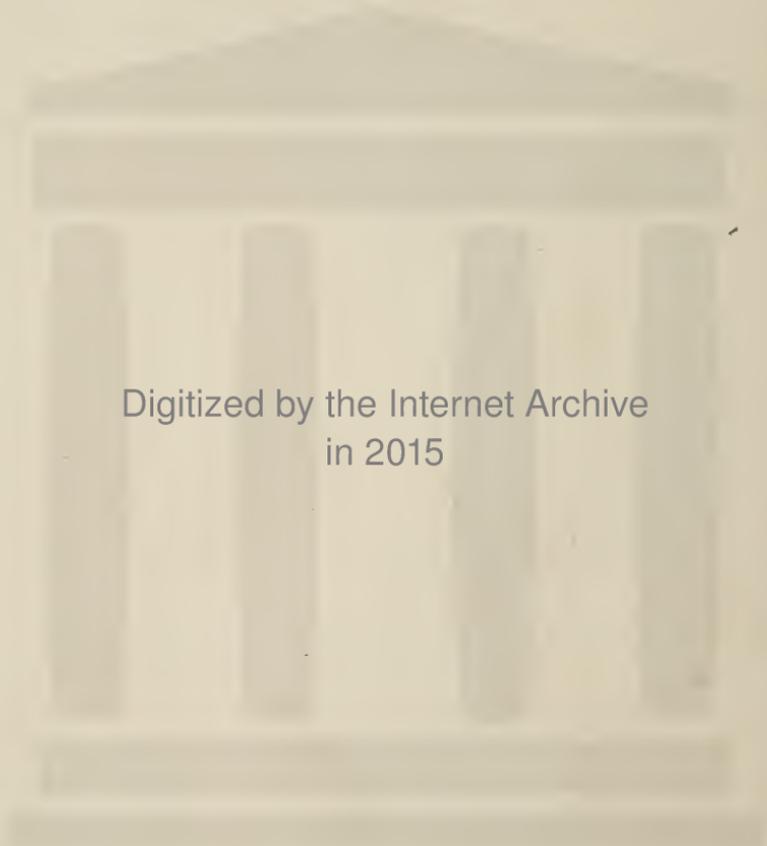




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GIRLS AT VAN PREPARING WOOL AND KNITTING. See page 61

Life and Light

VOL. XXXV

FEBRUARY, 1905

No. 2

MISSIONARY VISITORS. At a recent Friday prayer meeting Miss Mary H. Porter, long a missionary in Peking and for many years the head of the Bridgman School for girls in that city, told us of the hopeful conditions in the work there at this time. To hear her was more than a pleasure; it was an impulse, a stimulus, a blessing. At the same mission Miss Alice Gleason, just starting on her return to Corona Institute for girls in Guadalajara, Mexico, showed us in burning words something of the need of missionaries in that fair city whose religion is only a "baptized paganism." Not long ago also Dr. Annie Young, of Ceylon and lately of Madura, told of some most encouraging cases of fruit from gospel seed sowing. We have also welcomed recently at the Rooms, Miss Hattie Clark of Adams, South Africa.

HELPS TO PRAYER. One of the perplexities which faces most of the leaders of our auxiliaries is the great difficulty of finding women who will lead in prayer. We all agree that the praying together is not only a most important duty, but also a precious privilege, yet for some inexplicable reason it is a duty which we dare to neglect, a privilege which we are willing to forego. Is it our self-consciousness that makes it hard? We American women might well learn from our Tamil or Mexican sisters, who are always glad to pray in their meetings.

Recognizing this difficulty, we have planned a short series of articles which will treat of the matter in a practical way. In this number the Helps for Leaders gives an admirably worked-out study of prayer, which has already been used with much success. We have also an account by one of its members of a prayer study class which developed great interest; and two articles by Mrs. Merrill E. Gates will follow in later numbers of the magazine. We earnestly commend these articles to the careful reading of all those who believe that our God hears and answers prayer.

OUTSIDE TESTIMONY TO THE WORK OF BEVERLY SCHOOL. "Girls' schools in India are so often little more than nurseries for precocious infants that it is all the more interesting to see what can be done by devotion and earnestness toward developing the mind and increasing the intelligence of girls of all ages from six to twenty. The results in this case are most satisfactory, and I am sure that Mrs. Winsor's girls would easily hold their own with the boys in any similar school. From a more or less cursory examination I was convinced that the girls have thoroughly understood what they have learned, and the progress made could not easily be beaten. It was a great pleasure to see the excellent behavior of the girls, and their cheeriness and good temper. The whole results redound to the credit of Mrs. Winsor, and speak volumes for the good work to which she has devoted so many years." (Signed by W. D. Sheppard, Inspector of Poona.)

Dr. William Glen Liston, a surgeon in the Imperial army, writes: "I have never seen such excellent educational work among girls in India as I have been privileged to see to-day. I am quite sure, as Mr. Sheppard remarked at his last visit, that the girls could well hold their own with boys of the same age. This is saying a great deal, for girls in this country are hardly educated at all. I was much interested in the widows' home. The good that such an institution does in India can be appreciated only by those who know the native habits and customs. The work among the blind also was very interesting. What a blessing Mrs. Winsor must be to those poor creatures! What a contrast is their now happy life with that which we know they must have led before they came under Mrs. Winsor's tender care and skillful training! How the people love Mrs. Winsor; and can anyone wonder at it?"

NEEDS IN ARMENIA. We here in America find abundant need of warm clothing, of snug houses, of generous fires, as we meet the force of winter cold. Suppose ourselves deprived of all these, and sent out bereaved, hungry, homeless, to face the inclement season. Such is the condition of thousands in Armenia, for through the autumn the district all about Samsoun has been devastated, and whole vilages destroyed. Our missionaries in that region have been threatened, and while we can hardly think that their lives are really imperilled, yet it must be true that their burdens are greatly increased and their perplexities harder to solve. To know that so many of their neighbors are destitute and suffering, and to be unable to help, is itself a great load and weariness to a loving heart. What can we do by prayer or gift to help those who are naked and hungry, sick and in prison, in the name of Him who will say, "Ye did it unto me"?

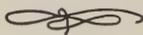
FINANCIAL NOTE, Between November 18th and December 18th the **TO BE CONSIDERED.** gifts from the Branches for our regular pledged work amounted to \$7,845.45, which is less by \$342.86 than the contributions in the corresponding month of 1903. Looking back over the fourteen months since October 18, 1903, we see that only four months have brought a gain to the treasury; the other ten have showed a decrease varying from a few hundred to more than four thousand dollars monthly. And this at a time when the openings for work are most promising and the calls for help louder than ever before.

THE FIELD The Field Secretary has recently spent about two weeks in **WORK.** the Western New York Association, having as her companion, Miss Mary L. Matthews, of Monastir, Macedonia. Among the places visited were Wellsville, Jamestown, Fairport, Canandaigua, and many of the smaller towns. Although the mercury hovered about zero most of the time, the audiences were very encouraging, and a most cordial interest was given "our very own missionary,"—as Miss Matthews is supported by the women and young people of this association. She carried with her costumes of the women of Macedonia, Turkish and Bulgarian, and photographs of the school where she has been associated with Miss Cole for thirteen years. This apostolic fashion of doing the field work is the ideal way, were it not for the taxing demands made by such a tour upon the inadequate strength of the missionary during her year of so-called "rest." There will certainly be a wider and more intelligent sympathy for the girls of the Monastir school (W. B. M. I.) after the "Macedonian vision" given at these meetings, and a corresponding increase of prayer and gifts is confidently expected. Many were the expressions of loving interest; and one dear old "mother in Israel," in her eighty-sixth year, who had long loved Miss Matthews' work, as known from her letters, walked half a mile to and from the meeting, in the intensest cold, with expressions of deep thankfulness that she was enabled at last to have "her missionary" in her home, and to hear the story of the work.

A GOOD A war carried on at such fearful cost as this war between **OF THE WAR.** Japan and Russia, a cost of the very lifeblood of the nation, cannot leave the Japanese as it found them. Just now, while things are in flux, is an unprecedented opportunity to impress upon them the reality of our Protestant Christianity. They will not forget their disastrous experience with Roman Catholicism, and to-day Russia, their mortal enemy, calls itself Christian. They must learn that the true followers of Christ are not held by the forms and traditions of either the Roman or the Greek Catholic Church. We can help to reinforce our missionaries there; we can send

money to help care for the many widows and orphans, to give the printed Gospels to those eager to receive them. We can turn with all our hearts to Him that heareth prayer, and ask that this awful waste of human life may come to an end. Japan is our neighbor. What shall we do for her if we love our neighbor as ourselves?

“FROM CAIRO TO THE CAPE.” For twenty years or more these words have been the magic call of English capitalists and empire builders. Now their vision is becoming a reality. Already the Rhodesian Railway Company, Limited, is operating its line from Cape Town to Victoria Falls on the river Zambesi, a distance of 1,644 miles. The track is excellently laid, with steel rails and steel bridges, and trains with best modern conveniences, dining and sleeping cars, with library and writing rooms, traverse the long stretch in five days. Here, in Matabeleland and Mashonaland, where sixteen years ago Europeans could go only at peril of their lives, are now towns, bridges, elegant stations and hotels, and “grain fields where white men are harvesting with a self-binding reaper.” Shall not the gospel keep pace with commercial enterprise in taking possession of Africa?



Earliest Missionary Interest in Japan

BY MRS. ALICE G. WEST

THE story goes farther back than Commodore Perry, farther than Francis Xavier, away back to the time when Psalmist and Prophet plead for “the multitude of the isles.” Even farther still, for somebody taught the Hebrew. It is a world-long story, the ripening of God’s purpose for Japan; but one little chapter only is set for this lesson, the significant and thrilling period that preceded the day of the open Bible. This chapter opens far away from Japan, and years before the July Sunday morning in 1853, when the sound of the first Protestant Christian service came floating shoreward from Commodore Perry’s flagship in Yedo Bay.

Away back in 1810 in a Connecticut farmhouse, Phœbe Hinsdale Brown, after praying for years that there might be organized missionary effort for foreign lands, heard one morning the glad news of the formation of the American Board, and “in a thrill of rapture she lifted up her thirteen-days old baby and dedicated him to bear the good news of love to distant lands.” This baby was Samuel Robbins Brown, who, more than forty years later, was one of the little band of missionaries who were first to enter Japan.

In 1837 two streams of influence started on opposite sides of the globe

that met years later in Japan to swell the tide of missionary endeavor. Both streams started in prayer meetings, one in New England, one in China; one is the story of a Japanese basket, and the other a story of Japanese sailors stranded on a foreign coast. The first story has been in print recently, but it belongs here too. At a prayer meeting in the house of a Christian merchant in Brookline, the sight of a pretty Japanese basket on the table inspired what was doubtless the first missionary address on the subject of Japan ever delivered to a New England audience, and the speaker closed with the suggestion that the basket be used for collecting an offering which should be a nest egg toward the day when God's providence should open a way for the gospel to enter Japan. Forty-two years afterwards the first Japan mission of the American Board was planted with the four thousand dollars that had accumulated from the basket offerings.

The Chinese prayer meeting of 1837 was also held in a private house, the home of Dr. S. Wells Williams, the famous missionary printer and interpreter. Living in his family and working for the mission were a half dozen shipwrecked Japanese sailors whom fate had tossed back and forth across the Pacific. An American shipowner at Macao found them and tried to land them in Japan, but the Morrison was driven back from Japanese waters by cannon shot, and forced to return the sailors to their missionary refuge in Macao. Dr. Williams recognized a God-given opportunity to teach the gospel to these few Japanese at least, and at the same time to learn the Japanese language himself against the day of wider opportunity. For two years five of the sailors held a daily prayer meeting in Dr. Williams' house, pleading that Japan might soon be opened to the message of salvation.

It was seventeen years later that Dr. Williams was on board a United States man-of-war in the harbor of Nagasaki as official interpreter the summer after Commodore Perry's visit, but before the ratification of the treaty that was to admit Americans to residence in a few ports. Two chap-



SAMUEL ROBBINS BROWN
A Maker of the Orient

lains were talking one day with Dr. Williams, and the subject was the Japanese notion that opium and Christianity belonged in the same class, to be equally guarded against in the new treaty. Dr. Williams spoke longingly of the time when Japan should know a purer type of Christianity than she had yet seen. Then and there, as is told in *Dux Christus*, the three men prayed, and followed up their prayer with the writing of three letters, one each to three missionary Boards in America, begging for the immediate appointment of men qualified to exhibit to Japan the loftiest

type of Christianity, men willing to live patiently shut up in treaty ports waiting the day of their opportunity, and meanwhile collecting their tools of language, literature, and personal influence.

The prayer was answered straightway, and to a degree almost beyond human faith, in the character and rare equipment of the men sent out. From the Dutch Reformed Board came Samuel Robbins Brown and Guido Verbeck; the Episcopal Church sent C. M. Williams, and the Presbyterians sent Dr. James C. Hepburn. These four men stood practically alone for ten years, and laid the founda-



REV. GUIDO F. VERBECK, D.D.

ation upon which all later missions have built. Readers who wish the full story of the beginnings of Protestant work in Japan have a rich treat before them in the biographies of these pioneers. Where can one find more thrilling reading than toward the close of *Verbeck of Japan*, the account of that "honor unique in the history of empire," how when "this untitled missionary lay dead, noblemen came to pay honors to their friend, veteran soldiers escorted his body to the tomb, and the emperor asked the privilege of paying the funeral expenses."

We have space for only briefest allusions to the decade of what has been so aptly called "subterranean" work, between the arrival of the first missionaries and the end of the Hermit Era in 1868, rather the fourteen years up to the removal of the ban against Christianity; for the doors of Japan were not opened by our first treaty quite wide enough to admit an open Bible, even though a few missionaries slipped into Nagasaki and Yokohama and Kobe through the loophole meant only for traders. Even up to 1872 edicts warning against Christianity were posted by ferries and market places and city gates. These edict boards seem to us now to have been one way in which "He maketh the wrath of men to praise him," for with an alert, inquisitive people like the Japanese, what better way than this twentieth century form of advertisement to keep the national mind awake to the existence of the foreigner's religion, and curious to know what there could be in it to give the rulers such concern. The highway signboard was no dead letter, as the Japanese knew only too well, and when a missionary broached the subject of Christianity to a native, he was often answered only by the significant gesture of a flat hand drawn edgewise across the throat. Yet, notwithstanding the national terror of the proscribed religion, a few Japanese took the risk of the omnipresent spy, the dungeon, and the bamboo cross, for the sake of learning about a religion that promised peace on earth and eternal bliss beyond.



J. C. HEPBURN, M.D.

By 1870 so strong an interest had developed in the regions adjoining open ports, that no threats could keep students away from the houses of the foreigners. The missionaries being, in these perilous early days, often in the employment of the Japanese government as teachers of English or science, it was easy for them to find opportunities to throw light on the new

questions, and to set active minds at work. They used Bible quotations freely in blackboard work in English grammar, and no spy could "inform" against anybody in particular.

One of the most effective tools of the pioneer missionaries was the Chinese Christian literature that could be procured from Shanghai. As Dr. M. L. Gordon once wrote: "The faithful authors of Christian books in Chinese were little aware that while they were working for the salvation of China, they had been writing with a double pointed pen, working for Japan as well." All educated Japanese could read Chinese, and Chinese books were too common a sight to startle suspicion, as an English one was sure to.

It was a Chinese Bible that brought Wakasa, the Saga nobleman, to the light. The familiar story surely deserves place here. During the Crimean war an English squadron, in search of its enemy, was hovering near the harbor of Nagasaki. The governor appointed Wakasa to command the patrol guarding the harbor. One day while cruising about he spied a little book floating in the water, of strange form and text. Suspecting the truth, that it had fallen overboard from one of the foreign warships, he pursued his inquiries warily, knowing his danger. A Dutch interpreter was found who told him it was the English book about God. Further questions brought out that there were translations of it sold in Shanghai. A secret messenger secured a Chinese copy, and this became his earnest study in his castle home, two days' journey from Nagasaki, alone at first, then with others whom he persuaded to join him. When Dr. Verbeck came five years later to Nagasaki, Wakasa sent his young brother to learn English, an excuse to open communication with the Christian teacher. Several years later Wakasa obtained permission from his Daimyo to go in person to Nagasaki. His secret errand was to obtain baptism for himself and his brother. The story of this wonderful interview between the Dutch-American missionary and the Japanese nobleman, brothers in heart and faith, is one of the romances of missions. When the Imperial Government heard of the baptism of Wakasa an order was sent to the Daimyo to execute the threatened penalty, but the Daimyo valued his courtier too highly to drive him to *hara-kiri*, and inflicted only a nominal punishment.

Another familiar illustration of the work of a Chinese copy of the Scriptures in Japan is that of the story of Neesima. It was the chapter of creation read secretly in a borrowed copy that made the young man's heart burn within him, and drove him first to China, then to America, for more light. It was for a whole Chinese Bible of his own that he sold his Samurai sword in Hongkong. In ten years he came back to his father's house a Christian college graduate, ordained in an American seminary, to take the lead of the native Christian force.

Two of the best illustrations of the manner in which the first Christian seed sowing was done fall two or three years later than the period of which we are speaking, but they belong in this story because they were currents quite independent of the great stream of organized missionary influence in the treaty ports. One is the work of Prof. W. S. Clarke of Amherst, who went under government appointment to establish an agricultural college in the far north, at Sapporo. The Japanese authorities were strongly opposed to the admission of any Christian literature in the new college, but Professor Clarke made it the *sine qua non* of his remaining at Sapporo that he should be allowed to use the Bible as the text-book for classes in ethics. At the end of the six months' course in ethics, Professor Clarke welcomed his entire upper class of thirteen boys into the Christian faith, and from that day to this the Agricultural College at Sapporo has been one of the strong forces for Christ in Japan.

About the same time in the far south a similar result was growing out of the work of another American teacher, a West Point officer employed by the governor of a turbulent district, who wanted his youth taught English like soldiers, without anything savoring of Christianity or literary weakness. Captain Janes, though an earnest Christian with a wife of missionary blood, kept himself strictly to English and science for two years, waiting for the opportunity for which his wife prayed day and night. At last, knowing that he was firmly grounded in the love of his boys, he boldly announced that he should teach the Bible at his house on Sunday afternoons, if any chose to come. One of these Kumamoto boys wrote long afterward of this event: "We hated Christianity as though it were a snake, but we respected Professor Janes. Our Chinese teacher told us it would do no harm to go to the Bible class if we studied to find the weak points in Christianity." After a long year of indifferent attention, the Bible class began to wake up. Soon the whole class was fairly alive with missionary zeal, and forty students bound themselves by solemn covenant to give their lives to the service of Christ in Japan. Furious persecution arose both in the school and in the homes, but Captain Janes brought the boys safely through. Dr. Davis said later of this "Kumamoto Band," "It has already changed the history of Japan."

The slow progress of Christianity in Japan in the first dozen years of missionary residence must have taxed the faith of the bravest. Missionaries were in Japan, and yet not in, barely across the threshold of three or four treaty ports. As one of them has since said, "So far as visible or statistical results were concerned, the missionary seemed to count as little as a coral insect." Of baptisms there were barely six in the first ten years. But the seed sowing was faithfully done, and suddenly, in the middle seventies, the fields were showing all green with springing grain.

Glimpses of our School for Girls at Van, Turkey

BY MISS GRISELL M. MCLAREN

THIS year we have been able to open three girls' schools in as many villages. One which began last week has already about twenty scholars. For two of them we had to give teachers from our force here, but the opportunity was such that it paid to make a sacrifice to improve it.

At the September communion one member from each of the two upper classes, with three of the class of 1903, one girl who left school in the winter to be married, and her husband joined with her, and one other young girl, were received into the church. Two are engaged to young men who joined the church at a previous communion, and one to a member of one of the oldest Protestant families. The teacher mentioned above conducted a class with these girls for several months before, and thus each one had a clear idea of the step she was taking.

The first Sunday evening meeting of the year with the boarders consisted of reports of work done during the summer. One girl told how she had found a blind woman who knew nothing of the real Christ, trying by fasts, etc., to gain enough happiness in the next world to make up for the suffering she had endured in this. By visiting this woman every day the girl was able to show her the true way of salvation, and to put into her mind enough thoughts from the Bible to give her spiritual food for many days. Another told how she persuaded a girl that it was wrong for her and her brother to swear at and beat their mother.

One girl who spent her vacation in a village had many opportunities to read the Bible to the women there. The girls who went to the orphans' summer camp often went on Sunday to nearby villages to hold services. One little girl told how for several days she had talks with an old man about Christ. The tiniest girl of all, and one whom I never see without wanting to hug, told how she went to some place and saw some sugar. She wanted to put it in her pocket, and could have done so easily, as there was no one to see; but she conquered with the thought, "That sugar is not mine, and Jesus would not like it if I took it." Another village girl, about fourteen or fifteen, has every summer for two or three years, gathered the children of the village together every day, and taught them Bible verses and hymns. She says that whenever she prays she feels as if Christ had his hand on her head.

From the girls who were graduated from the city school last year we have encouraging reports. One holds prayer meetings in her home. A boy who was known for his badness all over the city, went to someone and asked for a Bible, promising to pay for it by degrees. In answer to the question, "Whatever in the world do you want with a Bible?" he replied, "There is a 'Prot' (a term of scorn for us and our pupils) girl in our street, and she preaches in such a way that I've got to have a Bible and learn more about its teachings." She and a cousin, also a pupil of ours, used to pray together every day, and were greatly persecuted by the other members of the household. Not three years ago this second girl was so willful and disobedient that we were almost ready to give her up in despair. She has been taken from school this year, and now she says, "Why can't I go to school just this year, to learn more of Jesus and his love?" Another of this class is so changed that the neighbors cease not from expressing their surprise.



IN THE DORMITORY AT VAN

Most of the people sleep on the floor. While calling once, we saw a nice iron bedstead standing in the hall, apparently used only to pile things on. The woman of the house said, "We bought that bed from Mr. Allen when he went away, but we used it only a little while, as it was too cold; now we sleep on the floor, and it is much warmer." Our girls sleep one, two or three in a bed. Each girl is given one heavy woolen quilt; but in the winter they "double up," so as to have more bedclothes. Their heads are not usually as high as they are in the picture, neither are quilts used for pillows, but the children wanted their faces to be seen sure, so we let them fix things to suit themselves. Our one dormitory is not large enough to accommodate all, so some of the rooms used as recitation rooms must be used as sleeping rooms at night.

One constant source of wonder to the people is that we can comb our own hair. Here women and girls go with uncombed hair until some member of

the family has time to play "lady's maid," and even in some of the richest homes in the city it is not unusual to find girls with tousled heads late in the afternoon. Here in school we offer prizes to the girls who learn to perform this part of their toilet alone. The complaints that we hear are many, for it seems to some like an impossible task and one which does not pay for the doing. If my only comb was one of the awful wooden things which the girls use, I am not sure that I should wish very often to smooth my locks. Picture III shows some of the boarders getting ready for school in the morning. Unless the hair is wet almost as much as in washing it, it is not supposed to be properly combed.

After the toilet is made and family prayers are finished, the next thing is breakfast. As a usual thing, in the homes, people sit on cushions on the



THE MORNING TOILET

floor and eat from a low table or a large tray placed on an inverted stool. A dish in the center holds the food and into this everyone dips, sometimes with the fingers, sometimes with a scoop made of the thin, flexible bread which serves also as a plate, and sometimes, but not often, with a fork or spoon. Our girls sit on benches beside long tables; each one has a fork and a spoon and one dish serves for two girls. Four girls prepare the table when the food is brought from the orphanage kitchen, and then act as waitresses. Kind(?) friends and tender-hearted have a way of bringing all the superfluous cats in town to our premises and dropping them secretly. We try to keep the number of such waifs as small as possible, but about two years ago, before a general slaughter, there were at least twenty-

three cats who frequented the dining room, and some of them were so wild that they got more to eat than the girls. The number of feline boarders is now reduced to three or four, but no picture of the girls' dining room would be complete without at least one.

What would girls of seven or eight in America think if, when they needed new stockings for winter, their mothers gave them an apronful of wool, just as it came from the sheep's back except that it had been washed, and tell them to make the stockings? When we tell people that we don't know how to make stockings, they look at us in amazement and say, "What do you do when your stockings wear out?" Everybody here, rich and poor, makes

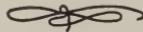


SCHOOLGIRLS AT MEAL TIME

her own stockings, and some of them make the rainbow seem pale and colorless in comparison. Children begin very young to knit; and not only that, they learn to do everything from preparing the raw wool up. In our frontispiece we have a group of girls at work: (1) is teasing the wool, (2) is combing it, (3) is making it into a sort of skein to be wound around the hand in spinning, as is seen in all the girls in the back row. Often in the homes the girls and women go upon the flat roofs to do this last, so that the thread will be nice and long before winding, as it spins out until the spindle reaches nearly to the street below. One of the city school girls was

doing that last year when a smart boy "just for fun" threw a stone at her. In dodging it she fell to the cobble stones in the street, smashing her head so that she died in a few days.

In spinning the thread can be made as fine or as coarse as the owner desires. The wool is pulled out smoothly between the thumb and first finger (6), and then put over a hook on the end of the spindle (7). The spindle is next set whirling gently by a skillful motion of the hand (8), or more vigorously by being put on the uplifted knee and set in motion by the palm of the hand rubbed over it (9). As it spins the hands are raised higher and higher (10), and when the thread is the desired thickness it is wound round the spindle (11). No. (5) is engaged in darning her stocking, while (4), it is needless to say, is knitting. Seldom, if ever, is a woman or girl seen sitting idle; work of some kind—knitting or spinning, sewing or crocheting—must be in her hand. Even when they attend mothers' meetings or prayer meetings at each other's houses they take their stockings with them, and work until the opening hymn is announced. Village women when they drive their sheep to pasture walk along knitting as they go. Teachers bring their stockings to school so that their hands will not be idle, and some even have tried to teach and knit at the same time, but that has been forbidden.



THE first General Missionary Conference in South Africa sat in Johannesburg from July 16th to the 20th, under the presidency of Dr. Stewart, of Lovedale. There were over a hundred representatives of twenty-five societies of all Christian denominations found in South Africa, except Roman Catholic, and seven nationalities—British, American, German, French, Swiss, Dutch, and Scandinavian. Next to the intrinsic value of such a conference the unity of purpose displayed was the most notable feature.

A VAST new world, almost untouched by Christian missions, is waiting to be won for Christ. The Soudan is as large as the whole of Europe, minus Russia, and has 80,000,000 people. There are ten great kingdoms in the Soudan as large as ours in Europe, but scarcely any mission work is being done in them. Besides these there are about 100 distinct free heathen tribes in the Soudan with not a missionary among them. The four mission stations in the Soudan (Khartoum, Dolaib Hill, Gierko, and Patagi) are about as far apart as if in Europe we had two stations in Norway and two in Spain, with no preachers of the gospel in England, none in Scotland, none in Ireland, none in France, none in Germany, none in Austria, none in Italy, Turkey, Switzerland, Denmark, Holland, or Belgium.—*London Christian.*

One Way of Showing Honor

THIS man is a teacher and physician in Foochow. His nails were allowed to grow by request of his mother in memory of his Creator, his emperor, and his parents. The nails are forty-eight years' growth, from 16 to 64. Little finger 21 inches, ring finger 20½ inches, middle finger 18½ inches. For protection they are usually kept in the sleeve.



CHINESE TEACHER AND PHYSICIAN
NAILS UNCUT



FINGER NAILS, FORTY-EIGHT YEARS'
GROWTH

Sing Unto the Lord

“SING unto the Lord all the earth” was the word of the Psalmist centuries ago, and now the ends of the earth draw near together and we can join with our brethren in China and Japan in one hymn of praise.

Miss Charlotte De Forest, of Sendai, Japan, sends us this music, saying: “I have been wishing to introduce this hymn to American students of Japanese missions. The tune is in the new Japanese hymn book, and is immensely popular with both the children and the grown-ups who have

heard it here. The tune was brought to Japan from China by a captain in the Japanese army. The words sung here are a translation of Miss Proctor's hymn, 'I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be;' but hoping that it may be used in missionary meetings at home—the tune is so characteristic—I have written a few English lines for it."

Submission

7.7.7.7.5.7.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR, 1862

Jasmine

ARR. FROM A CHINESE AIR

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I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be John 17: 15

Sunbeams shine from east to west,
Shedding happy light abroad;
Wheresoe'er their radiance glows,
Tell they of a mighty God.
Moon and stars unite to praise,
Through the whole round world,
Him whose power controls their ways.

Free as light is God's sweet love,
Shining to his world of men,
Shining though they know him not,
Though they love him not again.
Haste the day when east and west,
Through the whole round world,
All shall know him and be blest.

Japan in War Times—Missionary Experiences

BY MRS. BELLE W. PETTEE

WORK FOR THE SOLDIERS. Nine months of war, and the end is not yet. Trains still pass through Okayama carrying brave soldier boys, but the majority are coming back, not going to the front. Filled they are with quiet, pale-faced men in white kimonos with the Red Cross on the sleeves; arms in slings, bandaged legs, and the "white crown" of a bandaged head have replaced the bright, active boys, gay in their black and yellow or black and red uniforms when we cheered them off in the spring, or the quieter khaki-uniformed summer troops. We women have a different share, too, for instead of the bustle of the busy dining room, or the sewing on of buttons and the mending of uniforms, and the hearty *banzai* as the train moved off gay with flags and hand wavings, we go through the cars with the boxes of lunch and the cups of hot tea, opening boxes for the boys who have only the left hand to use, feeding the man with the bandaged eyes, or who still has to lie flat on his back in the special Red Cross car with its double tier of bunks.

No flags, no *banzai* as the train pulls out; my American blood wanted to cheer these men who had risked life and limb and were coming back wrecks of their former selves, but no, "it is not allowed"; they gave their all, but in vain, for the war is not ended yet. So we stand in a row on the station platform and solemnly bow our farewells,—only the American will smile just for the sake of seeing the pale, thin faces light up as they steam slowly on toward their own division hospital, and then to the homes waiting so anxiously for their return.

Within this last month a half dozen or more of students, young men of seventeen or eighteen, meet these trains, and standing in front of each car in turn sing their weird, minor war songs to the listening men, the same songs the school children sang to the outgoing troops.

These wounded and sick men are many, and are passed on as fast or even faster than they are able to travel. First the field hospital, then the transport, then a week, a month, three months even in one of the eight military hospitals in Hiroshima, and then this long, slow travel by train to Osaka, Tokyo, Sendai, to the army division to which they belong, and from which they started so full of life and courage so little while before. One brave man, minus his right eye, was in Manchuria only three weeks, but his cousin* who went with him was there but ten days when a Russian bullet struck him down to rise no more.

Now and again we have a day or two of fresh troops going to the front. This week a regiment of the Imperial guards went through, such boyish faces under the stiff, red-banded caps, but just as full of courage and enthusiasm as their brothers who were the first to go in February.

THE AMERICAN NURSES IN JAPAN. Three weeks ago I spent a day in Hiroshima with Dr. McGee and her band of American nurses. Meeting on the train a friend who had seen much of the nurses while they were in Tokyo, we spent a long six hours in reaching the city.

It was too late to see anything that night, but next morning early found us at the nurses' lodging,—a big, rambling, native house overlooking the river, cold as a barn in winter, but cool and comfortable even in that hot southern city during most of the summer. It looked like a clubhouse, and was temporarily fitted with hard beds, chairs and tables, and the ladies were cared for by native servants.

Dr. McGee herself is a charming woman,—quiet, dignified, refined; the best type of American womanhood. With her we went first to the station to see a train of invalids started on their three days' journey to Tokyo. Two of her "boys," who had been under her care for months, were going home, though still too weak to sit up much.

Three hundred and fifty of those white-clad men gathered there, some on foot, some on stretchers, most of them in jinrikishas. The captain, who was our escort, told them who she was, and the men rose and gravely saluted the little American doctor, who had been their friend.

Then we went to the main hospital,—the one where all through these five months the doctor and her nurses have been on duty every day from eight till six, with a half hour at noon for lunch. We had a long talk with Dr. Onishi,—the head of this hospital and its seven branches, accommodating more than 10,000 patients,—in the course of which he expressed his hearty appreciation of the work done by the Americans through the hot trying summer. Then we went to the plain, bare little room to share their frugal cold lunch with our American sisters,—rice, cold meat, hard boiled eggs, poor bread, bad butter, tea, fruit,—the same bill of fare served in picnic style seven days in the week; but not one word of complaint did I hear. Then we began our round of the wards. For two hours we traveled up and down, in and out, stopping now and then to speak to the men, especially those of whom the nurses longed to know more than they had been able to understand. When the men found we could talk to them it was hard to tear ourselves away; but I was amazed at the Japanese words these nurses had learned, and how readily the men made them understand their wants. One room, with beds for sixty, had had a double row put down the middle, and

held one hundred and four men by actual count. Side by side with their white-capped Japanese little sisters, two of these nurses, wise with their experience gained in Cuba and the Philippines, have been caring for the men, and they are unstinted in their praises of the patience, unselfishness and fortitude of these sturdy soldier boys. For their sister nurses, too, they have only words of hearty praise for their faithfulness, their untiring interest in their work, their long hours from early morning till often far into the night, —longer hours than the American can endure,—and even the Japanese nurses grow old and break down under the strain.

Before we were half through we were called off to visit the newest branch, not really yet in running order, for Dr. McGee had asked to see what might be called an emergency hospital—she knew so well the organized work both here at the military base and at the front. On the outskirts of the city stands this No. 6; No. 7 then going up is already completed and also filled. Long rows of wards, running at right angles to a connecting corridor, fifty or sixty beds in a ward, operating rooms, wound dressing rooms, bath rooms, storerooms, one thousand men in it already, and workmen, doctors, and nurses busy night and day to get it ready for three thousand more; there was no need for apology, though the beds did have colored rented quilts till the regulation Red Cross white ones could be supplied. To simply walk through it all, which the surgeon in charge must do three times a day, meant three miles, and the newer No. 7 is just as large.

Long before we reached the end we begged to stop, but we must see the little shop in the compound where the soldiers could buy tobacco, cakes, fruit, toilet articles, stationery, underclothing, and the thousand and one things an invalid soldier wants. Dr. McGee asked what would prevent the men from buying things they ought not to have, and Dr. Onishi replied only such things were sold as the soldiers were allowed to have, and only convalescents came to buy at all. "But," persisted the wise little American, "can't the bed patients get their friends to buy for them such things as these?" and she pointed to a basket of pears nearly as hard as the Russian bullets. When the question was translated, Dr. Onishi turned with a twinkle in his eye to the surgeon in charge, who smiled, shrugged his shoulders and said, "Perhaps." The clerks in this tiny shop are little fellows from the Hiroshima Orphan Asylum, and at Hospital No. 7 a member of the Hiroshima church is in charge of that shop. His helpers are all graduates or children from the Okayama Orphanage, and the proceeds go toward the much-needed church building in Hiroshima, for which the Christians have already bought the land. A barber shop is a part of it, and the orphan barbers are busy from morning till night.

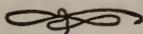
Talks with the nurses together and individually, and a little later with the one who did not return with the party, but spent a couple of days with us on her way to Manila to take up again the nursing there in which she has already spent a year, have only served to strengthen my appreciation of these women, who have not only shown America's sympathy and interest in this younger sister among the nations, but have worked these five months wisely, faithfully and well. Out of their wider experiences, for all of them have seen service in Cuba, and some of them also in the Philippines and in the Boxer troubles in China, they have been a comfort to the soldiers as I heard over and over again from the boys' own lips, an inspiration and help to the nurses, and have bound the two countries closer together than ever before. Their stay of two or three weeks in Tokyo and their journey down to Hiroshima was a continual ovation, and Red Cross Branches and Ladies' Volunteer Nurses' Associations all over the country have showered them with gifts, honors and decorations, and the same appreciation was shown them all the way from Hiroshima to Nagasaki, whence they sailed October 21st on an American transport for San Francisco; but the five months in between was a steady round of work, no social life, no rest days, ten hours each day of giving baths, dressing wounds, bandaging, feeding these suffering men. One sweet-faced nurse had all by herself a room of twelve bed patients, who needed to be cared for like babies.

Some of them would have been glad to keep on till the end, but Dr. McGee could not stay beyond the six months promised in the beginning, and it seemed wise to keep the party unbroken. I am glad they came, glad I saw them, glad their cheery smiles and tender, skillful hands have helped bring back to life so many of these maimed and diseased bodies. One incident is worthy of note. One poor fellow was brought in, his arm nearly torn off by a railroad accident, and he felt so heart-broken over his failure to die in battle that for days his life hung in the balance. At last, after three days of fruitless effort, his American nurse succeeded in making him smile, and he began to mend. Not the least enjoyable part of the hurried trip was the two nights in the hospitable home of Mrs. Weakley, now under the Methodist Board to be sure, but at one time a teacher in Kobe College, and whose mother, Mrs. Wilcox, of Chicago, is so well known to all readers of *LIFE AND LIGHT*.

NEW OPENINGS. But this work for the soldiers does not fill all our time. Mothers' meetings, Christian Endeavor Societies for girls and boys, Bible classes for young men, English classes, and a Shakespeare Club claim their share of attention. Miss Adams' slum work in Hanabatake has its ups and downs. A new school building is going up this fall, thanks to the gen-

erosity of a good friend in America; some of the best ladies in the city are helping her to get up a concert to raise funds for a charity dispensary in connection with it, for which four of the city doctors have offered to give their services for a part of each day. The trial comes in the flagrant sin and consequent discharge of the evangelist who has worked there for the past year. Miss Wainwright is away just now seeking needed rest and health, but her Bible woman carries on a part of her work, and we hope soon to see her back, ready for her share of the calls which crowd so upon us all. Mr. Bennett, lent to us for the year by Tottori, has already made a place for himself with the boys and young men, and he and his violin add much to our meetings as well as to the social life.

There are more calls this fall than ever before from the out-stations for mothers' meetings and women's meetings of various kinds. A trip by invitation to Tamashima resulted in a promise to go once a month till their mothers' association gets well started, and a call has come for a meeting this month in Tsuyama, and another for a week's work in Takahashi. I cannot close without a word of appreciation for our Bible women. Through the heat of the summer they have stayed faithfully at their posts. One of them, Igi San, is in charge of one branch of the work for the soldiers, and spends her time between trains visiting the families of the absent soldiers, looking up destitute cases, and reporting them to the city fathers, writing letters to the men at the front where, as is often the case, the wife is too busy or too unlearned to write. The others have their weekly rounds of Bible reading and house to house visiting. Oh, for more money, more workers, both men and women, Japanese and American, to utilize this grand opportunity to win Japan for Christ! Cannot you come or send?



Missionary Letters

TURKEY

All teachers have many problems, and some of those to be faced in Turkey are peculiar. In a recent letter Miss Orvis of Cesarea gives an illuminating glimpse of some difficulties in her field. She says:—

THE rule is to have ten months of school during the year, and the average price paid the teacher is a trifle over one *lira*,—\$4.40 per month without board. Our graduates receive that sum for their first year; later they may receive twelve *liras* a year. An undergraduate who goes out to teach receives seven eight or nine *liras* for the ten months, according to her classification in the school here. Because of the social conditions and customs in this country a girl must not live in the same house with any large boy or young man. Even in the house of the pastor it will not be allowed should

he have an unmarried son over twelve years old at home. For them to travel, also, is hard, so, as far as possible, each girl teaches in her own village. Besides teaching from early till late, in winter as long as it is light, every day, she has a Sunday school for her pupils and frequently conducts a meeting for the women on Sunday. Occasionally a girl goes to a village with no pastor, and then she will be the only educated person there. These girls are respected everywhere and they occupy a large place in the life of the community. Their methods of teaching are not always the most approved or progressive. The text-books are such miserable, good-for-nothing arrangements that it would require a teacher of unusual ability to teach properly with them. To prepare these girls to teach well in spite of the poor text-books and the lack of all other helps is a task not easily accomplished. There is also much prejudice on the part of the patrons of the school. Very conservative and very ignorant themselves, they are not ready to approve of any radical reforms.

INDIA

This extract from a letter from Miss Mary Noyes, of Madura, shows us something of the superstition of the Hindus and of their need of the gospel:—

Last Friday quite a number of us went to the temple to see the devils cast out of the women. In the portico surrounding the lotus tank were a whole row of them surrounded by sorcerers and crowds of spectators. The crowd was dense all through the temple, and especially around the tank. As you know, the odors in the temple are never very pleasant, but that evening they were simply indescribable. The oil for anointing the gods, the burning sambarani, the dirty, betel-chewing people, all combined to make a pandemonium of smells, which was almost overpowering. The women are brought by their relatives because of some illness, often hysteria, I suppose, and sometimes because they are childless.

The sorcerer sits in front of the woman, who also squats on the floor, and commands her to whirl or swing around her body and head, which she does in a weird and horrible fashion. The sorcerer utters all sorts of incantations, brandishing a stick over her, and sometimes hitting her. This must keep on till she names the devil or devils that trouble her.

When the devil is ready to come out two or more hairs will stand up straight. The hair is allowed to hang loose during the whirling, and if long it strikes the floor on one side and the other. The priest cuts off the hairs that stand up, and the woman is dashed into the water. The hairs must be taken to a certain tree, some say where the devil first seized the woman, and some say that through the woman the devil will designate the spot. The hairs are put on the tree and will stick to it.

Sometimes the woman goes through this business for as many as ten days, neither eating nor sleeping, though if too long one meal a day is given. If the devil be too obstinate the woman is flogged around the temple. We saw one woman who had been there three or four days and who still refused to whirl. She was childless, and her face had a very stolid expression. Whatever they ask for while they are whirling must be given them, and one woman had all sorts of things spread out before her on a plantain leaf. Her whirling was growing less violent, and they told us that the devil was almost ready to come out, but when we came near she began to whirl more violently again.

Some of the sorcerers had awful faces. Many of the spectators were laughing and acting as if they thought it a fine show. Mr. Chandler asked if men never had devils, and the bystanders seemed to think that a ridiculous idea. Some of the Pasumalai boys, however, said in compositions that men sometimes have devils, but seldom, as they are not so weak as women. That, I suppose, is the idea of the more educated.

A MOHAMMEDAN SCHOOL

From a bunch of charming letters from Mrs. Garland, whose husband is captain of the *Morning Star*, describing the first half of their long voyage to Micronesia, we extract the following pictures of the schools she saw at Port Said. This sketch would fit well enough the boys' schools in many a town where our missionaries are at work. As Mohammedans think women have no souls, of course girls do not need to go to school. Mrs. Garland says:—

But of all that we saw nothing leaves a more interesting picture in my memory than the three Arab schools that we passed. Of these two were in session. Right in the midst of shops and booths and the stir of noisy life would be set the schoolroom, which had the appearance of a house from which the whole front wall had been removed, so open was it to the street. As we passed we had a glimpse of rows of small heads crowned with the red fez bending over low wooden tables, while a loud sing-song chant or drone filled the air as the boys, sitting on rude wooden benches without backs, all studied their lessons aloud from books spread before them, and the tall young teacher, also in red fez, walked up and down the rows with a small stick in his hand.

The third school had seen us coming and seemed to have broken loose in spite of the teacher, for as we approached, there they were in a body in the road saluting us as we passed with shouts and pointing fingers, while they danced excitedly up and down. I could not understand what it all meant, but evidently it was not complimentary, for the teacher, with much gesticulation and frantic waving of his stick, tried to quell the small riot; and our

driver with vehement hisses and an active whip dispersed the few near enough for him to reach, and then turned to me with a great laugh, shaking his head. I wondered if perhaps it was an expression of popular opinion with regard to the boldness of the foreign women who wore their faces uncovered in such a brazen manner.

BRIEF ITEMS

The S. P. G. announces that it is to have among its forces in Burma a brotherhood composed of three clergymen, and probably later of laymen, for medical, educational, and other forms of work. Those joining the brotherhood will be unmarried and pledged to remain so for at least five years. Mandalay is selected for its field of work, as being the point best suited for attacking Buddhism in its very center and citadel.

A new help to the evangelizing of Central Africa is a line of English government steamers on the Nile, running once a month from Khartum to Gondokoro, the frontier town of Uganda. The schedule allows fifteen days for the round trip.

In 1891 the Moravians opened a mission in German East Africa at the northern end of Lake Nyasa. It was more than five years before one convert was baptized. After seven years' work there were four Moravian stations, 36 pupils in school, and 52 baptized Christians. At the end of 1903, after 12 years' work, that mission had 120 stations and sub-stations, and 1,087 souls under religious instruction, of whom 340 were baptized.

In Swami Dharmanandg, a Hindu ascetic of Bengal, we have an example of willingness to give all that one has for life. He sought life by visiting two hundred and thirty Hindu holy places in India; like Naaman, taking a little of the earth from each to have with him. He sought life by learning Arabic, and studying the Koran and Mohammedanism. He sought it by learning Hebrew and Greek, that he might study the Bible in the original. He sought it by travel—going to Mecca, to Rome, to China, and Japan. After seventeen years of study of Buddhism and Mohammedanism and Christianity he has now declared his faith in Jesus Christ, the only Messiah and Saviour of men. Such a life history means a sheer earnestness of purpose that every Westerner has not.

A newspaper is to be established in Tibet, edited by a Moravian missionary named Francke. This is the first paper published in this remote land, and will have for its purpose to give the news from other lands, to publish short, instructive stories, to give instruction in letter writing, and to explain the Scripture.

JUNIOR WORK

EVANGELISTIC

MEDICAL

EDUCATIONAL

To give light to them that sit in darkness—Luke i. 79

Helps for Leaders

FIVE STUDIES ON PRAYER

BY MISS ESTHER BANCROFT

[The following outline of a series of studies on Prayer was prepared by a member of a large missionary society for use at the devotional services at the opening of each meeting. The individual leaders put much study and earnestness into developing their parts of the outline, by reading and generous use of illustration. The series was so suggestive and helpful that the outline is here printed for the use of others.]

A. PRAYER IN THE NON-CHRISTIAN WORLD

1. *Mechanical Prayer*.—The use of machines, wheels, rags, sticks, etc., among the ignorant.

2. *Prayer as Appeal to Lot and Oracle*.—Prevalent not only among the ignorant, but among the most highly cultured—for instance, the Oracle of Apollo at Delphi.

3. *True Prayer*.—In the non-Christian world moral yearning for moral power from God is weak because of its vagueness.

a. In the ancient world we find this vague desire for holiness symbolized by the sacred fire of the Parsees. *b.* In the modern world it is found in the mystic contemplation of the Buddhist. Such vague longings need the knowledge of the reality of the righteousness of Jesus to turn them to practical use and value.

B. PRAYER IN THE OLD TESTAMENT

1. *Prayer as Appeal to Oracle or Lot*.—*a.* Appeal to lot by Joshua in case of Achan, Joshua vii. Joshua took a mechanical means to accomplish a moral purpose, and the result happened to be just. *b.* Appeal to lot by Saul in case of Jonathan, I Samuel xiv. Saul took a mechanical means to accomplish a moral purpose, and the result happened to be unjust.

2. *Prayer as Request, with a Sign Asked for Warrant*.—*a.* By Gideon—in an ignorant age, Judges vi; *b.* By Elijah, though one of the greatest Israelites, I Kings xviii; *c.* By Isaiah, in the enlightened, cultured period of Hebrew history, II Kings xx.

3. *Prayer as Praise*.—*a.* Praise for physical deliverance, Exodus xv; *b.* Praise of God for himself, Psalm xcvi.

4. *Prayer as Spiritual Yearning*.—*a.* Assertion of the importance of spiritual issues, Isaiah i; *b.* Spiritual need of God, Psalm li and Psalm xlii.

C. THE PRAYERS OF JESUS

1. *Spiritual Yearning for Spiritual Power*.—To Jesus the moral question in any situation was *the* question. So his prayers were inevitably prayers that the spiritual need of the situation might be fulfilled. In the prayer that righteousness might be fulfilled, Jesus shrank from no pain, Luke xxii. 39-46.

2. *The Temptation to Ask for a Sign*.—The responsibility of finding through prayer the will of God is great, sometimes overwhelming. Men long for outward confirmation of their judgment. Jesus in his unique responsibility, longed like us for outward confirmation (Matthew iv. 5, 7), but he counted the longing a temptation, and refused to yield to it, on the ground that it was asking of God what he does not of himself give.

3. *Prayer for Others*.—Jesus prayed for his friends that they might spiritually fulfill the situations into which they entered, *i. e.*, have spiritual power from God, Luke xxii. 31, 32 and John xvii.

D. PRAYER IN THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH

1. Prayer here appears as a personal search for the power for personal righteousness. Augustine, after a wildly immoral youth, prayed so, *Via Christi*, pp. 75 and 76.

2. Prayer in fellowship is a common search together for the power of being righteous together. Such prayer is the inspiration of the Body of Christ. "Wherever two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." *Cf.* The Lord's Prayer.

3. *The Abuse of Prayer*.—*a.* Saint Seraphim of Sarov used as an oracle, *Century Magazine*, September, 1904; *b.* Louis XI of France bribing the magis in his hat.

E. MISSIONARY PRAYER

1. *The Eagerness of Prayer*.—An eagerness for the fulfillment of the righteous will of God, so great as to disregard pain, or even to joy in it, seems to be the distinguishing characteristic of missionary prayer, *Via Christi*, pp. 147 and 229, prayers of Martyn, Cary, Morrison, etc.

2. *The Medieval Type*.—This is characterized by the extreme of personal saintly devotion to Christ. An example is Xavier praying for martyrdom.

3. *The Modern Type*.—The forgetfulness of personal saintliness in the love of the common cause is the prominent feature. In our time, the genius of missionary prayer is growing to be the search together for power to carry out the will of God together, and to love his will so simply as to take pain simply too, Mark viii. 31-35, *Dux Christus*, p. 283. The spirit of our age is the spirit of the common consciousness.

OUR WORK AT HOME

Where is the Gold?

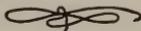
No gold! No gold!

There are souls that are wandering all around
Who have never heard the gospel sound;
'Mid the desert sands or under the palms,
There are voices for grave sweet Psalms;
In idol courts or by Ganges' tide.
There are hearts awaiting to open wide:
But—our hands are heavy—our feet are unshod,
For we let not the gold go forth for God.

Where is the gold, the fair, bright gold,
Which is given the church for her Lord to hold?
I see it gleaming on the mirrored walls
Where the ransomed sit in their ceiled halls,
I see it shine in your robes that change
Their costly beauties, so sad and strange,
"Adorning" the lovers of God's meek word
Who say that they strive to be like their Lord.

Pray o'er the gold, God's gifted gold,
Which he gives to his saints for their Lord to hold:
Then scatter the gold in the seedtime brief,
For the glory cometh with the harvest sheaf.

—Selected.



Notes on Prayer Study Class

BY E. M. WARNER, PUTNAM, CONN.

At the graduation of the young ladies at Abbott Academy, 1903, Rev. Allen E. Cross, assistant pastor of Old South, Boston, delivered an address on "The Forgotten Elective in Education." He clearly demonstrated that secret prayer, while among the elective courses of study for young people, was one of those electives generally forgotten. The thought that prayer can, and should, be a subject of study is not a familiar one. Many ministers and students have been asked the question, "Did anybody ever try to teach you to pray?" and the invariable answer has been "No." I doubt if there

is a course of study on this subject in many of our theological seminaries. Somehow it seems to have been thought that the knowledge of prayer was intuitive. We think it will be conceded that there is not that ability to engage in earnest, sincere prayer in our churches that should be expected. Ask yourself the question, "How many men or women, young or old, in your church can be safely called upon to offer prayer in a public meeting?" Recently, at a ladies' missionary meeting, of about fifty sincere and worthy Christian people, all members of the church the leader said to one lady, "Mrs. —, the pastor's wife, is expected, and if she comes she will lead in prayer, and if she does not come you must do it, for there is not another lady here who will."

This instance applies to public prayer, but surely if private prayer had any force to it, there would be more than two in fifty who would be willing, if not eager, to pray in a meeting for missions. The subject, however, is not so easy as it appears. Real prayer demands the utmost devotion of the life, the intensest longing of the soul.

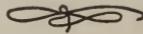
There is much "life and light" in a series of lessons by Andrew Murray, entitled, *With Christ in the School of Prayer*. These are assisted by a series of useful questions by Fred S. Goodman, of the International Y. M. C. A. The conviction that people can learn to pray is necessary. Then there must be, on the part of some one, a willingness not only to study, but to urge others to do so, and to lead the class. Following out the suggestions of the address of Rev. Mr. Cross, during the fall of 1903 a class of about a dozen was formed under the direction of Rev. F. D. Sargent, of the Putnam Congregational Church, to study this subject. They met an hour before the Sunday evening service and led the meetings by turns. Not all the members continued the studies to the end of the book by Murray, mentioned above, but a goodly number did, and all were convinced that they had opened up a subject that led to heights of spiritual vision undreamed of before. The subsequent effects have in most of the class been shown by a deepened spiritual life and firmer convictions of the great reality of the influence of the Holy Spirit in suggesting and inspiring prayer, and in helping Christian people in their daily life and work. Not at all times will the voice be heard, "This is the way; walk ye in it," but sufficient light will be given to keep the trusting disciple from wandering into forbidden paths. Pastor Charles Wagner, the great French apostle of *The Simple Life*, has sent out a clarion call for daily secret prayer. There is much available literature on this subject: Austin Phelps' *Still Hour*, Moule's *Secret Prayer*, Murray's *Ministry of Intercession*, Mott's *Morning Watch*, S. D. Gordon's *Quiet Talks on Prayer*, Gladden, Stalker, and others.

The call of the age is not so much for more converts as for more power in the present membership of our churches. The imperative object of prayer is the conversion of the world now.

Surely with their immense wealth and splendid organization, our churches should not be contented if the additions on profession only equal the losses by death, and yet this, in many cases, is a pitiful fact. It would be a difficult task to ascertain the number of families in which it is the invariable rule, each day, to gather together for prayer, but this habit should prevail if the family life is to be properly maintained. The Bible is a sealed book to many minds; while millions of copies are sold, it is probable that the average man or boy is not so well informed about what the Bible contains as his grandfather was. In a marvelous way God speaks to the soul through the Bible. No Christian can sustain an earnest prayer life without constant study of this wonderful book. Here, as in no other way, God talks to man. In prayer man talks or communes with God. It is not forbidden anyone to use the splendid prayers of the Episcopal Church or even many of the heartfelt petitions of the Catholic saints. A number of our members were greatly helped by the prayers of Robert Louis Stevenson, especially his Morning Prayer, which, for sheer spiritual uplift and manly courage, is unsurpassed in literature. If one undertakes this work, he should make a business of it; devote time to it. Do not hurry. Do not allow the mind to be occupied by what has just been done or what will be done just as soon as the time of devotion ends. Stick to it until the uneasy, restless mind and the wandering thoughts can be controlled. Be patient with yourself and wait also for God's time to speak. In a recent address on this topic Rev. Mr. Sargent puts it very forcibly: "Brethren, get the young people together, into classes, if you please, not large but small enough that the personal element may be felt. Teach them what prayer is. Tell them who is the true teacher, acquaint them with the conditions. Show them what part faith plays in prayer. Teach them the relation between prayer and life. In a sentence make it a prayer study. I grant you it will be slow work and close study, and yet it will be one of the most profitable exercises in which you can engage. I know that some will say: "Away with formal perfunctory examinations. Such a scheme smacks of the study more than of the closet. You can't educate a man in his approach to God. Prayer is a very simple thing. When we need a thing we ask for it. A Christian learns to pray as a child learns to breathe. Praying leads to prayer." All these things are true. But listen. How many prayers have you heard this last week? One, five, twenty; how many of these so-called prayers do you think were answered? How many of those who offered the prayer, judging others by yourself, ever

gave their petition a second thought? You have prayed that God would save the sinner; has any sinner been converted? has any soul come to you asking that one important question, "What shall I do to be saved?"

Fellow Christian, somehow our conception of prayer does not seem to be very fruitful. That underlying element of true prayer that Christ talked about does not seem to come into your experience or mine. Faith, the size of a grain of mustard seed, would have been a deal more fruitful than all the prayers in the average church during the last week or month. Why not get down before God, put ourselves in that position where we can learn the alphabet of prayer, and, being taught how to pray, exercise the blessed privilege and attain the glorious results?



Our Daily Prayer in February

ANDREW MURRAY says, "Who can say what a power a church could develop and exercise if it gave itself to the work of prayer day and night for the coming of the kingdom, for God's power on his servants and his word, for the glorifying of God in the salvation of souls." Let us personally take our very utmost of this power.

The latest report of the Central Turkey Mission tells of 21 Bible women, of 201 native teachers, 139 of them women, of 138 village schools.

The Misses Trowbridge are daughters of Dr. Trowbridge, the first president of Central Turkey College. Miss Elizabeth is head nurse in the hospital, most faithful and efficient in her arduous service, caring for souls as well as for bodies, and finding frequent opportunity to lead the patients to the Great Physician. She has been overburdened and now we rejoice to add that through a gift especially for this purpose the Woman's Board has been able to send a helper, Miss Charlotte F. Grant, who has just arrived in Aintab. The annual report of the hospital closes with the words, "We need the prayers of all our friends." Miss Isabel Trowbridge is a devoted and successful teacher in the girls' seminary, taking charge of the school during the absence of Miss Foreman.

The report of medical work in Aintab for the year ending June 15, 1904, tells of a total of 3,926 patients and 38,111 calls for attention in the out-patient department, with 203 indoor patients. Thinking of all the suffering thus relieved, and of all the hearts and homes thus open to the gospel, we must give thanks for all that has been done, and pray that strength and wisdom equal to their need may be given to doctors and nurses. Just as Dr. Hamilton was starting on her return to her work in October last she said at the

farewell meeting that nothing could hire her to stay in America, that she had found in Turkey a depth of joy in Christian service and a tenderness of Christian fellowship hitherto undreamed of.

Mrs. Trowbridge, the mother of the sisters at Aintab, after a life filled with varied Christian service, is spending the evening time among the people she has loved so well, to whom now her very presence is a blessing.

Mrs. Fuller, wife of the president of Central Turkey College, an institution with about 130 students, finds many ways to help the students in their Christian growth. After nearly thirty years of faithful and fruitful work in Turkey Miss Pierce has returned to America, and we must ask that in her weakness she be supported by the Everlasting Strength. During the summer Miss Foreman was obliged to return to this country by delicate health. The best of news comes from her recently, and we may expect that in the course of a few months she will go back with health quite restored to the work she greatly loves and longs for. Eighty-five pupils, thirty-three of them boarders, with five native teachers under guidance of Miss Foreman and Miss Isabel Trowbridge, make up the seminary at Aintab. The religious life of this school is deep and strong, and the influence that goes out from it is widely felt for blessing.

Mrs. Coffing has the work of a city missionary among the poor and friendless, with oversight of schools, and does much that is directly evangelistic. Mrs. Martin, busy with cares of home and family, is none the less a missionary. Mrs. Lee, for many years, as Miss Bates, the efficient associate of Mrs. Coffing, now carries on similar work at Marash.

Mrs. Christie, whose husband is president of St. Paul's Institute for young men, assists in the teaching of the students and helps them in many friendly and motherly ways.

Mrs. Chambers, herself born in a missionary home in Turkey, understands and loves the Turkish women, and comes close to them in sympathetic, sisterly ways. Miss Lawrence, with the two Misses Webb and Mlle. Borel, carries on the important girls' school at Adana, a school of about 150 pupils. Recently, in great need of a room where all the pupils might gather for prayers and other exercises, they opened seven windows in the stable on the premises, put in floor and ceiling of fragrant pine, plastered it inside and out with hard lime, and now in place of the miserable hovel they have a pleasant schoolroom.

Miss Shattuck, whose heroism in the massacres saved many lives, has wonderful influence with the people. She is now giving much time to their industrial training, so that many women with no masculine bread-winner are able to support themselves. She has now more than a thousand workers in

the Oorfa department, and the handkerchief industry, from modest beginning, has grown into wide fame. She also gathers sixty mothers in a training school for Christian work. Miss Chambers, though much needed at Oorfa, has been borrowed to help out the greater need of Aintab.

Mrs. McCallum works with her husband in the Theological Seminary. Miss Welpton, an enthusiastic music teacher, is also full of missionary zeal and tells of "great joy" in visiting the villages, ignorant and stolid though the people be. Miss Blakely, after a year's furlough, has just returned joyfully to her work as head of the Marash College for girls, a school with more than eighty pupils from ten towns and villages. Miss Gordon is her efficient associate, and the girls under their care are trained in practical Christian work.

We find in the Zulu Mission 23 churches, 18 of them self-supporting, with more than 4,000 members; surely cause for thanks and encouragement to prayer. The last report says that the "present opportunities in the Zulu Mission are greater and more far-reaching than ever before." Mrs. Bridgman, after a furlough spent largely in literary work in the Zulu language, has gone gladly back to her people. Her daughter, Mrs. Cowles, said recently in her farewell, that no joy America could offer was to be compared for a moment to the joy of sitting among a group of heathen women, and telling them the story of the Father's love. Mrs. Bridgman, of Durban, does much parish work, and gives much time and strength to the care of native girls who come in from the country for employment, and must face unprotected the perils of city life.

The enrollment of Inanda Seminary for the past year showed 244 pupils, more than a hundred there for the first time, and Miss Phelps reports the spirit and demeanor of those in the upper classes as more satisfactory than ever before. Mrs. Edwards, long at the head of the school, and who can do anything from curing a sick chicken to breaking up wild land to raise food for her girls, devotes her care to many practical matters of industrial and economic help to the school. Those who know what is involved in the training of one ignorant girl will see that in the care of two hundred and more Miss Phelps, with her associates, Miss Price and Miss Clarke, must need the strength and wisdom that come only from above.

Miss Ireland, born in South Africa, has recently returned "home" to Inanda, where her sympathetic touch with the girls and women brings a peculiar help to their spiritual life.

Miss Clark, now in this country, is assistant principal of a large boys' school where pupils come from seven tribes, and her influence over them seems almost without limit. Mrs. Dorward, whose husband now has care

of the literature of the mission, does much work among the wives of the young men in the Theological Seminary. Though often very ignorant, these women are eager to learn, and they will have opportunity for wide usefulness in after years. Mrs. Le Roy is at the head of the Normal School, a post of great importance. Mrs. Ransom, daughter of Dr. Simeon Calhoun, long a missionary in Syria, finds abundant need for all her inherited enthusiasm, and varied and pressing work.

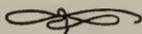
Mrs. McCord, whose father was Rev. William Mellen, an early missionary in Zululand, is the wife of a physician, whose profession opens to her many doors of service.

Miss Pixley, also of missionary parentage, has oversight of kraal schools. Mrs. Taylor is mostly busy with her own little children, yet helpful to her associates and their work. Miss Mellen is now Mrs. Robinson, of Vacaville, Cal.

Mrs. Malcolm has been at the head of Umzumbe Home, a school with an average of 136 pupils for the past year, and her influence has been full of religious power. Miss Laura Smith, lately returned to her work after several years in this country, takes the place of Mrs. Malcolm, during the furlough of the latter, and she also finds time for evangelistic work. Mrs. Harris has been matron of the Home, and it is no sinecure to take care of so many girl fresh from kraal life. Miss Frost knows well the ins and outs of native character and habits, and guides the girls with much wisdom.

Mrs. Bunker, whose husband has supervision of the educational work in the mission, directs her own home, and looks out for many things in his frequent absences, adding much of his care to her own. Miss Lindley, child of a pioneer missionary, after many years of service, is now in this country for rest.

Mrs. Goodenough shares with her husband the great opening for important and fruitful work among those who come from all parts of South Africa, and who will scatter again to their homes. Mrs. Wilcox, now transferred with her husband to Umvoti, finds great need and opportunity for teaching and helping the native women.



AN English officer had some trees planted to shade a market-place in India where the merchants had had to sit in the hot sun. But the people believe that a god lives in the trees of the kind that were planted, and the sellers came to the officer in great trouble, saying: "O sahib, please do not plant peepul-trees in the bazaar. Hindus are afraid to tell lies under peepul-trees. Then how can we do business?"

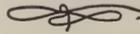
Suggestions for Auxiliary Meetings

TOPIC FOR MARCH: CHAPTER V OF DUX CHRISTUS—WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMEN

In preparing for this meeting one must first realize the need of woman's work for the women of Japan. After reading carefully the chapter for our study, reading with the imagination and between the lines, the leader will do well to supplement it by a leaflet by Mrs. Moses Smith, Woman under the Ethnic Religions, which will be sent from the Board Rooms on request. Extracts from this leaflet can be read, or better, told, that will stir every heart with a new sense of privilege and of duty. Why is our position so different from that of women in India, China, Japan? Our leaflet, The Women of Japan, will be useful, and a story by Dr. De Forest, "One Defect in Confucian Morals," in LIFE AND LIGHT for January, 1900, shows us a practical outcome of these non-Christian ethics.

In considering what Christian women are doing to help our Japanese sisters you will find help in articles in LIFE AND LIGHT for January, 1900, for May and August, 1901, for January, August, and December, 1902, for August, 1903, and for June and October, 1904. In our present number Mrs. West tells of the birth and growth of missionary interest in Japan, and in our March number Mrs. Rowland, of Sapporo, will tell of the "Outlook for Japanese Women in the Twentieth Century." The next monthly leaflet will describe them in the past and the present. The pictures from 19 to 23 should be well studied. The chronological table, pages 197 and 198 of *Dux Christus*, is full of interest and shows rapid progress. Let some sympathetic woman tell, in the first person, the story of the life of a girl from babyhood to maturity in the old days, while another gives the contrast of a girl trained in Christian home and school in Japan to-day.

Some of your musical girls would like to learn and sing for you the Chinese tune on page 64, with the words by Miss Charlotte De Forest, one of our missionaries in Japan.



Woman's Board of Missions

Receipts from November 18 to December 18, 1904.

MISS SARAH LOUISE DAY, Treasurer.

MAINE.			
<i>Eastern Maine Branch.</i> —Mrs. J. S. Wheelwright, Treas., Bangor, Me.; Bangor, Aux., Th. Off., 8.12; A Friend, 3; Greenville, Aux., 10; Machias, Aux., 26.05. Less expenses, 22,	25 17		
<i>Hallowell.</i> —A Friend,	5 00		
<i>Western Maine Branch.</i> —Mrs. C. C. Chapman, Treas., 345 Spring St., Portland, Me. Portland, Seamen's Bethel, S. S., Col. on Annie Gould Day,	41 00		
Total,	71 17		
NEW HAMPSHIRE.			
<i>Littleton.</i> —Prim. S. S., Birthday Off., 2, Individual, 50 cts.,	2 50		
<i>New Hampshire Branch.</i> —Miss Elizabeth A. Brickett, Treas., 69 No. Spring St., Concord, N. H. Campton, Aux., 17; Concord, Aux., Th. Off., 62.70, First Ch., Young Woman's Miss'y Soc., 10; Dunbarton, Aux., 6; Somersworth, Ladies of Cong. Ch., 60,	155 70		
Total,	158 20		
VERMONT.			
<i>Vermont Branch.</i> —Mrs. T. M. Howard, Treas., St. Johnsbury, Vt. Barre (Th. Off., 17.05), 22.05; Berkshire, East, 21;			
Burlington, College St. Ch., 29.53; Chester, Th. Off., 14; Colchester, Th. Off., 77 cts.; Essex Junction, Th. Off., 2.66; Fairlee, Th. Off., 11.10; Hinesburgh, Th. Off., 3.80; Jericho, 17; Ludlow, Th. Off., 10.15; Manchester, 15.17; Newport, C. R., 12.37; Pittsford, C. E. Soc., 5. K. D., 2, S. S., 6.25. E. P. L., 5; Post Mills, Th. Off., 4; St. Johnsbury, North Ch., 16.84; Saxton's River, Merry Hills, 4; Springfield, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; Waterbury, Th. Off., 28; Westminster West, Th. Off., 5.90; Wilder, 10. Less expenses, 9.20,	242 39		
Total,	242 39		
MASSACHUSETTS.			
<i>Andover and Woburn Branch.</i> —Mrs. G. W. Dinsmore, Treas., 8 Lenox St., Lawrence, Mass. Andover, Seminary Ch., 120.70; Ballardvale, C. E. Soc., 6.14; Maplewood, Aux., 40.12; Wakefield, Aux., 60; Woburn, First Ch., Mission Study Class, 15,	241 96		
<i>Berkshire Branch.</i> —Mrs. Charles E. West, Treas., Pittsfield, Mass. Dalton, Sr. Aux., 151.24, Cong. S. S., Home Dept., 20; Housatonic, Aux., 10.60; Lee, Second Ch., Aux., 1.23; Pittsfield, South Ch., 38; Richmond, Aux., 33.65; Stockbridge,			

Aux., 14.85; West Stockbridge, C. E. Soc., 10. Less expenses, 18.38,	382 96
<i>Blanford</i> .—S. S.,	16 00
<i>Cambridge</i> .—Friend, through Mrs. E. C. Moore,	10 00
<i>Essex South Branch</i> .—Miss Nannie L. Odell, Treas., Beverly, Mass. Beverly, Dane St. Ch., Aux., 130, Y. P. M. S., 10, Ivy Leaves, 40, Jr. C. E. Soc., 10, Washington St. Ch., Aux., 83; Boxford, First Ch., Aux., 20.50; Danvers, First Ch., M. S. C., 10; Essex, Aux., 10; Gloucester, Aux., 48.22; Hamilton, Aux., 16; Lynn, Central Ch., Aux., 16, North Ch., Aux., 25; Magnolia, Capron M. C., 2; Marblehead, Aux., 12; Middleton, Aux., 15; Peabody, Aux. (prev. contri. to const. L. M.'s Mrs. Eliza A. Newman, Mrs. Julia M. Saunders, Mrs. Melvina O. Cassino, Mrs. Hannah R. Osborne, Miss Fannie E. Gay, Miss Caroline Merrill), 25; Salem, Crombie St. Ch., C. R., 4, South Ch., Aux., 396.20, Tabernacle Ch., Aux., 8; Saugus, Aux., 17.38; South Lynnfield, Aux., 10; Swampscott, Aux. (prev. contri. to const. L. M.'s Mrs. Charles P. Jeffers, Mrs. George H. Johnson), 9, Prim. Dept. S. S., 9.08; Topsfield, Aux., 30,	956 38
<i>Fitchburg</i> .—Calvinistic Cong. Ch.,	5 88
<i>Franklin Co. Branch</i> .—Miss Lucy A. Sparhawk, Treas., Greenfield, Mass. Greenfield, Aux., 7.25, Prim. Dept. S. S., 2.86; Shelburne, S. S., 25,	35 11
<i>Hampshire Co. Branch</i> .—Miss Harriet J. Kneeland, Treas., 8 Paradise Road, Northampton, Mass. Amherst, Aux., Th. Off., 23.80, Jr. Aux., 5; Belchertown, Aux. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. S. W. Allen), 34; Hatfield, Wide Awake, 10; Northampton, Edwards Ch., Aux., 6.10, First Ch., Th. Off., 140, Col. at Union Meeting, 10.75, First Ch., Girls' Club, 20,	249 65
<i>Ipswich</i> .—Miss Miriam Tenney,	20
<i>Middlesex Branch</i> .—Mrs. E. H. Bigelow, Treas., Framingham, Mass. Natick, Aux., Th. Off., 56.75; South Natick, Anne Eliot Soc., 9.50; South Framingham, Aux., 10.10; Wellesley, Wellesley College Christian Ass'n, 250,	326 35
<i>Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch</i> .—Miss Sarah B. Tirrell, Treas., So. Weymouth, Mass. Braintree, South, Aux., 5; Cohasset, Aux. (Th. Off., 10.57), 17.61; Hanover, Aux., 4; Hanson, Aux., 12; Hingham, Aux. (Th. Off., 20.25), 38.35; Stoughton, Th. Off., 14; East Weymouth, Aux., Th. Off., 30,	120 96
<i>North Middlesex Branch</i> .—Mrs. Wayland Spaulding, Treas., Bedford Park, New York, N. Y. Ashby, Aux., 13.39; Concord, S. S. Miss. Ass'n, 40,	53 39
<i>Old Colony Branch</i> .—Miss Frances J. Rannels, Treas., 166 Highland Ave., Fall River, Mass. Attleboro Falls, Aux., 28; Middleboro, Aux. (with prev. contri. to const. L. M.'s Mrs. Rufus J. Brett, Mrs. Warren Wood, Miss Sarah H. Wright), 71, Sunshine Girls, 7; Taunton, Aux. (prev. contri. to const. L. M.'s Miss Jane J. Burbank, Miss Anna M. Dean, Miss Louise M. Ferber),	106 00
<i>Springfield Branch</i> .—Mrs. Mary H. Mitchell, Treas., 1078 Worthington St., Springfield, Mass. Palmer, Second Ch., Inter. and Jr. C. E. Soc's, 5; Springfield, Memorial Ch., Aux., 6.50,	11 50
<i>Suffolk Branch</i> .—Miss Mary L. Pelkey,	
Treas., 30 Mt. Pleasant St., North Cambridge, Mass. Allston, Aux., 65.22; Auburndale, Cong. Ch., S. S., 27.50; Boston, Old South Ch., Tomiwa Mission Circle, 7.25, Park St. Ch., Jr. Aux., 30, Union Ch., Aux., 50; Brighton, Aux., 79.78; Cambridge, First Ch., Aux., 72.75, Pilgrim Ch., Dau. of the Cov., 40; Chelsea, Third Ch., Aux., 10.25; Dorchester, Central Ch., S. S., Connolly Children, 1.20; Hyde Park, Aux., 87.33; Needham, Aux., Th. Off., 18; Newton, Eliot Ch., Eliot Helpers, 41; Newton Highlands, A Friend, 2.25, Aux., 15; Roxbury, Miss Elizabeth Ziegler, 20, Eliot Ch., Aux., 16.11, Immanuel Ch., Aux. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. George B. Darrow), 91, Walnut Ave. Ch., Aux., Th. Off., 7; Somerville, Winter Hill Ch., Aux., 20, Dau. of the Cov., 25,	726 64
<i>Worcester Co. Branch</i> .—Mrs. Theodore Nye, Treas., 15 Berkshire St., Worcester, Mass. Petersham, North Cong. Ch., Ladies' Union, 36.85; Whitinsville, Extra-Cent-a-Day Band, 17.12; Winchendon, North Ch., Aux. (75 of wh. const. L. M.'s Mrs. Sarah M. Converse, Miss Amy T. Kent, Mrs. Martha Whittemore), 83; Worcester, Old South Ch., Little Light Bearers, 10.12, Plymouth Ch., Aux., 50, Union Ch., S. S. Home Dept., 20,	217 09
Total,	3,460 07
LEGACY.	
<i>Westfield</i> .—Legacy of Sarah A. Day, by Mortimer Baker, Extr.,	200 00
RHODE ISLAND.	
<i>Rhode Island Branch</i> .—Mrs. Clara J. Barnefield, Treas., Pawtucket, R. I. Bristol, C. E. Soc., 5, Infant Dept. S. S., 4.30; East Providence, United Ch., Aux., 4.40; Knightsville, From the Church, 2.15; Pawtucket, Weeden St. Ch., S. S. Class, 2.40; River Point, Wide Awake Cir., 2; Providence, Central Ch., Aux. (Mrs. Bartlett), 2.50, Plymouth Ch., Aux., 15. Interest to date, 1.68,	39 93
Total,	39 93
CONNECTICUT.	
<i>Eastern Conn. Branch</i> .—Miss Mary I. Lockwood, Treas., 52 Main St., New London, Conn. Jewett City, Aux., Th. Off., 5.55; Mystic, Aux. (25 of wh. const. L. M. Miss Eliza M. Denison), 38.50; New London, First Ch., Aux. (Th. Off., 29.50), 56, Second Ch., Aux., Th. Off., 148.15; Stonington, First Ch., Aux., 26.05; Thompson, Aux. (Th. Off., 10), 13; Wauregan, Aux., 20; Woodstock, Aux., Th. Off., 43.51, Pansy Mission Band, 5, C. R., 3.30,	359 06
<i>Hartford</i> .—A Friend,	10 00
<i>Hartford Branch</i> .—Mrs. M. Bradford Scott, Treas., 21 Arnoldale Rd., Hartford, Ct. Ellington, Aux. (Th. Off., 72.04) (of wh. 50 to const. L. M.'s Mrs. Albert Finney, Mrs. Henry Beebe), 74.04; Hartford, Asylum Hill Ch., Aux., Mrs. George Kellogg, 25, First Ch., Warburton Chapel S. S., 34; Manchester, Second Ch., C. E. Soc., 20; New Britain, South Ch., Aux., 25; Plainville, Aux. (Th. Off., 25.75) (of wh. 25 const. L. M. Mrs. Junior C. Pratt), 60; Rockville, Aux. (Th. Off., 45.52) (of wh. 75 const. L. M.'s Mrs. T. S. Pratt,	

Mrs. Rose E. Dart, Mrs. David Sykes), 80; Somers, Prim. S. S., 1.10; Vernon Centre, Aux., 9, A Friend, 1,	\$329 14
<i>New Haven Branch.</i> —Miss Julia Twining, Treas., 314 Prospect St., New Haven, Ct. Branford, Aux. (75 of wh. const. L. M.'s Miss Lillie Tyler, Mrs. H. C. Woodstock, Mrs. William Hitchcock), 85; Bridgeport, First Ch., Aux., 196.30, South Ch., Aux. (25 from Mrs. Edward A. Lewis to const. L. M. Miss Isabella Shepard), 124.21, West End C. E. Soc., 5; Brookfield Centre, Aux., 7; Canaan, Aux., 22; Centerbrook, Aux., 8, C. E. Soc., 14.90; Colebrook, Aux., 3.85; Cromwell, Aux., 72.51; East Canaan, Aux., 22; East Haven, Aux., 10; Falls Village, C. E. Soc., 2; Goshen, Jr. C. E. Soc., 6; Ivoryton, Aux., 37.70, C. R., 4; Kent, Friends, 2.60; Madison (100 of wh. const. L. M.'s Mrs. Charles Hinman, Mrs. Willis Way, Miss Irma Scranton, Miss Helen Marsh), 114; Menden, Centre Ch., Aux. (25 of wh. from Mrs. F. P. Griswold to const. L. M. Miss Caroline A. Hull), 71, First Ch., Aux., 255; Middleton, First Ch., Aux., 12.95; Morris, Aux., 33; New Hartford, Aux., 10; New Haven, Center Ch., Jr. M. C., 102.72, Ch. of the Redeemer, Aux., 137, City Mission, Mothers' Aux., 5, Welcome Hall Mothers, 5, Yale College Ch., Aux., 70; New Milford, Aux., 110; North Haven (with prev. contri. to const. L. M.'s Mrs. Anne E. Bishop, Mrs. George E. Bassett), 30; North Madison, Aux., 8.25; North Woodbury, C. E. Soc., 10; Norwalk, Aux., 13.19; Portland, Aux., 14; Prospect, Salisbury, 27; Salisbury, Aux., 10.25; Saybrook, C. E. Soc., 6.50; Sherman, M. C., 5; South Canaan, C. E. Soc., 3.15; Stamford, Aux., 60, C. E. Soc., 5; Stony Creek, Aux., 4; Washington, Aux., 29.50; Waterbury, First Ch., Aux., 12, Second Ch., C. R., 10; Watertown, Aux., 16; Westbrook, Aux. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. Henry M. Stannard), 32.75; Westfield, B. B., 5; Westport, Aux., 25.10; Winsted, First Ch., Aux., 35.35, Second Ch., Aux., 32.61, G. Chain C., 8; Woodbridge, G. Rule C., 7, Miss Ogden, 25,	1,983 39
<i>Norfolk.</i> —Cong. Ch.,	21 00
<i>Putnam.</i> —Mrs. H. G. Fay,	2 00
Total,	2,704 59
LEGACY.	
<i>Bristol.</i> —Legacy of Miss Sophia Macy, through Aux., Bristol, Conn., by Treas. of Hartford Branch,	23 50
NEW YORK.	
<i>East Bloomfield.</i> —Mrs. Eliza S. Goodwin,	2 05
<i>Katonah.</i> —Miss H. L. Todd,	4 40
<i>New York State Branch.</i> —Mrs. F. M. Turner, Treas., 646 St. Mark's Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Albion, Mrs. Julia Warren, 10; Aquebogue, Aux., 25.03; Brooklyn, Central Ch., Aux., 188.44, Flatbush Ch., C. R., 2, Lewis Ave. Ch., Aux., 25, Earnest Workers, 35, Park Ch., C. E. Soc., 15, Richmond Hill Ch., Aux., 15, Tompkins Ave. Ch., Aux., 150; Buffalo, First Ch., Aux., 100; Canandaigua, Aux., 130, Some Friends, 35; Carthage, Aux., 5; Cortland, Aux., 75; Coventryville, Aux., 11; Deansboro, Dau. of the Cov., 5; De Peyster, Aux., 5; Flushing,	
Aux., 12; Fulton, Aux., 10; Gaines, Aux., 10; Hague, S. S., 5; Harford, Pa., Aux., 17; Jamestown, Pilgrim Ch., Ladies' Soc., 3; Lockport, First Ch., S. S., 6, Cradle Roll, 8; Middletown, North Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 1; Moravia, Willing Workers, 10; New York, Manhattan Ch., Aux., 36.40, A Friend, 10; Norwood, Aux., 10; Oswego, Aux. (25 of wh. const. L. M. Mrs. Charles N. Thorp), 35; Poughkeepsie, Aux. (25 of wh. const. L. M. Mrs. Emma B. Pells), 30, Young Ladies' Cir. (to const. L. M. Mrs. Mary E. Brooks), 25, Prim. Dept. S. S., 25; Putnam, Hall School, 182.75, A Friend, 5; Saratoga, Miss Sarah Wood, 50; Sherburne, Miss. Band, 10; Spencer, Aux., 30; Syracuse, Rally, 5.30, Danforth Ch., Aux., 45, Plymouth Ch., S. S., 12.19; Walton, Aux., 6; Water-town, Aux., 10; Wellsville, Aux., 8.84; West Winfield, Aux. (to const. L. M. Mrs. Josephine Stuart), 25; White Plains, Aux., 40; Williamsport, Pa., Ladies' Soc., 12.42; Winthrop, Woman's Soc., 5.	
Less expenses, 218.46,	\$1,326 84
Total,	1,333 29
PENNSYLVANIA.	
<i>Scranton.</i> —Cong. Ch.,	6 80
Total,	6 80
FLORIDA.	
<i>New Smyrna.</i> —East Coast Conf.,	7 15
<i>Ormond.</i> —Aux.,	39 00
Total,	46 15
OHIO.	
<i>Canton.</i> —Miss Annie E. Pinneo,	5 00
Total,	5 00
IOWA.	
<i>Dunlap.</i> —Rev. Everts Kent, 20, Cong. Ch., Young People's Miss'y Soc., 11.50	31 50
Total,	31 50
ARIZONA.	
<i>Tempe.</i> —First Cong. Ch., L. M. Soc.,	15 00
Total,	15 00
CALIFORNIA.	
<i>Los Angeles.</i> —Boys of the S. S. of Bethlehem Ch.,	2 78
Total,	2 78
TURKEY.	
<i>Adabazar.</i> —Girls' Boarding School, C. E. Soc.,	17 60
Total,	17 60
Donations,	7,845 45
Specials,	289 02
Legacies,	223 50
Total,	8,357 97
TOTAL FROM OCT. 18, 1904, TO DEC. 18, 1904	
Donations,	12,259 53
Specials,	689 52
Legacies,	223 50
Total,	\$13,172 55

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Extracts from letters written home, but intended for publication, by Miss Wilson, who returned to her missionary home in Ponape last summer. She crossed the continent from her home in California in May that she might sail for Ponape on the new Morning Star. Her experience, which was endured without a murmur, is of interest to those who know her personally and who know of her former trips to Ponape when she sailed direct from San Francisco :—

VALETTA, MALTA, July 3, 1904.

I HAD hoped to send you a better letter from here than from the last port, but I have not been equal to writing while we have been at sea. After we left Fayal we had a few very quiet days, and found that our ship could move along without rolling when she was in a very quiet sea. But alas! it only lasted a few days, and then the rolling was bad as ever. We crossed the Atlantic in seventeen days from Boston, including two days and a half spent at Fayal.

On the morning of the twenty-eighth we could see quite plainly in the distance the southern coast of Spain, and about half past nine in the evening we passed through the Straits of Gibraltar. We were much disappointed that we had to pass through them at night. It was bright moonlight, and with the aid of a glass we could make out the outline of the big rock and see the lights of a town on it. From then until last night we saw parts of the northern coast of Africa. We were not very close to the land, but every little while the high land would loom up. Algiers showed up the best; it is an English port, and the head station for the British fleet in these seas. Seven British men-of-war are here at present, and very often as many as fifteen are here; but now some of them are cruising around the Mediterranean with the gray war paint on, and they say they are on the lookout for a Russian fleet to prevent their passing through this sea to Japan.

How strange it seems to be at the island where Paul was wrecked so long, long ago; we have been trying to picture how it might have happened. So far we have had an exceptional trip, as we have had fine weather all the

way. We are told the last end of our trip will be the worst after we get into the Bay of Bengal, where we must expect very strong winds and torrents of rain.

It looks like a long way before us yet, but every roll brings us nearer. I will not attempt to describe anything of what I am seeing, but I am trying to make notes as I go along, and will wait until I reach a place where we are not "tipping all the time," as our baby says. The other day her mother was telling her of Kusaie, and she looked up and asked very earnestly, "Is it a place where I can eat my breakfast, dinner and supper without tipping?" Poor baby; she has been quite sick, and I fear will continue to be, but she is very sweet and patient through it all. She is a dear little child three years and a half old. Everyone on board loves her.

S. S. MORNING STAR, RED SEA, July 15, 1904.

This is the place for hot weather without any doubt. It is as much as one's life is worth to stand in the sun. We have our awning up, and manage to exist by keeping on the shady side of the ship. For the past week I have been getting up between half past four and five every morning, for as soon as the sun strikes my room it is like a hothouse, even with window and door wide open. Mrs. Garland said she had her bath in the bath room last night when the thermometer registered one hundred and twenty-two. Fortunately we have had a little breeze since we left Port Said, but the breeze only affects one side of the ship at a time, and night after night I lie drenched with perspiration, fanning myself. Breakfast was brought to the table this morning, and taken away almost untouched. It is too hot to eat. The poor cook has a hard time. His galley is a hot hole. He does lots of sputtering, but on the whole is good-natured. There is not anything he would not do for me if he could. The other night I asked him if the steward boiled the water before putting in the drinking tank, that it did not taste right. He said: "Have you been drinking that water? I told you to tell me when you wanted water and I would see you had it boiled. I do not want you to get sick drinking water not boiled." Since then he comes around and demands my water monkey, and keeps it filled with cold water.

ADEN, ARABIA, July 21.

Just a few lines, as I am so very tired my brain refuses to do much thinking, having had little rest the past week. It has been so hot, and the ship has rolled so fearfully we are about all used up, and now we are stranded at this place for some time to come. For this reason as we came on our way people prophesied that we could not go through the monsoon region

with our little craft, and their prophecy has come true. The captain decided to give her a fair trial, but it was no use. After much rolling we got safely through the Gulf of Aden, and were well into the Arabian Sea, when he had to give it up and turn back. The waves were tremendous and when one washed over the top of the house, and part of it even went over the front mast, all the men on board were of one mind—unless we turned back it would be the last of the *Morning Star*. So we came back a distance of some three hundred and fifty miles, and anchored here at seven in the morning, after beating through a monsoon for four or five hours. I hope we do not have to go through anything like it again, but thank God it is over, and we are safe. The captain will not go on until this season is past, which may be several months. This is going to be a hot place to summer in. There is no special place to go ashore, no trees, or anything, just bare mountains and houses. It is an English port, and an Arabian town. A great many steamers call here, so we can get anything we want in the way of provisions, also ice to keep water cool. I think we shall manage to live through it, but I do begrudge the time away from my work. I suppose there is some good reason for it.

S. S. MORNING STAR, STRAITS OF MALACCA, October 4, 1904.

We are safely through the Arabian Sea, northern part of the Indian Ocean, and the Bay of Bengal, and hope by to-night or to-morrow morning to reach Singapore. We could hardly have got along more smoothly than we have the last week or so, but in a few weeks' time the water in the Bay of Bengal will be raging again with typhoon weather. People who know say this has been the worst year of the monsoons that has been known in ten or twelve years. We seem to have struck it just right now. For over a week we have had nice cool nights, and I have been able to sleep well, and so feel so much better I think it is safe for me to tackle letter writing again. . . .

It was a relief after so long a stay at Aden to see the tropical island of Ceylon. On shore we were reminded of Honolulu, only the places were not nearly so well kept up, and we saw few flowers—mostly trees and grass—no rosebush, and a few trees that do not grow at Kusaie.

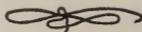
It is a famous place for jewels. Colombo is called the great jewel market of the world. All the natives were decked out in some way with them. I have some very good picture postals, and am thankful to the man or woman who first thought of such a thing as putting pictures on postals. I must borrow a little money from the captain at Singapore to get me some new cotton dresses; mine are all faded, spotted, and rusted from this hard trip. . . .

S. S. MORNING STAR, SOUTH CHINA SEA, October 9, 1904.

I begin to feel as if I was nearing my island home. Last Thursday morning as we steamed away from Singapore, one of the men said, "Good-by to civilization for some months to come."

When we got to Singapore, it was dark and they signaled for a pilot, but none came. The captain had a good chart of the harbor and went in and anchored. In the darkness we could only make out we were close to a war ship. About nine o'clock the bugle began to blow and our second mate, who has been on a man-of-war, said, "It is an American." About six o'clock the next morning I saw the San Francisco just leaving our side, going up to the coal docks. It was the first American flag we had seen flying on another ship since we had been in the Atlantic. A peculiar feeling came over me as I gazed at that name "San Francisco" standing out in gilt letters, and I thought of you all so far away and how I longed to see you. I did not think much of Singapore. It is dirty, with all foul smells of a Chinese place. The day before we left a young man from Boston came out to see us as he was much interested in missions. He and Mrs. Captain Garland found they had mutual acquaintances at home. The American consul is a fine man. He said, "People told me I could not keep well in this climate unless I drank liquor, but the truth is I am about the only well man in the place and I have yet to take my first glass of liquor or smoke."

October 13th.—Last night we got up to the outside of Mahassan, Celebes Islands. They are now taking up anchor and we will soon be inside. I expected to see only a long, coral island, but the land is very high. These islands are owned by the Dutch. A number of native canoes are sailing around. We leave here to-day for Ponape and hope to be there in fifteen days. I am much better than I was and expect to be all right now that we do not have excessive heat.



The Need of Missions

I HAVE seen, in China, missionaries' houses thronged from seven o'clock in the morning till dark by those who are anxious for Christian instruction, pleading and begging for it, men who have come two hundred and three hundred miles, as in Manchuria, begging that Christian teachers might be sent to them, having heard from colporteurs and those who had been in medical missions enough to make them long to know the way of God more perfectly, and always the answer is given, "We have neither men nor money."—*Isabella Bird Bishop.*

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Letter from W. A. Hemingway

KALGAN, CHINA, Sept. 15, 1904.

As the Russo-Japanese war continues so favorable for the Japs, there seems reason for hoping they may win. We count it a blessing that China is maintaining her neutrality, in spite of provocations from Russia. The people throughout China seem to be little moved by the war, because they know very little about it. The few who realize how important this struggle is to China's interests are following eagerly the progress of events. In some of our chapels, where there is daily preaching, the native evangelists have increased their audiences considerably by announcing the war news every day. Our friends at Pei Tai He, on the shore a hundred miles north of Tientsin, tell us that they hear the booming of guns from the direction of Port Arthur. This makes the conflict seem quite near us.

The corner stone of our new United States Legation buildings was laid in Peking this spring, under the direction of our wise and able minister, Maj. E. H. Conger. Never before has our government owned any of the buildings occupied by its legations abroad, so the erection of these fine houses, costing over \$150,000 is a decided movement in advance. This called out considerable comment on the increase of American influence throughout the world. Mrs. Conger very fittingly laid the corner stone. Mr. Neely, the government architect sent out to put up the buildings, in his speech gave hearty recognition to the work of missionaries. He stated that every reliable contractor he had found in Peking had been influenced by contact with the

missionaries. Dr. Sheffield opened the exercises with prayer. Later in the day all of us who had come from outside the city were entertained at lunch at the minister's house. The table was decorated with magnolia blossoms sent by the Empress Dowager.

The annual meeting of our North China Mission was held at Tung-cho in June. It was filled with instruction and inspiration for me. The workers, American and Chinese, were gathered from the seven mission stations for conference, reports and planning for future work. This year has been marked by encouraging growth everywhere and in some places it has been wonderful. There is a forward movement among this great people who have so long been looking backward to the golden age of the past. They are beginning to inquire about the conditions and progress of civilization in the rest of the world. This makes them more open minded to the truths of Christianity. The ranks of Christians, so sadly depleted by the Boxer outbreak, have been filling up rapidly in the past four years. There is great need of more workers from home to meet the fast-growing opportunities in teaching, preaching and medical work. It is cause for great gratitude that our Board is sending out ten new missionaries this fall. As many more are needed for next year also.

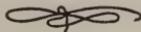
Plans for a union university of the different denominations in North China are taking definite form. The college for men at Tung-cho is growing and doing a high grade of work. The other departments are to be in Peking. Bridgman School for girls at our mission is crowded with students, who already come from seven different missions. It will probably soon become the woman's college of the new university. The medical school is to be opened this fall at the London (English Congregational) Mission. The Empress Dowager contributed \$8,000 toward the medical bulidings, and members of her court also subscribed. New buildings for the theological school will be erected this year at the Presbyterian Mission. All of these centers of training will send out educated young men and women to be effective carriers of the gospel message throughout North China.

This city of Kalgan is on the northern boundary of China. One of the gates of the Great Wall serves as the north gate of the city. Through it there passes a steady stream of pack animals, and vehicles of many kinds drawn by donkeys, ponies, mules, oxen, and camels. They bring lumber and wool from Siberia and Mongolia to exchange for Chinese manufactured articles and tea.

The governor of this district is now showing special zeal in dealing with criminals. We have seen many heads of highway robbers hung up in bird-cages along the roads as a warning.

The language study still occupies the best part of my time. I am glad to be able to begin to talk a little with the patients, and shall be more joyous when I can explain the gospel to them. The Chinese written language has no alphabet, and is largely a collection of pictures. The character "man" is an inverted letter V, signifying two-legged. "Benevolence" is represented by "man" and "two" combined, showing that wherever two men are together there should be kindness. "Mouth" is a small square, their idea of an opening for food. "Home" is a "pig" under a "roof"—quite fitting for some families who "keep the pig in the parlor." But more of the language later. There is plenty of it.

A month ago Mr. Bai, a blacksmith from a town thirty miles away, came to the hospital bringing his only son, "Perfect Gem," thirteen years old. The boy had injured his foot by a fall several months ago. The Chinese family doctor gave a decoction of bitter herbs, pulverized scorpions, and tiger's bones to strengthen the lad. Then he pierced the foot through and through with a long needle, and tied a rope tightly around the calf of the leg, "to keep the trouble from spreading upward." Strangely enough after some months of this kind of treatment the boy's condition became so alarming that his father was willing to ask the aid of the foreign doctors. Moist gangrene had destroyed the leg almost to the knee. Every movement caused excruciating pain. Mr. Bai contrived a hammock held by a framework between two pack mules, and in this the pale, wasted little fellow was brought to the hospital. The leg was taken off at the knee. From the time of the operation he has made good improvement. The father's joy knows no bounds, as he had given up hope of saving his boy's life. "Perfect Gem" is gaining strength again, and can walk with his home-made crutches. He has learned to read the Christian primer, and is soon to enter the mission school for boys. His father, too, has learned of Christ and accepted him, and with Chow Yung, another hospital patient, entered the church on probation last Sunday. These results of the summer's work make us very happy, and we want to let you share this joy with us.



Miss Blakely's Return

Miss Ellen M. Blakely writes from Marash, Turkey, Nov. 26, 1904:—

I WRITE to tell you how beautifully everything has been going in my absence. I came back to find a commodious new building, very convenient and satisfactory, and all the more appreciated because we have so long been uncomfortably crowded for the school. On looking at the old plan, made

fourteen years ago when we first asked for an addition, Mr. Sanders remarked that it was well we were not able to build then, for now that would have been too small. It certainly would have been, but we think that now we have made plans for enlargement which will be sufficient. The putting in of the heater has been delayed, but we have reason to think that in a few days all will be in running order. It has not been severe weather yet, and we have been getting on with the dishes of coals commonly used in this country. The Marash churches plan to have jubilee services in the church December 4th, and we are thinking to have a dedicatory service for our new building on the day following, about which we must write after it is over.

The school work was carried on remarkably well last year, nothing allowed to fall behind or be neglected. I marvel at it, since the building work was going on and made confusion and much extra care and some anxiety. Miss Welpton and Miss Gordon are very efficient and fertile, and I am grateful indeed that they kept as well as they did during the year. I am now glad to be back to help share the burdens.

Miss Gordon has gone to Hadjin, that she may, away from school work, study Turkish, since she did not have a fair chance of studying it when she first came, that is, after the first winter. Mrs. Lee kindly takes one of her classes, one that we feel one of the Americans should always have. In a school of this grade certain of the lessons ought to be taught by one of us. We wonder if the time will ever come when we shall have a full force.

Miss Cora M. Welpton writes from Marash, November 4, 1904:—

Owing to work on the pipes of the heater we had to dismiss school for the week of Miss Blakely's return, so we were a goodly company to go out to meet our returning president. We went in two parties, some of the leading Protestant men going on donkeys, with part of the missionary company who rode horses. This party started about ten o'clock, and met Miss Blakely about an hour out of the city; later the girls with our man teacher, his wife, three of our young women teachers and I, started out. The girls all walked, so we went slowly, and met the others just outside the city. The next three days were given to callers. No one counted the people who came to bid Miss Blakely welcome, but there were certainly several hundred. It does one good to see the people love and appreciate a woman like Miss Blakely; and her joy at being here again is cheering. Every missionary here reports the same experience,—not being satisfied in America, wanting to get back to the adopted land.

This afternoon Miss Blakely is to speak to the girls, telling them something about her journey, what she saw and what she did at home. She always speaks well in Turkish, and the girls enjoy it.

A Pioneer Missionary

BY MRS. E. W. BLATCHFORD

I HAVE a foreword to say about mothers' prayers and missionary meetings—two potent factors which we may use to-day. In the early part of the last century there lived in Utica, N. Y., a Christian mother,—a young mother with a family of little children. She was a praying mother, who sought from God the best things for her children. One evening a missionary meeting was held in the church she attended. The appeal for men and money so stirred this mother's heart that when the contribution box was passed she put into it a slip of paper she had torn from a hymn book in which these words were written: "I have no money. I give my two sons and train them for foreign missionary service."

A little later in the century another praying mother in the little town of Dresden in Southern Ohio was daily offering the prayer that her only son might be led into foreign missionary service.

One of the little sons pledged to foreign missions by the Utica mother was taken away by death, but when another son was born to her she included him in the solemn vow she had made; and she knew that God had accepted her gift when, after years of training, her eldest son, S. Wells Williams, was sent out by the American Board to China, where his life was spent in missionary service of high efficiency, where he wrote *The Middle Kingdom*,—this is recognized as one of the best books on China,—and where his services as United States minister were highly prized.

The second son, Frederick Williams, was sent to Eastern Turkey by the American Board, and in that distant mission gave his life to the people he came to help.

Now let us turn to the Christian mother in Dresden, Ohio, who poured out her heart for her son. He was not chosen for the high calling she sought for him; but her eldest daughter heard her mother's prayers, and they took hold of her deepest nature. A strong desire arose in her heart to be herself a foreign missionary. This desire grew into a fixed purpose as she listened at a missionary meeting in her native village to an appeal by Rev. Francis Bartlett, of Marietta, Ohio, who told in living words of the woeful ignorance and degradation of the people in heathen lands, and of the need of teachers to show them the way to Christ. The resolve then formed, she never relinquished; it shaped her life from that day; she must get an education and fit herself to be a teacher of heathen women and children.

That little girl, the eldest of five children, in that plain country home in Dresden, Ohio, was Josephine Lemert, now widely known as Mrs. Josephine L. Coffing, of Hadjin, Turkey. So by the sacred way of mothers' prayers and missionary appeal we come to the subject upon which I am asked to say a few words this afternoon.

Carlyle says, speaking of heroes: "The thoughts they had were the parents of the actions they did; their feelings were parents of their thoughts. It was the unseen and spiritual in them that determined the outward and actual. Their religion, as I say, was the great fact about them."

Josephine's father died in 1841, leaving a widow and five children, of whom Josephine was the eldest, in straitened circumstances. Writing of the event years afterward, and the obstacles it placed in the way of her education, she says, "It was as plain then to me as to my mother that I, as the eldest" (she was then barely eight), "must help to take care of the others; and for three years I gave up the hope, though never the wish, of obtaining an education." After these years the family prospects brightened, and the little girl began study in earnest,—first in Dresden and afterward in the neighboring town of Hamilton. Here, a merry schoolgirl, she first met Mr. Coffing, who was her teacher in the academy. "A pleasant but grave young man, who wants to be a minister," was all the mention she made of him at this time in a letter to her mother.

Through her early inspirer, Rev. Mr. Bartlett, a way was opened for her to attend the Female Seminary at Marietta. There she remained for two years an ardent and a successful student. Here she again met Mr. Coffing, who was now preparing for the ministry, and hoped to become a home missionary in the far West. They became engaged, and while she consented to go with him to Oregon, she still cherished the secret hope that he might be led to the foreign field—yet she did not dare to influence him directly lest it should be her wish rather than God's call that he would obey, and for a whole year she never mentioned the subject to him for this reason.

But gradually during his seminary course in New York the claims of foreign missionary service influenced Mr. Coffing, and when he found a glad response in the heart of his promised bride, the decision was made, and they offered themselves to the American Board. Meanwhile Josephine had been able to take another year of study at Oberlin. In September, 1856, they were married. What triumphant gladness must have filled the heart of the young bride as they together sailed from Boston to their appointed field in Central Turkey, the lifelong desire of the heart fulfilled. In April, 1857, they arrived at Aintab, and then and there began the devoted work for the people of that land, which has continued for nearly fifty years.

The language once acquired, their brave young hearts were moved to pass on to regions beyond, and in 1861 they endeavored to establish in the mountains of the Taurus at Hadjin a new center of light. This purpose was defeated, for by the persecution of the Northern authorities they were driven out of the town with great loss and suffering, for which they vainly sought redress.

In June of the following year as Mr. Coffing was on his way with muleteers and guard from Adana to Aleppo, where the annual meeting of his mission was held, he was fired upon when near Alexandretta by concealed robbers and the next morning breathed his last.

What now remained for the bereaved widow? Five happy years of united, useful service were ended, and ended how? In the martyrdom of her beloved. What should she do? She determined to remain and consecrate

herself anew to the benighted women of Central Turkey. Marash was chosen as her place of work, and to its schools she devoted all her powers, not allowing herself to dwell upon her own deep sorrow, but ready always to comfort those who were in trouble. The work in Marash was incessant and laborious, establishing elementary schools, superintending all, taking the principalship of the boarding school formed in 1868, and continuing in that position until 1879. For fourteen years Marash was the center of her labors, but the circumference was wide. The mountain villages had a great attraction for her, even as a vacuum has for air. She felt the misery, the ignorance, the despair of the women, her heroic spirit was determined to find a way of escape for them, her vacation days were spent, often even in winter, in touring among these villages and gathering in pupils for Marash Seminary.

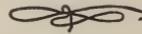
President Washburn, of Roberts College, Constantinople, said to me a few years ago, after describing a winter tour in the mountain region where he had followed Mrs. Coffing as the leader, shrinking himself from the dangers of the way, "Mrs. Coffing is the missionary heroine of our Turkish mission." Fourteen years of this arduous service were spent in Marash, but Mrs. Coffing's heart was yearning for those wretched, neglected people in Hadjin, whose rulers had driven her and her beloved husband out of their city by force,—to them she would go. Her influence is still felt in Marash; the seminary of which she was principal for eleven years grew into Marash College. The Young Men's Christian Association there, now a flourishing and most useful institution, is the fruit of her earnest persuasions. And year by year, through that long period, the revivals in her schools and the accessions to the churches gave new courage to the Christians there, and were an inspiration to us at home. And this spirit of revival has pervaded all the years of her ministry in the Hadjin Home, where for more than twenty-five years Mrs. Coffing has been realizing the cherished dream of her childhood. Through all her life "one increasing purpose runs." Did time permit I would tell of those who have been Mrs. Coffing's associates in the Hadjin Home,—Miss Spencer, Miss Brown, both now of sainted memory; Miss Tucker, of Galesburg; Miss Eula Bates, Miss Hollister and others, all of whom have aided in the development of the school and the Home, which is indeed a place of rest in a weary land, an object lesson to all the city and to the hundreds of villages, whose daughters are received within its walls and have carried back to their homes the light of life.

For many years Mrs. Coffing has been the beloved missionary of the First Church, Detroit, and they have felt it a joy to supply her special needs as they have arisen aside from providing for her support.

Many stirring incidents have occurred in the career of this missionary heroine. We remember how our whole constituency was moved by the story of Rahel, a pupil in Marash Seminary, who was persuaded to leave school for the purpose, on the part of her friends, of marrying her to an unworthy Armenian. Mrs. Coffing arrived upon the scene of action in time to rescue Rahel, but the man roused by the interruption gave Mrs. Coffing's wrist a wrench which she felt for weeks. Mrs. Coffing appealed to Constantinople for the freedom of her pupil, and great joy prevailed in the Christian community when, after long waiting, there flashed over the wires

the message from the Grand Vizier of the Turkish Empire, "Restore Rahel to her school." The church bells in Marash rang a joyous peal, for it meant protection, not only for Rahel, but for every girl in the Turkish Empire. This story of Rahel is one of the leaflets of our Board, which should be again widely circulated. Other leaflets telling of the Hadjin Home and Mrs. Coffing well repay perusal.

Last May, while we were in Beirut, I had the pleasure of meeting my dear Mrs. Coffing again, as she was returning from a brief trip to the Holy Land. She was accompanied by one of the native teachers, a young woman of fine appearance and attractive manners, whose daughter-like attentions to Mrs. Coffing were beautiful to see. Twelve such capable, reliable assistants are now at work in the Home, amply repaying Mrs. Coffing and her assistants for the long years of training they have received. Mrs. Coffing told me there were two at least of these assistants who by their character and attainments would be able to take charge of the Home, but for the fact that they could not as natives command the respect and compliance of other teachers and the pupils as can foreign ladies. It was Mrs. Coffing's intention to retire permanently from her work this year, as she felt her time for rest had come, but now that the new missionaries are on the ground, she is willing to remain for another year to aid Miss Billings and Miss Vaughan as they begin their work. These two tried friends have had a year of happy work together at Tillotson College, Texas. Both are college girls and enter upon their new life in the mountains of Turkey with consecrated purpose. The heart of our beloved Mrs. Coffing is filled with new hope and courage as she sees her life work entrusted to these devoted women. We shall all be ready to welcome our missionary pioneer to the homeland next year on her return. She hopes to find a quiet home in Oberlin, and her strong desire is to bring with her a child, one whom she has been training for several years, and whom she wishes to educate at Oberlin. "I want something to love," she said to me, "something of my own. I do hope the ladies will grant me this one request." I promised to present her petition.



Woman's Board of the Interior

MRS. S. E. HURLBUT, TREASURER

RECEIPTS FROM OCT. 22 TO DEC. 10, 1904

ILLINOIS	1,189 38	IDAHO	30 00
INDIANA	25 80	MISCELLANEOUS	52 80
IOWA	323 38		
KANSAS	203 68	Receipts for the month	\$4,522 95
MICHIGAN	804 27		
LEGACIES	750 00	FOR DEFICIT, 1904.	
MINNESOTA	351 20	Receipts for the month	\$346 00
MISSOURI	85 62		
FOR BUILDING FUND, CHINA	500 00	ADDITIONAL DONATIONS FOR SPECIAL OBJECTS.	
OKLAHOMA	7 50	Receipts for the month	\$28 25
SOUTH DAKOTA	34 00		
WISCONSIN	165 32		

MISS FLORA STARR, Ass't Treas.

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