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Life and Light

VOL. XXXV

MAY, 1905

No. 5

AT HOME Our readers will rejoice with us that after seven weeks of con-
AGAIN. fusion LIFE AND LIGHT has again a place of its own. Only when
both the places and the things are taken away can we quite appreciate the
worth of "a place for everything and everything in its place." The weeks
of restoration have been hard for all the workers in the Rooms, but order is
gradually succeeding the chaos, and we hope to do good work in the months
ahead.

MISSIONARY Wherever the Woman's Board has held its meetings, or the
PERSONALS. influence of its work has gone, many women know and love
Mrs. Richard Winsor, who for more than thirty years has worked with her
husband in the Marathi Mission. Her activity has gone out in countless
ways for widows, for orphans, for schools, for mothers, for all in distress,
and in later years she has given much thought to the industrial work which
her husband originated and guided with great wisdom and devotion. Now
we shall think of her with tenderest sympathy as Mr. Winsor's earthly work
is finished. He died in early March, glad in the hope of the rest that re-
maineth. His work for India's orphans had been officially recognized and
praised by the government, and quite recently he received the decoration of
Kaiser-i-Hind, one of the highest honors, and one rarely given. But all
earthly praises seemed of slight value to him compared with the "well done"
of the Master he had served so long.

The good word comes from Mexico that Miss Long, now with friends in
Guadalajara, is improving, though still very slowly. We may expect that
the wounded eye will still be able to render good service, though it must
always be used with special care. The school in Chihuahua, though miss-
ing Miss Long sorely, moves on steadily under the care of Miss Dunning,

borrowed from Parral, and Miss Swan, a trained nurse sent thither by Providence, we believe, to meet this special emergency.

GOOD NEWS FROM FOOCHEW. So many times our hearts have been wrung by sad word from China—the work there is so vast and so appealing, the force of workers so brave and admirable, yet so utterly inadequate to the opportunity—that it is with special thanksgiving that we read the news of the coming of the Spirit to our mission in Foochow. Everyone will be stirred in reading Miss Worthley's story given on page 208, and we may well be moved to ask for a like blessing on all our fields.

THANK-OFFERING MESSAGES. We have received sample copies of a set of six admirable little folders and leaflets, designed to quicken us in grateful giving to the Master, published by the Woman's Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian Church of North America. They are so warm and so spiritual that they will kindle the heart of every reader. The supply is limited, but for the present they can be obtained for fifteen cents a dozen by addressing Mrs. Mary Clokey Porter, 920 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. An excellent little dialogue, in form suitable to be given at auxiliary meetings, *The Pros and Cons of Foreign Missions*, will reinforce our arguments for the work we are trying to do. It may be had for three cents by addressing the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church, 501 Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia, Pa. We have just reprinted by request, as a folder, the article in our March number, "How One Member of a Missionary Society May Arouse Enthusiasm," to be had free from Miss A. R. Hartshorn. Please inclose postage when asking for it.

A GIRLS' MISSIONARY SOCIETY IN SMYRNA. The girls who gather in missionary meetings here in America will be interested to know of work like their own carried on by girls in the Orient. A pleasant story has come of meetings held by the society connected with the Collegiate Institute in Smyrna, and it shows us that those Armenian girls are not at all behind our own in the breadth of their sympathy, and in efficiency of effort. In the prayer service several spoke earnestly of reasons for Christian giving, making it clear that the root of the matter was in them. They reported in detail visits to many sick in their own neighborhood, and evidently they are doing good Christian work in local ways. They also support a little girl in Ceylon, the daughter of a Bible woman, and thus reach out in gifts and prayer to needy ones far away. Are not these Smyrna girls worthy to come into our sisterhood of valiant young Christian workers?

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE MONTH. Our Treasurer received in the month ending March 18, 1905, \$4,761.02 in contributions for our regular pledged work. This is a gain over the same month in 1904 of \$459.07, yet still the first five months of our fiscal year show a loss of \$194.06; and this in a year when opportunities are greater than ever before, and when the means in the hands of our church members are continually increasing. What account shall we give of the work intrusted to us, of the time and strength and money which should be given to the service of the Master in serving his needy children.

THE annual meeting of the American Ramabai Association was held in Trinity Chapel, March 13th. Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall presided, and made an address of added interest from his personal observation of the work of Ramabai in India, and his sympathetic appreciation of her remarkable work of faith. Chundrabai Devenkhker, a pupil of Ramabai, now studying medicine in Philadelphia, made a pleasing address with its testimony of her gratitude to her heroic leader. It was regretted that the annual report from Ramabai had not arrived, but it will be published later.

**NORTHFIELD SUMMER SCHOOL FOR
WOMEN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY
SOCIETIES.**

This interdenominational school was so successfully inaugurated last summer that greater things are expected from the second session, which will be held in East Northfield, Mass., July twenty-fourth to thirty-first. The new book on the study of Africa, *Christus Liberator*, will receive special attention. The author, Miss Ellen C. Parsons, will be present, and successive chapters of the book will be treated by Miss Parsons, Mrs. W. A. Montgomery, Mrs. Caroline Atwater Mason, Miss Lucy C. Jarvis and other lecturers. The first hour of each morning will be devoted to Bible study with Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, D.D. Organization, methods of work, and various problems will be considered. Missionaries from different fields will make addresses. Marquand Hall will be set apart as a special building for young women, with a committee from their own number in charge. The afternoons will be free for recreation. This rare opportunity for increasing efficiency in our missionary work in the local societies deserves to be improved, and we believe our Congregational forces will rally. For circulars apply to Miss Stanwood, 704 Congregational House, Boston, and for encouragement to go, ask anyone who was there last summer.

THE INTERNATIONAL MISSIONARY UNION. The International Missionary Union will hold its annual meeting at Clifton Springs, N. Y., June 7-13. For further information address Dr. C. C. Thayer, Clifton Springs, N. Y.

The opportunity to meet so many missionaries of our own Board and of other Boards is most stimulating to those who are concerned with the work of the kingdom, and all missionaries are made most cordially welcome at the delightful gathering.

A RESTING PLACE Through the generosity of Mrs. Charles Green of
BY THE SEA. Baltimore, the American Board has received the gift of a beautiful home at Old Orchard Beach, Maine, known as Minnie's Seaside Rest. The house was built and fitted up as a memorial of her only daughter, a child of rare promise, whose heart was full of sympathy for missionaries

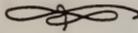


MINNIE'S SEASIDE REST

and a great longing to help their work. It is open for guests through July and August, and is undenominational in its hospitality. The first thought is to provide a resting place for missionaries, both those who are on furlough and those who have retired from active service. Should any rooms be vacant after the missionaries are provided for, other Christian workers will be received. The delightful climate and sea bathing at Old Orchard, the homelike atmosphere of the house, and the Christian fellowship of missionaries of many lands and many denominations combine to make this a place of real refreshing both for body and for soul. The month of July is especially lovely on the

Maine coast, and all who can will do well to plan to be there then. Circulars will be forwarded on request by Dr. J. L. Barton, Congregational House, and early application for hospitality should be made. Address, Minnie's Rest, Old Orchard, Maine. The price of board covers only the cost of the table, all other expenses being met by Mrs. Green's generous gift.

SEMIANNUAL MEETING W. B. M. Note the change in the time. Instead of the fourth week in May, as mentioned in April LIFE AND LIGHT, the date is Wednesday, May 3; the place, Nashua, N. H.



Kobe College

BY ONE OF THE TEACHERS

KOBE COLLEGE began its existence in the first years of mission work in Japan as a day school for small boys and girls. At that time it was situated on the outskirts of the city in the midst of rice fields. Gradually it has grown from this small beginning to occupy a leading place among educational institutions in Japan, and the city having



KOBE COLLEGE CAMPUS. MUSIC BUILDING

surrounded it the site is now very central. Its three acres are now much too small for the demands of new buildings and enlarged equipment.

Its position educationally can best be defined by briefly outlining the government system of education for girls. Children enter the primary school at six years of age and remain there eight years. The girls may, on com-

pletion of six years of the primary school, enter the higher girls' school, which has a course of five years; or they may, on graduating from the primary school, enter the normal school, which has a course of three years. Thus a girl may pursue her education in government schools for eleven years. The majority of girls, however, do not enter the normal school or the higher girls' school, but simply complete their education by eight years in the primary school. But it is also true that there are not enough higher



KOBE COLLEGE. SCIENCE HALL AND RECITATION HALL

girls' schools to meet the demand, although nearly every city has one such school and some of the larger cities have two. There is one government school in Tokyo called the higher normal school, which has a three years' course in addition to the ordinary normal school. The woman's university, a private institution, provides a course of three years supplementary to the higher girls' school. Reference should also be made to the school, exclusively for English, conducted by Miss Tsuda, which maintains a high standard. It is difficult to compare this system with that in America, but

it seems just to say that graduation from the higher normal school or the woman's university completes an education on a par with that of the city high school. But there are only two schools aside from mission institutions where a girl may continue her education even thus far. On the other hand, it is true that the position and influence in Japan of graduates of the higher normal school and the woman's university are equal to that of the college woman in America.

Kobe College has two departments, the academy and the college. The academy, covering five years' work, offers the following studies: Japanese literature, Chinese classics, mathematics through plane geometry, geography, English, history, elementary science, Bible, music, drawing, domestic science, sewing and gymnastics. Graduates of the primary schools enter



JAPANESE IDEALS OF FLOWER ARRANGEMENT. ARRANGED FOR EXHIBITION BY GRADUATING CLASS AND REPRESENTING THEIR WORK IN THIS STUDY

the academy and may thus do two years more work than is afforded by the higher girls' schools. The college offers three year courses in each of the following subjects: Japanese and Chinese classics, mathematics, English and English literature, biological sciences, history and philosophy, physics and allied sciences and Bible. All this work, except the Chinese and Japanese, is conducted in English, and a graduate of the college has had the equivalent of two years' college work in America, and more than is offered by any other school in Japan. While thus affording superior educational advantages, the school purposes to develop in its students Christian character, a thing not provided for in the government schools.

The equipment consists of the Recitation Hall, containing the chapel and recitation rooms; Science Hall, containing a museum, lecture hall, and laboratories for physics, chemistry, zoology and botany; Music Hall, having recitation rooms and private practice rooms; *Shokeikwan*, a Japanese build-

ing, devoted to sewing, cooking, ceremonial tea and flower arrangement, all of which are essential in the education of a Japanese woman; two dormitories for the accommodation of students and resident Japanese teachers, and a home for the foreign teachers. This year the attendance has been two hundred, and this equipment is insufficient to meet the demands of this number. The recitation rooms are much too small, the rooms used as a library and a gymnasium are wholly inadequate for such purposes, and the laboratories greatly need apparatus.

The student life, while having its differences due to nationality, is much like that of students the world over. The laboratories and library will be



KOBE COLLEGE. TEACHERS' BUILDING

found to be filled by the studious ones poring over their books; the tennis court and croquet ground are centers of interest during recreation hours; basket ball finds its enthusiastic supporters, and the idea one may have had of the gentle, retiring Japanese girl gets a severe shock when she sees a spirited game between rival teams. The students support a literary society which has meetings once a month, and often gives public entertainments of interest to all the friends of the school. They also have shown their love for country by raising money in various ways for the Soldiers' Relief Fund, and a few weeks ago sixteen of the older students gave the cantata of Evangeline, raising nearly thirty dollars for this fund. The Christian students

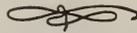
enthusiastically carry on a Christian Endeavor Society, and in groups of three or four they conduct several Sunday schools in different parts of the city. The purpose of the school is to give to its students an education in a Christian atmosphere, grounded in the belief that only as the education of the mind is accompanied by growth in noble Christian character can the truest womanhood be realized. Therefore, Bible is taught as one of the regular studies of the curriculum, attendance at chapel every morning and church every Sunday is compulsory, and in quiet but effective ways the students are led to become loyal disciples of Jesus Christ.



A GROUP OF ACADEMY GIRLS IN THE FOURTH YEAR

A large majority of the students come from well-to-do homes, paying their own expenses, which fact shows that the school meets a real desire on the part of Japanese girls for a higher education. It is significant, in this connection, that the school has recently received, wholly unsolicited, a legacy of two thousand five hundred dollars gold from a wealthy Japanese, father of one of the students, for a scholarship fund, the interest of which will enable the school to give more aid to those who desire to enter the school, and are unable to meet their own expenses.

The alumnæ, who are loyal and stanch supporters of their Alma Mater, are justifying in thousands of ways the efforts which have made the school possible. In the homes which they are making, in the schools in which they are teaching, and in the various positions of influence which they are filling, they stand for the higher and nobler things of life. A prominent non-Christian educator said to the writer that it was the difference between the graduates of this and similar schools and other women that revealed to the government the need of educating its girls. As the school has thus been of value to Japan it looks to America for continued support, that it may lead the womanhood of Japan to a still higher and broader ideal.



Progress of Education in Japan in the Last Forty Years

BY MRS. W. P. SMITH

IT is a significant fact that when Commodore Perry demanded and was granted an interview with the Shogun in 1854, he took as a gift to His Majesty a copy of *Webster's Unabridged Dictionary*. Through the door opened at that time by the insistence and tact of our naval officers, many things vital to the awakening of the sleeping "hermit nation" entered; but nothing more far-reaching in its results than the system of public school education.

Through the Middle Ages the lamp of learning had been kept burning by the Buddhist priesthood. Schools were held in the temples, and the required subject was the Buddhist Sutras. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the educated classes became Confucianist, so the classics of Confucius were substituted for the Sutras. They were learned by heart by the pupil, and carefully expounded by the priests and monks, who still continued to be the teachers. In addition to these Chinese classics Japanese history and literature were also taught. Anything like originality was almost synonymous with treason. This limited instruction was confined mainly to the Samurai class or Knights, and existed only for boys. That the product of this system did not command great respect is indicated by the witticism common in those days, "As foolish as a scholar."

The girls in the old times did not go to school, but to the house of a private teacher, who taught them reading and writing, instrumental music, the arrangement of flowers, etiquette, and especially the minute details of a ceremonial tea, which, by the way, is a very different affair from the ordinary social cup. Sometimes there was also some instruction in the Chinese classics. The result of this system of education for girls was a

gentle, graceful, self-possessed young woman, equipped with what were considered desirable accomplishments, and possessing no undue amount of wisdom. Said the sage, "It is no undesirable thing for a woman to be stupid, whereas a wise woman is more likely to be a curse in a family than a blessing."

To the Dutch who had a trading post in Nagasaki in 1680 must be given the credit of first awakening in Japan a desire for Western learning. Although these Dutch merchants were often cruelly treated, they were secretly sought out by young men who were willing to risk their lives to get "Dutch learning," which consisted of an elementary knowledge of mining, engineering, astronomy, pharmacy and especially of medicine. But these devotees of science were forced to maintain the greatest secrecy, and were hampered by almost incredible difficulties.

One of the first results of the American diplomatic victory of 1854 was the springing up like mushrooms of schools for the study of foreign languages and institutions. But Japan had important political questions to settle, and it was not until after the revolution of 1868 that the government made any systematic effort for a public school system. She then called to her aid foreign educators, especially Americans, to formulate the system. It was ready to launch in 1872, and embodied the best features of the American and continental systems without being the counterpart of either, though a famous Japanese has said that Japan copied her navy from Great Britain, her army from France, her medical science from Germany, and her educational system from America.

At the head of the system stands the Department of Education, one of the eight ministries of the imperial government, and the minister holds a firm hand over the details, even of the most remote provinces. The lower and higher elementary schools correspond with our primary and grammar schools; the middle schools with our first two years of high school; the higher schools with our last two years of high school and first two years of college; then come the professional schools of the universities; and finally University Hall, which is a post-graduate school in arts, law, medicine, etc. No degree is given except to graduates of the colleges of the University, and no doctor's degree is conferred until the course in University Hall is completed. Thus it will be noted that the lack of continuity between American high schools and colleges, which is considered a deplorable weakness in our system, is remedied in the Japanese arrangement.

The school age of Japanese children is from six to fourteen years. The system has proved effective, as is shown by the number of children of school age who are in attendance. In 1900 in Japan the per cent under instruction

was 81, while in our own country in the same year the per cent under instruction was only 68.93. Only sickness or poverty are accepted as excuses for non-attendance upon school. No red paint marks the little schoolhouse in Japan, but the visored cap designates its pupils in every village.

The lower elementary schools are not free. There is a fixed tuition fee for them of about thirty-five cents per month. In the higher elementary grades the tuition is eleven cents a month. In the colleges of the university much of the instruction is free. In cases of poverty there may be a whole or partial remission of tuition fees. Parents are also allowed to pay in produce or labor if necessary. Tuition fees pay something less than one third of the cost of maintenance of the schools. Local taxes cover more than a half of the expenses, and the balance is made up from the free will offerings of generous citizens.

The course of instruction is very like our own. There are fifty-two normal schools intent on developing capable teachers, and in these normal schools men greatly predominate. Japan is slightly in advance of New England in the proportion of the total number of teachers who are normal graduates. Corporal punishment is forbidden by imperial decree.

The course of study in the middle schools extends over five years, and is designed to fit the student for the higher schools and for practical life. The subject most insisted on is the English language, and a puzzling subject it is, requiring the pupil to begin at the wrong end of the book, read the wrong way of the page, and try to understand words for which their own training and life presents no corresponding ideas.

Gymnastics receives more attention than mathematics or history, and far more than ethics. Through physical training Japan hopes to increase the size and vitality of her people. The typical Japanese student would delight the heart of the pedagogue anywhere by his eager, deferential, earnest manner, and his almost excessively studious habits.

There are now two public universities, one at Tokyo and one at Kyoto. The former, founded in 1884, includes six colleges—law, medicine, engineering, literature, science, and agriculture. There are between two hundred and three hundred kindergartens, many private schools of all grades, an agricultural college, business colleges, technical schools, a foreign language school, a fine arts school, an academy of music, ten schools for the deaf and dumb and the blind; there are also teachers' associations, educational societies, and summer institutes.

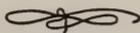
Only the elementary schools are mixed, and formerly the education of the girls was largely in the hands of the Christian missionaries. But the atti-

tude of the government has changed, and in 1900 there were fifty-one higher schools for girls. In 1901 a university for women was opened in Tokyo.

Thus it would seem that in thirty-three years Japan has made a notable beginning toward the realization of the emperor's statement, "It is intended that henceforth education shall be so diffused that there may not be a village with an ignorant family, nor a family with an ignorant member."

It is everywhere acknowledged that the great weakness of the Japanese educational system is on the ethical side and all religious teaching is excluded from her state schools.

Someone has said that the Renaissance was incomplete without the Reformation. Japan has experienced her renaissance, and now awaits her reformation. Christian America awoke her to her intellectual need, and she now endeavors to awaken her to her spiritual need as well.



First Sight of East Africa

BY MISS JULIA F. WINTER

A newcomer to a country often sees much that is commonplace and of little interest to an older resident; and Miss Winter, just arrived at the mission in East Central Africa, tells much that we are glad to know. Miss Winter had been a teacher in Hampton Institute, Virginia, and from an article in the *Southern Workman*, a magazine published by that school, for March, we condense the following account of her journey from the coast inland:—

BEIRA, on the coast of Portugese East Africa, is a city built of corrugated iron. Stores, dwelling houses, hotels, public buildings, all are constructed of fluted sheets of iron, which are brought from abroad all ready to be fitted together, and there is even a corrugated iron palace for the governor. The town is built upon a sand bar, and being more or less under water, is called in derision the "Venice of Africa."

Beira is the port of Rhodesia and the starting point of the railroad, upon which trains run regularly twice a week; but a special train, consisting of but one passenger car and a number of freight cars, was put on to "meet" the German steamer, making such close connections that we left twenty-eight hours after our arrival! For a night and a day we crawled along at the rate of ten miles an hour, through a fair, but fever stricken and therefore uninhabited country. We crossed the long bridge whose pites were outnumbered by the workmen who died of fever during its construction. When an up grade is reached—so runs the stock tale told to every new passenger—the conductor calls out: "First-class passengers keep their seats, second-

class passengers get out and walk, third-class passengers get behind and push."

After spending a Sabbath at the little mountain-girt town of Umtali, on the Rhodesian border, we began our ten days' overland journey. Dr. L. rode a bicycle, I rode a donkey, and our goods were carried on the heads of eighteen Ndao men from Chikore. And so we journeyed, twenty miles a day among rugged *kopjes*; mountain peaks of ragged, exposed rocks, rising abruptly, or piles of gigantic boulders balanced upon each other like the playhouses of Titanic children; in the midst of park-like groves of rather small but picturesque and delicately clothed trees, in their spring foliage of yellow, red, and brown, like the colors of a New England autumn somewhat subdued; among strange, bright flowers everywhere, and gaily blossoming shrubs; through cool, deep mountain passes, where grew palms and wild bananas beside dashing cataracts; then out again into a blaze of light, and there before us another wonderful new landscape and the burning heat of the valley. When night approached we halted at some *outsplan*, a clearing in the woods where travelers are accustomed to camp, and waited for the boys to come up. Then Muhle, "the beautiful man," would gather wood for the fire in order that we might prepare food, but sometimes when the boys were late, and there was a little breeze, we must grope about with only the light of the fire, seasoning our food by guess, and eating by faith. When the men had cut a pole and pitched my tent, and had hung the doctor's hammock between two trees, they would make their own fires, cook and eat their *sodza* (a stiff, dark brown porridge of native *umgoza* grain, which they ate with their fingers), and sitting about the fire tell stories with much gesticulation, and a gleam of eyes and teeth, until the doctor announced, "It is time for Kosazana to rest," when they would hush at once, and fall asleep in a circle with their feet to the fire and their blankets over their heads. When the sharp morning chill was upon us it was a relief to rise, and the first faint gleam of day would find us on our way, listening to the strange, sweet songs of birds and the noisy barking of baboons, which sometimes startled some timid buck so that he would go bounding away over the *veldt*; and watching the stars disappear while the dawn spread and deepened, and the sun rose over the hills. When the sun was high we camped for breakfast and rest, but often it was difficult to find sufficient shade, and umbrellas must be called into service, for though the trees were usually abundant, so thin was the foliage that a whole grove would give little more shade than a field of bean poles.

One night when rain was threatened, we stopped at a "store," or trader's station, a collection of one-roomed thatched houses and circular huts, pro-

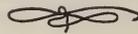
tected by a wattled enclosure. The hospitable trader gave up to me his own room, the only one of brick. It had undressed skins on the earth floor, horns and skulls of wild beasts on the wall, and firearms, tobacco, and dogs everywhere. By way of entertainment he took us to his little burial ground, where he cared for the graves of his fever stricken predecessors. Then in the evening he brought out his gramophone, which his black boys believed to be the work of witchcraft, and told us tales of settlers and wild beasts.

Our Ndao carriers were rather small, slender, but well proportioned men, with nicely formed hands, regular features, and scanty beards; and they carried their sixty pound loads with perfect poise. Each man wore a loin cloth with a pair of skins over it, a string of beads, or a twist of horsehair about his throat, and various bracelets and anklets of beads or metal. Each one had, besides, one or more drapes, or a rag of a coat, but these they doffed or donned at will, as their comfort seemed to demand. A blanket, a gourd for water, and a stick with a large knob completed the outfit. They are forbidden by Rhodesian law to carry any sort of firearm, even in the service of a white person. One old fellow had his hair twisted with red clay and strings into strands, which hung about his face like a badly made wig, and were adorned with many small brass rings. When he lay down he put under his neck a little pillow carved out of a piece of wood, six inches long and four inches high, and shaped something like a bench, but somewhat concave. The men were all modest and respectful in their demeanor, and perfectly trustworthy in the care of one's property. Several of them were polygamists; one old man had five wives, and it was poverty rather than principle that kept the others monogamists, for a wife costs a good round sum. One thing appealed irresistibly to their curiosity, and that was bead work. One night a man came to Dr. L. and said, "Fundisi, we are finished with strife; some say that Kosazana's belt is only a band, some say that it is all of beads. We beg you to tell us." When, on another occasion, I let some of them examine this same belt they were as pleased as children.

At Melsetter, the little government village, where live the magistrate, the native commissioner, and perhaps a half dozen families altogether, we rested two days at Miss Gilson's school for the children of the scattered Boer settlers. Then on again for three more days. Now the country became more open, with broad, fair valleys and great mountain ranges, reminding one of Western Virginia. We traveled the greater part of the way by native paths, a foot and a half wide, hard, and deeply worn by the tread of many generations. Once it took us down a rocky, almost precipitous mountain side, where the doctor was obliged to carry his wheel on his head; and though I found it very difficult to carry only myself, the men descended lightly, care-

fully, without once disturbing their packs by loss of equilibrium. Down in the broad valleys, the *kraals* and native gardens among the burned trees become more and more numerous. We saw many women digging in the fields with a queer sort of mattock, or passed them on the way with jars or finely wrought baskets on their heads and babies bound on to their backs by means of furry skins, like Baby Bunting of nursery fame. Children stared at us everywhere. Two little fellows, who missed us as we passed through the *kraal*, ran after us for half a mile in order to see the doctor's bicycle. In one *kraal* preparations were being made for a beer drinking, which after the principle of the old New England corn husking, is a method of getting the gardens dug by common labor. Immense jars stood ready, full of *utshwala*, a kind of native beer dear to the native's heart. "Beer drinking is bad," I said to Danieli, merely as an axiomatic truth whereby I might practice my Zulu. "No, no," he replied, "it is good, very good. If Fundisi would let us have beer, it would give us strength, and take away all our pain after the long day's march."

When within a few miles of the mission station we entered abruptly the cool depths of the tropical Silinda forest—relic of a former age—great trees festooned with vines as large as tree trunks, and tangled with parasitic growths. Suddenly, as we advanced, we heard the sound of singing, and there came toward us a procession of girls and boys neatly clothed in calico gowns and *khaki* suits, and *kraal* children, some covered by drapes, some with scarcely any clothing, about a hundred in all. Each one was decorated with flowers, and bore over the head a small palm, and as they approached they sang, in quaintly accented English, "Welcome, welcome to Silinda."



Good News from Foochow

BY EVELYN M. WORTHLEY

LAST night I saw what I never hoped to see in China, seventy-five of our college boys going forward, and each in turn confessing his sin audibly and seeking forgiveness. It was tremendously serious business. Some, many of them, were from bigoted heathen homes, where they would receive only cruelty when it was known. Three were sons of officials. One boy who rose the previous night was the son of a family so set against Christianity that they had refused him all support if the matter were known. How little our boys at home know of what it costs to become a Christian out here. I went into Miss Wiley's room the other

night, and she was talking in her office with a boy whose eyes were filled with tears. How she works and toils and prays over these boys. Miss Brown and I wanted her to take a little walk with us, but we saw she could not then, and slipped out. She told us afterward that the boy said he believed in Jesus and sometimes prayed to him, but he dared not tell anyone for fear his parents would learn of it. He said his father told him that if he became a Christian at that school he should never enter his own house again, never speak to his people again, never get a cent from his people. He is such a fine boy, too. Oh, we have known nothing of what it is to really enter into the sufferings of Christ. We are praying much for him, poor boy.

How joyful we are that the revival we hoped for is beginning in our two colleges. You will keep on praying I know, and praising God, too. Oh, I wish some of you would meet for daily prayer about us as soon as this reaches you; we shall be needing it then even more than now, perhaps. After meetings here Mr. Franson went into the city, and when Saturday night he asked in the Y. M. C. A. meeting for those who felt conscious that their sins were unforgiven, whether church members or not, to rise if they wanted to seek forgiveness, nearly all rose. Well, you see many people get into the church here as well as at home who have an intellectual knowledge of Christ, but who never have experienced conversion. He makes no distinction, therefore, between the baptized and the unbaptized, but he lays great stress on the knowledge that our sins have been forgiven. You know it is a great thing for a proud people like the Chinese to acknowledge sin before others, especially those who have made professions of Christianity, so it meant a lot for those boys to come out so earnestly. Then the blessed leaven began at once to work among the entirely non-Christian boys. Sunday morning there were others, among them a notoriously bad boy, and Monday the numbers grew. Wednesday they held a testimony meeting, and many ringing stories of Christ's saving power were told from glowing hearts. That night fifty-two in one of the younger classes came forward for prayers. These were boys of twelve or fourteen, Miss Wiley's Junior Endeavor class, and her heart nearly burst with delight. The next day, yesterday, was a busy day, for their last meeting was to occur that night, and all the intervals between study times were filled with little prayer meetings among the students. The fifty-two came to Miss Wiley's room at noon and asked if they might pray for the rest of the boys in their class, four of them who had not yet come to Christ. They decided it was best to have the four present at the meeting, and off they went and soon came back with the delinquent four. Then each of the fifty-two prayed for each of the four

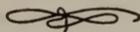
by name, and you may be sure they all rose that night. There was one class of twenty-five of whom almost none, or none at all, were Christians, though they had been in college three years. We had a little meeting specially about them, Miss Brown and I, just before going to meeting, and then the three of us just sat "praying them up" all through the meeting, and you can just fancy our joy when the invitation came to see many of them go out with the rest of the seventy-five. Oh, it was wonderful! He is so sane, so practical, so simple and so thorough-going in his methods that no child could fail to understand him, and none could take the step thoughtlessly. During the meeting many times the Christian students broke out in song spontaneously. It was beautiful.

In a later letter Miss Worthley says:—

How I wish you could have been with us to-day, to witness the little sequel to my last letter. Or, one little episode in the sequel which I trust will roll on and on into a tale that will never be completed. The picture I wanted you to see was the row of twenty-seven of our dear girls standing and taking the church covenant, and thirty-five others standing with them to confess their purpose to serve Christ. This second class are little girls, who, though entirely sincere in their purpose, Miss Garretson thinks had better wait a few months, fearing they did not understand the way of the Christian life perfectly enough as yet.

Yesterday we saw such an interesting ceremony. The temples were very beautifully and expensively adorned, and in one was an exhibition of the horrors of the Buddhist hell. Movable images of men made of paper were enacting various tortures—sawing victims in two, grinding them in mills, burning them, stabbing, beheading, and perpetrating every possible misery upon them. Then there were the shops where the fortunate go as proprietors, medicine shops, barbers, shoe shops, pawn shops, an opium den, and even a post office with an absurd foreign clerk. It was the day to help the souls of departed friends through purgatory, and hundreds of little images elaborately dressed in paper were arranged on broad tables at the side of the temple, each image placarded with the name of the individual whose soul it represented, all awaiting the midnight burning, when with each would be offered a box of paper money to buy the good graces of Satan, and purchase necessary articles from the shops. There were judgment booths along the street, where five hideous creatures, rulers of the infernal regions, sit in judgment upon the souls of men—I suppose, of the souls burned. On the two sides of each booth are two large empty rooms, where the souls of the bad and the good go. There must be two booths for each class, for Satan has an eye to the proprieties, and even among disembodied

spirits woman must keep her corner. The souls arranged on the tables, ready for burning, were kept religiously separate as to sexes. The whole thing brought dim passages from Virgil vividly to my mind. Their conception of heaven is apparently much like that of the ancient Romans, and their belief as to the way there, is crude Roman Catholicism. Sad as it all is, the great outlay of money for such futile ends—hard-earned money, much of it—we cannot ignore the fact that this false faith has just enough of truth in it to keep it alive, and who shall say that these poor people are not helped a step nearer the kingdom of God by it. That man has an imperishable soul, no well-taught pagan doubts, and it is enforced on the vulgar mind by the sale of their representations on the street. I got four cheap paper souls for a copper cent, and paid quite too much. Then, that the soul may sin, and that the consequences of sin are awful, that a final judgment awaits us all, and an unending future of misery or bliss—these things we find already firm in the Chinese mind, firmer than in many a “quasi” Christian mind at home.



Our New Hospital at Ahmednagar

Dr. Ruth P. Hume, in charge of this hospital, writes on December 20, 1904:—

WE have made a fair beginning, and have from fifteen to twenty patients constantly. If sewing societies want to make things for us, plain jackets and full skirts in various sizes for women and girls will be most useful. We use them for those who are in bed all the time. Those able to sit up wear also a white *lugadi*, which we can get as well here. We can use any quantity of jackets and skirts, for they need frequent changing and washing. At present we are well supplied with clothes and caps for little children, though we could use jackets and skirts for girls from six to ten years old, either of cotton or flannelette. The women very much like to tie up their heads, and squares or triangles of thick cotton or flannel would be useful for them. . . .

I wish I might give you a picture of what happened at eleven last night, when I was called to see a woman with “fever.” When I saw her and asked about dead rats there was clearly no doubt that she had plague. The room in which she lay was very small, and I preferred to step outside while I made ready her medicine. Her sister-in-law was to take care of her, and she was the only other woman there. Her baby, a few months old, lay on a raised platform outside the door, while about a dozen men stood around, one of them holding the light for me. A white cat tied in the doorway insisted on trying to get tangled up with my feet. The patient was an old

woman, fifty or sixty years old, with a very high temperature, rapid pulse and respiration, and I saw that there was little hope of her being able to pull through. She had been living in a house where rats had died, and had even picked up the dead rats with her hands to throw them away.

Now I have no fear of going to plague patients, and of handling them, especially as I have been inoculated twice since coming to India. But I would not touch a dead rat, nor stay in the house where one had died. I saw the patient again this morning, and she was weaker, and going to the house at five this afternoon I found that she had just died.

Not a hundred yards from that house I had another plague patient with a very different story. She had the advantage of youth, being about twelve years old, and of good care. I verily believe that for days, day and night, her friends faithfully gave her medicine and milk every two hours. It is most unusual to find such care among these people. They are Mohammedans, and this is the only child of two wives. The first wife took just as much care of her as her own mother, and they never did anything for her without my permission. Two or three times I dreaded to go to the house lest I should find the girl dead, but to-day when I went from the house of death I found her convalescing beautifully.

I have had but little plague work, but I will tell of one other patient in contrast. She was a strong woman in the prime of life, and I saw her within twenty-four hours after she was taken ill. I left two doses of medicine, and gave prescriptions to be filled at the dispensary. I also said that the husband and one woman should have the care of her, and the rest of the family should leave the house. The next morning the whole family was there, except the husband, and no one seemed to know anything about her medicine. So I gave two more prescriptions to be filled immediately. I saw her about seven in the evening, and rescued the prescriptions from the brother's pocket, and evidently the first ones were somewhere in the house. Fortunately I had some medicine in my bag which I left for her. But the next morning I passed her funeral procession, and found that she had died at eleven in the night. . . . Do you wonder that I am thankful to have my patients in a hospital where I can depend on their having proper care? . . .

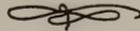
I admitted a patient to the hospital yesterday, and to-day her friends came to say that the rules of their particular caste are such that no woman is allowed to stay away from home at night; she may go to her work, but must come back at dark. Consequently the rest of the caste had cut them off from their water supply, and threatened to fine them. Men were around the hospital to-day to make sure that she was there, but her friends had told her

not to show herself. The family, however, could be reinstated in caste provided she returned home to-day. She was really sorry to go, and the family seemed sorry to have her, but there was nothing else to do. She will come to the dispensary for medicine, but I cannot do there everything that she needs. . . .

It makes me very happy to be able to help such cases, but the heartbreaking ones come to us also, too late. I spent all night, except an hour and a half, working over a woman last week, and she died at six in the morning. If I could have helped her three or four days beforehand I should be almost ready to guarantee that, humanly speaking, she would now be alive and perhaps her baby also. We do need so much wisdom and skill to know how to treat these sick people. The responsibility of another's life or death is no small matter to carry.

Please, please send out another physician. When I am away I have no one to send to the dispensary in my place, unless Dr. Beals does the work, or one of the trained native men. I cannot find a suitable native woman as yet. And as the hospital grows how can I handle the dispensary, and the city calling, in addition to it?

Dr. Bissell laid a splendid foundation, and the people are ready for this medical work. It gives me the greatest pleasure to be told that they will consider me as "our Julia-bai," to translate the name by which she was known. Everyone loved her, and trusted her.



Passion Week in Madrid

BY MISS ALICE H. BUSHEE

PASSION WEEK has just finished to-day, and I want to give you a little idea of what it is here in Madrid, where one would suppose that there would be the greatest reverence and more devout worship, even though superstitious, than in other parts of the world. There is a great deal of church going but not much worship, I am afraid.

I was not out at all Thursday, except to the evening service at one of the Protestant churches, but it was a holiday (not a holy day). The last of the afternoon there were no trams allowed in the center of the city, and no carriages had run at all during the day except those to and from the trains and the doctors' carriages. This allowed greater freedom in the streets, and during the latter part of the afternoon the Recoletos, one of the chief promenades, was full of people—crowded. Ladies were there; not in the sober

black mantillas, as they should be, but with the black lightened up by flowers, and even the gorgeous white ones with flowers, so that they looked as if they were going to the bull fight instead of celebrating Passion Week. The pilgrimage to the "Cara de Dios" (Face of God) began in one of the other streets of the city. That is simply an immense all night good time. As the guide book says, "Pancakes are eaten and a great deal of brandy drank." Judging by one or two men we saw the next morning I should think that was true, and judging by some women that one of the Spanish helpers saw there were worse things than that.

Friday noon we went down to the center of the city and tried to get in at one of the principal churches, and found that only those were allowed in who had received invitations. The shady side of the street (for the sunny side was very hot) was full of young men, and older ones, too, waiting for the ladies to come out of the church. They were walking up and down, up and down, talking and smoking and commenting. When the service was finally over we saw some of the wealthy families represented; beautiful dresses were worn and many ladies had to walk who are not in the habit of doing it on other days. I suppose that the nobility was not there, as they would probably be at the royal chapel. I wanted very much to get a ticket, but it did not seem possible. The king goes through the ceremony of washing the feet of twelve beggars. I saw it done once at Burgos, and it was simply a travesty on Christ's act. It is supposed to show humility, but it is really simply a spectacle. The beggars are paid for it and given a dinner afterwards. Then the king commutes some death sentences, "I pardon these as I hope God will pardon me," and the black ribbons on the parchments are changed to red, and the criminals are free.

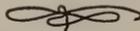
At four o'clock in the afternoon the procession took place. The streets were crowded. Handsome dresses, usually black, black mantillas with flowers and white mantillas with flowers were everywhere in sight. The windows and balconies were full, and everyone was happy and having a good time seeing each other and being seen. After a long wait we could see the mounted officers who cleared the way. One came ahead on a fine white charger, then another, and then six abreast on black horses, all alike, and after them six more riding close to the sidewalks so that the streets should be clear. After them came some sweepers, to clean the streets before the holy images should approach. Then there was a long line of boys and young men carrying different insignia of the church. Then began the *pasos*, which are the figures representing different scenes in the life of Christ during his trial and crucifixion. The scourging, Veronica offering her handkerchief to wipe the blood from his face, his falling with the cross on his shoulder,

the crucifixion, the Virgin Mother, etc. The figures are draped in velvet and are carried by young men, some of them of the nobility. In San Sebastian, when the figure of Christ passed, all kneeled and showed their reverence; here a few inclined themselves a little, a few men took off their hats, but for the most part people went on talking, laughing and commenting as before. To take away the last trace of solemnity people in the balconies threw down showers of little papers with pictures, rhymes, fortune telling, etc., on the crowd below, so that taking up the bits to see what they were would remove reverence in itself.

Two long lines of priests followed the *pasos*, and it seemed to me that any one seeing them would feel that there was not much real religion in the country if those who represented it showed such gross and sensual faces. There was hardly one intellectual or cultivated face among them. Some were smiling; one I saw put his handkerchief to his face to hide his laughter; almost all were looking around at the crowd and "seeing" what they could.

Finally came the military band playing, and the soldiers. The mace bearers were the most gorgeous, and really looked the best, and carried themselves as though they felt the dignity of their position, if not of the day. I never felt before so much the lack of real religion here as I did that day. Even one of our Spanish helpers who has lived in the city for years when a girl said she never saw it so bad before. After the procession everyone went to the promenade, and spent the rest of the day looking at each other and talking. Saturday is resurrection day, according to the Catholics here, and at ten A. M. the bells began to ring announcing that Christ had risen. I do not know why they change the day, unless they have had enough of Passion Week and want a change. In the evening the theaters are open again.

Sunday morning there is a grand military parade, and in the afternoon the first bull fight of the season. Lent was ushered in by the carnival, and it seemed to me that it left in the same way. If ever a country needed a practical, soul-satisfying religion it is this poor priest-ridden Spain, that pays money for permission to eat meat on holy days, and celebrates these days by what seems worse, because more blasphemous than ball games or even bull fights.



Go, take that task of yours which you have been hesitating before and shirking and walking around, and on this very day lift it up and do it.
—*Phillips Brooks.*

Missionary Letters

MEXICO

Mrs. John Howland writes from Guadalajara, August 19, 1904:—

THE work looks more attractive than ever before, perhaps because we begin to see some results. I wish I might have many years more of strength and vigor. The babies are grown now, and my daughters are old enough to be interested in the work, so family cares are much reduced.

This month I am devoting especially to calling or visiting, and in the nineteen days I have made fifty-six visits. It is delightful work and gives more satisfaction than anything else. I could be out all the time with profit, yet the work at my desk suffers then. Thus far this month I have written twenty-seven letters, and I have a list of twenty-one more before me. But there will be beautiful autumn days, cool and good to work in, and what is necessary will be done. If I could only be sure of always selecting the real opportunity—I do not say the foreign work is more important than other lines, but there are fewer to go and that makes the call louder. I do not see how any one can think of settling down to just live without planning for something to help on the world. Of course, many find the mere living strenuous—the poor who have not food for their families—but I am sometimes appalled by the absolute indifference of so-called Christian people as to “how the other half lives.” I met some ladies this week who might be living on the planet Mars for all the idea they have of the human hearts in need of a word or a touch of love. It is sad when they might do so much with money and time.

The Church of Rome is a magnificent organization, with thoroughly trained minds at the head. Their system of philosophy is very subtle, but their metaphysical reasoning carries them often to absurd conclusions. It is impossible to reason with them with any success, and I doubt if any intelligent Romanist will be convinced by argument, pure and simple. I remember an argument had by Mr. Howland some years ago with a very distinguished priest on the subject of transubstantiation. Mr. Howland led him to admit that when Christ said, “This is my body broken for you,” he was yet present in the flesh, and his body was yet unbroken. To a fair mind this should be interpreted in a spiritual sense, as they are willing to admit is the case when he said, “I am the door,” “I am the vine,” etc., but the priest would not accept the conclusion. Then said my husband, “Was the bread a material substance?” “Yes,” answered the priest. “Was Christ’s body a material substance?” “Yes.” “Then can two material substances occupy the same space at the same time?” “Yes, they can!” And here ended the argument

in a logical absurdity. The result of such discussions has made us feel that the way to win for the gospel is to present the truth simply and plainly and leave antagonism alone. The true Christian life as shown in the lives of the members of our churches is a powerful influence for good. This has been illustrated recently in a striking way and shows what is the hope of Protestant missions.

We opened a school several years ago in a little village of San Miguel. The teacher is a beautiful Christian girl, a graduate of our Institute Corona. Now there was already a government school in the village taught by a woman of very doubtful character,—one who drank and smoked and whose example was entirely opposite to what it should be, to say nothing of her very limited knowledge.

Maria, our graduate, is an earnest, conscientious girl, and entered heartily into her work. The children learned rapidly, and at the closing exercises, at which I was present, there was a large crowd extending far out into the street, and all watched in perfect silence. Several Romanist families announced their intention of sending their children next year, and did keep their promise, in spite of persecution. The school kept on its quiet way, Maria gaining constantly in the love and respect of the simple village people. And now comes word that there is a decided movement on the part of the principal families to ask that a Protestant teacher may be employed by the government, an unheard-of idea in this part of the world. With different ideals before them, people are awakening, and the indirect influence of our work is far more extended than the direct.

A few weeks ago my husband was walking with a Mexican through a certain portion of the city. Dr. Suarez spoke of the fact that a few years ago a man could not walk through there with safety. "Now," he said, "ladies can go there without any danger whatever, and this is due to influences you have helped to bring about."

These are not facts that we publish in statistics, and the returns from fields like ours will never show great progress or mighty movements of the masses, but we know the leaven is working and we do not try to ask, "Whose shall the harvest be?" It is enough to know that work is done in the name of the Master. There is growth, however, and even in numbers we creep up slowly. Year before last we reported an average of a hundred and ten in Sunday school. Last year we had a hundred and seventeen, and this year we are creeping on still higher. We have a good Sunday school with all departments, normal training class, cradle rolls, and I am now planning a home department.

The International College in Chihuahua is doing finely, and so is the Corona Institute in Guadalajara, or girls' school. In fact the educational work seems to be our strong point, and helps us get a hold upon the people who are afraid of Protestants. In the interest of education they come a little nearer, and find that they are truly helped.

CHINA

Miss Elsie M. Garretson writes from Foochow, December 20, 1904:—

It would have gladdened your hearts, I know, if you could have been present two Sabbaths ago at our communion service when twenty-nine girls from the intermediate department came forward to join the church, professing their love and faith in Christ. Dr. and Mrs. Kinnear's three oldest children, and three of the Gardner children also, united with the church at the same time. The entire number received into church fellowship was thirty-eight. For more than a year all the Protestant missions in this province have been praying for an outpouring of the Spirit on the native church members and missionaries in this province, and the thought of what a great work they might do if fully yielded to God's spirit has led many to very earnest prayers in their behalf. Mr. Holden's visit to us in the summer, and the series of meetings he was able to hold in four of the missionary *sanatoria*, was the manifest beginning of God's answer to our prayers. All these meetings were attended with very great power and blessing, and we thought Mr. Holden was the divinely appointed leader to carry on the itinerary of the province, so he planned to give six months to the work, visiting and holding series of meetings in all the central places. But by a mysterious providence he was stricken down by illness just as he was ready to begin the work, and he was obliged to give up his plan and return home to England.

What could we do? God had given such abundant blessing to our own souls that, much as we felt our own insufficiency, we could not but believe that he intended we should do for the Chinese the same work which Mr. Holden had done for us. So we each began to speak of the great things which we knew God was waiting to do for all those who wanted more of the Spirit's power in their lives. We had planned to put the time of our annual meeting at Mr. Holden's disposal when he would have the fullest opportunity to meet all our native pastors and church members. So when we found he could not fulfill his appointment it seemed very providential that Mr. Franson was recommended to us by his friends in Shanghai, who knew of the excellent work he had done in other places in the North. Mr. Franson is the organizer and director of the Scandinavian missions in Shensi and India, Turkey and Africa. Nine years ago he made a tour of all these missions except Africa. Then he occupied two full years in making the entire circuit, now he proposes to spend four years—and one year of this time has already passed—in Japan and China. He is a man of great spiritual power, and he brought to us just the message our Christians and church adherents most needed. He began with the assurance of the forgiveness of sins as a basis for the fullness of the Holy Spirit in our hearts.

Our Christian girls had been greatly quickened by the meetings we had held with them soon after the reopening of school, but their spiritual life was deepened still more in the special meetings Mr. Franson held with them. As he arrived two weeks before our annual meeting opened we were able to hold a series of meetings with both our boarding schools here and with the college boys in the city. These meetings were a very great blessing to the students. All the non-Christian girls of the intermediate school except one are now trusting Jesus, and though many of them are young—we have no

girls under twelve in the school—they are giving evidence of their sincere purpose to be Christians. The only one little girl who did not respond to those wonderful pleadings of the Spirit seemed very much affected, but finally grew so determined in opposition to every influence, and in trying to put doubts into the minds of the other children, that we were obliged to suspend her from school for awhile. The girls are all praying for her very much. So the term of school has been filled with blessing, and we have reason to thank God for the quickening of spiritual life among our churches and Christian workers in every department.

We trust God has a great work for Mr. Franson to do in India and Turkey, and our prayer is that all the missions that receive him may get as rich a blessing as has come to us.

TURKEY

Miss Charlotte F. Grant, a trained nurse, who has just gone to Aintab, tells us of her first sight of the people there:—

The spirit of the people here is certainly very beautiful, but there seems to be a great deal of poverty. It makes my heart ache especially to see the way the little children are brought to the clinics. To be sure the climate is much milder here than at home or even in Marsovan, but their clothes are so thin; so very few of those little ones ever have on stockings, and their little feet and hands are like red snowballs, while I am only passing comfortable in warm flannels and other woolen clothes. In church I feel quite ashamed to sit there so comfortable in my big cape, even if it is old, while these people sit in cotton trousers, bare-footed, looking, oh, so cold. The men and boys often wear a little shawl over their shoulders, and when they get to church take it off and spread it over their knees. All the women and most of the men sit on the floor, though there is a row of seats for men up one side of the church. No fires whatever in the church; the windows made for ventilation, and only a heavy curtain to cover the doorway. Last Sunday at least twenty were there.

Do you know I feel very sorry for you dear people at home, with only the letters to keep you in touch with all the interesting work and scenes of missionary life. Dr. Hamilton is doing such a good work in training intelligent women for midwives; already several have been sent out to the smaller towns and villages, and two more are here in the hospital.

SPAIN

Miss Winger, our new teacher at the International Institute for Girls in Madrid, writes:—

Spanish girls, like American schoolgirls, are, as they say in Kentucky, "the sweetest things on earth," and I had not been here many weeks before I was completely charmed by their pretty ways and interesting personalities. There is such a different look in the faces of our girls from those belonging to the convent schools, whom we see in the streets. There is the highest intelligence and happiness to be seen in their eyes, an interest in life which is all too evidently lacking in the convent trained girls.

So far my work has been principally learning the language, though from the first I have had some English and music classes, which have kept me

from getting too homesick. The work in Spanish is going on as fast as could be expected, but all too slowly to my notion, for I am so eager to be able to do my share in making this machine move. Just now there is so little that I can do on account of my inability to talk.

Since Miss Cooper, my college roommate, who has come out for volunteer service for the year, arrived, my work has changed somewhat and I have less advanced English classes—an arrangement which is a little harder for me, but excellent practice for my Spanish. Just recently one of the conservatory girls and I began to take lessons on the pipe organ. I was urged to do it by Miss Webb and others, because next year the organ will be in the new chapel, and no one here will be able to play it except this one girl who is just now beginning to study it. I enjoy it very much, and hope it will be a useful as well as enjoyable acquisition.

The greatest event since I have been here was the students' recital on January 11, important because it was our first public appearance in Madrid, designed to show the friends here the work done by our girls. It was held in the salon of Number 5, and there were about fifty guests present. I will enclose a program which may be of interest. The choruses were thoroughly Spanish and were greatly enjoyed, so much so that they were encored. The whole thing passed off nicely, and considering that the girls had never performed in public before, we think it was a very creditable affair.

JUNIOR WORK		
EVANGELISTIC	MEDICAL	EDUCATIONAL

Helps for Leaders

THE CRADLE ROLL IN THE COUNTRY

COMPILED FROM SEVERAL REPORTS BY H. S. L.

A FLOURISHING Cradle Roll in every country church means nours of work and miles of travel; but for the leader, the mothers, the babies, and the church life, it pays so highly that we would say, "Do not let this year pass without forming one." In scattered districts its vital element of personal association and union is especially valuable. In calls of greeting to strangers and new people it is a great help to have an interest for young children to present, and many families have been brought into active connection with church life through their Cradle Roll members. Membership cards are treasured possessions, and the birthday letter or an occasional message about the work is a welcome excitement in the life of the average child. Mothers and children learn to expect the regular calls, and many who cannot often get to church or Sunday school feel that through the Cradle Roll they can really have a distinct part in church life at home and abroad. It is well to publish the names of members once a year in the church paper,

or have them read during the social hour of the annual meeting, and so given due prominence.

Many mothers willingly accept the opportunity of giving through their children. One young woman who had four on the roll at one time said, "I am so glad you have come for this again. We have had the money put aside since Christmas time so it would be ready when you called." Where there is a mission circle for graduates it is not customary to keep children in the Cradle Roll after they are six years old, but where there is no other society for them it is much better to hold them as senior members than to break off the growing habit of interest and giving, and have them lose all connection with the work. One little outgrown girl still gives her twenty-five cents a year, and as much more for a small neighbor whom she calls her own cradle baby.

The work of the year, all the calling and the writing, is overbalanced by the joy of the party. Every mother and child is personally invited—the picture postals that missionary boards furnish now are most attractive for the purpose—and mothers who seldom come to any other church gathering make the extra effort on this day for the sake of the little ones, and enjoy the meeting with other people all the more because of its rarity. Some lawn or church parlor is the setting for the merry scene; the seniors will furnish songs and recitations; some foreign costumes or curiosities make more real the place where the pennies are to go; a few simple, earnest words from some woman who loves both children and missions will help them to remember the reason for it all, and games and the little supper add the proper finish to the day. The leader in a community seven miles long by five wide writes, "I wish those not in the work could understand even a little of the happiness it brings." Her record shows that in seven years one hundred and seventeen different children have been enrolled, and the membership has grown from twenty-one the first year to sixty-three the last. The individual contributions have ranged from fifteen cents to one dollar annually, yet have amounted to \$178. A large work, through the sum of many littles, that has paid richly in blessings here as well as far across the seas.

OUR WORK AT HOME

Prayer

Prayer is a cloud that hangs
Above the parching plain.
Freighted with love, it falls in showers
Of unbought, unsought rain.

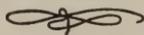
Pray for thy friend! Upon him shall distill
Those showers of grace God sendeth when he will.

Prayer is a flowering tree,
 Fed from an unseen root.
 It cannot fail where'er it be
 To bring forth ripened fruit.
 Thine be a tree, which many blossoms fill,
 Each bud bears fruit. It is the Master's will.

Prayer is a glorious star,
 Its orbit hid from sight.
 It speeds beyond the farthest sun,
 Far as the throne of light.
 But it returns, brilliant, serene and still,
 Its circling arc completed by God's will.

Prayer is the setting sun,
 Lost in the glowing west;
 So sinks our prayer in the great deep
 Of the All-Father's breast.
 But it shall rise, beyond the eastern hill,—
 A sun of strength, to do his mighty will!

—From the New York Evangelist.



Christians as Intercessors

BY MRS. MERRILL E. GATES

HELP NOT IN OURSELVES

THE will to pray is not the fruit of the inert human will, but is a grace given by the Holy Spirit. Once a traveler passing through Old Syracuse visited one of those subterranean chambers in which it is the Sicilian custom to place the dead, clothed as in life, and sitting or standing artificially supported. Owing to the dryness of the climate they remain thus for years, supplied occasionally with new garments by their friends.

The tourist, accustomed to the partial obscurity, found himself startlingly close to the figure of a monk, standing clad in the habit of his order. The weird impression that he was in contact with a living man about to speak was not dispelled by the sight of the lifeless hand reaching him a strip of parchment, with the written words, *In me non est auxilium*—"In me is no help." The sentence on the parchment is but God's word concerning the unrenewed will.

IN ME IS THY HELP

But it is the joy and the glory of the Christian that his will is renewed. He is able to yield to the sweet attraction of the Holy Spirit, and so to become an intercessor in the name of Jesus. He sees clearly that no matter through how many persons, or by what network of circumstances or events, petition becomes fact, God alone has answered the prayer. Impressed by this truth the soul overleaps every intermediary link, and even all things

visible, and stands consciously in the presence of the Eternal, the only Helper, and takes hold of his strength and his promise with the abandon of actual faith. "We learn our utter incompetency so completely," writes a missionary in Africa, "that the past axiom of service, 'I can no more convert a soul than I can create a star,' is an awful revelation, and God alone is exalted in that day."

INTERCESSION, THE HIGHEST FORM OF PRAYER

We pray, indeed, but is the highest kind of prayer awakened in us? Knyper, in his great work on the Holy Spirit, says, "It is possible to possess a faculty dormant in us for a whole lifetime." Is the prevailing prayer of intercession awake or dormant still within us? How deeply spiritual must our prayer become, and how cleansed from egoism, when its object is to bring into the being of another that which can have no existence unless God himself create it. Here we have to do with the things of God, which no man knoweth but the Spirit of God. Our prayer must be more childlike, more utterly believing as we approach these deep things of God. But with what boldness of faith and freedom of love we ask for the gift of eternal life since God alone can impart it! The Welsh revival shows us in this very day God's marvelous power over the hearts of men; and studying this work of grace from the human standpoint we find it traceable to intercession.

WHEN SHALL OUR LORD RECEIVE HIS INHERITANCE?

The heathen will become his inheritance when his church responds to the highest keynote of the universe—the glory of God. "Not mere pity for dead souls, but a passion for the glory of God, will lead us on to victory," says one missionary; and another writes: "We are not discouraged except when sometimes we fear you should grow weary in prayer. Oh, join with us in praying to the mighty God of revivals, O Lord, revive thy work." When for his own glory we help to pray the Redeemer's kingdom into the world he shall be satisfied. Let us pray for believers that their love and unity may be a witness to the world and a converting power.

CONDITIONS THROW LIGHT ON PRAYER

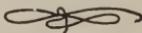
Our ignorance in part inhibits our prayers. In *Things as They Are In India*, there is an uncovering of the hideous sin, which is an integral part of religion in that land. "I shivered," says Henry Martyn, whose heart was devoted to India, "as if I were standing in the neighborhood of hell"; and Bishop French said, "this work in India is the most crucial test the church has ever been put to." The crucial test for us at home is whether we will abide in the secret place of prayer to aid the powers of light in their unseen conflict with the powers of darkness. Temples polluted by the degradation of women in the name of religion, is a condition we apprehend but dimly. When we realize what this means our hearts will become prayer temples, never shut day or night. By the time and strength, the faith and love we put into our prayers, we become a part of the struggle to rescue the prey from the terrible. "She is tied to the stone," is the expression for a young girl, sometimes as young as five years, taken to the temple for life. "Tied

with ropes twisted by Satan in his cruelest hour in hell," writes a missionary, who herself has seen the victims. May our hearts be touched and empowered to make the grief and need of others our own.

PRAYING IN THE SPIRIT

In intercession we do not seek reflex good to ourselves. We ask with a purpose for a person. We ask till we receive. But the power and the mystery of intercession must be revealed to us. They are only taught by Him who searcheth all things, even the deep things of God. Let us believe that the Holy Spirit prays in us, not only as the complement of our insufficient prayer, but also as the mighty inward urging of God's heart for the souls in prison, even though we may not be cognizant of his working thus within us.

Below our feeling, thought, or uttered breath,
In secret, unfelt power, known but to faith,
Deeper than being, Spirit of the Lord,
Thy voiceless prayer unutterable be heard.



Our Daily Prayer in May

THESE fifteen months of war with Russia have laid upon our missionaries in Japan a load heavier than we here can realize. Conditions are changing, burdens are increasing, new doors are opening, in some cases their long-tried strength is failing, and we may well ask that special wisdom and strength be sent to meet their special need.

Mrs. Greene's health has given way, and for some time she has been unable to carry on the work outside her own home, which has been very fruitful and dear to her heart. Mrs. Dunning's home is in Kyoto, not Tokyo, her husband being a professor in the Doshisha, and she is busily learning the language—that difficult task that faces every new missionary.

Miss Talcott's work is in the Woman's Bible School at Kobe, where she helps to form the character and equip the mind of Japanese women who go out to do a most important work.

Miss Denton, in charge of the girls' department of the Doshisha, has a heavy responsibility, and an opportunity for unlimited usefulness. Most devoted and efficient, winning the affection of the one hundred and twenty pupils under her care, her influence is felt all through the empire.

Mrs. Davis, with her husband, is now in this country for furlough. Mrs. Cary adds to the care of her own home much Sunday school work, and she spends many weeks every year in touring in towns and villages in the neighborhood of her home. Mrs. Learned's chief work is the care of Imadegawa kindergarten, and this leads out into many branches, as Sunday schools, sewing classes, mother's meetings, and the like. Miss Grace Learned, her daughter, is now teaching in the Doshisha.

The thirty Bible women under the direction of the American Board, twenty of them supported by the Woman's Board, are doing an invaluable work, and are an unspeakable help to our missionaries.

Miss Hoyt and Miss DeForest, the latter a missionary daughter, are teachers in Kobe College, for girls, an institution with nearly two hundred pupils. Miss Searle, the principal, exerts a strong Christian influence on the whole school, and many of the pupils become outspoken, consistent Christians. Miss Torrey, our music teacher, and our ready worker in all the various organizations—missionary, temperance, Sunday school, Christian Endeavor, etc.—is teaching these educated young women how to make music a powerful aid in winning the hearts of the people to the gospel. Two assistants help in her work. The college has also two new teachers, Miss Chandler and Miss Goodman, who were sent out by the Board of the Interior, and still more help is sorely needed. Miss Dudley has been compelled, by failing health, to sever her connection with the Board, and now makes her home in Southern California.

Miss Cozad has recently returned, *via* Palestine, with vigor renewed by her furlough, to her work in the school for Bible women.

Mrs. Gordon, greatly beloved, and very efficient in her care of the kindergarten, with her daughter, Mrs. Bartlett, of Tottori, have been for a year in this country on furlough. They hope to return to Japan in the early fall.

Mrs. Atkinson, whose health is frail, makes her home a center of blessed, helpful influence to many homeless young men, and also directs a large singing class. Mrs. Stanford, detained in this country by the invalidism of her husband, has for the past year been the matron of the Home for Children of Missionaries in Auburndale—a very responsible position.

Dr. Holbrook, battling bravely with a serious disease, keeps up with such faith and courage as to be a light and a lesson to all who know her condition. She is able still to do some teaching in the college. Miss Barrows shares the care of the school for Bible women, and writes with enthusiasm of the hopefulness of the work.

The *Baikwa*, or Plum Blossom, school at Osaka, numbers over two hundred pupils, and still some applicants were turned away. Miss Daniels' proper work is evangelistic, but to help in time of need she teaches in the girls' school. Since the war began she has given much service to the soldiers in the military hospitals—a most appealing and useful work. The soldiers cannot forget the gospel that sent them so much cheer when sick and wounded.

Mrs. Taylor has been for several years with her family at Oberlin. Mrs. Allchin, making a missionary home, is doing a work that must tell for good through the whole community. Miss Colby and Miss Case, at the head of the school, find enough to occupy every moment in the care of their girls. But recent letters, some of which we have printed, show us that they, too, feel the call of the country, and they have given freely of their strength to carry cheer to the soldiers in the nearby hospitals.

The last report tells us that we Congregationalists have in Japan seventy-eight organized churches, thirty-eight of them self-supporting, and forty-eight ordained native pastors.

In the Missionary Home at Auburndale between twenty and thirty children find affectionate care and guidance, while the larger home at Oberlin, Ohio, shelters more than sixty. Surely these children need our loving thought and prayer.

Suggestions for Auxiliary Meetings

FOR JUNE.—The Educational Work of the American Board and the Woman's Board in Japan. Day Schools, Boarding Schools.

FOR JULY.—The Medical Work of the American Board in Japan. Hospital and Dispensary Work.

FOR AUGUST.—Review of Books on Japan.

FOR SEPTEMBER.—Practical Outcome of Our Year's Study.

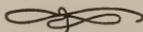
In October we shall begin the study of the new book on Africa and topics will be announced later.

As we try to learn of the educational work under our care we shall want to know how many schools we have, what kind of work they are doing and how many teachers and pupils are numbered in each one. A pamphlet issued by the American Board, "The Japan Mission from 1869 to 1904," price ten cents, gives an outline of the history of the Doshisha from its small beginning, through the time of "the secret changing of the constitution," to its later restoration to first principles and increasing usefulness, a most interesting story. The article on page 197 of this number tells of the good work in Kobe College, a school supported by the W. B. M. I. and the one on page 202 gives an excellent view of educational matters in general.

The great service given by the Bible Women's School in Kobe deserves special consideration. This school, now twenty-two years old, has fitted about sixty women for most effective evangelistic work, either alone or as the wives of pastors.

The Baikwa girls' school at Osaka has been a center of widespread Christian influence. The Imadegawa kindergarten, of which you will find an account in LIFE AND LIGHT for April, 1901, and of which the frontispiece in this number shows a little glimpse, has changed the lives of many children and the homes from which they came. Three orphan asylums owe much of their efficiency, if not their very existence, to the aid and comfort given by members of the American Board Mission. The one at Okayama is now international in its scope.

Miss Judson's night and industrial school at Okayama and the school for factory girls at Matsuyama are unique and very interesting, helping as they do busy young workers to a wider and higher life.



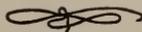
Sidelights from Periodicals

JAPAN.—*The World's Work* for April contains an article on "The War's Disclosure of the Orient," by a lecturer at Chicago University, who is competent to point out the contrast between Eastern and Western ideas. In the same magazine is found an account of the tragedy of the Port Arthur fleet, entitled, "Grappling with Togo and Nogi." In the *Review of Reviews* for April there is a good biographical sketch of "Oyama, Victor of Mukden," and in *The Outlook* for March 4, the first installment of George Kennan's "Story of Port Arthur." *The Century* for April contains an interesting illustrated article, "The American Nurses in Japan," by Dr. Anita McGee, who took a party of nine nurses to Japan to give their services to the wounded. The article not only describes some of their experiences during six months in the country, but incidentally throws light on Japanese conditions.

AFRICA.—"Africa's Appeal to Christendom," in *The Century* for April, is the title of an article by a young prince, who describes the conditions and the needs of his own land. The introduction, by Dr. Josiah Strong, and the face of the young African, add force to the earnest appeal which is pertinently headed with the words, "Come over into Macedonia and help us."

FRANCE.—In *The Outlook* for March 18, an American woman writes of "The Crisis in France," as seen by her in one of the provinces. E. E. P.

THE semiannual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions will be held in Pilgrim Church, Nashua, New Hampshire, Wednesday, May 3, beginning at 10 A. M. Missionaries from various fields will make addresses. A large attendance is expected, especially from the vicinity of Nashua.



Woman's Board of Missions

Receipts from February 18, to March 18, 1905.

MISS SARAH LOUISE DAY, Treasurer.

MAINE.

<i>Eastern Maine Branch.</i> —Mrs. J. S. Wheelwright, Treas., Bangor House, Bangor, Bangor, Central Ch., S. S., 50; Calais, Dau. of the Cov., 13.25,	63 25
<i>Farmington.</i> —Desert Palm Soc.,	23 73
<i>Western Maine Branch.</i> —Miss Jean L. Crie, Treas., 79 State St., Portland, Cornish, Aux., 5; Hallowell, Aux., 20; Portland, Second Parish Ch., 47.80,	72 80
Total,	159 78

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

<i>New Hampshire Branch.</i> —Miss Elizabeth A. Brackett, Treas., 69 No. Spring St., Concord, Berlin, Y. P. Miss'y Soc., 6; Colebrook, Jr. C. E. Soc., 6.25; Concord, Aux., 15; Kimball, Cir. of King's Daughters, 10, Whatsoever Circle, 5; Piermont, Aux., 5,	47 25
Total,	47 25

VERMONT.

<i>Vermont Branch.</i> —Mrs. T. M. Howard, Treas., St. Johnsbury, Berkshire, East, C. E. Soc., 5; Braintree, East, C. E. Soc., 1; Calais, East, C. E. Soc., 1; Chester, C. E. Soc., 3; Enosburg Centre, C. E. Soc., 3.25; Fairfax, Mrs. A. B. Beaman, 5; New Haven, Aux., 7; Morrisville, Aux., 5; St. Johnsbury, North Ch., Aux., 6.55; South Ch., Aux., 12; Troy, North Ch., Aux., 5.25; Vershire, C. E. Soc., 1; Waitsfield, C. E. Soc., 1; Wallingford, Aux., 36; Windham, C. E. Soc., 5,	97 05
Total,	97 05

MASSACHUSETTS.

A Friend,	5 00
<i>Andover and Woburn Branch.</i> —Mrs. G. W. Dinsmore, Treas., 8 Lenox St., Lawrence, Andover, Seminary Ch., Aux., 12.50, South Ch., Aux., 8; Bedford, Aux., Mrs. Loomis (to const. L. M. Mrs. David Torrey), 25; Dracut Centre, Prim. Dept. S. S., 4; Lexington, Aux. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. A. Wetherbee), 68; Westbury, Aux., 5; Wakefield, Mary Farnum Bliss Soc., 10,	132 50
<i>Barnstable Co. Branch.</i> —Miss Amelia Snow, Treas., Orleans, Hyannis, Ladies, 11.75; Yarmouth, Aux., 6,	17 75
<i>Berkshire Branch.</i> —Mrs. Charles E. West, Treas., 123 South St., Pittsfield, Hins-	

dale, Aux., 25.56; Housatonic, Aux., 14.05; Lee, Cong. Ch., S. S. Prim. Class, 5; North Adams, Cong. Ch., S. S. Prim. Class, 10; Pittsfield, First Ch., Aux., 20, South Ch., Aux., 54.85, Foreign Herald, 5. Less expenses, 6.72,	127 74
<i>Boston.</i> —A Friend,	50 00
<i>Essex North Branch.</i> —Mrs. Wallace L. Kimball, Treas., Bradford, Amesbury, Main St. Ch., Aux., 48; Bradford, Bee Hive M. B., 2; Haverhill, Centre Ch., S. S. Prim. Dept., 9.90, Kindergarten, 6, Cradle Roll, 2.45, Inter. C. E. Soc., 5, Union Ch., Aux., 10; Ipswich, Aux., 35; Newbury, Oldtown Ch., Y. L. Soc., 12; Newburyport, Aux., 76, Belleville Ch., Aux., 135, Bankers (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Miss Pauline E. Noyes), 60.12,	401 47
<i>Essex South Branch.</i> —Miss Nannie L. Odell, Treas., Beverly, Lynn, Central Ch., Aux., 15; Lynnfield Centre, Aux., 12; Swampscott, Aux., 4,	31 00
<i>Franklin Co. Branch.</i> —Miss Lucy A. Sparhawk, Treas., 18 Congress St., Greenfield, Conway, Aux., 4.15; Montague, Aux., 14.20; Northfield, Aux., 26.82; Orange, Aux., 16, C. E. Soc., 10, Little Light Bearers, 1.77; Shelburn, Aux., 15.59; Turner's Falls, 10,	98 53
<i>Hampshire Co. Branch.</i> —Miss Harriet J. Kneeland, Treas., 8 Paradise Road, Northampton, Amherst, Aux., 50; Hatfield, Wide Awakes, 5.12; North Hadley, Aux. (to const. L. M. Miss Emma Rhoad), 25; Northampton, Edwards Ch., Aux., 4,	84 12
<i>Middlesex Branch.</i> —Mrs. E. H. Bigelow, Treas., Framingham, Framingham, Aux., Th. Off., 8.22; Wellesley, Aux. (Th. Off., 57.85), 90.45,	98 67
<i>Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch.</i> —Miss Sarah B. Tirrell, Treas., So. Weymouth, Sharon, Aux. (17.65 Th. Off.), 38 65; Weymouth Heights, Aux., 30; South Weymouth, Old South Ch., Aux., 1.45; Wollaston, Little Lights' Soc., 5,	75 10
<i>Springfield Branch.</i> —Mrs. Mary H. Mitchell, Treas., 1078 Worthington St., Springfield, Holyoke, Second Ch., Aux. (Th. Off., 71.80), 81.44, Second Ch., C. E. Soc., 10, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; Ludlow, C. E. Soc., 5; South Hadley Falls, Aux. (to const. L. M. Mrs. F. E. Butler), 25; Southwick, Aux., 10; Springfield, First Ch., Opportunity Seekers, 100, Memorial Ch., Aux., Mrs. H. J. Russell, 10, Park Ch., Aux., 27, South Ch., Aux., Miss Carrie L. King, 10, A member of the C. E. Soc., 10; Three Rivers, C. E. Soc., 10,	303 44

<i>Suffolk Branch.</i> —Miss Mary L. Pelkey, Treas., 30 Mt. Pleasant St., North Cambridge. Allston, Aux., 47.98; Auburn-dale, Aux., 26.90, Searchlight Club, 10; Boston, A Friend, 20, Old South Ch., Aux., 127, Union Ch, Aux., 100; Brighton, Pro Christo Mission Circle, 10; Brookline, Harvard Ch., Aux., 150, Leyden Ch., Aux., 21; Cambridge, Mrs. E. C. Moore, 50, Wood Mem. Ch., C. E. Soc., 5; Jamaica Plain, Central Ch., Aux., 32, C. E. Soc., 5; Medfield, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; Newton, Eliot Ch., Prim. Dept. S. S., 6; Newton Highlands, Aux., 23.75; Newtonville, Mrs. C. A. Ferry, 30; Norwood, Prim. Dept. S. S., 6; Roxbury, Walnut Ave. Ch., Aux., 9; Walpole, Aux., 17; West Roxbury, Anatolia Club, 25,	726 63 5 00
<i>Swampscott</i> —C. E. Soc.,	
<i>Worcester Co. Branch.</i> —Mrs. Theodore Nye, Treas., 15 Berkshire St., Worcester. Shrewsbury, C. E. Soc., 5; Spencer, Inter. Dept. S. S., 15.83; Worcester, Greendale People's Ch., 2, Plymouth Ch., Aux., 25,	47 83
Total,	2,204 78

RHODE ISLAND.

<i>Rhode Island Branch.</i> —Mrs. Clara J. Barnefield, Treas., 99 Summit St., Pawtucket. Barrington, Prim. Class, S. S., 10.50; Chepachet, Prim. Dept. S. S., 4; Newport, Aux., 152, S. S., 242.08, Friends in Newport, 3.60; Riverpoint, Wide Awake Circle, 5; Woonsocket, Globe Ch., C. E. Soc., 8.50; Providence, Beneficent Ch., Beneficent Daughters, 10, Elnwood Temple, C. E. Soc., 10, Plymouth Ch, Aux., 4,	449 68
Total,	449 68

CONNECTICUT.

<i>Eastern Conn. Branch.</i> —Miss Mary I. Lockwood, Treas., 52 Main St., New London. Goshen, C. E. Soc., 5; Hampton, C. E. Soc., 5; Lebanon, C. E. Soc., 5; New London, First Ch., Aux., 35.50, Second Ch., Aux., 18; Norwicht, Park Ch., Aux., Mrs. G. D. Coit, 30; Taftville, C. E. Soc., 1.83; Windham, Jr. C. E. Soc., 2.23,	102 56
<i>Hartford Branch.</i> —Mrs. M. Bradford Scott, Treas., 21 Arnoldale Rd., Hartford. Burnside, Long Hill, Aux., 5; Enfield, Ladies' Ben. Soc., 25; Farmington, Aux., 35; Hartford, Asylum Hill Ch., Aux. (Mrs. C. B. Smith, 50, Mrs. S. T. Davison, 40), 90, Farmington Ave. Ch., Aux., 1, First Ch., Aux., by Mrs. Pinkney W. Ellsworth, 25, Prim. S. S. Class, 5, Home Dept. S. S., 12.55, Windsor Ave. Ch., Aux., 54.80; Kensington, C. E. Soc., 5; Manchester, C. E. Soc., 17.39; Tolland, Aux., 5,	280 74
<i>New Haven Branch.</i> —Miss Julia Twining, Treas., 314 Prospect St., New Haven. Bethany, Aux., 2; Canaan, Pilgrim Ch., Aux., 10, S. S., 12 34; Cheshire, Aux., 60.91; Chester, Aux., 20, C. E. Soc., 4; Deep River, C. E. Soc., 10; East Haddam, C. E. Soc., 12; Haddam, Aux. (with prev. contri. to const. L. M. Mrs. Hattie B. Arnold), 8; Higganum, Aux., 15; Ivoryton, C. E. Soc., 4.06; Killingsworth, C. E. Soc., 1; Middletown, First Ch.,	

Aux., 29.90; New Haven, Centre Ch., Aux., 223.15, Jr. M. C., 10, Dwight Pl. Ch., Aux., 40.47, Grand Ave. Ch., Aux., 100, United Ch., Y. L. C., 95; Norwalk, First Ch., S. S., 14; Salisbury, Aux., 16.70; Saybrook, Aux., 25; Stamford, Aux., 25; Stratford, Aux., 22.15,	760 68
Total,	1,143 98

NEW YORK.

<i>New York State Branch.</i> —Mrs. F. M. Turner, Treas., 646 St. Mark's Ave., Brooklyn. Binghamton, First Ch., Aux., 50; Brooklyn, Bethesda Ch., Aux., 15, Central Ch., Ladies' Aid Soc., 50, Clinton Ave. Ch., Aux., 25, Lewis Ave. Ch., Aux., 25, Park Ch., Aux., 5, Plymouth Ch., Aux., 125, Richmond Hill Ch., S. S., 8.04, Tompkins Ave. Ch., Aux., 50; Franklin, C. E. Soc., 5; Gasport, Aux., 15; Lockport, East Ave. Ch., Aux., 25, C. E. Soc., 19, Jr. C. E. Soc., 3; New York, Christ Ch., Aux., 24.50, Pilgrim Ch., Aux., 45; Patchogue, C. E. Soc., 5; Poughkeepsie, Aux. (to const. L. M. Miss Bell Beattie), 25, S. S. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Miss Frances M. McWhinnie), 30; Riverhead, First Ch., Aux. (with prev. contri. to const. L. M.'s Mrs. Evelina Hallock, Mrs. James Watt Raine, Miss Anna Williamson), 25, S. S., 13.12; Rodman, Aux., 2c; Saugerties, Aux., 5; Walton, Aux., 10, Every Day Circle, 5; Washington Mills, C. E. Soc., 12.64; West Winfield, C. E. Soc., 10. Less expenses, 50.30,	600 00 5 00
<i>Oakdale.</i> —Mrs. W. E. Newton,	5 00
Total,	605 00

PHILADELPHIA BRANCH.

<i>Philadelphia Branch.</i> —Miss Emma Flavell, Treas., 312 Van Houten St., Pater-son. D. C., Washington, First Ch., Mis-sion Club, 60, Lincoln Temple, C. E. Soc., 2.25; Bound Brook, Aux., 20; Glen Ridge, Aux., A Friend, 12.50; Newark, Belle-ville Ave. Ch., Y. W. Aux., 12, Mission Band, 19; Orange Valley, Y. W. M. S., 38.90; Plainfield, Aux., 10; Pa., Ger-mantown, S. S. Class, 12.25,	186 90
Total,	186 90

ILLINOIS.

<i>Springfield.</i> —Mrs. Emily L. Barrows,	1 00
Total,	1 00

FLORIDA.

<i>Sanford.</i> —People's Cong. Ch., S. S. and Juniors,	15 00
Total,	15 00
Donations, Specials.	4,761 02 149 40
Total,	4,910 42

TOTAL FROM OCT. 18, 1904, TO MARCH 18, 1905

Donations,	35,981 57
Specials,	1,358 95
Legacies,	10,666 63
Total,	\$48,007 15

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President.

MISS LAURA M. RICHARDS,
Saratoga, Cal.

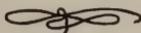


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Pains and Pleasures of Touring near Foochow

BY MISS JEAN H. BROWN

THE boat we took was a tiny bit of a thing called a rat boat; it was only four feet in its widest part and so low that we could not stand up straight. We spread our bed on the bottom of the boat, and I must say it proved to be a rather hard bed, but we had come to see what itinerating work was like, and we were determined to make the best of our discomforts. We decided that was a hardship in more ways than one. Our ship was manned with only two men; one in front and one behind. At the front of the boat and at one side was a small pole by which the men pushed the boat along, having to wade the river most of the way. Partly for the pleasure of walking, and partly out of sympathy for the men, we took long walks all along the way. The weather was ideal, and we picked sweet smelling violets, peach and plum blossoms, and various kinds of fragrant flowers native to China. You cannot imagine what a delight such walks as these were to us who had been shut up in a dirty Chinese city for several months. We spent one night on the rat boat, and the following day towards sunset we reached the Perfect Happiness City.

The preacher had heard of our coming and came out to meet us; he gave us a most cordial greeting. We went with him to the chapel where we spent two nights. His wife is a dear little woman; she did everything she could to make us comfortable. They seemed more like foreigners in their treatment of each other. They had been expecting us, but the rooms we were to occupy were not quite ready so the preacher himself set to work to

put them in order. Most Chinese men would have left all this for their wives to do, but this man hustled about, swept out the attic, which was to serve as bedroom, and tugged our bed boards and bed stools up the ladder. Both he and his wife were so eager to do everything possible for our comfort; they wanted to cook chicken and eggs for us, but we could not consent to take of their scanty store. We were very tired that night and were glad to get to bed, though I did not look forward to a very comfortable night on boards. I had slept on boards before, but I feel sure there never were boards to equal these in hardness. Every bone in my body ached and I hailed the morning with a sigh of relief. The preacher accompanied us the first five miles to a village where a few inquirers live; one of them, an old lady who keeps an inn, led us into her home and would not let us go until she had something ready for us to eat. She could not do enough for us, and insisted upon filling our pockets and handkerchiefs with peanuts. Miss Walker was very much surprised to see the exceedingly friendly spirit manifested everywhere. She said she had never seen the people so friendly. Soldiers whom we met on the way stopped and saluted, and other fellow travelers, after making friendly inquiries as to our destination, etc., would invite us to "slowly, slowly walk," which is an exceedingly polite term.

Our first night out from Dionglok was spent at a native inn. This was my first experience in one of these places. I had always felt my life in China would not be complete without such an experience. I thought I was prepared for the worst, but I must confess to being shocked and disgusted beyond expression at the thought of spending the night in such a place. The filth was something indescribable. The dust of ages hung thick in every corner. Cobwebs filled with dust festooned rafters and ceilings, and the walls were black with smoke and soot. Piles of dirt and rubbish lay under the beds; the floor looked as though it had not been swept for years, and I can safely say it had never made the acquaintance of water and scrubbing brush in all the history of the inn. The ceilings were so low that in some places we frequently hit our heads against the rafters. At such times handfuls of dust came showering down upon us till we looked almost as black as our surroundings. There were four beds in the room, two of which were stationary. They had a good thick mattress of straw, but, oh dear! what a cloud of dust arose when we lifted them up. We took infinite pains to cover them over securely with our rubber blankets before spreading our own bedding out, for we had no idea what living creatures might inhabit them. Our bedroom served as our dining room and kitchen as well. We turned one of the beds into a table by first spreading out our rubber mackintoshes and then covering with the tablecloth. Our surroundings were not conducive to a

hearty appetite, but we managed to swallow enough to satisfy the demands of the body. We had a good night's rest in spite of the noise below us. Our chair coolies and the other guests of the inn kept up a lively conversation most of the night. They were all opium smokers, which accounts for their talkativeness. The dogs woke us up from time to time with their loud barking, but we slept in between times and felt quite refreshed in the morning.

It is a blessed thing to be thoroughly tired when one sleeps in a Chinese inn, for then it is easy to become oblivious to sights and sounds. The usual number of spectators stood in the court below awaiting our first appearance, and straining their necks to catch a glimpse of the three strange creatures who had spent the night upstairs. But I must not let you suppose Chinese inns are all as bad as this one, though I fear most of them are. The next night we fared much better. The building was quite a new one, otherwise I doubt not it would have been as dirty as the former one. We had a big pile of clean straw to pile on our bed boards, and this added much to our comfort. The floor even in the best of houses always seems to be dirty, however, and this was no exception. The absence of the broom was painfully evident. As we moved about making our beds and preparing our supper we shook some of the dust down through the loose boards upon the people below. What a storm we created! This was, I daresay, the first intimation they had received that there was any dust at all upstairs. We thought we were exceedingly careful in moving to and fro. Indeed, one would soon acquire the habit of walking gingerly if one lived much in Chinese inns; the floors are so shaky one has the feeling that at any moment they will fall through. The good people below seemed to think we were having a grand parade. Someone called up, "Quit stamping around up there; you are knocking all the dust down on top of us." We did not suggest that they sweep their floors occasionally, though we thought the advise would be timely.

This is the largest bamboo paper-making district in the province. The mountains are covered with beautiful bamboo groves, except on the top-most peaks which are left bare for the bleaching of the bamboo fibre. The bamboo is first split into long strips and placed in a large vat full of water. It remains there until the fibre is softened enough so as to be pulled apart. This is then put through some chemical preparation of lime and potash, and then it is spread in large cakes upon the sides of the mountains most exposed to the sun. It is left there for several months until it becomes quite white, and then it is once more put through a bleaching fluid. The mills were all closed while we were there, and we could find out very little about the process. It is a very long one, I am told, requiring a whole year to

make a sheet of paper. We asked some of the paper makers for a little of their fibre. They gave us some, though very reluctantly. They were afraid we wanted to steal the secret of making paper from them.

I feel that I have a much better idea of this field since my tour with Miss Walker, but Miss Wiley and I are both of the opinion that itinerating is the hardest of all missionary work. It requires great physical strength to endure it for any time. We were eight days in coming down the river, as it was very low, and sometimes our men had to get out and simply lift our boat over the stones. We had a little encounter with river pirates. According to boatmen's etiquette, boats coming down the river have the right of way; that is, they are allowed to go over the rapids ahead of the boats that are going up. Our boat had started down a rapid when a boat coming up prevented our going on. They refused to wait for us to pass, and in spite of all the persuasion from our captain, and the offer of fifty cents, they kept on in their determination to be first. This meant a long delay for us, as sometimes boats are very slow in coming up a rapid. Hot and angry words flew back and forth from one boat to another. The pirates said they were willing to fight it out. They had knives they said, and would just as soon fight as not. They knew quite well our men were unarmed. At the word knives, our men became meek as possible, and to facilitate matters they got out into the water to help the other men along. But their assistance was refused with scorn. "Don't you put your hands on our boat," they said, "or we will cut them off." And they drew out their knives with a flourish to show that this was no joke. We were glad to make our escape from this kind of company. Our men told us these were the fiercest men on the river. They cared not for the authority of any man. We came to Long Kan, the place where last year we had a lot of our goods stolen, and here the pastor and the old preacher who has been there over thirty years came down to meet us with some of the Christians. It is most pleasant to see how glad these good people always are to have us visit them. We made inquiries about the thief who had stolen our clothes from the boat. "Oh," they said, "you need not fear him now." We asked why, and were told that he had pilfered from another boat, and the boatmen themselves had punished him by burning his fingers off. It was a shocking punishment, but it shows how cruel the Chinese can be sometimes. The poor fellow is a beggar now on one of the streets.

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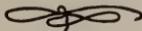
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Extracts from Mrs. Dr. Tucker's Letter

KALGAN, CHINA, July 7, 1904.

MISSION meeting was over at last, and after a few days of rest and readjustment there, I went to Peking to visit a few days with the American Board friends there. I wonder if I told you that Wu Ting Fang lives in comparative quiet near there, and is spending his time revising some of China's most flagrant penal laws. He came to the compound to ask if he might buy water from their new artesian well! Poor man, he probably remembers the water that he drank in America.

This time I had the opportunity of seeing the wondrous and magnificent Temple of Heaven which was not open to anyone but the royal family, except since the siege, and once before for a very brief time. Of course it is very old, so that the carved white pillars are yellow, somewhat, with age. The great altar in the open, where sacrifices of bullocks are made, as well as absence of all gods, and several other indications, all seem to go to show that originally there was a pure reaching out after God, the Creator and All-powerful. But Buddhism came in after awhile, with its multitudes of gods and deities, and the royal ones live so impure lives that the emperor as the Great High Priest, and the religion of China alike, strike one as far indeed from anything pure or uplifting. There was one room where the emperor must spend the entire night in prayer, before he is supposed to be fit to offer sacrifice. What we know of the lives of the emperors makes us very skeptical as to the sacredness of his calling.

I also went again to the great Lama Temple, where one sees gods and gods, chief of which is a great bronzed statue of Buddha, which they claim is one piece of wood, though over seventy feet in height. Such a contrast to this was the visit to the Confucian temple where is the tablet to Confucius, with the incense pot before it as well as tablet after tablet of the reigning royal household, all of which must be worshiped, but no gods. I suppose that every city of any size has these Confucian temples, and perhaps small places too, where are placed and worshiped Confucius' tablets, and those of the reigning house's emperors, past and present. These latter temples are built by official imperial decree, and have no gods.

The next day we started to this place, a five days' journey to the northwest by mule litter, over three ranges of mountains. At about 10.30 A. M., our caravan streamed into the compound in Peking. A mule litter consists of an immense sedan chair swung between two mules, one before and one behind, instead of being carried by men. My steamer trunk went into the bottom, then a good sized box, and then all my bedding—mattress and all which had done service on the canal—piled up to make it very comfortable, as indeed it was. One gets in; then he is tipped way forward while the rear is swung on to the hind mule; then the front repeats the process, and soon one is rocking and swaying, suspended between heaven and earth, between two mules! It's lovely. Some poor wretches are made so seasick, but you know that I do not suffer that way. The Oriental loves bells, and ours ring as merrily as if this were a sleigh ride at home. The greater part of the baggage and stores for the Hemingways, Mrs. Roberts and self and retinue of servants, teacher, etc., were loaded on pack mules, and soon we were started—a grotesque looking crowd. Dr. and Mrs. Hemingway rode in one litter, Mrs. Roberts in another, while I had the honor of having with me in mine one of the Bridgman School girls from here. She is small, though she says she is fifteen. She is the "Butter Baby" that Mary Williams told us about one time in Chicago. You must recognize Mrs. Hemingway as this same Mary Williams, coming back for the first time to the place of her birth, since she left it fourteen years ago. Why was she called "Butter Baby"? Because when a baby her mother died, and her father, an opium-smoking individual, didn't want her; the Williams children cried to keep her—Mrs. Williams having given her temporary shelter—and the reply was that already the family was large, but that they could keep her if they gave up their butter, a rather expensive luxury out here, brought either from France or America. Mr. Williams still gives her all her support, a kind, Christian woman giving her a home, where she is much loved. And now she has spent one year in school at Peking. All along the way we had to constantly explain who she

was and why she was with us, or they would think us guilty of kidnapping her. She was perfectly content, but it often takes very little to make these people believe anything of a foreigner in places where they have not been tried and found true. Each litter had a driver who rode a little donkey and largely spent his time thereon, trying to make up for all the sleep that he lost the preceding night at the inn, for they frequently got to bed late, and the animals in China must always be fed in the night (!), besides being fed and all ready to start each day at five or thereabouts. So we often found it necessary to guide our own mules, yelling, "Woa, woa, woa," which means "To the right, to the right"; or "Yu, yu, yu," "To the left, to the left!"

So the days passed. The last night was the most exciting of all. We arrived at a large city twenty miles from here, and rode right into an immense crowd that had congregated to see a theatre. The actors are under a cover, but the onlookers are out in the open, or under a mat shed built for the purpose. We foreigners were far more attractive than that theatre; so that immense sea of faces was turned upon us, and as we almost at once turned into the inn, were followed by as many as dared. We found the inn completely filled, and we might have had to sleep in one of the stalls as did Joseph and Mary of old, had it not been that there lived a Swedish missionary there—or rather his house was there, for the family is spending the summer here—and we had a cordial invitation to spend the night on his premises. So we went there, followed by a motley crowd, which Dr. Hemingway kept amused for the most part by riding at a respectful distance behind on his wheel. They were highly entertained. Some pressed on to the very gates of Mr. Söderbom's place, but they largely wanted to have their ailments looked at, for one cannot go far without being known as a doctor, and being asked for help in that line. How I do wish that you could see how nice a Chinese house can be made to live in when someone has the brains to readjust things to make them a little more modern, especially a good Chinese house of brick. Here were touches of the "fatherland," as pictures of the royal Swedish family, their national flags, etc. The next day, early, we came out from his place inside the large walled city to the inn, and as we were approaching it, I heard for the second time in China, "foreign devil." It was spoken by one of the many Chinese soldiers who are on this frontier, and he merely announced our coming. He had no thought of disrespect. He was merely giving us our title. He smilingly greeted us, eager to help us. This reminds me to tell a story they tell that happened in the Pang-Chuang Hospital some years ago. A man entered and said to Dr. Peck, "Foreign devil, elder brother, please see my sickness." He, too, was just using the proper title.

You would want to know this Kalgan where we are to spend the summer. It is beautiful now in spite of the great drought that prevails. All along the way we saw willow branches placed over the doors, signs that these houses were praying for rain, while their black gods were exposed to the sun to show them how hot and dry it was. The "everlasting hills and mountains" are all about us, close on three sides, while a large valley with mountains beyond faces us on the south. On these high mountains to the north and rear (for you know that China is an empire facing south), stretching from east to west, crawling, crumbling along is the Great Wall proper, its watch-towers defending the highest points. It was built B. C. 214-204 to keep out the barbarians who are supposed to have been the Huns. On a mountain very near to the west is the Giving Sons Temple, a beautiful Buddhist one, kept up in such style as I have not seen in China, but have in Japan, where the citizens of K go to pray for sons. Why should they not be grateful and keep up this temple, when in return they shall receive sons who will perpetuate their name and give them worship and honor hereafter? We are at the edge of the city, but really in the country, a great tea-hang (an Eastern word for storehouse), on both the right and the left, storing up tea for the great Russian trade across Mongolia and the Desert of Gobi. By the way, that is a Mongolian word, and is pronounced with short ö, "Göbby."

The city has a population of about 80,000 or 60,000 men without their families. Many of these men are from Shansi, and are here for what they can get out of trade. It makes a class of society not altogether to be desired. There is an upper and a lower city connected by an isthmus, which is the valley between the partings of the mountain range which is the natural pass into Mongolia. The northern wall of the upper city is the Great Wall, and the latter's gate is the city's north gate. Beyond is Mongolia. In a near by valley some Russians live; here for trade, too. There have been many here for years, and they are very friendly, always calling on the missionary doctor for medical aid. They have called on us, and are most cordial.

The day after we reached here, really the next morning, the Chinese "Great Man," in charge of the foreign office here, called. He has spent four years in Russia, and is decidedly the friend of the foreigners. You should see his salutation—a combined Chinese-European one—the bow of the Oriental, and the hand-shake of the West. He has been here to supper once with us, when I had the privilege of sitting next him. He has also brought his wife to call, and she is very much at ease with foreigners, for the Russians have so much to do with them. She is a native of far-away Kiang Hsi, I think, but is educated and high class, and speaks northern Mandarin.

Her feet are so small; it doesn't seem as though they can be two inches long. They brought their little seven-year-old daughter, whose feet they say will never be bound. One involuntarily draws a sigh of relief. The dear child, cunning and pretty as are all Chinese and Japanese children, was dressed in a complete costume—foreign—given her by the Russian postmaster here. We returned the call to-day, this A. M., which seems to be the favorite calling time of the Chinese. I think that they feel that it is a compliment to give you the best hours of the day, but it has always seemed to me too bad when I wished to use those same good hours for study.

We have had the "grand openings" of the new dispensary, just rebuilt. It is about a ten minutes' walk distant in the city. There was a day for men and one for women, of tea drinking, and cake eating, and hanging of scrolls with sayings from the classics, which are such essentials in the eyes of the Chinese. The number of patients is steadily increasing.

You, of course, know why I have not been mentioning my husband in all this narrative. The latest word that I have had from him—two weeks old, for it takes twelve days for his letters to reach me here—says that he will leave either the 4th or the 11th of this month, probably riding the five days' journey on horseback to Tientsin, then by railroad to Peking, and again five days on horse to this place.

I have written you our exceeding great joy in being able to anticipate the arrival of the Ellises this autumn. We hope that since my husband has stayed so late there this summer, working so hard all alone in the heat, that we can stay north to welcome the Ellises, and escort them to Pang-Chuang probably in early October.

I have had a number of horseback rides here, and we have had beautiful walks daily on to the foothills here, and two lovely picnics. One was on the 29th of June, commemorating our seventh wedding anniversary, and the fourth of dear Doctor and Emily Williams Harding, whom we knew in medical work in Chicago, who went to India, Dr. Harding's birthplace, that summer of their marriage, where Emily has had to live in widowhood the past year and a half, trying to rear the little son left her two months after Dr. Harding's demise, to take his father's place in India.

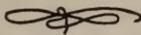
We were proud to have her dear father and sister and brother-in-law here to help celebrate this event in the land of her birth, and in a way in which she doubtless has often celebrated great events here before she went home to America. Our other picnic was on the glorious Fourth, the "mornin' of mornin's," when we went out into Mongolia a little way into a beautiful glen. After dinner several of us climbed up on the mountain tops to see some wonderful caves, in one of which was a clear spring. We were thirsty

enough to appreciate it royally after our hot climb. Oh, the view! and the answering echoes when we cried out from very joy!

Perhaps I have given you the physical side of affairs here, and I haven't half finished, for I've told you nothing of the interesting streets here, with their admixture of the wares of the roving, freedom loving, horseback riding Mongols, and the haughty, peaceful loving, merchant class Chinamen, making the streets to appear as one vast bazaar, with so many of their wares on the ground; or of the quivers of old-fashioned bows and arrows that hang in the gate of the Great Wall; or of the caravan after caravan of camels, often several hundred in a caravan, with their loads of tea or coal, or what-not, mostly engaged in trade across the desert, or of the caravan after caravan of ox carts, cumbersome things, with wooden wheels, for the most part laden with furs or crude soda from Mongolia. I repeat that I have not half told you the interesting things to be seen here, but I assure you that there is a spiritual side to be spoken of, too, and a mighty one it is. Someone must work for the salvation of the hundreds of thousands of souls for whom there is practically no one else responsible. The Russians and Chinese push in here from afar to push business interests. It is a glorious privilege to push in for higher motives, too. This ought to be a strongly manned station, with perhaps one half or one third of the number working for the Mongols. There are two families, that is all. Perhaps as far as men are concerned that is enough, except for the physician to do medical work, to show to these practical, money-making merchants and business men the practical side of the love for mankind that we preach, to say nothing of the humanitarian side of the case. But what about the work for women, schools, etc.? Mrs. Sprague came out ten years ago, and consequently uses the language very little indeed, but she is a lovely homemaker where Chinese and foreigner alike are most welcome to the best she has. Mrs. Roberts, also not very strong, keeps the Bible women going, and keeps up the meetings with Mrs. Sprague's help. But oh, for the great country field, where someone should be touring and teaching all the time, to say nothing of the need of a person to resurrect the formerly splendid girls' boarding school. Our Pang-Chuang would be just like this were there no beautiful Miss Grace and Miss Gertrude Wyckoff. What a pity, and what a waste to just keep hanging on like this, and not properly man the stations! With what heart can these dear people go on from year to year seeing opportunities wasted, and work just "sighing itself to get done"? I wish that we could be doubled and tripled and quadrupled. One life is far too short for needy China. What a call to pray and to give!

Outside of the three teachers of the Bridgman School, one of whom is seventy, and dear Miss Grace Wyckoff, who teaches at Pang-Chuang, there

are only three other single ladies in all our immense stations of the North China Mission. One of them just came out last fall, and is not very strong, another is also seventy, and should be having lighter work; the third is dear Miss Gertrude at Pang-Chuang, who cannot possibly cope with all the opportunities in that large and friendly, densely populated area. What are we to do about it? God only knows. The lack in male missionary forces is just about as noticeable.



Extract taken from a letter written by Miss Josephine L. Walker, dated Shaowu, China, January 4, 1905:—

My trip this time was to Kusuon, one of the first places I visited after coming out. This is my second visit there. Just think—out five years and only been around this field once! In every place I have been I have received so many other invitations to visit homes of the Christians in the villages around, where there are wives, mothers and daughters who cannot well go the long distances to church. It is both wonderful and very sad to see what a little these people know. I stopped and took dinner at one home on my way back. To do it I had to refuse three invitations to other villages. I felt I must go to this place as I had heard of the old lady in the family. I was told how she used to be cross, fretful and worrying all the time she was not counting her beads, but that now she was happy all day long.

I reached her home early on a cold winter's day, and found her daughter-in-law still combing her hair. There was no mistaking her happy face, and yet do you know that dear soul did not know what our Saviour was like here on earth—did not know that he healed a blind man, a leper and many sick and sorrowful ones. So I told her a little—the time was too short for much—just a little about her wonderful Saviour, and her conclusion was, "This religion must be lived thoroughly. There is to be no halfway about it." One of these days her sons are going to take her on a long journey—long for her. They will come with her to Shaowu city that she may join the church. Don't I wish that she might in this world know more of the pearl of great price which she has found. But after taking dinner with her and naming her little granddaughter, I had to come on home. When shall we meet again?

The Sunday at Kusuon I had a most delightful time with the preacher's family, and the Christians who came to church. There is no church building here as every building they want or can get is either too expensive or dilapidated. The little building rented for a chapel was crowded. Some sat on the bed in one corner of the room, and others had to sit in a hall behind the preacher. But we had some good meetings, notwithstanding the fact that in the midst of the afternoon service the preacher's mule came home from grazing and had to be led through the audience into the back yard where it could do no harm to the children or they to it. After that we turned our minds with fresh interest to the interrupted sermon.

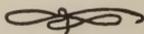
In the morning before the meeting I was sitting in the front room and

noticed an old man with two curious sticks resting against his shoulders. I asked the preacher what they were for. It took me so long to comprehend his answers that the old gentlemen had gone before I understood that they were finger nail protectors. "What," I gasped, "those long things!" I must see them again, so we chased after the old gentleman and took measurements. They were twenty-three inches long, and had been growing since he was thirty-five—growing for forty-seven years. Only the nails of the second and third fingers on his right hand had been allowed to grow. His reason for doing this was that in a quarrel with others he had killed a man and as a constant reminder against such wickedness he determined to let those nails grow.

Next week I visit three places in the country and expect to be gone five days. There is so much country women's work to be done, and one short visit helps so much and yet so little too. One place only a day's journey off has been asking me to come ever since I came up this fall. The women have contributed twenty-five dollars, so you see they are not dead, though they do not know very much.

Two of the most distant places are begging me to come. In one place there are forty women learning, and in the other the women outnumber the men. I have promised to visit one of these places during Chinese New Year vacation. I shall have to be gone about three weeks, and hope to take in six other places on my way to and from there.

There is no work I love more than this country work—to come upon the faithful, hungry and ignorant ones, and be able to help them a little. Yet you must see that one woman is not anywhere near enough to do this work—a field three or four times the size of Ing-hok with a million people to reach. No one woman's strength is equal to it.



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ILLINOIS	8,229 31	Total since October, 1904	\$26,034 74
IOWA	538 32		
KANSAS	184 98		
MICHIGAN	670 15		
MINNESOTA	377 79	FOR DEFICIT, 1904.	
MISSOURI	63 70	ILLINOIS	20 00
NEBRASKA	62 69	INDIANA	10 00
NORTH DAKOTA	29 20	KANSAS	10 00
OHIO	396 38	Receipts for the month	\$40 00
OKLAHOMA	22 68	Previously acknowledged	645 00
SOUTH DAKOTA	37 50	Total since October, 1904	\$685 00
WISCONSIN	470 17		
NORTH CAROLINA	30 00	ADDITIONAL DONATIONS FOR SPECIAL OBJECTS.	
VERMONT	5 00	Receipts for the month	\$422 00
TURKEY	33 83	Previously acknowledged	427 16
MISCELLANEOUS	194 93	Total since October, 1904	\$849 16
Receipts for the month	\$11,500 18		

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