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Life and Light for Woman.

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MR. ISHII, OF THE OKAYAMA ORPHANAGE.

(See page 398.)

INDIA.

THE PERSONAL FACTOR IN MISSION WORK.

IN INDIA—BY DR. PAULINE ROOT.

“God felt as a person is the secret of all truly personal religion,” says Mosoomdar. A consecrated personality,—the more abundant life in Christ Jesus,—this only will enable a Western woman in India to touch Oriental lives at all points. What she is, not what she professes, or says, or does,—the unconscious self, which is the living epistle,—reveals her real personality to all who meet her, whether she will or no. We recognize this here as well as in India, and feel that we get more inspiration from certain women’s faces, or touch, or even walk, than from many sermons. Certain women make God real to us; sweetly and graciously the influence of face or voice steals into our hearts, and we say, “They rest us.”

I have but to shut my eyes and picture after picture rises before me; they are Indian sketches. In this one I can see a small mud hut in a squalid village, forty women, unkempt, dirty, stolid, and a few restless, unclad, and more dirty children; in their midst in fairest white a frail, delicate woman, whose face tells us of joy and peace born from suffering and sweet fellowship with Christ. The never strong body is faint from heat and noisome odors, and the heart grows faint, too, as the women heedlessly rush from her teaching to follow the gay procession of dancing girls on their way to the temple. Her heart aches for the poor lost girls, and for those other sin-stained women who care not for their souls. Tired and depressed, sitting alone, she heeds not two women from a far-away village who creep up silently behind her till they crouch at her feet, turning wistful eyes to her face. Then she remembers the weary Jesus, who would rest by the well, and the one sinful woman to whom he spoke wonderful words. Can she not give her message to these two? They had never heard of the Lord, and yet they were sent by him, and she opened her heart to them. The day drew to a close, and our dear one went back to the dainty home, the dear little children, and to the beloved husband whose body but a few months later she laid to rest in India.

Another picture rises in the far-off village with our two women as eager hostesses. No mud hut is large enough to hold those who would listen now, and the head man of the village is asked if the lady, who cannot endure the sun’s rays, may sit on the temple veranda. One man says, “We have a chair in the village,” and runs to fetch it, thus giving the head man time to think and to grow suspicious. “What are you going to tell the women?” he asked; and she, lifting her heart to God for guidance, answers: “Do any of your women get drunk? Do any quarrel? Do any fight? Do they neglect

their children? Do any spend their days gossiping by the well?" "Why," he answered, "they are all that kind." And she answered: "I have found something that helps me to keep my house tidy and to care for my husband and children. I want to tell them this, which will make them better wives and mothers." And now I can see her sitting on the rude temple veranda waiting, while a few women and children stand gazing at her. Her friends have disappeared, but now women appear from every quarter of the village carrying the old women. She tells us: "I never saw so pitiful a sight. I shall never forget those old women; some deformed and crippled with rheumatism, others blind; some of them helped along, and some carried in the strong arms of the young women, and laid down, for they could not even sit up unless propped against the walls of the temple or supported by other women. There were over a hundred of these sad, sinful women who had come to hear for the first time in their lives the story that you and I sing about as 'the old, old story.' It was not hard to speak to those poor dying women; women so dirty, with just one filthy rag twisted about them, their long white hair hanging matted over their shoulders, looking as if it had never been combed, their sightless eyes, and their crippled forms; there they lay. It was a great joy to tell them of the Saviour." Will one of those women ever forget that gracious personality which touched them so closely and tenderly, and brought hope?

A young missionary is appointed to go out to India. She knows vaguely somewhat of Indian customs and the religious life of the people, of caste, of early marriage, and of sad widowhood. Withal she has a fascinating picture of picturesque temples and mosques, and graceful, gayly dressed people, of occultism, mysticism, and romance which the thought of India brings to mind. The personal element has been strong in her life. Saints of God have lovingly and tenderly stimulated and inspired her life consciously and unconsciously. She means to be so much to those mysterious women to whom she is giving her life. Especially does she want them to know God,—the God of love, whom she reverently, but with childlike confidence, calls Father. She has a tender love for her Saviour; she wants them to share in the fellowship of joy. In her heart she finds the Holy Spirit her friend, and counselor, and guide. The life which she wants them to know is so free, so full, so joyous.

Her life at sea is like a tonic. She is so bright, so happy, so attractive; she is afraid of no evil, and yet other personalities touch hers and leave their mark. Some try to discourage her zeal, to shake her trustful loyalty. She is tempted by sheer light-heartedness to join the gayeties of this Anglo-Indian circle, whose apparent aim is amusement and self-gratification. This girl may lose none of her enthusiasm, none of her confidence in God's power to

lift up even the most degraded women. (Some, alas, find later that all unconsciously the insidious poison of Anglo-Indian worldliness and imperiousness has crept in.)

Her heart sinks with pity and horror unspeakable as she sees for the first time a land given over to idolatry and superstition. What has been accomplished seems so little, such a tiny oasis in the vast desert of immorality and sin. She is tempted to frantic haste to make herself ready to join the workers. Soon the heat seems to sap her vitality; she sleeps but little, and loses her appetite for food. Hideous manifestations of sin are all about her; she feels that she is a part of it, and that the tendency of the heart is toward evil. She will be all the stronger in influence for good because of this passing through the fire, but just now the temptation is to give way to the feeling of hopeless inadequacy to lift the burden from any heart, not least of all her own.

Happy is she now if she is with one of the tried saints of God, whose personality means God, and courage, and faith. The "Personal Factor!" May there ever be a "Mother ——" in our missions, who will testify for Christ through long days of work, and study, and prayer, and then in the dusk at eventide make time to let the young missionary come close to her, perhaps with head against shoulder or on knee, perhaps with words of loving counsel, perhaps in simple quiet without words. Foolish, weak, perhaps you think; but only those of us who have been weary, and troubled, and lonely know how rest of heart and steadiness of purpose creep in from such quiet communing with a stronger personality whose life is hid with God in Christ Jesus. We know with Phillips Brooks that "There are no nobler lives on earth than those of men and women who have passed through many experiences of many sorts, and who now go about with calm, and happy, and sober faces, holding their keys, some golden and some iron, and finding their joy in opening the gates of those experiences to younger souls, and sending them into them full of intelligence, and hope, and trust."

She realizes, this young missionary, that though she is absolutely without strength of her own to meet the untried problems before her, God has given her her life and its powers to use for him just here and now, and quietly she says to him, "Lord, what time I am afraid, I will trust in thee," and then turning, perhaps, toward the star-lit heavens, her heart sings, "Lord, I will trust and not be afraid;" "I know whom I have believed;" "Out of certainty comes power;" and this newly consecrated personality cannot fail to touch other lives at some point. Inevitably her life will tell; for if there is a personal God, a personal Christ, a personal Spirit, and this wonderful triune personality is hers, she must show forth in her life the glorious min-

istration of the Spirit. She may even—many have by the power of this indwelling Personality—come to “take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ’s sake.”

Some of these—God grant them your faithful prayers and the grace of the Lord Jesus—are your friends and representatives; dear young women who, for the joy set before them, have gone from home and country for Christ’s sake, that new and abundant life may, through their consecrated young womanhood, be brought to these others whom he loves and for whom he pleads. By laying on the patient Burden-bearer the mistakes and sins of each day; by thoughtfully studying the cares, perplexities, and customs so different from their own; by kindly sympathy in situations which have either less or more significance to them than to these others; by courtesy toward beliefs and traditions in which they have little understanding and less natural sympathy; by the healing touch in sickness; by tenderness, without excessive demonstration; by patience; by un failing love,—their personalities, little by little, blend with these other personalities in sympathetic understanding, till by and by they see with surprise that a glory has come into the barren land that they dreamed not possible, forgetting that He can make deserts as the garden of the Lord. Humbly, gladly do they give Him the glory, and rejoice that he allowed them to come to his help; for “no man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, gentle, pure, and good, without the world being better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.”

No one who has not seen the barrenness of a Hindu woman’s life can realize the beauty which blossoms like a flower when God comes into her life,—“beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.” Once it was hideous, made up of petty intrigues and foolish and vile gossip; sometimes bitter, often hysterical, sometimes crushed. Now the transformation is felt throughout the village. Her modest serenity, her unknown neatness of body and hair and dress, her alertness of carriage, and, above all, the light in her face, witness to all that a wonderful change has come into her life. When her lips are opened she tells them of Jesus. It is not once only, but many times, that after many days a delegation comes from a village to the missionary asking for a resident catechist and for help in building a house for worship. The missionary does not understand till he learns that there has been a woman of God living Christ there,—the “personal factor.” Ah, yes; God, and one called of God to be a saint!

We in Christian America have always known of a God of love. In some faces we see the light that never was on land or sea; but I wonder if we

might not all show His glory in our faces. In India, illiteracy, poverty, sensuality, idolatry, and disease have blotted out the divine image from so many faces. How He must love them when they literally claim his promises and allow him to make of them what he will. No wonder the whole personality changes. Physically comes a new grace and beauty; we see it in trees and plants here, there we see it in those whom love of God has blessed. Spiritually a new creation indeed is formed, and mentally there is an alertness so unusual as to be startling. Many women of the lower classes are quarrelsome. They scold, revile, pull hair, and even plot murder in their insane contempt, hatred, and jealousy. But even such darkness has been completely driven away by the sunshine of Christian courtesy, shining through the clear crystal of a consecrated woman's life.

The "Personal Factor" in mission work is seen with peculiar emphasis in the ability that comes to a very few to put aside caste prejudices, and to do some act of service or courtesy outside that prescribed for her. We at home would glory in such a service for a loved one; but there we marvel, and feel "what hath God wrought" when our hearts are touched by some attention, perhaps in illness, which to the natural Hindu woman would be absolutely impossible. Money could not buy such service. Love could not demand it, and it is given only from love and to love. It is a part of the "measureless sympathy of the divine humanity."

And what more can one say? for time fails to tell of the personal influence of those who, with divine courage, go into heathen homes where they may at any moment meet scorn, railing, and insult at the mention of Christ's name; of those who, not physicians, devote hours to ministering to one slowly dying of leprosy or quickly of cholera, that light and joy may come to the wounded, failing hearts; of those who risk life and suffer persecutions and insults as they stand alone for Christ in heathen homes; of those who, with true heroism, leave the quiet congeniality and inspiration of our Christian schools to go into lonely, filthy villages, where they will be despised and rejected by those they long to help; of one who, prostrated by an incurable and increasingly distressing illness, spared not herself at all, but saying to me, "It is not loyal to Christ; I must arise for my work; he will give me strength if I honor him," went forth to preach Christ with power to hundreds. This witnessing, this preaching, is it not "in demonstration of the Spirit and of power?" Shall we not then give the glory to the mightiest of "Personal Factors in Mission Work," God, the indwelling God? Murray says, "Let every one who prays for missions and longs for more of a missionary spirit in the Church, pray first and most that in every believer personally, and in the Church and all its work and worship, the power of the indwelling Spirit may have full sway."

CHINA.

THE PERSONAL FACTOR IN MISSIONARY WORK.

IN CHINA—BY MRS. HARLAN P. BEACH.

THROUGH all the ages the personal factor in the revelation of truth to the world has been prominent. Whatever of light has been given by God to pagan nations, has been through the medium of men whose souls have struggled upward toward truth and righteousness, as they could apprehend



CHINESE WOMEN GRINDING WHEAT.

it, and whose personality is associated with the systems they wrought out. And to us, the clearer revelation of God's will, the Bible, has come; "written by holy men moved by the Holy Ghost," it is true, but written out of their own environment and permeated with their individuality. Only the Decalogue was traced by the finger of God on tables of stone. The Psalms speak to us through the outpouring of David's soul in the changeful

experiences of his life. We see Isaiah and Jeremiah in their prophecies, Paul and James and John in their epistles. And in the deepest and completest revelation of all, the life of the Christ on earth, the heart of God and the purpose of God are made known to us as they could be in no other way, through this human life lived among men which we can in some measure enter into and comprehend.

The personal factor is no less essential to-day in impressing hearts and lives with the truth which we hold. What would the principles of the kindergarten be to little children without the bright face and winning ways of the kindergartner? What the news of salvation in the slums without the self-sacrificing labors of the Salvation Army lasses? And on the foreign field, what is the message without the power-filled life of the messenger?

And yet on this last point public opinion falters. "Why this waste?" is still the cry when any specially gifted young life is laid on the altar for this most difficult service of all.

Perhaps many of us have conjured up the phantastic picture of a phonograph sent through the length and breadth of a heathen land, charged with eloquent discourses. What a saving of effort and money it would be! How little of sacrifice either at home or abroad it would require! And yet, does anyone believe for a moment that a sermon, ground out by a machine, however clear the thought and faultless the idiom, would reach one darkened heart? Do we not know that the same message spoken by human lips, even if the tongue falters and stumbles in a foreign language, is infinitely more productive of results?

One of the pictures with which, as children, we were probably all familiar, is of a solemn-visaged missionary with clerical coat and silk hat, standing under a tree, preaching to a group of reverently listening natives. To many a missionary such a picture has embodied his dream of prospective service. But in actual experience, formal preaching has played but a small part, and the power of his personal life has been the influential factor.

I shall never forget the impression made on me, a young missionary, by the loving remembrance in which the Chinese held Mrs. Chapin. We, two novices from America, took up our abode in the house she had just vacated, where she had lived for nearly twenty years, and in whose rooms her seven children had lived. Every day some of the Chinese would come in to weep over the "*tài tài*," who had loved them so, and to tell me, long before I could understand half they said, what she had done for them. She could have had little time for direct teaching and visiting, for her home cares claimed her, and sickness often visited the house. But in some way her love reached them and changed their lives. "When you put our little

boys to bed you must pray with them," the native helper told his wife, "just as Mrs. Chapin does with her children." "It was she pulled me out of the mud," wept the old beggar woman who had been found at their gate unconscious, with a broken collar bone, and who from that time "kept the faith," until a few months ago the heavenly gates opened to let her in. An orphan boy, saved from the streets, grew up into Christian manhood, and became one of the station helpers; and so the story goes on. To the



A GROUP OF CHINESE HELPERS.

Chinese, the loving life in their midst interpreted the seeking, saving love of the Great Shepherd, who would gather them, too, into his fold.

There is another phase of the personal element in missionary work, and that is the exhibition of its power in the lives of native Christians. It seems to take but a small grain of Christianity to make Chinamen different beings from their neighbors. "Do you like the Chinese?" I am often asked, and I can answer heartily, "Yes, the Christians." Even the veriest

babes in Christ, those whom we still suspect of idolatrous practices under special temptation, those who have not yet learned to control tongue, and greed, and temper, have nevertheless acquired something which makes them more lovable. To the newcomer, especially, the Chinese as a people are repugnant. The wrangling, loud-voiced boatmen, wheelbarrow men, chair bearers,—how disagreeable they are! Oily-mouthed tradesmen who will drive a sharp bargain in spite of you, supercilious officials and pompous mandarins, are scarcely less so. Out in the villages the women at their heavy work, gathering in the crops or turning the stone mill which crushes the wheat,—lines of toil, and weariness, and poverty, and temper carved deep in their faces,—these do not draw us to themselves except through pity. But when to any of these men or women comes even the first hint of rest to their souls through a burden-bearing Lord, a new sweetness and softness enters in, which soon endears them to us, and helps us to appreciate better the sturdier qualities common to all,—the industry, persistence, and fortitude which form the basis of much of their national greatness.

But one does not have to rest content with such manifestations alone of the power of the gospel. Some of the most spiritual Christians I have ever known have been in the Chinese church. I suppose no missionaries at the Pao-ting-fu station have done more good than the saintly helper, Mêng, and his family,—his two sons both preachers, and his daughter a gifted, devoted Bible woman. If one ever doubted the results of missionary work, to see those brothers—the older one strong, animated, energetic, the younger reposeful, thoughtful, winning in face and manner; both with quick, keen minds, and both consecrated to their Master and his service—it would banish the thought forever. Such lives witness for Christ among their countrymen as no foreigner can do.

Another beautiful example is the aged Bible woman at Tung-cho, Mrs. Ts'ui. One of the earliest converts at the station, she has been a tower of strength to the missionaries and the church from the first. The thump of her string of cash in the collection basket every Sunday, as she has contributed a tenth of her small income, has been an object lesson in generous giving. Her face of itself preaches a sermon. It is almost the first thing that heathen women notice about her. "What a face she has!" they say; "how good; how kind!"

Another disciple whom I much admired was a Mr. Lin. In his business life he was subject to constant temptation to take bribes and "squeezes," but fought it manfully. One of our Bible women was a frequent visitor at his house, for as soon as he began to care for the "Jesus way," he was anxious to have his young wife walk it with him. She would often say to me after

a visit: "That man is a great help to me. He comes in from his day's business very sad because he has lost money, but thanks God that he has resisted temptation. Then his wife pities him and begs him to eat, and he is very kind to her. It is almost like you foreigners!"

We were much attached to a young man who was in our family for awhile, and afterward became a helper. He had a heathen mother, who was bitterly opposed to Christianity, and to him as a follower of it. Once, after a visit home, he came back to us with deep scratches torn in his cheeks by her finger nails. Yet he cherished no resentment. "She is my mother," he said. "I pray God she may become a Christian." Since we left China he has been very ill, and on what seemed his deathbed. His quiet faith in the dark valley took hold of his mother's heart as all the years of his Christlike living had failed to do. And he has had the joy of being raised up to health, to see her a humble, trusting follower of his Lord.

I need not multiply instances. One by one through the wide world the masses are born into the kingdom. The power is of God, but it touches each soul through the personal endeavor and example of those who, "reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory."

JAPAN.

TWO PERSONALITIES IN OKAYAMA.

KOUME SUMIYA, THE JAPANESE BIBLE WOMAN.

IN all the history of Christian work in the prefecture of Okayama, Japan, no name is so well known, so universally loved and honored, as that of "Little Plum Blossom." Frail and weak in body, a sufferer for years from asthma, frequently confined to her room for weeks at a time, her faith is so strong, her heart so full of love to God and man, that not only is she shepherd of the wandering church members and young Christians, but even Mr. Ishii, of the Orphan Asylum, calls her the "mother of his faith."

She first saw the light in Okayama, on Christmas Day, 1850, her mother living only long enough to ask that the tiny baby be given into the care of the grandmother. Six years later the father died, the property disappeared, and the little girl spent her days for nine long years in learning to play the *samisen* (a three-stringed guitar), to sing, and dance. A faithful servant of the family, a skillful carver in wood, had clung to them through all their misfortunes, and the little orphan begged him to let her call him father, that she might have friends like other girls. From her fifteenth year the skillful

little musician taught the children of the neighborhood, thirty or forty of them, every day and all day, that she might earn the wherewithal to supply the daily food of the family.

After four years of this busy life the grandmother fell ill, and at the end of six months of faithful nursing Koume San saw the grave close over this last and dearest of her kin. She had always been a devout Buddhist, and in her loneliness was more earnest than ever in her prayers, and vows, and fastings.

At this time an Okayama friend, a man who had become interested in her through her music, invited her into his family. Out of gratitude for his many kindnesses she finally consented, and as he was unable to read or write she became his secretary, writing at his dictation, getting many a scolding at first for a slight mistake, but gradually the care of his business, accounts and all, fell more and more into her hands. There was no love between her employer and his wife, and Koume became more and more his trusted helper, and, as is too common in that country, his wife in reality, though not in name. She became ill, and when the doctor told her she must die, she felt there was something in her which could not die. What was it that caused her hands to move, that thought, and felt, and reasoned,—surely death could not end all. When she recovered, ashamed of her sinful life, she



KOUME SUMIYA.

begged to be allowed to return home; but she was too necessary to her employer, and he refused to let her go. He went soon after to Kyoto, met Mr. Neesima, and received from him a book, a tract on God, which Koume read to him, and by which she felt comforted, though she knew not how nor why.

In 1875 Dr. Taylor made his first visit to Okayama, and she heard his talk to a few of the chief men of the place on Christ and the miraculous draught

of fishes. A short visit from two missionary ladies from Kobe resulted in the meeting together every Sunday, for the study of the Bible, of a small company of women, of which she was one.

A theological student from Kyoto spent the summer of 1878 in the city, and taught the Bible to these women and others. The story of the Samaritan woman melted her heart; she went home and prayed, though she knew not to whom or what, "Please forgive my sins." Then, too, she heard for the first time the sixteenth verse of the third chapter of John's Gospel, and learned how God could forgive. From that time her life grew hateful to her. She gave up her ten months' old baby, and finally yielding to her entreaties her master allowed her to go to Miss Talcott, whom he had met and trusted, and who was then in charge of Kobe College. There she learned more and more of God's Word through this teacher, to whom she gave a daughter's love. When asked if she did not want to be baptized, she refused, her real reason being that Mr. N. had told her to wait for him, and they would be baptized together.

Meantime he grew impatient of her long absence, sent again and again for her return, but she felt she could not go back to the old life. At last a telegram summoned her to the bedside of her dying father, and she went only to find it a ruse to bring her home. Then began a long and angry discussion, Mr. N. insisting she must stay, even if he left the house; his friends all urged her to stay, saying he would give up his Christianity if she left him. The trouble and anxiety, and the conflict between her love for the father of her child and the desire to do right, brought on brain fever, and for months she was so ill as to know little or nothing of what went on. As she grew a little stronger Miss Talcott used her influence with Mr. N., and he finally consented to give her up for a while, at least.

She left the house which had been her home for ten years, with only the clothes she wore and one dollar in money, in return for all the loving service she had rendered. Day and night, as she grew stronger, she prayed that she might work for her new Master, Christ Jesus, with her dearly loved Miss Talcott. That fall the little company of believers in Okayama were united in a church organization, she only daring not to be baptized with her friends, on account of Mr. N.'s anger, and refusal to let her have their child. One of the decorations at the church service that day was the familiar motto, "No cross, no crown;" and as she sat in the next room wiping away the tears that would come, that thought came to her with comforting strength, which has lasted till this day. She went back to the shabby little house, where her adopted father lived, but received no welcome. He had lived in comfort on her wages of sin, and loved her five-year-old daughter, whom she

had been forced to give up, more than he had ever cared for her. For two years she bore persecution, poverty, and trial, and entreaties from the child's father to return; but at last he yielded, less for her than for the sake of the little one, who pined and fretted for her mother. Just then one of the missionary ladies, recently come to the city, wanted a language teacher, and was only too glad to secure this sweet-faced woman of earnest faith. But the longing desire of her heart was to work for such women as she had been, and as a means to that end, in 1886 a school was started in a house rented for that purpose; a school for teaching English, foreign sewing and knitting, and as much Christianity as could be put into it. For several years, thanks to the assistance of two or three missionary ladies and Mrs. Sumiya's own earnest spirit, it was very successful, having at one time more than ninety pupils enrolled; and out of these women and girls, some became Christians openly and were baptized, and more kept the word of God in their hearts.

Then came the reaction against all things foreign, even the western religion, and induced by diminished numbers and failing health, Mrs. Sumiya gave up the school, and removed to a healthier location. From that little house just east of the city, through these five years, has gone out an influence no man can measure; an influence for good, ever widening and deepening, and helping all lives with which it has come in contact. The "well days" she spends in going about doing good, teaching "the way" to those who are willing to listen, comforting them that mourn, strengthening those weak in the faith; the "sick days"—and they are more and more in number—spent in communion with God, and long talks with the many friends who come to her for advice, for counsel, for sympathy. She is "auntie" to all the two hundred and sixty orphans of the Asylum, the tried and trusted friend of Mr. Ishii and his associates, the right hand of the missionaries, whose true friend and helper she has been for all these years.

The little home on the hill has been given up, the dearly loved daughter is happily settled in a home of her own, near which Mrs. Sumiya lives, and rejoices in the rollicking little grandson, come to gladden their hearts; the adopted father, aged and feeble, has joyfully obeyed the summons hence, and our "Little Plum Blossom," growing daily in grace and patience, is becoming more and more a fit temple for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit.

ISHII. THE MAN OF FAITH.—A CHARACTER SKETCH.

(Condensed from "Mr. Ishii and his Orphanage." A booklet, by J. H. Pettee.)

A man's education and training should begin before he is born; so it is pleasant to find Mr. Ishii's mother a woman of few words, but of that same

straightforward, earnest, loving and lovable character which we who know him admire so much in the son.

Though it is nearly ten years since he gave himself, heart and soul, to the work of caring for "the least of these my brethren," Mr. Ishii is yet a young man. He was born April 7, 1865, in Takanabe, on Hyuga, the southernmost of the chain of islands we call Japan.

At the age of eleven his attention was first called to the Christian religion. In reading a translation of Peter Parley's "History of the World," he was impressed by a picture of the cross, carried by crusaders. A schoolmate told him if he would secretly worship that symbol, he could work magic. He tried it often, saying over to himself, "O Christ, Lord of the Army of the Cross." One day while out fishing, none of the party having any luck, he thought he would try his new magic art. So after a silent prayer and act of worship he threw in his hook, and pulled out a big river carp. Again and again he did it, always with the same result. From that crude, boyish experience, Mr. Ishii dates his first ideas of an unseen, all-powerful God, and prayer to him.

This was the first in a series of events which culminated in the visit of George Müller to Japan, and the deep impression made upon the young Japanese by the life of faith.

In July, 1887, occurred what Mr. Ishii reckons the fourth and final cause for the opening of the Orphanage. He learned of a poor old fisherman and his wife who, though themselves on the verge of starvation, adopted a little girl of three and a boy of five, the parents and older brothers having fallen victims to cholera. The heartless neighbors were about to bury the younger child in its mother's coffin, as it was nearly dead from starvation, and there was no one to care for it. Two thoughts came home to the young man with great force: the pitiable condition of orphans; and if those who know nothing of the love of Christ can show such kindness as these poor fisher folk, what ought not we Christians to do! Dare we do less than they?

He returned to Okayama, conferred with his trusted friends, and in September, 1887, rented a part of a large Buddhist temple, moved in with his wife and three waifs he had picked up, and quietly opened his asylum for needy children. The following winter he was so impressed with the Divine call to work for children, that though within four months of graduation from the Medical School, he withdrew, and refused to apply for a diploma. He did this against the advice of all his friends, and solely that his heart might not be divided between his profession and his calling.

In the times of great need which have occasionally come to the Asylum, Mr. Ishii, his associates, and even some of the older children, following the

example of our Lord, betook themselves to a mountain to pray, and often before the little company were at home again the needed aid had been received.

An entry taken at random from Mr. Ishii's carefully kept diary reads thus: "Dec. 3d. We did not eat dinner, as we had no rice nor money. These three Sundays our Lord left us to fast. I think it is our lesson which He giveth us, to learn to hunger and thirst after righteousness, as we do for food and drink. In the afternoon we received several small donations, and had supper." The hot, cholera summer of 1895 threatened to overwhelm the Asylum in the deep waters of affliction. One of the children was taken with cholera. Mr. Ishii insisted on nursing the little fellow as long as life lasted, and was then himself seized with the same dread disease. From the first he realized his chance for recovery was slight, but he had no last directions, save to leave all his dear ones and his beloved work in the hands of the loving, tender Father of us all.

But the ceaseless prayers of these "little ones," and the faithful nursing of one who risked her life to save his, brought him back to his unfinished work.

The growth and development of the Orphanage has kept pace with the wonderful and increasing faith and spiritual strength of its founder.

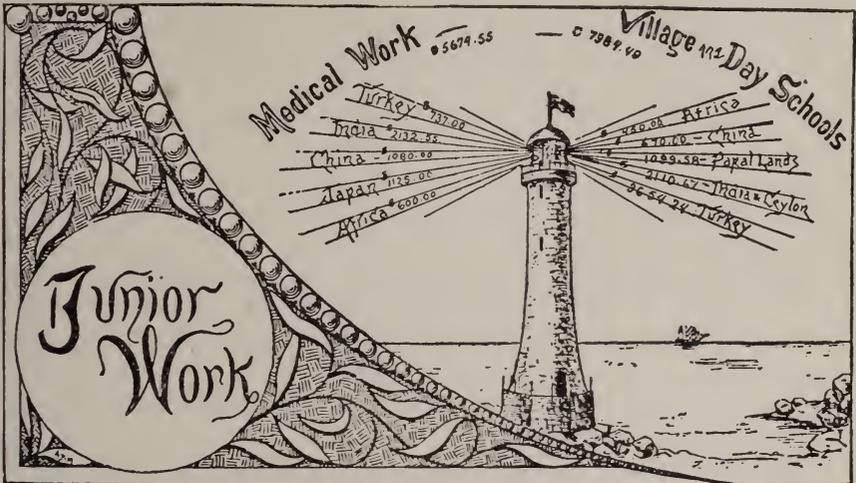
How can I better close this brief sketch of one of God's own noblemen than with a few sentences from his own pen, taken from the April number of the *Asylum Record*, the English organ of the Orphanage: "I believe implicitly in the truth of Christ's words as recorded in Matt. ix. 29, 'according to your faith be it done unto you.'" . . . "In my own experience and that of the Asylum it has always proved true that the larger gifts of grace have been exactly proportioned to the measure of my own real faith." . . . "In former days when our rice failed we fasted and prayed till relief came. I am perfectly willing to do the same myself to-day, but I no longer feel that God directs me to insist upon that course for the institution as a whole. He wishes us to strain every nerve to help ourselves." . . . "Success can spring only from a faith that touches every interest of life, and the measure of faith will mark the measure of attainment."

B. W. P.

OKAYAMA.

Just to take the orders straight
 From the Master's own command!
 Blessed day! when thus we wait
 Always at our sovereign's hand.

—F. R. Havergal.



- To give light to them that sit in darkness Luke 1:77 -

A MISSIONARY TEA, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY MRS. J. W. MOULTON.

NELLIE KINGSLEY had just come in from the Christian Endeavor prayer meeting. The subject had been "Proportionate Giving." Aside from the earnest words of the pastor, the meeting had been slow, long-paused, and uninteresting, as is only possible where little is known of the need of the gospel in home or foreign lands. She had repeated in the meeting, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?" with little thought of its meaning, except that it fitted the subject. She was an only child, and orphan, surrounded by friends, all the comforts of life and many of its luxuries. Since leaving school her aim seemed to have been pleasure. As an active member of the Christian Endeavor Society she had always served faithfully on the committees.

She glanced around the room, slowly repeating, "'For all his benefits toward me.' Well, what are my benefits?" The open piano, the beautiful pictures of her own making, the rare taste displayed in the arrangement of every article in the room, the open fire on the grate, the choicest books,—all seemed to echo, "for all his benefits toward me." She still held in her hand the topic card. As she glanced over the names of the leaders, she saw her name opposite this subject, "The Lord's Benefits toward Us."

She looked at the names of the different committees. "But! what is this? 'Missionary committee: Nellie Kingsley, Dora Thorn, Harry Stedman.' Why," thought she, "I don't know the least thing about missions and missionaries, and I don't believe Dora or Harry do."

For a long time she sat in silence. At last she arose and said: "Well, if I'm on that committee, I'm there to serve. I'll see Dora and Harry." The next evening found the three in Nellie's pleasant sitting room, and as she took up the topic card she asked them if they had seen the new ones. They replied, "No; why?"

"Guess, then," said Nellie, "who is on the missionary committee." They gave the names of several whom they thought were fitted for that committee. They named some associate members. Still Nellie shook her head.

"You can never guess," said Nellie, "so just listen: Nellie Kingsley, Dora Thorn, Harry Stedman."

"Why," said Dora, "I am only an associate member, and don't know a missionary from a Turk."

"I am no better off than Dora," said Harry; "but if you girls want mission work, just raise some money for our baseball team. 'C-h-a-r-i-t-y begins at home,' so Deacon Trumbel says."

"But," said Nellie, proudly, "we are Endeavorers. The nominating committee have seen fit to add a new committee, and have honored us (?) by putting our names on that committee. I am sure I don't know what they were thinking of. But we must do something. I have thought and thought, and the only thing that suggests itself to me is a missionary tea. For, of course, all the missionary needs is money."

"Yes," said Dora, laughing, "Harry's baseball team is the heathen, you the missionary after them; and I? Well, I'll go with you and look after the money. But, Nellie dear, plan something that will give us lots of fun, and you may count on me."

"As for a missionary concert or a missionary social," said Nellie, "I do not know how to arrange for them. A missionary tea is the only thing we can have and not expose too much ignorance."

In another half hour the plans were laid. Three days later the invitations appeared. Very dainty they were, printed in gilt on green paper, capital T's. The evening arrived, and by eight o'clock Nellie's beautiful parlors were well filled. If time would permit, I would like to tell you of the first missionary tea in Westwood.

It was a unique affair, a complete success; and the money,—well, they found the next day they had cleared twenty-three dollars and sixty-three cents.

This committee also found they did not know what to do with money now they had it. The active members of the Christian Endeavor Society decided the evening before that it should be given to foreign missions. How vague and far off those two words "foreign missions" sounded to Nellie and Dora, as they sat wondering what to do next.

"You are driven to, Nell," said Dora; "you have just got to go to our pastor, and tell him honestly that you don't know anything about foreign missions, and I'll tell him I should be happy to meet some of them, for I have twenty-three dollars and sixty cents for them."

"O Dora, I feel so humiliated! I'll just know something the next time our society drinks tea to the health of foreign missions."

The pastor received them kindly, and explained to them the work and needs of the American Board. This he did in a feeling manner and much earnestness, for he had a brother toiling in India and a sister fitting herself for the work. He found after a little talk with them that, as Dora had said when she came in, "they didn't know where foreign missions were," and but little of the work in the home land. He gave them a brief account of the work being done by denominational societies. They left the money with him to send to the American Board.

After the girls left the parsonage Mr. Leonard called his wife to his study and told her of what had passed, and said: "Is it possible that our young people are so ignorant of missionary work? They seem as a rule well informed on other subjects."

"I am afraid it is too true," replied his wife. "I have been amused, surprised, and saddened at the questions found in the question box at our missionary meetings. And I heard at the county meeting the other day this incident: a young minister, a graduate of Yale, wanted to start a missionary society among his boys. He went to a lady much interested in mission work and told her his plan, but said, 'I don't know anything about the work.' She kindly explained, and gave him leaflets of the work. In a few days he returned them, and said: 'Have you any more of those leaflets? I have found them very interesting reading, very. But why haven't I known of the work long ago? Some things I never heard of before, and I am sure I knew as much as the other young people of our church.' What are the churches thinking of to let their young people grow up so ignorant of missionary work?"

"If this is true," said Mr. Leonard, "then again thank God for the Christian Endeavor movement."

After a few minutes of thoughtful silence he said: "We must begin at once to teach them. We have but lately come among them, you know, and

must act with caution, and pray God to give us the best methods to reach them. We will quietly circulate books and leaflets calculated to arouse their interest and at the same time instruct. We will continue our monthly concerts, asking the younger members to take part. We will hold a social for the young people on the Friday evening preceding the concert, and try to confine ourselves to missionary subjects. Above all, let us pray God that he will make us as wise as serpents and harmless as doves.'"

At the close of the Christian Endeavor meeting on the following Sunday, Mr. Leonard said, "I have a book in two volumes entitled John G. Paton, missionary to the New Hebrides. There are two other copies in the place which I will get for any who want them. I have also a few leaflets for any who wish. Within the next three months I would like to have every active member of this society read the books. Remember this, my dear young friends, a thorough education in any particular line of work often results in a consecration to that work."

Time passed. The monthly concerts became helpful and interesting on account of young voices. The missionary socials were a success. There seemed to be a deeper feeling in the Christian Endeavor prayer meeting. Nearly all the active members were now praying for those in the darkened lands; at the same time earnest prayers were offered for the associate members.

The evening for Nellie Kingsley to lead had come. An unusual stillness pervaded the room. No one had been more enthusiastic in reading books, magazines, and leaflets than Nellie. It was already known that she would soon leave them to take a medical course, in order to better fit herself for her chosen work among the women of India.

She arose, and in a few chosen words spoke of her feelings upon first seeing her name opposite this subject, "The Lord's benefits toward us." Her surprise to find her name on the missionary committee. How she had been led in the past weeks to see herself in a new light. "God has shown me that I have been making pleasure my chief aim. It shall be my aim in the future, but with His help it shall be the pleasure of the Lord. I have consecrated myself and my all to the Master. He will find me ready to go anywhere in His name."

These are but a few of the thoughts she gave, but the Holy Spirit was with her, as was shown in the prayers that followed.

The pastor's statement was proving itself true. A thorough education in any particular line of work often results in a consecration to that work.

FOR CHILDREN'S MEETINGS.

MISSIONARY HEROES.

CHOOSE five boys who shall represent great missionary workers, such as James Gilmour, *Missionary Herald*, December, 1893; Bishop Patteson, *Missionary Herald*, September, 1886; Captain Allen Gardiner, *Missionary Herald*, December, 1885; Dr. Paton, *Missionary Herald*, March, 1890; Alexander Mackay, *Missionary Herald*, May, 1891. If possible, get each to read the life of the hero whom he is for the time to be, and tell what there was in his life that called for special heroism, and how he met it. Let each bring pictures of his hero and of the country in which he lived and worked. A map of the world will be a great help in making their work more real to the children. After the five have told their stories, let each member tell some heroic act in the lives of our missionaries or native Christians who are now living and at work. These facts will probably have to be found for the children by the leader, but this will not be difficult, as most numbers of the LIFE AND LIGHT and *Dayspring* have some such, such as: *"A Brave Little Slave Boy," *Dayspring*, October, 1887; *"Trying to Save his Mother," *Dayspring*, March, 1890; "Umcutwa and Yona," *Missionary Herald*, January, 1890, or Leaflet, 10 cents; *"A Young African Hero," *Dayspring*, September, 1892. From the Circulating Library of the Woman's Board of Missions, American Heroes in Mission Fields: "James Gilmour and his Boys;" "Missionary Heroines in Eastern Lands;" "Robert Morrison, Pioneer of Chinese Missions." After all has been told, let the children vote on which seems to them the greatest hero, and which they will try hardest to be like. Close the meeting with earnest prayers by each one that they may be willing to do what Christ would like to have them, even if it takes some heroism.

Starred material, 6 cents.

Scraps from our Work Basket.

CONTRIBUTIONS Our contributions for the month ending July 18th are a FOR THE MONTH. disappointment, being \$720.08 less than for the same month in 1896. This wipes out the gain for the year reported last month, and makes a decrease of \$17. This is a small deficit, but all the year we have been aiming for advance. There yet remain three months for work and prayer. Let us improve this time to the utmost of our ability.

THE TENTH LEGION. It is a great gratification to know of the enrollment of members of the "Tenth Legion," made so prominent in the Christian Endeavor Convention in San Francisco; each member pledging a tenth of his or her income for the Lord's work. As has been demonstrated over and over, if all church members would conscientiously lay aside the tenth, the treasuries of all benevolent societies would be full to the brim. Those who have long been working for this consummation will rejoice to be reinforced by a movement that contemplates adherents by the million. We have no doubt that conscientious proportionate giving by every Christian would solve all the financial problems that so harass and wear out the lives of mission workers all over the world. Let us take courage from this new enrollment, and each one—working over against her own house—go on steadily, persistently, unflinching, in the endeavor to make this giving universal. The motto of the Tenth Legion is "Unto God what is God's."

SOME MISSIONARY STATISTICS. The *Missionary Review* gives the following statistics of what has been accomplished in foreign missions during Queen Victoria's reign, the figures being taken from the latest authoritative statements as to present numbers. The total expenditure for foreign missions during 1896 was, from reported gifts, about £3,000,000 sterling. The whole number of ordained missionaries is about 4,300; of laymen, 2,500; married women, 4,200; unmarried women, 3,300: this gives a total missionary force from Christian lands of 14,300. Mission churches have themselves given to the work, 3,350 ordained natives, and over 51,700 native helpers, making a grand summary of nearly 70,000 actually engaged in a world's evangelization in some 21,000 mission stations, and sustained by a body of 1,115,000 native communicants that stand for five times as many adherents; 62,000 communicants were added in 1896. There are 18,000 schools with a total of about 700,000 pupils. Now, if we remember that nearly all this aggregate represents a creation out of nothing during this sixty years, we can get some idea of the missionary advance of the Victorian era.

WHAT CAN BE DONE? Our August exchanges seem in one way to be rather depressing reading, so often we see the headings, "The Foreign Missionary Debt," "The Home Missionary Debt," "How can the Deficit be Met?" "An Appeal for the Debt," "Why not Wipe Out our Missionary Debt." One cannot help wondering what the cause may be that God's people do not come to his help as he has asked them, in sending abroad his Gospel. The Holy Spirit has been moving most wonderfully in almost every mission field; letter after letter comes filled with thrilling accounts of

crowded schools and chapels, of marvelous manifestations of spiritual power. How strange that so many of God's people do not care even to know of his doings in heathen lands, much less to do the part he asks of them. There is no arrow that so pierces an earthly parent's heart as the thought, My child does not care to fulfill my wishes, is utterly indifferent to my appeals. Mistakes and failures are a blessing as compared with cold indifference. Must we not feel that the same is true of an infinitely tender Heavenly Father, whose heart is yearning over a lost world?

OPINIONS OF MISSIONARIES. Of course I heard many criticisms of missionaries, but I never heard a Hindu, Brahmin, or Moslem say what ignorant and prejudiced Europeans have sometimes said in my hearing out of India,—that the missionaries were doing no good. I shall never forget how the famous Hindu ascetic, the holy man of Benares, said to me: "I think Jesus Christ was a very good man. He must have been something like Mr. Hewlet,"—a deceased veteran of the London Missionary Society. Missionaries are often foolishly criticised by natives, but they are trusted by them, and this is the highest praise that a Hindu can give to mortal man.—*Rev. J. H. Barrows.*

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE IN INDIA. We are beginning to receive letters telling of the celebrating of Queen Victoria's Jubilee among our missions in India. Miss Mary Noyes writes, under date of June 22d: "We are celebrating the Queen's Diamond Jubilee just now. On Sunday there was a union service held in the East Gate Church. The Queen's Volunteers of the South India Railway employees in uniform marched in, and were seated in the centre of the church. There were two addresses,—one in English, by Mr. Zumbro, and one in Tamil, by Dr. Jones. The music was quite creditable: there was a hymn by the congregation; a *Te Deum* was sung by a choir of girls from our school; an anthem, 'All ye Nations,' by a choir of girls from the Christian Endeavor societies; a Tamil lyric, by some children from the South Gate Church; and 'God Save the Queen' for a close. This afternoon there are to be some contests and athletics. The schoolboys are to have a competition as to who can write the most about Queen Victoria in fifteen minutes."

CONDITIONS IN BOMBAY. A letter from Bombay, dated June 6th, states that the population are returning by slow degrees. The number of cases of plague has decreased to about a half dozen a day, and already some of the temporary hospitals for the sufferers have been pulled down, as they are no

longer needed. The scars of the dreadful scourge are visible everywhere, especially the circles painted on the doorposts to show that the plague had entered, sometimes as many as forty or fifty being seen on one house. The effect on missionary work cannot yet be predicted, although schools in other Boards than our own have opened with greatly reduced numbers.

EXTRACTS FROM RECENT LETTERS.

FROM REV. G. A. WILDER, EAST CENTRAL AFRICA.

To the readers of LIFE AND LIGHT: I will essay to raise a cry from the depths of Africa's darkness on behalf of a lost woman! She was forcibly given in marriage many years ago, and, like most African women, looked forward to the only gleam of joy in her life,—her children. Her firstborn were twins. Cruelly the voices spoke out of the shadows of dark superstition, "If these are allowed to live your husband will die." What can she do? Watch her! She finds two stones, ties these about the necks of her babes, and throws them into the pond, drowning her grief in the hope that she will never again be called upon to do so terrible an act! But her next children are twins, and her next, and her next, until this remarkable woman has given birth to fourteen twins; and this hardened devotee to Satan's wiles has murdered, with her own hands, fourteen of her own sons and daughters! Do I hear some of you say, "What devotion to her husband?" Oh, no; she has killed them because she fears that if the husband dies she will be accused of causing his death. Here is a woman with fourteen murders on her hands, and still at large! We frequently see her; she gossips, laughs, and gets drunk just like any of the other women about her. She is considered by them an unfortunate mother, that is all. Were it not well that a millstone were hanged about the neck of this woman, and that she were cast into the sea? But think not that she is a sinner above all others.

FROM MISS C. E. BUSH, HARPOOT, TURKEY.

Written at Choon Koosh, an outstation from Harpoot, where the pastor had been killed and the chapel burned:—

The Sabbath was a remarkable day. I had a meeting with the women at sunrise, while Mr. Browne preached at the Gregorian Church. At noon he preached there again to the largest audience to which he has ever spoken in Turkey,—fifteen hundred people, it was said. Such a sight as it was from the women's gallery, way up by the lofty, arched stone roof! I had to walk the galleries to keep the women still. After the sermon the women crowded

into the places of the men, though one gallery still seemed full, as well as the body of the immense church. How I should quiet them or reach them with my voice was a serious question, but God gave me strength, and I am sure that they, most of them, understood. When I finished, and as I passed through them to the door, dozens of hands were held out to grasp mine and kiss it, and the women kept saying, "Bless me! bless me!" I put my hand on their bowed heads, and said, "God bless you," and they were satisfied.

FROM MISS SEYMOUR, OF HARPOOT, TURKEY.

A week ago last Sunday Dr. Barnum, Dr. Herli, one of our German friends, and I went to Bizmashen, a village about eight miles from Harpoot. The Protestant chapel was burned, but the Gregorians allowed us to have a communion service in their large stone church. This was filled with Protestants and Gregorians; the priests were also present, and took a part in speaking, at Dr. Barnum's invitation. When one of the priests rose to speak, one of his own people told him to sit down; that he did not know how to talk. But Dr. Barnum encouraged him to go on, and he really spoke better than the other. The people like flights of oratory. The services opened and closed with the chants always used at Gregorian communion services.

FROM MRS. M. W. RAYNOLDS, OF VAN, TURKEY.

The date of this letter tells you the principal thing I have to write; viz., that the Allens and myself are back in Van. We have all been earnestly and continually praying that God would guide and arrange for us,—simply put us where he wanted us to be. So when the English Consul came over to Salmas, and was willing to take our large caravan under his wing to Van, we felt it was an answer to our prayers and an indication of His will. We came over safely and comfortably, and the children kept well. I was able to make the whole journey on horseback,—a thing I have not always been able to do.

Pray much for us, that we may be kept in safety, and that our hearts may be kept in confidence and quiet, and also that we may have strength to bear all the strain of the poverty and suffering we see around us. I have had many, many calls in these ten days at home, and it is one continuous tale of sorrow, and want, and plea, for help.

As for work, it is piled up mountains high—more than two hundred orphans, all of whose bodily, mental, and spiritual wants must be met. Besides this, five hundred and twenty day pupils in our schools, and Sunday, with all our orphans excluded from the service, every available spot is filled—five hundred or more packed in to hear God's word preached. Of

this great audience fully half are women and girls; and as I looked at them, not a few standing, because not a place could be found for sitting, I could but recall those first years when the corner railed off for women was only about six feet square, and Hanum, our Bible reader, her mother, and myself, with an occasional woman or two or three small girls, were all that could be induced to come to service. What hath God wrought! We have three preaching services within our walls at the same hour on every Sunday, one for orphan boys, one for girls, and one for the general public. We have no room large enough to hold all our orphans. The first Sunday, though I arrived on Friday night, I spoke to the girls, and on Thursday of this week we begin the women's meetings. As for calling and house-to-house visitation there is no end to it.

FROM MRS. J. T. GULICK, OSAKA, JAPAN.

The weather, which has been very cool all through the spring, has suddenly become quite warm, so to-day I commenced a kind of work that I have had in mind for some time. The room in which we have our Sunday school opens on a street where there is a great deal of passing. I opened the paper sliding doors, and sat down on the mats close to the open door. On the table in front of me I had some small, bright-colored Sunday-school cards, on which were printed, in Japanese, of course, "In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world that we might live through him." Before long two women came along, and stopped to look at the foreign woman. I took up a card and asked one of them if she wouldn't like to see it. The two women came up close, and quite a little crowd gathered around. I talked to them awhile, explaining the meaning of the words, and telling them of the true God and of our Saviour who came that we might have life. Then I told them of the Sunday school, and one of the women promised to come next Sunday. Then they went away, and the crowd scattered. Soon two men came along, and I repeated the programme. Next came six schoolgirls, to whom I also explained the words on the card. In this way I had an opportunity to preach the same little sermon in a very quiet way to several little groups. To each adult who listened to the talk I gave a copy of the card to carry home, and I also invited each one to come to the Sunday school. We may never see one of these people again. But who can tell? One man wanted to see the card, and after the talk he said: "I am a member of this 'way.' I became a believer in Himeji."

After the cards were gone I closed the door, and the Bible woman said: "This is better than our women's meeting. It is real seed sowing."

Our Work at Home.

THE PERSONAL FACTOR IN MISSIONARY WORK.

BY MRS. MERRILL E. GATES.

It is Burke who says, "If you want to go anywhere, you must start from where you are." It is equally true that if we want to do anything, we must do with what we are. Educators tell us that the starting point of all education is the child's own individuality, and surely the nearest and most obvious instrument of action is ourselves. We cannot hope to move things outside ourselves, until we are ourselves moved within. All action is but the projection of some one's inner self. Because the inner world is unseen, it does not therefore follow that it is unreal. It is from the invisible realm of our own personality that all which we have really done proceeds. What we have done is that which without us would not have been done.

PERSONALITY COUNTS.

We may say that nothing counts but personality. Where would the work of such men as Zinzendorf, the Duffs, the Careys, the Morrisons, the Patons be, were it not for their own personality, infused, permeated, set on fire with an idea? These are men who changed the ideal of the church from that of simply receiving a good to that inexpressibly higher one of giving a good. And they did this because their own nature was taken possession of, their own personality filled with the thought of saving men. These men did not wait till organizations should push and drive them to the work. An inner impulse, irresistible as it was forceful, propelled them along a way closed even to the vision of other men. They worked from their innermost being, but the spirit within them was suffused and sustained by the love of Christ. These men went to foreign fields, but the same intensity of purpose may animate us who remain at home.

EACH ONE HAS THIS GIFT.

We are quite conscious of this power of personality at times. In certain directions we feel the forward, thrusting, outgoing impulse of our being, and we pour ourselves out into music, art, social life, travel, or study, according to the bent of our nature. Personality is but another name for our spirit life, and the Christian is one whose personality or spirit life, deep at its root and in the initial intuitions and loves of his heart, has been

Christianized,—that is, made like his Master,—and he cannot but feel in the depths of his being, howbeit feebly, the same heart-throbs that his Lord felt, the same wish and at times the intense volition of the Lover of souls, to help, enlighten, and save men. Every Christian should thus have his personality baptized, Christ-ized into the very personality of the Master.

JESUS SOUGHT MEN HIMSELF.

He labored among men as a person. He himself fed men, comforted them, and taught them. He used himself as his instrumentality. Jesus is our great example in this respect. The spirit of life within him went into his work; ours should do so also. A single man, with his own powers, he has reconstructed the world. As individuals we may effect changes for good in our measure and according to our faith. Only first we must see and understand that it is we who must be moved; it is we ourselves who must do. Our own must be the faith by which we are to bring about changes. We cannot use another's faith any more than we can use another's personality.

SOME MAN OR WOMAN HAS BEGUN EVERY GOOD WORK.

Good deeds multiply so fast and the influence of good example is so rapidly contagious, that the man or woman in whose heart a seed-thought has first developed is often immediately surrounded by others like-minded, and we forget to trace the work to this single individual. But every event in the world, large or small, has had its beginning in some mind. Some germinal suggestion has come, from what untraced, invisible source it is often impossible to tell, and, falling into a fruitful personality, has blossomed into a harvest of good. Shall we speak of Paul, of Luther, of Augustine, or the hundreds of world benefactors who made use of what they were in themselves, and of what they had of light and knowledge, for the illumination and help of men?

PERSONALITY DOES NOT SEEM TO BE SUFFICIENT.

For so great an end as the conversion of the world, our own individuality seems to be but a feeble instrument. "What we are is so little," we say, and we say truly. But there is such a thing as "the grandeur of ends brought about by paltry means," of which Emerson speaks. No one can too highly exalt the grandeur of the aim set before the Church. None grander can be conceived in the world. But it is left to Christian men and women to bring it about. And what have they wherewith to accomplish the turning of

men to God except their personality, their own inner power, imbued and strengthened by the teaching and leading of the Spirit of God?

PERSONALITY CAN BE POSSESSED BY GOD.

This is the miracle of being; and in the fact that God can use us and our particular powers, be they what they may, is found the true source of the strength which we see certain persons possess for good, and is the noblest encouragement we can have for service. Personality yielded to God, not in mere passivity, but with the design of using for him our nature, our being, whether it is attractive or unattractive, weak or strong, ignorant or cultured, is the pivotal point of our usefulness. One person works through a sanguine, enthusiastic, even a fitful temperament; another through deeply reflective, unemotional characteristics. Let all work, beginning with what each is and just where each is; but first having given ourselves to the Lord.

PRACTICALLY, PARTICULAR PEOPLE DO THE WORK.

“Missions! Why, that woman has been the heart of all the mission work of our church for years.” We often hear such an exclamation as this. But why, if one person can awaken interest, diffuse knowledge, arouse enthusiasm, and stimulate practical action in regard to missions in a church, why may not others in the same church or in other churches? God does not say of any personality, “I cannot use it in the kingdom of my Son.” It is the faithless who shut themselves out of this glorious and rewarding work. God will use each and every individuality for his own work, provided it is given to him for his use. Particular people *do* do the work in our home churches! Why not we?

INSPIRED PERSONALITY.

Inspired personality is the most glorious force in the world. It is God's chosen and exclusive instrument. Shall we have it, and how can we get it? An inspired personality must be an enlarged, enriched, overflowing fullness of being. A kind of heart affluence, a mighty force welling up from deep within, alone will support constant activity in mission work. For that work and in that work we must not only be unwearyed but unwearable. An inspired personality is one ever and always inbreathed by the holy, sweet, tender, efficient Spirit of God. It must be that He instructs very nearly and deeply those who love Jesus, those whom Jesus loves. To them He makes the need of others their own. He shows them what it is to be severed from God, and what its great opposite and alternative is,—to be saved by God; and he it is that can break our hearts with love to the perishing.

COMPANIONS IN THE GREAT SEARCH.

In no other way can we so come into contact with and share so directly the personality of the Divine Man, for this is the aim of his present glorified life. To be companions of the Great Seeker of men we do not need to be brilliantly endowed, but we must share his heart. Often those who go out with shepherds over hard and hilly places are but rough, and possibly commonplace, in their heavy shoes and weatherworn outfit, but they share the solicitude of the shepherd for the erring and wandering sheep. Our Shepherd thinks only of our willingness to go with him out into the midnight darkness of a world that cannot recognize him, until the light of some companion's lantern falls upon his heavenly face. Seeing Him they may forget us, but they will be saved! In the light of the Cross—marvelous but glorious reality, set up on our sinful earth, bearing its one saving Victim—what human being is not worth our love and uttermost sacrifice? “The companions hearken to Thy voice; cause me to hear it.”

 OUR BOOK TABLE.

Strategic Points in the World's Conquest. The Universities and Colleges as related to the Progress of Christianity. By John R. Mott, with map of his journey. Fleming H. Revell Co. Pp. 213. Price, \$1.00.

It is not often that the record of a unique and phenomenally successful missionary tour, belting the world and extending to Australasia, is packed into a little volume of this size. Mr. Mott seems to have learned Emerson's rule of good writing,—the art of omission. He had an embarrassment of riches in his personal conferences with students the world over, and these would doubtless be most remunerative reading, but he has kept to his text in this book and has given us only the “strategic points.”

The introduction consists of opinions concerning the federation of the students of the world from such distinguished specialists as ex-President Harrison of this country, the Earl of Aberdeen, Governor General of Canada, the Right Honorable W. E. Gladstone, Prince Oscar Bernadotte of Sweden, and Count Bernstorff of Germany.

Count Bernstorff's words will find an echo in the heart of every reader of Mr. Mott's book. He says: “The recent federation of Christian students of the Occident and Orient for the evangelization of the world marks the beginning of a new epoch in the conquest of the world for Christ. There seems to sound forth from it the first note of victory.”

Mr. Mott's preface tells us how providentially he was led to make this world tour with his wife. Invitations from Great Britain, Germany, Scandinavia, Switzerland, India, and Japan were given independently of each other, and were all received within a period of eight weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Mott started on their tour July 20, 1895, and returned to this country April 2, 1897.

The students of India, China, and Japan, not only in the Christian schools and colleges, but to some extent in the universities under Government control, responded with marked enthusiasm to the appeal to join the Intercollegiate Association Movement and the Student Volunteer Movement. Conferences were held, and tables are given showing the results in India, China, and Japan. There was a constant growth of interest and attendance due, Mr. Mott thinks, "to the union of prayer which increased as we advanced, the delegates of each gathering uniting in special prayer for those which were to follow." Mr. Mott lays special stress in urging the students to keep the morning watch; that is, to spend at least the first half hour of every day in Bible study and secret prayer. The names were taken of those willing to enter into this compact, and these were to be specially looked after by older Christians. Bible training classes were started in many of the colleges. Bible study and prayer are the basis of this remarkable work. Mr. Mott's method in speaking of the three countries most interesting to us, from a missionary point of view, is to give first an account of the conferences with the students, and then a chapter on his impressions of India, China, and Japan. These are most suggestive as coming from an alert, consecrated, and fresh observer. First impressions have a certain value in spite of their being often sneered at as crude and untrustworthy.

Those who have been despondent over Japan will be glad to know that "the signs indicate that the cause of Christ in Japan is entering upon a new and remarkable era." Mr. Mott feels that "the work of the missionary in Japan is not finished," and that "Japan calls for missionaries of unusual strength," by which he goes on to specify the necessity of an unusual physical and intellectual and spiritual equipment. He particularly emphasizes the importance of the missionary to Japan having "strong and unwavering faith in the essentials of Christianity, in order to offset the powerful liberal tendency."

To read this book is to want it in one's private library for reference, but not to make oneself familiar with this new phase of missionary work is to be woefully ignorant of one of the most hopeful signs of the coming of Christ's Kingdom in the ends of the earth.

SIDE LIGHTS FROM PERIODICALS.

Edinburgh Review, July: "Native States of India."

The Quarterly Review, August: "Asia Minor Rediscovered." "The Eastern Crisis."

The Cosmopolitan, August: "Starving India," by Julian Hawthorne.

The Review of Reviews, August: "Hawaii, Japan and Annexation," by the Editor.

The Presbyterian and Reformed Review, July: "Apostolic and Modern Missions," by Chalmers Martin.

The Forum, August: "The Proposed Annexation of Hawaii," by Stephen M. White. "Political Aspects of the Plague in Bombay," by E. Washburn Hopkins.

The Fortnightly Review, July: "The Burmo-Chinese Frontier, and the Kakhyen Tribes," by E. H. Parker.

Atlantic Monthly, August: "Strivings of the Negro People," by W. E. B. Du Bois.

In Memoriam.

MRS. C. C. CREEGAN.

THE sad news of the death of Mrs. C. C. Creegan, in her home in Brooklyn, will bring sorrow to her many friends among our Board workers both at home and abroad. Her early public work was for home missions in New York State, but when a change in her husband's position brought her into special contact with foreign missions she entered heartily into the broader effort for the world's evangelization. As Vice President of the Board, for ten years, she was a devoted, untiring worker in all its departments and interests. As a presiding officer, at times, in the meetings of the Board, as leader in the auxiliary in her own church, or in the prosaic, mechanical necessities of the work, her beautiful presence and gentle dignity strongly attracted all who came within her influence.

During a long and painful illness she was a marvel of patient endurance, of courage, faith, and cheerfulness. Her expression to a friend, "The Lord has laid me down for awhile, but I am sure he will bring me up again," was an epitome of her sweet submission to God's will and her bright, hopeful nature. The extreme heat of early July brought on rapidly increasing weakness, and on the last day of the month she sweetly fell asleep in the everlasting arms. The weary, pain-torn body is laid down to rest and the freed spirit is "raised up again" in fields of usefulness of which we who are left behind know not.

ANNUAL MEETING.

THE thirtieth annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions will be held in the Second Congregational Church, New London, Conn., on Wednesday and Thursday, November 3 and 4, 1897. All ladies interested are cordially invited to be present. A meeting especially for delegates will be held on Tuesday, November 2d, in the Parish House of the First Congregational Church.

The ladies of New London will be happy to entertain all regularly accredited Branch delegates and missionaries during the meeting. All such desiring entertainment are requested to send their names, before October 1st, to Miss Emma Douglas, 15 Brainard Street, New London, the chairman of the committee on hospitality. To delegates and others who may desire to secure board, suitable places at reasonable rates will be recommended on application to the above address. It is earnestly requested that if any ladies who send their names decide not to attend the meeting, the committee be promptly notified.

Preparations for the meeting are going on during the summer months, and we shall hope to make definite announcements as to programme in our October number. New London is in a region rich in missionary annals, and we shall expect to find ourselves surrounded by an "atmosphere" most inspiring and stimulating.

TOPICS FOR AUXILIARY MEETINGS.

September.—An Hour in the Austrian Field.

October.—The Personal Factor in Mission Work.

November.—Thank-offering Meetings.

December.—Events in the year 1897 connected with Mission Work.

1898.

January.—The Evolution of Africa.

February.—Christian Explorers and Pioneers in Africa.

March.—The Zulu Mission.

April.—The Zulu Mission.

May.—Missionary Treasuries.

June.—Land Yet to be Possessed.

July.—Young People's Work.

August.—The Island World.

September.—East Central African Mission.

October.—West Central African Mission.

THE PERSONAL FACTOR IN MISSION WORK: AT HOME AND ABROAD.

TOPIC FOR OCTOBER.

1. As an opening exercise a Bible reading may be prepared, using as a basis the one given in LIFE AND LIGHT for May, 1892, "The Lord's Witnesses: Who are They?"

2. Following this let those present mention missionaries in special need, or in whom they are personally interested, and then have several brief prayers for missionaries named. In this connection it might be well to read the selection for the day from the Prayer Calendar.

3. Under "Personal Factor at Home," see leaflet, "She Hath Done What She Thought She Couldn't" (price one cent); "Possibilities of Work" (price two cents); also articles in LIFE AND LIGHT, October, 1891, "Personal Element in Missionary Work," and "Personal Element in Effective Service;" or "Individualism in Mission Work," in *Missionary Review* for May, 1897.

4. For second division of the topic see leaflet, "Our Heroes of the Orient" (free), also "Visits with Bible Women," LIFE AND LIGHT, February, 1895; "Gifts that Cost," October, 1895.

"A Hero of the Dark Continent," *Missionary Herald*, August, 1897; "A Martyred Preacher in Turkey," *Missionary Herald*, February, 1897; "Remarkable Conversions in the American Board Missions," *The Congregationalist*, June 26th.

An effective close would be the reading of the leaflet, "If They Only Knew" (price two cents), illustrating the personal relation of the home workers to those abroad. The monthly leaflet on the subject is by Mrs. James L. Hill.

All references may be obtained from Miss A. R. Hartshorn, No. 1 Congregational House.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

Receipts from June 18, 1897, to July 18, 1897.

MISS SARAH LOUISE DAY, Treasurer.

MAINE.

Maine Branch.—Mrs. C. C. Chapman, Treas. Andover, 5.50; Auburn, High St. Ch., Aux., 10.08; Augusta, Aux., 66.38; Bangor, Central Ch., Aux., 46.21, First Parish Ch., 13.97, C. E. S., 7.50, Hammond St. Ch., Aux., 27.25; Cape Elizabeth, No. Cong. Ch., 2.65; Fort Fairfield, Wom. Miss'y Un., 2.50; Foxcroft, 60 cts., A Friend, 45 cts.; Frankfort, S. S., 2.65; Gorham, Aux., 17; Kennebunkport, 7.10; Litchfield Corners, Aux., 10.70; No. Bridgton, A

Friend, 1; No. Yarmouth, Aux., 3.60; Phillips, 1.80; Piscataquis, Conf. Coll., 1.72; Portland, Seamen's Bethel Ch., M. B., 1, C. E. S., 22, State St. Ch., Gleaners M. C., 21.63; Williston Ch., Jr. C. E. S., 1.25, Somerset Conf. Coll., 3.30; So. Berwick, Aux., 34.65; So. Freeport, 30; South West Harbor, 2.40, Union Aux., 8; Washington, Conf. Coll., 5; Wells, Second Cong. Ch., Aux., 30, Woodfords Ch., 7.25,

395 14

Total, 395 14

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

New Hampshire Branch.—Miss Abby E. McIntire, Treas. Bath, Aux., 8; Candia, Aux., 16.50, Helpers M. C., 5; Centre Harbor, Aux., 5; Chester, Aux., 19, M. C., 5; Claremont, Jr. Miss. Soc., 5; Franklin, A Friend, 40 cts. Hampton, Aux., 37.50; Hudson, Aux., 1.24; Keene, Second Ch., Jr. C. E. S., 3; Kensington, C. E. S., 3; Lebanon, Aux., 49.56; Mount Vernon, Aux., 3.10; Nashua, 15.85, Aux., 29.15, Miss S. W. Kendall, 25, Pilgrim Ch., Y. L. Soc., 30; North Hampton, Aux., 9.92; Northwood, Aux., 6; Penacook, Aux., to const. L. M. Mrs. Priscilla P. Gage, 25; Piermont, Homeland Circle, 6.35; Plymouth, C. E. S., 5; Rindge, Aux., 3.10; Stratham, Aux., 19; Suncook, Mrs. Phebe A. Mills, 5; Troy, Aux. (of wh. 25 to const. L. M. Mrs. Henry M. Whittemore), 28.85, 369 52

Total, 369 52

VERMONT.

Vermont Branch.—Mrs. T. M. Howard, Treas. Bennington, No., Jr. C. E. S., 3; Berkshire, East, Aux., 10; Brattleboro, Lad. Assoc., 5; Dunmerston, Four Ladies, Extra-Cent-a-Day, June, 1.20; Manchester, "A Poor Old Lady," 5; Middlebury, Inasmuch King's Daughters, 5; Olcott, Aux., 5.50; St. Johnsbury, East, Margaret Mission, 12, No. Ch., Aux., 26.55, Mrs. S. T. B's S. S. Class, 2.96. Less expenses, 4.50, 71 71

Total, 71 71

MASSACHUSETTS.

Andover and Woburn Branch.—Mrs. Chas. E. Swett, Treas. Andover, Abbott Academy, 57, Union Aux., 60; Ballardvale, Union Ch., Jr. C. E. S., 7.83; Bedford, Aux., Three Ladies, Extra-Cent-a-Day, 1, Cong. Ch., United Workers, 25; Billerica, Aux., 20; Lowell, Highland Ch., Aux., 20; Malden, Linden Ch., C. E. S., 25; Methuen, Aux., 2.12; Reading, Aux., 10.63, Cong. Ch., 29.50, C. E. S., 15, Jr. C. E. S., 5; Wakefield, Ch., Aux., 80; Winchester, Aux., 85.25, 443 33

Barnstable Branch.—Miss Amelia Snow, Treas. Falmouth, 5.50; Orleans, S. S., Miss'y Soc., 5, 10 50

Berkshire Branch.—Mrs. Chas. E. West, Treas. Hinsdale, Aux., 19.63; Housatonic, Berkshire Workers M. C., 10; Lee, Second Ch., Aux., 10; Lenox, Jr. C. E. S., 4; Pittsfield, First Ch., Aux., 30 cts.; Stockbridge, Aux., 27.42, 71 35

Essex North Branch.—Mrs. Wallace L. Kimball, Treas. Haverhill, No. Ch., Aux., Mrs. M. M. Tibbetts, 15; Newburyport, Aux., 15, 30 00

Essex South Branch.—Miss Sarah W. Clark, Treas. West Gloucester, 5 00

Hampshire Co. Branch.—Miss Harriet J. Kneeland, Treas. Chesterfield, Aux.,

2.20; Hatfield, Wide Awakes M. C., 6.44; No. Amherst, Whatsoever Soc., 20; Northampton, Edwards Ch., Aux., 9, First Ch., Aux., 13, Smith College, Miss'y Soc., 45; Williamsburgh, Cong. Ch., 25, 120 64

Middlesex Branch.—Mrs. E. H. Bigelow, Treas. Framingham, Aux., 1; Natick, Aux. (of wh. 48.39 Th. Off.), 98.39; South Framingham, Aux., 69; Wellesley, Wellesley College, Y. W. C. A., 27.43, 195 82

Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch.—Miss Sarah B. Tirrell, Treas. Brockton, Aux., 9.03, Holbrook, Aux., 5; Kingston, Aux., 5.50; South Braintree, Cong. Ch., S. S., 10; So. Weymouth, Old So. Ch., Aux., 15.89; Weymouth Heights, Old North Ch., Aux., 10.57, 55 99

No. Middlesex Branch.—Mrs. Elizabeth Hunt, Treas. Concord, Proceeds of Lawn Party, 25, Aux., 15.45; Dunstable, Aux., 9; Harvard, Aux., 4.41; Shirley, Ch., 31 cts.; Townsend, Aux., 6, 60 17

Springfield Branch.—Miss Harriet T. Buckingham, Treas. Chicopee, Third Ch., Aux., 13.36; East Longmeadow, Aux., Extra-Cent-a-Day, 10; Holyoke, First Ch., Aux., 63, Second Ch., I'll Try Band, 7; Indian Orchard, Aux., Extra-Cent-a-Day, 3.72; Ludlow, Aux., Extra-Cent-a-Day, 5.48; Springfield, Hope Ch., Aux., 20, Olivet Ch., S. S., 30, Olive Br., S. S., 30; Westfield, Second Ch., Aux., Extra-Cent-a-Day, 7; Wilbraham, Aux., 3, 192 56

Suffolk Branch.—Miss Myra B. Child, Treas. Allston, Aux., 12.75; Auburn-dale, Aux., 10; Boston, Mrs. S. B. Capron, 50, Mt. Vernon Ch., A Member, 2, Aux., 30, Y. L. Aux., 30, Park St. Ch., Aux., 5.80; Brighton, Endeavor M. C., 2; Cambridge, First Ch., Aux. (of wh. 45.24 from Extra-Cent-a-Day Band), 100.24, Margaret Shepard Soc., 5; Cambridgeport, Wood Mem. Ch., Aux., 10; Chelsea, Central Ch., Cradle Roll, 31.93, First Ch., Sunbeam M. C., 5, Third Ch., Floral Circle, 6; Dorchester, Pilgrim Ch., Jr. C. E. S., 5, Second Ch., Y. L. Soc., 30, Go Forth M. B., 5; East Boston, Mav. Ch., Aux., 7; Hyde Park, Aux., 68, Cong. Ch., C. E. S., 1.64; Jamaica Plain, Central Ch., Aux., 109.92, Mrs. Chipman, 5; Needham, Cong. Ch., Aux., 23; Neponset, Trinity Ch., Ladies' Elov. Coll., 2.89, Jr. C. E. S., 5; Newton, Eliot Ch., Aux., 152; Newton Highlands, Ch., Aux., 5.39; Newtonville, Central Ch., Aux. (of wh. 125 to const. L. M's Mrs. Ellen Sherman Corson, Miss M. L. Drowne, Mrs. Harriet H. Lord, Mrs. Irene M. Vose, Mrs. Martha B. Wallace), 137.50; Roxbury, Eliot Ch., Aux., 15, Eliot Star and Thompson Circles, 22.09, C. E. S., 8.98, Jr. C. E. S., 5, Highland Ch., Aux., 67, Immanuel Ch., Aux., 23.18, Olivet Ch., Aux., 4, Walnut Ave. Ch., C. E. S., 25, S. S. Prim. Dept., 5; Somerville, Franklin St. Ch., Aux., 24.10, Winter Hill Ch., Aux., 15.38, Y. L. M. Soc., 50; So. Boston, Phillips Ch., Aux., 95.50, Y. L. M. Soc., 15, C. E. S., 2; Waltham, Trin. Cong. Ch., Jr. C. E. S., 9, Cradle Roll, 13.95; West Medway, Aux., 13, 1,271 24

<i>Worcester Co. Branch.</i> —Mrs. Minnie D. Tucker, Treas. Barre, Aux. (of wh. 50 to const. L. M.'s Mrs Philip Harris, Mrs. Alfred Johnson), 51; Blackstone, Aux., 10; Clinton, Aux., 49.28; Southbridge, Aux., 14.55; Warren, Aux., 8; Webster, Jr. C. E. S., 3; Westboro, 36.70; Worcester, Park Ch., Aux., 2, Extra-Cent-a-Day Band, 8, Union Ch., Aux., 49.47,		232 00
Total,	2,688 60	

LEGACIES.

<i>Chelsea.</i> —Legacy of Miss Lucy Ann Hartt, Samuel Snow, exr.,	5,000 00
Interest on same since March 5, 1897,	76 39
<i>Springfield.</i> —Estate of Mary C. Merriam, Homer Merriam, exr.,	500 00

RHODE ISLAND.

<i>Rhode Island Branch.</i> —Mrs. G. E. Luther, Treas. Knightsville, C. E. S., 2; Pawtucket, Cong. Ch., C. E. S., 5, Mrs. Lang's S. S. Class, Jubilee Off., 1.75; Providence, Pilgrim Ch., Laurie Guild, 10, Union Ch., 142.19; Saylesville, C. E. S., 2; Slatersville, C. E. S., 2,		164 94
Total,	164 94	

CONNECTICUT.

<i>Hartford Branch.</i> —Mrs. M. Bradford Scott, Treas. Bristol, Aux., 1.91; Burnside, Aux., 10; Farmington, Aux., 10; Glastonbury, Aux., 41.15; Hartford, Asylum Hill Ch., Aux., to const. L. M. Miss Clara May Stillman, 25, First Ch., Prim. S. S., 5, Fourth Ch., Int. C. E. S., 2.50, Park Ch., 50 cts., Pearl St. Ch., S. S., 40.54; New Britain, So. Ch., Aux., 70.46; Newington, Y. L. Miss'y Soc., 6.03; Suffield, Y. L. F. Miss'y Soc., 6.85; Windsor Locks, Aux., 35,		254 94
<i>New Haven Branch.</i> —Miss Julia Twining, Treas. Adana, Aux., 7.34; Bethany, C. E. S., 12.37; Bethel, Cradle Roll, 1.50; Bethlehem, C. E. S., 2; Branford, S. S., 5; Bridgeport, Olivet Ch., C. E. S., 13.75; Cobalt, Cradle Roll, 3; Ellsworth, C. E. S., 2.18; Ivoryton, Aux., 55.67; Cradle Roll, 1.45; Little Haddam, C. E. S., 10; Madison, A Friend, 40 cts.; Middlefield, C. E. S., 3; Middletown, First Ch., Jr. C. E. S., 6, So. Ch., Cradle Roll, 5.10; Naugatuck, Aux., 20; Nepaug, C. E. S., 10; New Haven, Centre Ch., Aux., 81.88, Cradle Roll, 2, Davenport Ch., Cradle Roll, 5, Grand Ave. Ch., Aux., coll. at Meetings, 8, Cradle Roll, 7.30, Humphrey St. Ch., C. E. S., 21, United Ch., Cradle Roll, 5.85, Mrs. S. L. Cady's School, 6; New Preston, C. E. S., 2; No. Woodbury, Cradle Roll, 1; Salisbury, Cradle Roll, 1.20; So. Norwalk, Aux., 8; Stamford, Aux., 10; Washington, Aux., 3; Waterbury, Third Ch., Aux., 5.90; Westchester, Cradle Roll, 3; Winsted, Aux., 5.50, Junior Workers, 8; Woodbury, First Ch., Aux., 9.60, Good Friday coll., 16.91,		369 90
Total,	624 84	

NEW YORK.

<i>New York State Branch.</i> —Mrs. Guilford Dudley, Treas. Baiting Hollow, Mrs. F. Newton, 5; Blooming Grove, W. M. S., 12; Brooklyn, A Reader of L. & L., 10, Park Ch., Aux., 7, Puritan Ch., C. E. S., 30, Rochester Ave. Ch., Aux., 7.46, Tompkins Ave. Ch., Aux., 50; Carthage, Aux., 10; Clayton, Aux., 4.15; Clifton Springs, Friends, 14.50; Columbus, Aux., 2.70; East Ashford, Cong. Ch., 1.67; Fulton, W. M. S., 10; Franklin, A Friend, 5; Harford, Pa. Aux., 2.50; Honeyey, Aux., 6; Howells, W. F. M. S., 2.67; Java Village, Aux., 11.49; Lockport, East Ave. Aux., 4.10; Lysander, Aux., 10; Middletown, A Friend, 1; Mount Sinai, Cong. Ch., Wom. Dept. F. M., 12.71; New Lebanon, C. E. S., 10; North Evans, Aux., 1.87; Northfield, Aux., 4.75; North Java, Cong. Ch., 3.04; Northville, C. E. S., 25; Oxford, Jr. C. E. S., 3; Poughkeepsie, S. S., 25; Richmond Hill, M. S., 5; Stamford, A Friend, 1; Tannersville, Friends, 93 cts; Walton, Aux., 3.32; Wellsville, A Friend, 50 cts., Aux., 5.61,		308 77
Total,	308 77	

PHILADELPHIA BRANCH.

<i>Philadelphia Branch.</i> —Miss Emma Flavell, Treas. D. C., Washington, Capitol Hill, A Friend, 3.40, First Ch., Aux., 60.48, Y. L. M. B., 55; N. J. Bound Brook, C. E. S., 10, Jr. C. E. S., 4; Bridgeton, Miss Louisa W. Wood, 10.50; East Orange, Trin. Ch., Aux., 15; Newark, Belleville Ave. Ch., Aux., 9.50, Miss. Band, 50, First Ch., Aux., 15; Upper Montclair, C. E. S., 20; Westfield, S. S., 9.12,		262 00
Total,	262 00	

MARYLAND.

<i>Baltimore.</i> —Brown Memorial Ch., Handful of Corn M. B., 35, Wild Tiger Soc., 30,		65 00
Total,	65 00	

OHIO.

<i>No. Monroeville.</i> —Mrs. H. M. St. John,		4 40
Total,	4 40	

NEW MEXICO.

<i>Albuquerque.</i> —Mrs. Lizzie A. Collings,		5 00
Total,	5 00	

General Funds,	4,648 13
Gifts for Special Objects,	311 79
Variety Account,	11 22
Legacies,	5,576 39

Total, \$10,547 53



THE MORNING STAR.

THE Morning Star has been a welcome visitor at our port for the past few weeks, having been sent here for extensive repairs. To many the sight of her comely form and robe of white, with the sweet and sacred associations which cluster around her, was far more inspiring than that of the mighty men-of-war which ride majestically in our bay, armed as they are with implements of destruction and death. This little vessel has an armament far more potent than these, and of longer range in its influence.

This is the fourth vessel of this name, and has been in service thirteen years. She is commanded by Captain Isaiah Bray, so well known in this connection, and who has had such large experience in voyaging among these islands.

A farewell service was held on her deck Monday afternoon, June 28th. Rev. Mr. Freear, Agent of the American Board on this coast, conducted the service, giving a brief but graphic account of the work of our missionaries on these islands, not only in translating the Bible into the existing languages and dialects, but making the written language itself, and adapting it to the teachings of our pure and spiritual religion. And is not this the greatest intellectual achievement of this our day?

The teaching of these rude children of nature to read what is thus prepared for them is an equally laborious work. The "miracle of missions,"—the miracle of miracles,—those "greater works" of which our Saviour spoke, must be then that of transforming these rude, uncouth, savage peoples, but little removed from the animals, with ages of heathenism behind them for their inheritance, into intelligent, civilized, loving Christians, trusting in the same Saviour, singing the same hymns, joining in the same prayers, and loving the same Bible that has lighted our own path.

This was the purport of Mr. Freear's address. He also added that we have in the hold of this vessel everything under the head of "supplies" for our missionariés, which means school books in the various languages; clothing; lumber for a house; American food, without which they could not remain there; cloth for the simple garments for the natives,—for one signal mark of the transforming power of Christianity in these lands is that "they are clothed"; some furniture also; and more precious still the Word of Life, the source of all this power, as contained in "tons," the writer was about to say, but not knowing how much a "ton" would be must be more moderate, and say boxes of Bibles and Testaments in the native dialects. "And even more," said the speaker, "this vessel will carry the living messengers of peace, two young lady missionaries, one a Miss Olin from Massachusetts, the other Beulah Logan, long known to us by name as the beloved daughter of our dear Mrs. Logan, who, with wonderful self-sacrifice, as it seems to us, leaves this good land for the long, lonely voyage to join her mother in her loving mission in the far distant isles of the Southern seas.

As we looked upon the fair face of this dear young woman, and listened to her few simple words of greeting in response to Mr. Freear's request, our hearts went out to her, and we said, "Here is the power of our Christian religion." We shall follow these young ladies over the trackless ocean to their distant home, and fancy the union of that mother and daughter after this long separation. In the hold of our little vessel was also an iron fence for the lonely grave of Mr. Logan on the island of Ruk, also a similar one for the family burial place of Rev. Mr. Walkup, the devoted sailor missionary among the Gilbert Islands.

But on this vessel were no frowning guns or implements of war. Said Mr. Freear: "When in Honolulu some years since one of the predecessors of this vessel was to be sent out at a time when the islands were in a state of war and confusion with complications with some of the so-called 'Christian nations,' some one suggested that it would be well to arm the Star with a howitzer or some other defensive weapon. But the H. I. Missionary Society said, 'No; she goes on an errand for the Prince of Peace, and in his name alone we will trust;' so although these vessels have been buffeted by rocks and storms, yet no 'weapon of warfare has been formed against them that has prospered.' We have but mentioned a part of the valuable cargo of the Star, which will be so earnestly looked for in the months to come. We see even now the boys and girls, with keen eyesight accustomed to scan the blue ocean, watching day after day for the first tiny speck which indicates the approach of the welcome messenger, and their eager 'Sail-ho!' which they carry to their beloved 'mothers,' as they call our lady missionaries."

So we say with the hymn :—

“Speed away, speed away, with the life-giving Word,
To the nations that know not the voice of the Lord;
Take the wings of the morning and fly o'er the wave,
In the strength of the Master, the lost ones to save.
Speed away, speed away!”

But she has not yet cast off her hawser ; the company of friends are still on her deck for more last words, none of which were more effective than those of Captain Bray, now a veteran in this island service, as he told us of the influence of the little scrap of paper that he received from his Sunday-school teacher for the ten cents which he had brought. This bit of paper was called “certificate of stock in the Morning Star.” And what investments have paid richer dividends than those that were distributed among the children of New England in early days? Said the good Captain : “That little piece of paper made a great impression on my boyish mind. I was about eight years old, and I told my mother then, ‘I will be captain of the Morning Star some time.’”

Years pass on ; the Captain has commanded merchant vessels, but the prophecy of his boyhood after twenty years is thus fulfilled. “The boy is father of the man.”

Many of the clergymen of this city and Oakland were present, representatives of the Woman's Board and of the Young Ladies' Branch, all having good wishes with the prayers offered for the Star, her passengers, her cargo, and her mission. The missionary hymns were sung, the good-byes said, and we parted, tarrying a moment for a last look at the little vessel soon to leave this port on her long voyage.

Among the passengers was a young son of Rev. Mr. Wikoff, who, with his desire for travel, combines a prospective love of missionary work. We shall, we are sure, hear from this young man in the future. The children who were present received their first lesson of what the fathers, mothers, and grandmothers imbibed so many years ago in old New England. Among these there may be some in future years to tell of similar impressions made upon their minds to those related by Captain Bray.

JAPAN.

LETTER FROM MISS DENTON.

I AM soon to go out into the country for a long-planned evangelistic trip, and then, early in the summer, I go to Tokyo to stay, perhaps a year, while the Greens are absent in America. We have not quite arranged our work here ; I regret to lay it down for even a short time. The vote of the mission

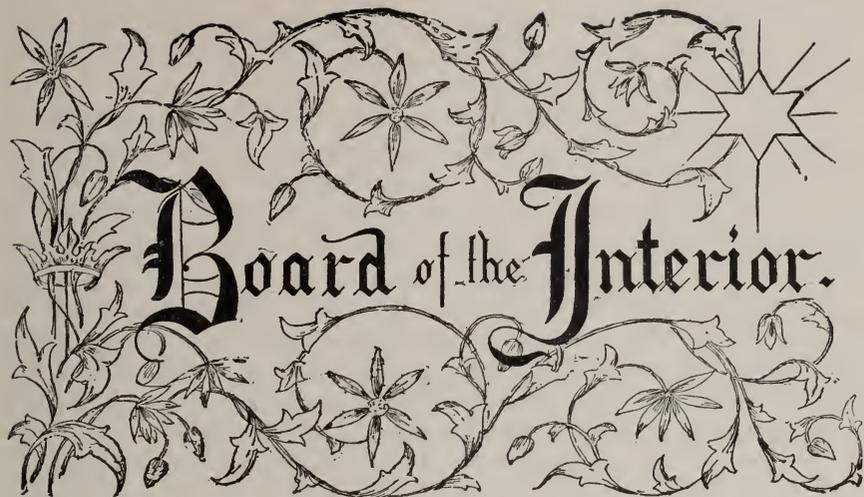
is that I take only temporary work in Tokyo, and then come back to Kyoto, where all my time in Japan has been spent, and where there is work enough for many more instead of one less. To-morrow we are going to see what work we can easily give up: the cut in appropriation does fall so heavily, and with prices in Japan advancing, we are indeed troubled to know what to do. It is a great sorrow to us that many of the Japanese pastors have gone into business life, and yet we can see how unable they are to support their families on the little they have, and they feel that they can serve God perhaps as well in business as in preaching his word. I know how to sympathize with them, and I feel that we must draw in our cords, sad as it seems, for we cannot do the work even now laid out with the funds put at our disposal by the Board. I know this is as great a grief to you as to us, and you have the burden of getting what we have.

When will Japan be won for Christ? It does seem very long waiting and very slow progress. Just now we feel very much the strained relation between ourselves and the Japanese leaders in the Kumai churches. We do not feel that we can help to build up these churches, torn as they are by a thousand opinions, and far away, as many of them are, from the principles that we hold dear as life; and yet, what shall we work for? The question, too, of a new theological class is before us. We must train workers; how? where? You see we are beset by difficulties, and that surely, as never before, we need your earnest prayers.

KYOTO, March 27, 1897.

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From Dr. Greene's circular letter to the station we learn that Miss Denton's work in Tokyo is to be evangelistic and eleemosynary. There are four pastors in Tokyo and Yokohama who are in full accord, and all of a very high order, who need the help of a lady in their parish work. As Mrs. Greene is to be absent in this country, Miss Denton has been invited to take her place. There are three enterprises started in which Miss Denton can help: the movement in aid of released prisoners by Mr. Hara, the college settlement by Mr. Katayama, and Judge Miyoshi's work for criminal children. The work in all these is strictly evangelical. Mr. Katayama also intends to start a kindergarten soon. Dr. Greene says: "Miss Denton has her own ways of working, and we believe she would find full scope for them here, and would be received with great heartiness by all the workers in this field. If the kindergarten should be opened, her presence and counsels would be of special service. This plan has Miss Denton's approval. We should leave the work in her hands with very great satisfaction."



Board of the Interior.

DONG SUN YET.

BY SARAH HUGHES GRAVES, M.D.

DONG SUN YET moaned so loudly in the night that she aroused her father.

“Am I not to sleep at night?” he cried. “Be still, or to-morrow I will take you to the white devil woman, and she will cut off your feet.”

Poor Dong Sun Yet was in too much pain to heed this threat, which had been repeated so often that it had lost its first terror. Her head ached, her small body burned with fever, and the agony in her tortured feet overcame the filial reverence which she, in common with all Chinese children, was taught to consider the first rule of life.

“Will you let me sleep?” A blow from her mother’s hand enforced Dong Wo’s demand.

The moans hushed for a moment, but soon rose again, tending toward delirium.

Dong Wo grew uneasy. “She has a devil,” he said. “She will bring a curse upon us. If I take her away our gods may give us a son.”

Dong Kwee, the mother, arose and stooped over the suffering child. “It is better to be a coolie than to be possessed of a devil,” she said, bitterly.

Dong Kwee was a coolie, with broad, flat feet; her husband’s determination to make a “lily-foot” of their only child had long rankled in her heart. She had not dared to rebel; in fact, when the tender feet had been bent

double so that the balls of the great toes rested upon the soles of the heels, her pride knew no bounds. She witnessed the little girl's sufferings with a jealous pang. Gladly would she have gone through the necessary pain had it been possible to reshape her own flat feet.

Things went wrong with little Dong; from the first her sufferings were intense. Her father may have waited until she was too old before he had the bandages applied, or they may have been too tightly put on. Twice had the binding been done over; at last, it seemed, with success. Dong felt no pain for many weeks. Then the agony began afresh, accompanied by high fever, which burned for many days.

The Chinese doctor was called in. He made great pinches, which left black and blue marks between her eyes and on the backs of her wrists; he gave her the dust of ground-up black spiders; then he shook his head and went away; but the fever rose higher and the pain grew worse. This night every breath was a moan. "She has a devil," said her father.

The next morning he carried the raving child to the Woman's Hospital, where he waited in the midst of half a hundred other Chinamen, all more or less sick or crippled, until a door at the end of the long hall was opened, and they crowded into a large, well-lighted room, where the woman doctor sat, surrounded by her trained and uniformed Chinese nurses. It was in a city of China, where the missionary doctor had established her hospital in connection with the work of the mission.

"Rice Christians!" muttered Dong Wo, disdainfully glancing at the attendants. The mission Chinamen are held in deep contempt by the unconverted coolies, who allege that they profess Christianity solely to get free rations of rice; and at this time, on account of the missionary massacres that had recently taken place, the feeling against "Rice Christians" was intense.

Dong Wo elbowed his way to the front. "What you want?" asked the doctor, in her kindly voice.

"One piecee gel, she makee baily sick," explained Dong Wo.

"Her feet?"

"Yeh; too muchee tight."

A nurse took the child from his arms and knelt down in front of the doctor. Skillful fingers soon unrolled the aching feet. When the last bandage fell to the floor a murmur of pity ran over the crowd of onlookers, accustomed as they were to the bound-foot cruelty.

Doctor Yarramore took the shrieking child into her own lap, while the nurse hastily wrapped up the distorted mass of swollen and discolored flesh.

"Must cut off feet," said the doctor. "No cut off feet she die, pretty soon."

"All lite, you likee," grunted Dong Wo. "Me no likee no moh. Cut off foot, no can be singsong gel; no can work, allee samee coolie. She not muchee 'coun'. You keep allee time."

The doctor's eyes filled with tears. "I keep allee time?" she asked. "You no come take her back?"

Dong Wo repeated sullenly: "Oh, she not muchee 'coun'! You keep allee time!" Then he shuffled away.

Hoo Bee, the nurse, carried Dong Sun Yet into another room. The child stopped crying and looked timorously around. "I am afraid of the devil woman," she said in Chinese; "I want to go away."

"Be not ungrateful," replied Hoo Bee; "she is not a devil, but a good white spirit. She will make you well."

Then Hoo Bee bathed her little charge, dressed her in a clean white slip, and taking her into a big room with a glass roof, laid her on a table. When the doctor, in her long white gown, came in, Dong Yet shrieked again with fear.

"White devil woman!" she cried. "White dev—" Then something sweet and suffocating rushed down her nose and throat. She struggled faintly a few moments, gave up with a sigh of weariness, closed her eyes, and opened them again to find herself lying in a soft white bed, with Hoo Bee bathing her forehead, and an open window at her side. She was almost too weak to breathe; but oh! so wonderfully free from pain. Hoo Bee had told the truth; the white woman doctor was a good spirit.

Just then, at a light touch on her arm, Dong raised her heavy eyelids and saw the woman doctor with a shining something in her hand. The doctor thrust the tiny point of her hypodermic syringe into Dong Yet's arm. It had a sting like a needle, and frightened the child so that she fainted. Her first sensation on recovering was one of fear.

"The needle dagger!" she moaned. Hoo Bee soothed her.

"That is not a dagger; it is to make you well. See, even now you feel better. With that the doctor brings back the spirit when it is making ready to leave the body. I have seen her do it. It is more powerful than our prayer to the dying."

Dong did indeed feel better. She looked up at the doctor's face, and was reassured by her smile. "Did you bring me back?" she asked, in Chinese. The doctor did not understand; but she nodded cheerfully, closed the inquiring eyes with kisses, and hurried away to visit other patients.

Poor little Dong had never been kissed in all the seven years of her life. Had she been a boy her parents would have lavished upon her their love and care; for a boy would have worshiped them after their death, and thus

have insured their immortality. If she had had a brother, the bitterness against her would have been mitigated by the service she could have given to the boy; but for an only child to be a girl was a daily insult to her parents.

Dong Sun Yet did not understand the doctor's kisses, but they felt sweet; and that moment a strange, new feeling of love crept into her starved little Chinese soul. She slept much during the next two days, the white doctor floating beneficently through her dreams. To Dong Sun Yet's imagination the doctor was the source of all the happiness that surrounded her. Hoo Bee's kindness grew less; it disappeared when the doctor went away; but her sullenness did not disturb Dong Sun Yet. It was mild compared to what she had known before. On the evening of the second day Hoo Bee was very irritable; her manner to the doctor had lost a shade of its customary servility.

"Do you feet ache?" asked Dong. "Get the white doctor woman to cure them as she cured mine. I have no more pain in my feet."

"You have no feet," snarled Hoo Bee. "The woman cut them off."

Dong gave a muffled scream and threw back the covers, trying at the same time to rise.

"Lie still!" commanded Hoo Bee. "How can you stand without feet? You can never again either stand or walk."

Dong's howls of anger echoed loudly throughout the corridor. Hoo Bee stuffed a towel into her mouth and tried to get her quiet; but the doctor came hurriedly into the room, followed by a coolie.

"What do you mean?" she said, sternly, pushing Hoo Bee aside, and removing the towel.

Dong felt no more anger when she heard the quiet tones that had taught her all she knew of human kindness. She stared peacefully at her white friend, until her eyes began to take in the coolie figure in the background; then she shuddered, for she recognized her father.

Dong Wo barely glanced at his child; he kept his eyes on the floor as he talked to the doctor. "I likee stay one night," he said. "One piecee man tell me Dong Sun Yet makee die to-night."

"It is against the rules," said the doctor, thoughtfully. Her heart softened toward the man; she felt that she had misjudged him. "Perhaps he loves her as tenderly as I could love a child of my own," she thought. "We know so little of these wonderful, ingeniously stupid people."

The doctor might have been pardoned for being in an unusually thoughtful mood. In all that great city, with its hundreds of thousands of inhabitants, there was no other white human being that night, nor had there been for many nights. The great convention of Shanghai had called all the mission-

aries of every denomination, leaving Doctor Yarramore alone with her staff of native Christians. She was a brave woman; but as the days wore on, and each morning brought its fresh rumors of missionary massacres near at hand, she realized more and more strongly upon what slight security her own life rested; and, more precious than life, the success of her training school and hospital.

Thoughts like these swept over her with new force as she scanned the immovable features of Dong Wo. She experienced a novel feeling of helplessness. What folly to hope that their little handful of missionaries could make even a fleeting impression on these enslaved and stubbornly self-isolated millions! "You may stay," she said; "but Dong Sun Yet no die to-night. I think she live."

When the doctor left, followed by Hoo Bee, Dong Wo sat down by the bed, watching Dong Sun Yet out of the slanting corners of his eyes. Little Dong tried to keep her eyes closed, but the lids twitched nervously. Her father offered her the small medicine glass full of water. She swallowed the draught, then looked suspiciously at him. The water had a bitter taste. She dared not cry out, although soon she felt very ill. The doctor came back to caution Dong Wo against talking to his daughter. She leaned over Dong Yet, examining her with fresh anxiety.

"The heart is strangely weak," she said. "She is sinking."

Hoo Bee brought stimulants, and both women worked over the little patient until she again revived.

"She is better," said the doctor; "I must go into G ward; call me if there is any change. I will not go to bed to-night." To herself she said, "I wish I could stay; I cannot feel the pulse at her wrist." But a wailing baby needed her care, and a strange restlessness had infected all her patients, who would not sleep, but lay in their dimly lighted cots, following her every movement with their long, gleaming, brown eyes,—the only movable features in the stony stillness of their excited faces.

Dong Yet slept for some time; she aroused at a harsh exclamation from Hoo Bee. A silence followed, then Dong Wo said softly, "Hush! she is awake!" Dong Yet pretended to be asleep, but her senses were on the alert, for she remembered the bitter taste of the water her father had given her, and the deathly sickness that came afterward. In a few moments the low-toned conversation was resumed; it was in Chinese, and Dong Wo did the most of the talking.

"What right had the woman devil to cut off her feet?" he snarled. "That was not curing her. I brought her here to be cured, and they have crippled her. She could have died at home, if she must die."

"But I think she will live," said Hoo Bee.

"She will not live; the priest told me so to-day. These Christians take our children into their missions to kill and offer up to their Gods. The priest says it. When they are strong enough they will seize you Rice Christians, too, and make sacrifices of you. How can you help yourselves? Can they not make you as one dead by pouring their bottled breath into your mouth?"

Hoo Bee was perceptibly moved by this allusion to the mysterious ether, whose effects she had several times watched with secret awe. "What you say is true," she said.

"Well, then! To-night a hundred men of our Tong are gathered around the mission. They fear the power of the devil woman, and they dare not set fire to the walls; also, the sick who are inside would be burned. The priest has made me safe by his prayers, and I am sent to open the doors. But the men are still fearful of the devil woman, and have asked for a sign. The priest told them that Dong Sun Yet would die to-night. When she dies I shall open the doors,—or you; if you do not help us you are in the power of the devil woman, and you will be killed with her." Hoo Bee's teeth chattered, and her face grew ghastly. "The servants know something," he went on. "The priest sent messengers to them and to the sick people. When my men come inside the servants will join them. Will you be with us?"

"But Dong Sun Yet will not die," mumbled Hoo Bee, gray with terror.

"She will die. The priest has said it. Then the devil woman will be told to bring her to life. Is that not what the Christians teach—that they raise the dead? If she brings back the departed spirit, then is she greater than the priest; and may my right hand rot off with leprosy when I raise it against her! If she cannot bring Dong Sun Yet to life again then she is an impostor, and her limbs shall be torn from her body. These are the words of the priest."

"I will obey the words of the priest," said Hoo Bee, between her chattering teeth.

Dong Wo came to the bedside again. He shook Dong Sun Yet, who opened her eyes feebly and drowsily. "It is time for you to take your medicine," he said. Hoo Bee started forward in protest, then turned and left the room.

"I take no medicine," said Dong Sun Yet.

Her father pressed the little glass fiercely to his child's mouth and forced her lips apart. Dong Sun Yet took it into her mouth as if drinking, turned her head away from her father, and let the dose run quietly out into the

pillow; this her father did not see. Then she tried to think. The priest had said that she must die. Her father said she must die; and twice he had given her the queer-tasting medicine that made her so ill. She could not hope to deceive him the next time.

Dong Sun Yet shook as with a chill. She opened her eyes and mouth to scream for help, and found her father's terrible face within a few inches of her own. The scream died in her throat; and for the second time since coming to the hospital Dong Sun Yet fainted from fright. As consciousness came slowly back, she heard the hum of many voices. The little room was filled with people, mostly men; they were a mob of a hundred of her father's Tong, bent on destruction. Her father was speaking; and although she knew little pigeon English she understood his meaning.

"You makee live," he was saying to the doctor. "You Clistin' savy bling back dead mans. You makee Dong Sun Yet come back?"

The doctor's calm voice stilled the tumult of the dark-faced crowd. "I cannot raise the dead," she said. "None but Christ can do that. He can make her live again in heaven."

"Clis' makee live in heaven, you makee live on earth," said Dong Wo, with authority. The Chinamen growled assent.

"You talkee makum live; you makum livee. You no bling back, you die, too. You housee all blun up. Licee Clistin' (Rice Christians) all die 'long a you."

When his harsh voice ceased, a moan of supplication arose from the dozen native servants and nurses who had remained faithful to her, and who were in the room, held prisoners by the men of the Tong. "You makee live," they begged, weeping in abject fear, but faithful to the last. "You makee try. We pray for you."

A dozen hands grasped her roughly; an ominous muttering came from the hundred men, and Hoo Bee stepped forward with the doctor's hypodermic needle, filled as she had often filled it before.

"We pray for you," pleaded the nurses, flinging themselves on the floor in a semicircle around the bed.

The rioters, momentarily impressed by the solemnity of the scene, dropped into the dimly lighted background. The white-robed doctor, standing in the wavering, yellow candle light, raised her eyes for a prayerful instant, then took her "needle dagger" from Hoo Bee's outstretched hand and bent down,—so close that Dong thought she meant to kiss her. A quiver passed over the child's face; the doctor whispered, "Thank God!" Then she bared a spot over the heart of Dong Sun Yet and quickly plunged in the needle. The fierce faces that walled in the cot seemed changed to bronze,

so breathless was that first moment of suspense. At last the doctor called, "Dong Sun Yet!" and the kneeling nurses chanted, "In the name of Christ, come back!" Dong's eyes opened brightly; she glanced at her father, then put up her hand and patted the doctor's cheek.

"A devil! A devil!" shrieked Dong Wo, but he shook with fear. He turned appealingly to the men of the Tong; they said, "She who can make life can make death. We will go away." Stolidly they turned and vanished, one by one, into the darkness without; and amid all the horror of the missionary massacres that followed, the Woman's Hospital stood untouched; saved by the courage and cunning of Dong Sun Yet.

When the last blue blouse had disappeared, Dong Sun Yet raised her hand and again feebly patted the doctor's cheek. "No can hurt good white spirit," she said, and smiled.—*The Youth's Companion.*

ONE thought has assumed a new reality in my mind of late as an offshoot of my useless life. When a man can do nothing else, he can add his little rill to the great river of intercessory prayer, which is always rolling up to the throne of God. The river is made up of such rills as the ocean is of drops. A praying man can never be a useless man.—*Austin Phelps.*

TRUE prayer is a prediction.—*Dr. William R. Harper.*

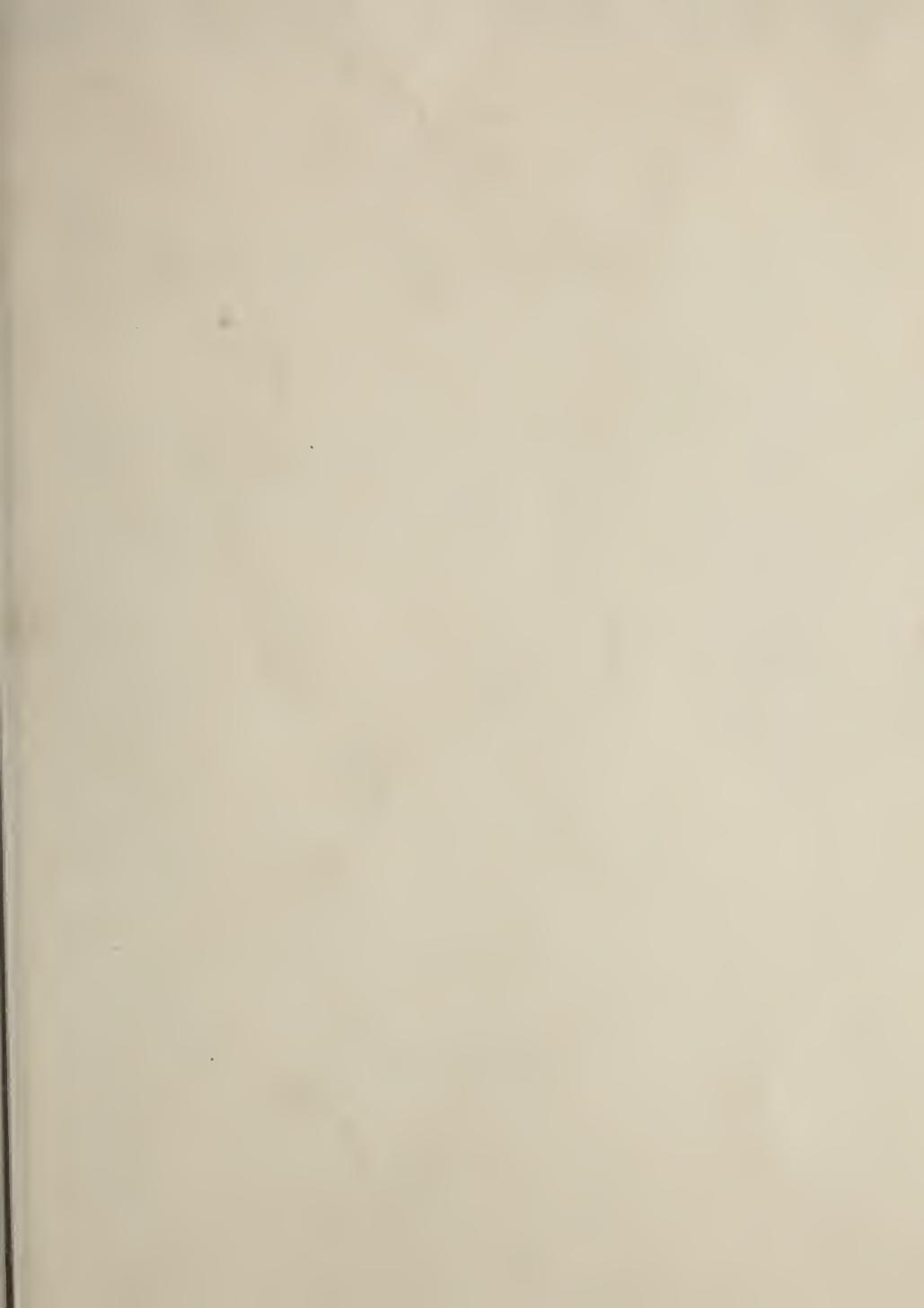
WOMAN'S BOARD OF THE INTERIOR.

MRS. J. B. LEAKE, TREASURER.

RECEIPTS FROM JUNE 10 TO JULY 10, 1897.

ILLINOIS	\$648 40	Previously acknowledged	28,227 32
INDIANA	15 20	Total since Oct. 21, 1896	\$30,887 53
IOWA	347 99		
KANSAS	50 55	ARMENIAN RELIEF FUND.	
MICHIGAN	718 19	Received this month	133 78
MINNESOTA	90 43	Already forwarded	496 37
MISSOURI	55 65		
NORTH DAKOTA	16 17	Whole amount for Armenian Relief	
OHIO	442 94	since Oct. 21, 1896	630 15
SOUTH DAKOTA	24 07		
WISCONSIN	184 84	INDIA FAMINE RELIEF.	
GEORGIA	12 50	Received this month	5 00
MICRONESIA	10 00	Already forwarded	231 71
NORTH CAROLLNA	26 00	Total for India Famine Relief	\$236 71
MISCELLANEOUS	17 28		
Receipts for the month	2,660 21		

MRS. ALFRED B. WILLCOX, Ass't Treas.



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