than it did at home. There are many things always taking time, the people are slower, the movement of all events are slower, and in this enervating country, I cannot seem to accomplish anything satisfactorily.

Since Dr. Smith's coming we have our hands more than full—more with dispensary work and calls. One corner of the building that is being remodelled for a hospital has been fixed up for a temporary dispensary and we are doing quite a business in limited quarters. I don't like to give up the district work that I have been doing, but as I had no system to it, it is merged into the hospital work, for I referred what I had to the doctor. I am humbly glad and grateful that during the year I was alone here, that none of the babies brought to me for treatment or help died. I have had several bad malnutrition cases, but they all improved remarkably. However, we lost one child last week. It was a badly nourished child when they called me. It had had measles and was still weak and coughing, and just did not have vitality enough to recover.

These people seem so ignorant about the care of children. I am finding more and more material all the time for things that mothers should be taught about their children. One woman whom we found in a miserable condition and very ill, says she owes her life to the doctor's and my care, and the Providence of God. Isabel's class of neighborhood women seems glad to come every Thursday afternoon and sew for the hospital.

The building we are remodeling for a hospital begins to take on the appearance of one, and we are hoping that in a couple of weeks the carpenters will be through, and we can begin to arrange things. In fact, we already have one in-patient. He walked thirty-

eight kilometers to reach us and was absolutely penniless. He was about fourteen years old. We fixed him up a corner of the house and his cousin stays with him.

We are very much delighted with Dr. and Mrs. Smith. I am enjoying work with Dr. Smith. He loses himself in his work, and works all the time, which is rather disconcerting to the rest of us sometimes. But he is a fine doctor and the people like him and sing his praises. I wish I could give you some word pictures of entrances and postures in some of these humble birdcage-like houses, of the doctor and myself, but there is not time. Language study goes very hard. It is so difficult to talk in the back of one's throat.

As an example of how slowly things move in the Philippines, last week I received my midwife's certificate—just thirteen months after taking my examination. The special course in puericulture that I took in Manila sent my diploma eleven months after the examination. My Registered Nurses' Certificate, I received five months after examination. It seems a long time to wait for such things.

Miss Grace Titus writes from Osaka:

A letter has been received from Miss Grace Titus, who has for the past two years been assisting our missionary, Miss Edith Curtis, at the Plum Blossom School, Osaka, Japan. She gives us news of our school and of her personal plans, all of which is encouraging. Miss Titus writes:—

Spring has really burst upon us in the glorious way she has of doing in this country, and with the spring has come the closing of another school year, and the graduating of 105 of the brightest, sweetest high school girls that one could wish to see in any country. We are so proud of them! The last two weeks have been filled to overflowing with the usual round of examinations and commencement activities, alumnae meetings and senior parties. How the girls hate to leave the school! The happy times are so marred by their weeping and mourning over their departure. Poor girls, it is no wonder, for the school is the one bit of color in their drab little lives, and they know too well what is to now face most of them.

I wonder if Miss Curtis has told you of the new department to be opened at school this year,—a three-year higher school course? A new building for this department has just been completed. We expect about twenty-five or thirty to begin this term. The course includes advanced work in Japanese and Chinese literature, foreign languages, music, home economics, history, etc. Miss Curtis will have the Bible work with these girls.

The work is more and more interesting to me all the time, and as I realize that I am on the last year of work in the school my heart fairly sinks. Already I am thinking of the pull it is going to be to break away. I feel that I must go not later than the end of next school year. But I hope that that will not necessarily mean the end of work here for me. I love the girls, and I love the work and I love the people with whom it has been my privilege to work.

I have just started an English Bible class with a group of Kobe College graduates who live here in Suniyoshi. It looks now as if it would soon develop into a young woman's club with the Bible class on Sunday as one feature of it. I feel the language handicap keenly, yet there are many things one can do and many more if there were more hours in a day.

(Continued from page 286.)

the combined beatings of uncle, mother and grandmother. Wasn't it her own affair? Hadn't she brought it down upon her own head? Po! let her take the consequences. The poor girl understood it all, understood it as well as if the words had been whispered to her by some invisible friend. But hiding her secret, she minded it not, for tomorrow—tomorrow— Dreaming of tomorrow, she fell asleep, all pangs of hunger forgotten as sleep mercifully enwrapped her in its comforting embrace.

(To be concluded)

Prayer
at Noontide



Encircling
the Earth

The Rope-Holders

Those who go down in far places,
At home and in foreign lands,
Must have something which they can hold by
To guide and strengthen their hands.

Their task is of greatest labor,
Of sacrifice, mercy and pain,
And all for the love of the Master,
They are giving, nor thinking of gain.

If they, through the love of the Master,
Are giving their best out of life,
Surely those who cannot go with them
Can strengthen their hands for the strife.

Is it right for those left behind them,
The holders of this mighty rope,
To withhold aught of courage or helping,
Which may mean to them blessing or hope?

This rope should be prayerfully woven
Of love, and good gifts, great and small,
Self-denial and allegiance unshaken
And loyalty which, giving, gives all.

Every strand should be woven so strongly,
With the strength of the Master's grace,
That no matter the strain put upon it,
It will hold, having no weakest place.

Then those who go down in dark places,
Both at home and in foreign lands,
Will rejoice in the strength of the weavers,
And the rope that is held by such hands.

—ALICE GAY JUDD.

Our Book Shelf

The Bells of the Blue Pagoda. By Jean Carter Cochrane. Published by the Westminster Press, Philadelphia.

Miss Cochrane is already widely and favorably known to the missionary public through her "Foreign Magic" and other books. A discriminating reader, who has herself been a missionary in China, says of this new story of Chinese life: "The setting of the story is artistic,—Miss Cochrane has blended for the frame delicate carvings, lovely old embroidery, the beauty of hill and stream,—the very atmosphere of the Orient. One realizes that she knows intimately Chinese literature and customs, even the homely doings and topics of family and village life."

It is true that some of her characters are repulsive and depict phases of life which make one shudder, like "Creeping Sin" and "Old Scarred Face"; but these are excellent foils for the beauties of Chinese lives, like those of dear old Wang Dah Mah and Pastor Meng, and what an argument for the education of Chinese Girls is the story of "Little Small Feet."

We sometimes wish for missionary stories with some of the thrills our young people of more mature years are apt to find in the fiction of today. Here are "thrills" in abundance against a background of truth and appeal such as only one steeped in the needs of China could portray.

Fifty-Fifth Annual Meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions.

By invitation of the Berkshire Branch, the next annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions will be held in Pittsfield, Mass., November 8-10. The program committee is already at work and further announcement may be looked for in the September number of LIFE AND LIGHT.

All regularly accredited Branch delegates and all women missionaries of the American Board and Woman's Board are entitled to entertainment from Tuesday night to Friday noon. Application should be sent before October 1 to the chairman of the Hospitality Committee, Mrs. Charles L. Hibbard, 40 Colt Road, Pittsfield, Mass.

Junior Department

Our Honor Roll

In many Branches the Children's Rally is becoming an annual affair and with very great success. Branches that are following this plan may be interested in a new feature which was added to the Boston May Festival this year. A banner was awarded to the children's society doing the best all-round work and reporting their year's activity to us in the form of a letter written by a member of the society. We think other leaders will be interested in these letters for the many suggestions they offer. We are printing here the winning letter and the two which were tied for second place.

Wellesley Jr. C. E. (Winning)

"During this past year our Junior Society has been very busy. We decided to raise One Hundred and Fifty Dollars, for the people who know nothing about Christ. To do this we have given some plays and entertainments. In September we Juniors opened our meeting with a Corn Roast, inviting many other children and telling them about our mission. A Hallowe'en Masquerade was given, prizes were won for games and costumes. At these activities we did not earn any money, so we rehearsed for a play which when given was a great success, one hundred and fifty people were present. Some of the Tuberculosis Seals were sold by the Juniors. Thirty-five Dollars was raised; this did not go to us. The Juniors aided in community singing, that is, on Christmas Eve many people hire a large truck and go out singing Christmas Carols to the sick and the children who are shut in at the Convalescents' Home. On December 21 we had charge of the Mid-week Service of the Church, a tableau of the Nativity was given by the Juniors. One-minute talks and prayers and Carols were also given. A food sale was held in January; the money helping to make our mission fund grow. The Juniors again had charge of the Mid-week Service in February. Stereopticon pictures were given. Mr. Goodrich, our Superintendent, explained each slide. The Woman's Union gave a bazaar, at

which we had the most beautiful booth. We made \$67.00 for our new Church. Mrs. Miller, a missionary from India and who lives at present in Wellesley, spoke about the people of that country. She brought many costumes and curiosities from India. In April a May Basket Sale was held. To our surprise we found we had gained our purpose. We have raised the desired amount, \$150.00, with thirty-eight cents to the good.

Our boys have at different times during the year repaired chairs and tables for the Social Hall and have helped cutting the fallen branches on the Church lawn. A few Juniors have been selected to take part in a Pageant of Service which is to be held May 5. A Junior Rally was held at Framingham. Twenty-five of our boys and girls attended. Holliston having the largest attendance won the banner. Elephants were given out so the children could put all their "brown pennies" in them. This will also help to raise our sum. We have planned for a "bike hike" to the Knobscott Mountains and many other hikes soon. The boys are forming a baseball team and hope to play against some other Junior Society. While we are working we think of the poor children of China who need our money and it makes us work faster.

A LOVING JUNIOR."

South Weymouth (Second place)

"The Old South Union Junior Endeavor Society is a little over a year old. Since we were founded, especially since the last May Festival, we have been trying to do what we could for our Church, town and the foreign missionaries.

Before Thanksgiving we sent cards to some of the old or sick people of the town. At Christmas we remembered these same people with bouquets. The bouquets were of holly and evergreens with poinsettias and pine-cones in them, tied with red ribbon. Also at Christmas we made ten scrap books for the Children's Hospital, and sent presents to a missionary and his family in China. The second Sunday of every month we have a missionary talk or story in Sunday School. One month the Juniors helped on this Sunday. Ten Juniors who represented dimes told what they were used for as one-tenth of a missionary dollar.

We furnish flowers for Church one Sunday of every month. We have a committee called the calendar committee. This committee has Church calendars or notices taken to members of the Church who are unable to be present.

We gave a boy who was sick in the hospital a shower of postcards. On Valentine's Day we gave another sick boy a shower of valentines. We have remembered more than a dozen persons with flowers and cards in the last year. We collected all the old, used postcards we could get together, on the back of which we pasted plain paper. These we are going to send to Missionaries to give to foreign children, with Bible verses on the back.

We gave our quota to the state work. We gave \$7.50 to the Near East Relief. Last fall each Junior tried to earn a dollar for Miss Sewall. On a certain Sunday we brought in our dollars. In this way we earned \$16.00. A few Sundays ago the minister's wife gave five cents to each Junior who would try to increase it before the May Festival. This money we will also give to Miss Sewall.

We are looking forward to the May Festival to give us inspiration to increase our work in the coming year for Society, Church, town, missionaries and Christ.

A LOVING JUNIOR."

Beachmont Jr. C. E. (Second place)

"I am trying to use the typewriter, but I hope that I shall not make many mistakes. I am using the "hunt and peck system" as my father and mother call it. At any rate, I will try and do my best.

The books which we have read in our Society are "The Honorable Crimson Tree," "Under Many Flags," "The Near East Series," and "Here and There Stories" and many readings from the missionary magazines. Our superintendent has told us many of these stories. We have enjoyed them very much. Mr. Gates has sent us material and pictures, which we have used.

Our Society has bought heavy paper and we have made six books. We call them "Christmas Books," "Easter Books," "Hallowe'en Books" and "Thanksgiving Books." We have collected

many beautiful postcards which we used for that purpose. We made other miscellaneous books. We sent our books to Miss Kentfield, who is a missionary in China. Recently we have received a card from her. She stated that she had received our books and she appreciated our work.

In January we began to use a chart which has the picture of the world on it. We divided our offering by voting to give so much of our money to each of our missionary societies. We use another chart which my father made for us, which he calls a "Graphic Chart." We use this to see which side can give the most money for collections. The boys are shown by a red line and the girls by a blue line. One Sunday the boys went up to seventy cents, while the girls went down to thirty cents. It is real fun to watch the red and blue lines either go up or down.

We also use "Buddha" the idol of India. Our superintendent bought him from Miss Kelsey. This is also great fun. Every dime that the boys brought we pasted a round piece of silver paper on this idol. For the girls we used a piece of gold paper. I think the girls covered "Old Buddha" up first. We all disliked him so we began by covering up his face first. His face was especially ugly.

In January one of our Juniors wrote a letter to the *Junior World* and received a prize for one of the best letters. But better than that she received a sweet letter from the State Superintendent of Kansas asking for a picture of Buddha. Miss Kelsey sent her one. This lady wrote another letter last week and said that they had taken "Buddha" to the State Convention and had advertised him. "He made quite a hit in Kansas" she said. She was very thankful to the Junior who had helped her in this way. She was sure that Buddha would travel all over the State of Kansas. He would help earn money for the missions. If all those Kansas Juniors dislike him as we do he won't be long in sight.

For five months we ran a contest for new members. One side was called the Blues and the other the Reds. The losing side was to entertain the winning side. We finished last month and when

we counted up our members we found that it was a tie, so we all joined together to have a party. We invited our parents and some other friends. The Juniors brought candy, cakes and cocoa. We also had some good music and some slides about birds. The slides showed the birds and their ways of living. We all were very much interested and had a delightful time. We would like to have some missionary slides.

In connection with our Children's Day program a few Juniors composed a little play. One Junior was Africa, one was Japan, one was Turkey, one was India, one was China, and one represented the Islands. We had two American Medical Doctors, two builders, two missionaries, and two nurses. Then the foreign children sang a pleading song for help. The title of the song is "Come over and help us." At last the American children joined hands with the foreign children over the gate and sang "We will come over and help you." The foreign costumes were rented from the missionary society in Boston. We nurses used our school cooking aprons and made our Red Cross caps. We Juniors enjoyed acting out the play.

We have a song which one of our Juniors wrote to the tune of America. It is called "Our Mission Band." These are the words:

God bless our Mission Band,
Firm may we ever stand,
For truth and right.
Teach us to work and pray,
And grow like Thee each day,
And help us others to win,
Dear Lord our King.

Now as to how we earn our money and what we do with it. We sold Christmas Calendars on a commission. We are planning a food sale and a play combined. We shall sell pies, cakes, candy and popcorn balls. The name of our play is called "A Dream of the Flowers." Each child is to dress in a paper costume as much like the flower as possible. The play ends with

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