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# LIFE AND LIGHT

FOR



## WOMAN

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DETAIL OF ARCH OVER VIA EQUATIA, SALONICA. (See page 7.)

# Life and Light

Vol. XLIII.

JANUARY, 1913

No. 1

Miss Helen Barnetson Calder, the new home secretary of the Woman's Board of Missions, is a graduate of Mount Holyoke College, of the class

The New of 1898. After her graduation she taught for a year at **Home Secretary.** Western College, Oxford, Ohio, and then entered upon Y. W. C. A. work in her native city of Hartford, Conn. In 1901 she became Y. W. C. A. secretary of Mount Holyoke College, serving with great acceptance in that capacity until 1905, when she came to fill the position of secretary of young people's work with the Woman's Board, taking the place of Miss Alice S. Browne who went to China in September of that year. In 1907 Miss Calder became associate secretary, and, since that time has been in charge of the student work and of late has had the correspondence with missionary candidates. During Miss Lamson's absence the past year upon her tour of the missions, Miss Calder carried her work as foreign secretary. All this experience has been excellent

training for the responsible position she was elected to fill at the annual meeting in the event of Miss Stanwood's retirement. Miss Calder is well known to the constituency of the Woman's Board and to our sister denominations through her active work in connection with the Jubilee meetings, her successful establishment of Camp Aloha, a popular feature of the Summer School at Northfield, and her prominence in Mount Holyoke circles as president of the Mount Holyoke alumnae association of Boston. She will make her home with her parents who have recently moved from Hartford, Conn., to Wellesley Hills, Mass.



Photo. by Notman.

MISS CALDER

The friends of Mrs. John E. Bradley of Randolph, Mass., were filled with sympathy in October upon hearing of the sudden death of her

**Mrs. John E.** devoted husband. Little did they think then that the **sep-**  
**Bradley.** aration would be but a few brief weeks before the heavenly reunion was granted. Mrs. Bradley (Martha J. Gould) spent her early life in Albany, N. Y., and was one of the first presidents of the New York State Branch, giving loyal service from 1878 to 1885.

When Dr. and Mrs. Bradley came to live in New England, she was elected a director of the Woman's Board, whose executive meetings she faithfully attended, and she was helpful also on the sub-committee in charge of the Friday meetings. She was elected president of the Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch in 1909, and held this office at the time of her death. The summons came to her suddenly at the close of a pleasant Thanksgiving Day, spent in the family of her niece, Mrs. C. F. Weeden of Dorchester, Mass.

"Lovely and pleasant in their lives, in their deaths they were not divided."

In addition to the loss of Mrs. Bradley from the list of directors of the Woman's Board, Mrs. Nathaniel Greene of Jamaica Plain has been com-

**Official Changes.** pelled to resign by reason of feeble health. Mrs. Greene was elected a director in 1893, and so long as physical strength permitted was actively devoted to the cause she so dearly loves. In her retirement we are sure of her prayers and continued interest. Miss Stanwood's name appears now in the roll of directors instead of in its accustomed place, and Mrs. L. R. Smith, president of Franklin County Branch, has been chosen to represent that Branch in the place of Mrs. Walter N. Snow, whose resignation was reluctantly accepted, while Mrs. S. R. Mills of Northampton, Mass., though now residing in the vicinity of Boston, is prevented by her other duties from attending the meetings, and so has severed her connection with the Board.

Mrs. A. A. Lincoln of Wollaston, Mass., resumes the office of first vice president.

Miss Emily R. Bissell, whose vivid impersonation of a Hindu widow at the annual meeting created so profound an impression, is spending some

**Personals.** weeks in Waverley, Mass., to be near her sister Julia, before sailing for India to resume her many activities at Ahmednagar.

Miss Mary D. Uline who went for temporary service to Erzroom under the W. B. M. I. has been transferred to Bitlis and has received

permanent appointment. Through the courtesy of the W. B. M. I. she has been adopted as a missionary of the Woman's Board of Missions. This arrangement has brought the keenest satisfaction to the little missionary circle at Bitlis where her services are most acceptable.

Dr. Harriet E. Parker whose improvement in health is cause for rejoicing on the part of all those interested in her arduous medical work at Madura is spending the winter with relatives in Vermont. Dr. Parker has received a warm welcome from friends in her native state at the meetings which she has been able to address. Mrs. Charles M. Lamson also brought inspiration and stimulus to many societies in Vermont during the months of October and November. She spoke at more than fifty meetings, addressing over seventeen hundred women.

Rev. and Mrs. S. C. Bartlett of the Japan Mission arrived at San Francisco on November 4th for their furlough year and are making their headquarters in Brookline, Mass.

Miss Mary L. Daniels, principal of the girls' department of Euphrates College, Harpoor, reached New York November 26th after a pleasant voyage. Miss Daniels will spend the winter with her family in Franklin, Mass.

The plan adopted this autumn of holding the Woman's Board Friday meetings in Pilgrim Hall the first Friday of each month instead of

**Friday weekly as heretofore is proving very successful.** At the Meetings. November meeting, the devotional service was led by Mrs. Daniels. Miss Calder presented Chapter II of *China's New Day*, and Mrs. Ransom of the Zulu Mission spoke with great earnestness of the wonderful development of the work in that mission. The December meeting was in charge of Mrs. Frank Gaylord Cook. Miss Preston brought valuable information in regard to the plans for work among young people, explaining especially the movement to introduce missionary talks into the Sunday school and suggesting methods of teaching Chapter III of the text-book. Rev. W. W. Sleeper, pastor of the Wellesley Congregational Church, reviewed the Balkan situation from his standpoint as a former missionary in that country, and Mrs. Charles Proctor, Mr. Bell and Mr. Eddy gave selections of Bulgarian music. It is hoped that all the missionary societies within a reasonable distance of Boston will endeavor to send representatives to these meetings. The increased attendance is already most gratifying but we hope for even greater things.

The next meeting will be held January 3d at 10.30 a. m.

It is encouraging to know that some societies which carried on a very successful Card Case Campaign last winter are continuing the canvass

**Every Woman** this year with the view to obtaining more members and  
**Canvass.** more subscriptions for **LIFE AND LIGHT**. In one society where one hundred and fifty calls were made last year, the visitors are out this month with a list of one hundred and eighteen women whom they purpose to invite to join their ranks. This number includes some who declined the privilege last year, but is mainly made up of newcomers. Is not this example worth following, whether the experiment was tried last year or not? And do not forget to take with you in your calling, dear visitors, sample copies of the Christmas **LIFE AND LIGHT** which we shall be glad to furnish you on application.

The exercise entitled "Mrs. Extra Effort and Mrs. Old Way," given so successfully by Mrs. Chauncey J. Hawkins and Miss Mary W. Capen, at Andover, has been typewritten and a limited number of copies may be obtained upon application to Miss Hartshorn.

Thursday, January 9, 1913, during the week of prayer, was chosen by the Woman's Boards of Foreign Missions at their Triennial Conference

**A United Day** in Philadelphia, as a day for united prayer. Women in

**of Prayer.** every village and town in our country are earnestly requested to meet in some central place for such a service. If it is not possible to come together for the entire day it would be well to arrange for three hours in the afternoon, each under a different leader, representing as many denominations. Where there is no Jubilee Continuation Committee to plan for such a service, let an interdenominational committee be chosen immediately, representing all evangelical churches. This committee will secure leaders and place of meeting, send out notices for church calendars and the press, and from the Cycle of Prayer, issued by the Central Committee on the United Study of Missions, may select the most important and urgent topics for this time. The Cycles may be obtained at the headquarters of the Woman's Boards. These are *prayer* services. Beyond a brief Bible reading and illuminating comments on the topics for the hour, with devotional hymns, the entire time should be spent in intercession. No addresses will be needed. Surely with the great crises before us; the troubles in Korea, the marvelous opportunities unfolding in China, the terrible situation in Turkey, earnest, united prayer is needed. And we need to pray for ourselves lest we fail in the day of His power.

Those who were at the annual meeting at Andover will remember the appeal for donkeys for use at Umzumbe, in ploughing and transportation, to take the place of the oxen which have all died from

**Need.** the cattle pest. \$123 of the \$375 needed has been contributed, and perhaps if the donkeys represented by the amount in hand could go "walking through the pages of LIFE AND LIGHT," they might return bringing the others in their train. Who will help to furnish the \$252 necessary for the companions of these already-in-sight donkeys?



THE WAY THEY DO IT IN TURKEY

With heartiest New Year's greetings to all our readers, we offer this month a variety of interesting articles. While no monthly magazine can

**Our New Year's** compete with the daily press or even with the religious

**Number.** weeklies in the matter of news, there are certain phases of the great movements now stirring the heart of Christendom, which can perhaps be best depicted by a missionary pen. Such portrayals will be found in "What lies behind the Balkan War?" by Ellen M. Stone, "War Conditions in Sofia," by Elizabeth C. Clarke, "Some Chinese Women of To-day," by Bertha P. Reed, and in the various letters of our Field Correspondents. The earnestness of the Christians at Susua will make its own appeal. The map of the Balkan peninsula, reproduced by the courtesy of the *Missionary Herald*, will aid in the geography lessons most of us are studying nowadays. A new department is introduced with this issue, "Around the Council Table," where month by month our president, Mrs. Daniels, will suggest live topics for the consideration of Branch workers. Junior leaders will turn expectantly to Miss Preston's pages, and promoters of the Golden Anniversary Gift will find encouragement in the report given on page 39. The serial story begun in this number will consist of five chapters, each of which will be written by a well-known missionary worker. The names of the authors will be given after the appearance of Chapter V.

## THE FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD

RECEIPTS FROM OCTOBER 18 TO NOVEMBER 18, 1912

	For Regular Work.	For Buildings.	For Special Objects.	From Legacies.	Total.
1911 . . . . .	\$4,419.98	\$792.39	\$164.95	\$510.00	*\$5,887.32
1912 . . . . .	5,501.44	823.50	74.56	2,850.00	9,249.50
Gain . . . . .	1,081.46	31.11		2,340.00	3,362.18
Loss . . . . .			90.39		

\*Not including extra gifts for work of 1912.

## WHAT LIES BEHIND THE BALKAN WAR?

BY ELLEN M. STONE

## Part I

EVEN men and women who are deeply interested students of missionary work in Turkey, sometimes ask this question. There is a strange unwillingness or inability to credit what is told them on most unimpeachable authority, concerning the absolute injustice, oppression and unmitigated cruelty which the Mohammedan Government of the Ottoman Empire has for centuries meted out to its non-Moslem subjects. A writer in the *Boston Transcript* said in 1895, at the time of the fearful massacres of Armenians at Moosh and Sassoon, Asiatic Turkey, "The Armenians get themselves massacred too often!"

We would fain believe it was absolute ignorance resulting from failure on his part to understand the meaning of the awful revelations which were made of the butchery of those times,—rather than the sheer heartlessness which seemed to underlie his words. "Western nations are tired of reading these gruesome stories," was the burden of his comment. These horrors came upon the Christians once a decade, on an average, and incredible as it may seem to some minds, the secrets of the ex-Sultan Abdul Hamid's palace at Yildiz, when he had been deposed by Parliament after the Young Turk Party had come into power, revealed with startling clearness that each of these bloody decimations of his Armenian subjects had been ordered by the sovereign's own hand!

Nor were the Asiatic non-Moslem populations of the Ottoman Empire the only ones thus to suffer. Down in Southeastern Europe, within sight and sound of all its free countries, which boast the oldest and foremost Christian civilizations of the world, the same fierce oppressions have been visited upon helpless Macedonians and Albanians, until at last the

governments of free Montenegro, Servia, Greece and Bulgaria could no longer be held back from taking up arms on behalf of those who were helpless to defend themselves.

After the massacres in Macedonia in 1903, the people of Great Britain held a thousand indignation meetings, in which they called upon their government to interpose and stop these horrors. Well they knew that Great Britain was the initiator of the Berlin Congress, the issue of which was the Treaty of Berlin, the non-fulfillment of which became the cause of the fearful sufferings in Armenia and Macedonia, subsequent to 1878. Englishmen were filled with remorse, but failed to arouse their government to action on behalf of the suffering population of the Balkans.

What is this which I read in the last letter from one of my own loved former pupils in the boarding school for girls in Samokov, Bulgaria? She came to us from Macedonia, but is now the wife of a well-to-do merchant in Sofia. Her husband is also from Macedonia. She is the mother of five promising sons and one daughter. Just after the declaration of the Balkan war, this gentle, high-toned, cultured wife and mother wrote that the reasons for it were: "Perpetual robberies, unheard of cruelties in disarming the non-Moslem population, blood-thirstiness of the Turks, and their great satisfaction in the torturing of innocent victims. I send you this account that you may have positive knowledge of the life of the people of Macedonia who are dear to you."

Oh yes, she well knows that her American teacher who endured all the horrors of captivity in that land, can never forget the living death pro-



THE ARCH ERECTED AFTER THE BATTLE OF  
PHILIPPI, IN SALONICA

longed through a hundred and seventy-two days! . She and her companion in that fearful ordeal of suffering and constant expectation of the death which their implacable captors continually held before them, and which was averted only by the ransom which great-souled sympathizers gave in the United States, understand what the people are still enduring. No others can so fully enter into conditions there and in Albania as we whose flesh still creeps, and hearts stand still, with every fresh realization of all that came to us, and the narrow margin by which we escaped being victims even to death in Macedonia.

When the Young Turk Party, as the Committee of Union and Progress in Turkey was often popularly called, came into power in 1908, it speedily put an end to brigandage, and gave a degree of freedom for education in the native languages, to the great joy of the people. Leaders of education in Albania held a Congress to consider educational topics, within a month after the proclamation of the Constitution, and a second one the following year. The only woman delegate was that brilliant scholar, Miss Sevasti D. Kyrias, for nineteen years principal of the first American school for Albanian Girls at Kortcha. She was trained in our American School for Girls at Monastir, Western Macedonia, and in the Constantinople College. To all in that company of pioneers in Albanian education and literature, she was "Sister," to be served and guarded during their long, arduous horseback journey over the mountains to Elbasan, as assiduously as the most devoted brothers by blood would have watched over an own sister. An honored place upon the program of the Congress was given to her, and well did she meet the responsibility. Text-books, translated and hectographed by Miss Kyrias and her assistants, in the days when Turkey permitted no printing presses to the Albanians, are now being published as fast as money can be obtained from friends in America for this purpose. Is it strange that the foremost artists in that land of countless, keen-minded people, begged for a photograph of this first teacher in their own language among the girls of her land, that they might give to all posterity a bust or a portrait of the woman who had then succeeded in conducting in their vernacular this beginning of education for the youth of Albania for more than seventeen years? For two years longer Miss Kyrias was principal of the Kortcha school, then married Mr. Hristo A. Dako, a noble young Christian Albanian, a graduate of the University of Bucharest, Roumania, who, during this year of disquiet and danger in the near East, is completing his course at Oberlin Theological Seminary, his missionary

friends advising his temporary absence from his own land. Miss Parashkevi Kyrias succeeded her sister, Mrs. Dako, as principal of the Kortcha school. She, the second Albanian student to be received into the Constantinople College, distinguished herself not only by equalling her sister's record of finishing the four years' course in three, but by being the president of the College Self-Government Society, by vote of the student body during her senior year. Dr. Patrick, president of the



MRS. DAKO (SEVASTI KYRIAS) AND HER HUSBAND

College, says that the institution never knew a year of such masterly self-control as while Miss Kyrias was president. She fully manifested those qualities of executive ability which distinguish Albanians.

The world took note how printing presses poured into Turkey, where hundreds of new publications were started the first month after the proclamation of the Constitution. Clubs were formed as in lands where full freedom has been long enjoyed. It also read most eagerly of the activities of those newly freed men, and sympathized keenly with those lives filled with the hope that all would now be well, because of the newly

discovered bonds of brotherhood between people of widely divergent races and faiths. The joy of those days reached to heaven. Gradually there came a change. Shadows began to fall upon the faces which had been so bright, and forebodings made hearts to tremble. They deepened until anguish again filled the souls lately so blessedly uplifted with hope.

"The Batak massacre is nothing compared with the bestial cruelties in Macedonia," writes my friend; yet Batak saw five thousand men, women and children cut down or burned alive in one day by Turks,—an act of foulest treachery! Listen to her recital,—she is a daughter of



LEAVING SALONICA

Macedonia,—and judge for yourselves. You cannot read it, you say, but they were compelled to endure the cutting into pieces of women; the command that men should lie down to be killed; the catching up of innocent little children by two Turks, each of whom held their victims by one leg, while a swift stroke took the life from the child, and this before the very eyes of anguished parents helpless to save.

I spare you further horrible details which my friend wrote me. This I will add: When, upon leaving Salonica to return to the United States in March, 1902, I reached my stopping place in London, an even greater tide of indignation swept over me, as I realized that all of our fearful ordeal of captivity had been endured in a land which was a little

less than three days and nights of railway traveling time from London! How much nearer to all of Continental Europe! Just across the Adriatic from Rome and Florence in Italy lies brave Albania and her people, "the most neglected race of all Europe." Just east of Albania is Macedonia, including in the olden time the Adrianople Vilayet, reaching down to Constantinople. All these provinces have their histories of occupation, conquests and the fine civilization of their period; yet their oppressor of the last nearly five centuries has despoiled them until they have been brought to the condition of poverty and ignorance in which the world now knows them. Greece, with all its philosophy and culture, lies just south of Albania and a part of Macedonia, while Montenegro, Servia and Bulgaria, all free, form their northern boundary.

It was in 1895 when, returning to the United States, bearing a roll of private news-notes from Constantinople, concerning affairs in the interior of Asiatic Turkey, the region of the fearful slaughter of Armenians,—news of which could not be telegraphed thence, but were sent by letter to free Bulgaria, and thence given to the world by telegraph,—I met an Armenian gentleman who was traveling from his safe home in England, where he had a good business, to Constantinople, to meet his dear old mother and take her back with him to his refuge in London. He read the notes with intensest interest. No tears came to quench the burning glow in the depths of his great dark eyes, as he questioned with deepest depression in his face and tone: "Is there any truly Christian nation? If there were, would they stand by and see my nation cut down and destroyed?" So questioned I, seventeen years later. I could thank God for the great hearts who saved us; yet my spirit was heavy within me, realizing that there were no such helpers for the natives of the province, who were continually in danger of robbery and even capture for ransom; and who unless rich enough to purchase their own freedom, went down to death, and the world, beyond the circle of their own helpless friends, knew naught of it.

All this and a thousandfold more constitutes the reason for the present war. No European power,—nay not even our United States,—ever called upon any other country to unite with it to demand of the Ottoman Government that it free the helpless Balkan peoples from their intolerable oppression, at least to the extent of putting down brigandage. The moral effect of such a demand from the United States, would have been tremendous for righteousness; but no power helped the non-Moslem nations in the Ottoman Empire, either then or later. In vain they

appealed to the Conference at The Hague; it had no help for them. More and more unbearable became the burdens, and with frightful rapidity atrocities succeeded each other. Long lines of fugitives were continually escaping into the neighboring free provinces, until it became a very serious question in little Montenegro, for instance, how it could feed them.

(*To be concluded.*)

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## WAR CONDITIONS IN SOFIA

BY ELIZABETH C. CLARKE

YOU must know from your daily papers of the condition of things in Sofia and throughout the Balkan Peninsular. We have been occupied heart and hand in plans for war not with the pursuits of peace. From the day when Bulgaria began openly to mobilize, all ordinary affairs have been unceremoniously pushed into the background to abide their time. How we wished that the mobilization of troops would be sufficient, without the horrors of actual war. That alone would have caused suffering enough, taking as it did the breadwinners from a very large proportion of the homes just when supplies should be prepared for the winter, but the war is infinitely worse and how will it end? Here in Bulgaria nearly all business is at a standstill. To read or hear something from the front is the favorite occupation of the day. It seems to me that Bulgaria is doing wonderfully well in organizing for the relief of the suffering families at home as well as the wounded from the front. My kindergartners are two of four hundred teachers to be given a short series of lectures and demonstrations on the care of the sick and wounded in preparation for service in the Red Cross when needed. Other groups have received the same instruction and are ready to be sent to the various hospitals. We know very little of the numbers of the killed and wounded as no lists of names are to be made known until after the war. Our cook's husband was at Black Rock, near Kustendil, where there was a sharp battle. Several wounded have been brought in from there and she has haunted the hospital and the War Office, in vain, to learn whether he is one of the number. Naturally the local papers are full of Bulgarian, Servian and Montenegrin successes, but we cannot yet be sure what to believe, having rather more confidence in the English papers. The horror that is hanging over us now is the prophesied carnage about Adrianople which is said to be very strongly fortified and commanded by

a German who must be more of a Turk than the Turks themselves if all reports are true. They say that Philippopolis is already filled with the wounded. A party of fifty nurses left recently for Gambol. Miss Saunders, Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. in Sofia, is throwing herself heart and soul into the work of nursing. She is giving her services at the Alexander Hospital, getting as much experience as possible, with the hope of going to the front. She is also trying in various ways to arouse interest in England, which shall materialize in money, doctors, nurses, hospital supplies,—anything to help Bulgaria in her extreme need. They stand in great need of doctors. The military school alone which has been turned into a hospital calls for thirty doctors and not one is yet in sight. They say that helpers from the Russian Red Cross have landed in Varna, and others are on the way.

Of course this is no time to make kindergarten plans.

Everyone is so short of money that we do not wonder our children are few, only sixteen in each kindergarten. If our buildings are needed for hospital service we shall close the schools altogether. God surely overruled that no new kindergartner came out this year, for her opportunities would have been very limited in the kindergarten line and every *stolinka* is needed during this time of stress and suffering.



MISS CLARKE AND KINDERGARTEN TEACHERS

## SOME CHINESE WOMEN OF TO-DAY

BY BERTHA P. REED

ARE there new things that women may do to-day in China? Is their sphere wider than of old? In Peking we may surely answer in the affirmative, and add that there is promise of still greater activity for women in this rapidly changing country. Already we wonder at the advance, as we think of the ideals of the past, of the women whose life was only in the home, with never a peep outside, never any knowledge nor thought of what the outer world was doing. The proverb said that learning was only a harm to her, and surely that could not be gainsaid. Her position was clear; she should cook and sew, should care for her mother-in-law, her husband and children, working on always in meek submission. One cannot say that this is entirely changed yet. Go out a little distance from the cities, and you will find old-time customs and superstitions still in the place of power, the women still bound fast by the rules of ages. But emancipation begins in cities, and there the women are finding out new ways for themselves, and in them are showing a persistence and often a fiery zeal that startles us.

So it comes that in these modern days we are seeing strange things among them. We think of the ambition of the women and girls of the south, in the days of the revolution last fall. Many were determined to go to the army as nurses, and some, breaking away from all traditions of seclusion, really succeeded in this remarkable new effort. We have heard too of those whose zeal went still farther beyond the ways of wisdom, and who would themselves become soldiers, and of others who were ready to throw bombs as an aid to the cause of the revolution. More than ever we wish for a right education for them, that they may come to know the many things there are that women may wisely do outside their homes, and may see how this great amount of energy may be used in safer and more truly helpful ways.

Now, in these days of the republic, we find a few women, though a small number in proportion to the whole, coming forward as suffragettes, and speaking with great vehemence and eagerness of their hopes for the greater freedom of women. We find them addressing large meetings, obtaining interviews with officials, and pushing their cause in various ways that do not commend themselves to our view. They have by no means accomplished what some people in America have been led to believe, but they are still working for their cause. Another class,

more moderate, are trying to bring about conditions which seem more possible of attainment, fuller education for women, and greater power for them in managing their own affairs. Among them all there is a growing eagerness for education.

Another class see more deeply into the needs of the time, and realize that help must be given to the humble classes. One lady feels that the children of the poor must have their opportunity for education. The government cannot stand firm till the poor also are taught, and can be depended on. Did not the uprising in Peking come from absolutely uneducated soldiers? Is it not a growing need that even the poorest shall have some education? And so she has been making every effort to obtain means to open a school in which she would receive the children of the very poor, and train them for a certain number of years. Unfortunately, her efforts have failed so far, for this does not seem to be a time for the success of philanthropic ventures that need money. Yet her plans are ready, and her regulations are carefully drawn up, waiting for the day when she may accomplish her purpose. This lady, educated and thoughtful, is not a Christian, though she comes at times to the church services, and her philanthropic purpose is growing as she is gradually learning more of Christian thought. Two others, two ladies who have recently entered the Christian church, have succeeded better in their plans, and have established an orphanage, where they are now caring for about fifty children. Many of these were made orphans by the revolution, either through battle or massacre, and would now be helpless without this care. One of these women is the very busy and efficient head of two large schools, in addition to this work, yet she is gladly adding this to her other labors, in her earnest wish to help those in need and to serve in some way the welfare of her country.

Still another most energetic woman of high class has set her heart on establishing an industrial school, both for training women to teach, and for doing work which shall aid in supporting the pupils. She has succeeded in getting several sewing machines, and in carrying on the school for three months. She wishes to train the women to make the foreign garments which are now becoming so popular, thinking that they may meet the new demands of the time. The women who have been working with her have learned to use the machine very well, but we must admit that their efforts at foreign clothes still leave much to be desired. Yet there are many women now who need just such help as this, and it is hard that this lady also must give up the school and wait for more pros-

perous times, when she can get help for her work. Very recently the fourteen women who have worked with her these three months finished their course, and following the Chinese love of ceremony on all possible occasions they were graduated in all due form. Many guests were invited to the exercises, and the program was carefully arranged. There were songs and talks, and the children from a nearby kindergarten came to help in the entertainment. The guests were invited to give talks, and some of them spoke with great enthusiasm of the new place woman was to take in the future, and of her need of wider training.

Another outlet for the energy of these women who are eager to help the less fortunate is in establishing schools for little girls, and we know of women who are giving up part of their homes to such schools, and who are themselves teaching the children, day by day. The new patriotism of to-day furnishes a broad motive for such work, for they feel that they are helping their country through the helping and uplifting of those in ignorance and need. As we see this country arousing itself, striving to follow other lands and to become modern in its ways, we are deeply saddened at the corruption and selfishness that still remain and that are so great a hindrance to its advance. Let us be thankful for this leaven of unselfishness among the women, as they also are joining in the efforts for growth. Life is opening before them as never before in this ancient land, and many of them are standing alert, eager to enter the doors that have been closed so long. Others need still to be aroused and pointed to the way, but for all there is the promise of greater things. We are glad that to many there has come already the unselfish philanthropic motive, and we hope for them, as for others, that this may grow into the truly Christian motive, and that God himself may furnish the impelling power which shall lead them to wise, self-sacrificing efforts for others.

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## THE WORK OF AFRICAN CHRISTIANS IN SUSUA

BY SARAH STIMPSON

I AM glad I am here in Africa rather than in any other country, but I would like to be at Susua all the time. The district is Gamba and the village where our people are is Susua. It makes my heart ache to think of all the children there without the proper training, and not only the children but the girls and the young men and also the women. There is plenty of work to be done among each class, enough for several missionaries. And then to think of the village work! I would like to spend

much of my time among these heathen people. They are so ready to hear, giving us a welcome wherever we go.

In the first place it was expected that Mr. Woodside would be able to go to Gamba in August and it was suggested that I should go at the same time. So I immediately called carriers from Gamba hoping we could reach there by the middle of August. Before they came however Mr.



THE WELCOME AT SUSUA

Woodside had written that he could not go because of his daughter's illness. But as I had called the carriers a year ago and was detained, I decided to go alone. So as planned the carriers reached Kamundongo August seventh, taking only three days to come from Gamba. We left the next day hoping to reach Gamba on Saturday. After various adventures by the way we camped on Monday about two hours from Gamba. They had expected us on Saturday but were none the less pleased to see us when we arrived on Tuesday. We reached there a little after nine o'clock amidst a great uproar. I felt as though I would like a talking machine, with which to greet the people. You can imagine what it

meant to say "*Kalunga*" to over five hundred people, saying it twice to each person. The day was spent in talking, and in setting the house in order for a two weeks' stay. If it could only have been a two months' stay instead! The next day people came in from different out-stations to greet us. I was there only fifteen days and found the time fully occupied. In the afternoons I visited villages about the station. There were many things to talk over and settle. The school for the children was started, about one hundred and fifty attending. Then the Sunday school needed to be reorganized as they had so few teachers. The attendance at Sunday school was five hundred and forty-seven and three classes had been dismissed before we counted them. There must have been considerably over six hundred each Sunday, the house being full and some sitting outside. They need an adobe house, much larger than the present one, which will do very well for a schoolhouse. And they do so need someone with them all the time to keep things in good running order. But they keep up all the Sunday services and evening prayers each day. On Sunday afternoons, the men go to the villages to teach. The women have their meeting and the girls have charge of the children's meeting. On Thursdays some of the women go to the villages to hold services, about twenty going to each village. Susua is much larger and much cleaner than when I was there two years ago. The streets made through it are a great improvement. It is interesting to see the development in building, the native huts, the stick houses, and the adobe houses side by side. Some of the men are building quite nice large houses and in time the huts and stick houses will disappear. They have a large oxhorn which they blow for all services and were wishing for a bell. This oxhorn they blow for the "curfew" about nine o'clock and after that all is still. This is an excellent thing for them for they like to talk way into the night. The best thing about the village is that they all seem of one heart and mind to keep out the evil, such as drinking, smoking and divining, and are insistent upon attendance at evening prayers and the Sunday services. It is fully understood that if one does not wish to abide by the rules he can "sit" elsewhere. With such a crowd of people they must necessarily have some rules and abide by them. The elders are doing well and are wide awake and feel their responsibility in guiding so many people. They take turns in preaching on Sunday.

One day I had all the newcomers by themselves, and all who had come within a year on another day. One day the old women came, a large number of girls who need attention came on another day, then all

who had not yet become Christians; and another day I saw the old men, but I did not have time for all I wanted to do. I met the elders several times. They are always willing to talk over things, telling the difficulties and giving me the names of those who need warning or advice.

A large number of the Valuandu people were in Susua to earn money. They help in the fields or in making bricks or bringing grass. They are a very interesting people. If some of them will learn to read and become thoroughly converted and return to their own villages to teach their own people we shall be glad. I wanted to take a boy and girl back with me to Kamundongo but the parents were afraid they would become slaves and I could not persuade them to let me have the children. I would so like to have had the time to go to their villages, a couple of days beyond Gamba. I hope I shall be able to go there sometime.

One day I went to Galungunga, a village an hour away. About fifty people gathered and we had a good meeting. The next morning a woman came from there bringing a child to be doctored. She brought a hen to pay for the medicine and a gourd into which to put it. The child was about four years of age, a pretty child, but could not talk. It



STORING THE HARVEST

had said "*tate la mai*" (father and mother) some time ago and she wanted medicine to cause it to talk again. No doubt but that she had spent pigs and goats in native doctoring. Some of the boys go to Galungunga every Sunday and the women on Thursday. Some come to Susua from there for the Sunday morning service.

A few of the Gamba people have gone to Liasapa to start a new village. They are still living in huts but are building houses. The people of a village near them come to their evening prayers and Saciyoka, the old chief, is very friendly. Sometimes the men from there come to Susua to church but more often go to villages about to preach, so if they are faithful we shall hear of added Christians there.

One day I went to Sacinengi, a new Gamba village, forty minutes away. The women there have a peculiar headdress, composed of buttons braided in the hair, besides straws, shells, red dirt, oil, and feathers. They were very attentive and listened well. They come in to church on Sunday sometimes and the women from Susua visit them on Thursday. We had about fifty in attendance that day. I read part of the sixth chapter of St. John, and after I had finished speaking I asked one of the carriers to go over the words again which he did very well and then gave his testimony. His wife had died two weeks before. She was one of the girls who had helped with the children in Sunday school and in the children's meetings. He said, "You know we had a funeral at Susua some days ago. The one who died was my wife. If I had not accepted the Words of Jesus I would be still sitting and divining. I would not be carrying an *owanda* to-day. But I have the hope that even though they put my wife's body in the ground, yet her spirit lives. She believed in Jesus and loved his Words. If you accept the Words which you have heard to-day, you will have everlasting life and rejoice in this hope." His testimony was very good before these heathen people as they have a superstition about mentioning a dead person. I was so glad to hear his testimony for I feared he would be cast down and discouraged.

After being at the heathen villages and seeing them in their ignorance and superstition and then coming back to Susua and seeing the people there clothed and able to read the Bible and trusting in a Saviour, one realizes what the Word of God has done and is able to do. "My Word shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please." If some of the people in the homeland could go with me to Susua and see the people and what they are doing, they would be glad that they have been the means of sending the Word to this dark land and thus

having a share in the work. As I went among them and among the heathen, I was glad as never before that the Lord had seen fit to send me to Africa to work with these people. If I could be at Gamba all the time I should want to go at least once a week to the nearby villages. There are twelve of them that could be easily visited. I was so sorry that I could not visit Kapinala. It is an out-station of Okakoyo, an out-station of Gamba. There are some catechumens there and fifty in the school. All these places need to be visited regularly. How can they be expected to progress if left to themselves? And yet they are doing wonderfully well in spite of the lack of human assistance.

Miss Gammon and Miss Hartley, some English friends, were with me for five days and they were delighted with the work at Susua. We left there August 27th, and traveled only two hours the first day as I wanted to visit Kapitango's village. He was an old chief at Kamundongo and has heard the words ever since Mr. Saunders came to the country, but only a year ago did he decide to give up his wives and beer. He has a nice village and all seem interested and happy,—not much like the time when the chief would not let the children of his village come to school at Kamundongo. They have the best out-station schoolhouse I have seen in Africa, a nice straight wide road through the middle of the village and this wet season they will make more roads. Such a welcome as we had! Some of them I had not seen since they left Kamundongo, three years ago. They came out a long way to meet us, and then carried our hammocks, though some of the women stayed in the village to yell on our arrival. Miss Hartley and I arrived first and the women literally embraced us. You would have thought as much if you had seen the marks on our shirt waists. Miss Gammon came in later on the donkey and the children went out to meet her, waving branches and yelling. All you could see of her was the top of her sun umbrella. The house of the chief's son was made very clean and nice for us. There was a clean *basib*, with thirteen eggs also clean, and a clean tumbler on a table awaiting us. As they saw we had our own beds he took his down. They brought us some fowls, so that we had them in our house, native style. The evening service was well attended. I was surprised to see so many people there. After service some followed us to our house, the old chiefs to tell of Kapitango's trouble. He was away at the fort but returned the morning before we left. He had been accused of not giving due respect to the chief at the Gamba capital. The truth was he would not have a part in their divining and drinking. He came home from the fort acquitted of

all wrongdoing. We had a good talk with him and a little praise service. Then we went for three and a half hours to an Okapango out-station, just started by a Christian man and his wife. They are still living in huts, though sticks and grass are being brought for a schoolhouse. That evening there were about ninety at the meeting and some of our boys spoke. After several stops by the way we reached Kamundongo in safety. Things here seem smaller than ever after being at Susua. There were only one hundred and ninety-five at Sunday school yesterday. If Susua cannot have permanent help it should be visited frequently. We are all looking forward with eagerness to the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Saunders from America.

### A NEW YEAR'S INVESTIGATION

BY MARY PRESTON

The Junior Leader had attended two committee meetings, managed the Busy Bees' rehearsal, helped the Covenant Daughters pack a box for a missionary in China, concocted a scheme likely to increase the Sunday-school offering, worked out three "catchy" programs for the Endeavor Society and secured promises from four people (who were not "interested") to be present at the coming meeting. It had been a busy day, "troubled with many things," but night found the Junior leader filled with the comfortable sense of having fulfilled with "measure pressed down and running over" each and all of the manifold duties involved in her leadership.

"Anyhow no one can say I've not been 'on my job,' as Billy would put it," she confided wearily to her pillow. Then for ten minutes she scrutinized for the tenth time and with utmost attention to detail the plans for the Japanese New Year's Tea which the Covenant Daughters were to hold at the church on the morrow. After that she tried to sleep.

"What on earth are you doing?" The Junior Leader sat up in bed and addressed the odd-looking serious-faced Sprite who had settled on her footboard.

"Finishing up my accounts for the year. I keep the book of Records

which has to do with Junior Leaders, you know, and there's a point on your page that is not clear," the Sprite vouchsafed, never looking up at all but running a pencil back and forth on his notebook with a perplexed, abstracted air. "Awful tangle,—your page, you know," he added.

"Why it's no such thing!" Even in her sleepiness the Junior Leader waxed indignant. "Or if it is, it's your own fault. The work has never been done in a more business-like way. Everything has been perfectly regular. It's all gone as smoothly—"

"Now here's the difficulty," the Sprite broke in dispassionately, steadying his pencil with a business-like air and directing a curiously piercing pair of eyes upon the Junior Leader. "What have you been working for this year—now that's the point. What have you been working for?"

"Oh, is that all! Of course if you don't know that, you can't expect to keep respectable records. I'm working for the Cradle Roll and the Busy Bees and the Juniors; and then I'm on the Sunday-school missionary committee and in the Young Woman's Society and the Christian En—"

"Yes, yes, we have all that," the Sprite broke in crisply. "What I want to find out is what you're working *for*. You've accomplished so incredibly little, you know."

"I—you—I think you're attacking the wrong person!" the Junior Leader's voice fairly bristled with indignation. "I don't believe any leader ever got more done than I have this year—or did it any better! I just don't believe it! Why, there's hardly been a day that I haven't worked to make things go successfully—and they always have," she concluded tersely.

"Worked to make things go successfully," repeated the Sprite, eying the irate leader shrewdly, "but in your case that's not the point, you see. It's in the book that you've 'worked,' but we can't seem to make out what you've been doing it for. No one has failed—"

"Failed!" The Junior Leader could contain herself no longer. "But the attendance has doubled at the Christian Endeavor missionary meetings since we got up the new singing scheme, and the Juniors made twice as much money as they ever have before—nothing could have been more successful than their Mother Goose Entertainment even if it did take oceans of time! As for the Cradle Roll, not a mother brought her mite box—her baby's box you know—without filling it full. Failed! Well you just ought to see the Busy Bees; they're fairly crazy about getting new members and being put on committees. The Sunday school is going

to give an offering this year too; I've just arranged it with the superintendent. And there are the Covenant Daughters,—they're so eager to put all their time into practical work that they've even given up having programs. It's really all I can do to make them stop sewing long enough for a prayer, they're so anxious to have this year's box better than the last. Failed! I'd like to know what success is, if you call bigger meetings and more members and twice as much money failure!"

"Oh, of course they're something,—under some circumstances they're very important," admitted the Sprite; "but my dear Junior Leader," his manner grew aggravatingly deliberate, "stop and think whether they are what you're working for. That's what makes the difference."

The Junior Leader lay down abruptly. She was very weary and quite cold; besides, she was utterly at a loss and entirely out of patience.

"Now consider," insisted the Sprite, following up his advantage. "What is it that you've meant to be working for? If we can only get that straightened out to-night you'll be able to do better next year. Is it really bigger meetings and better programs and more money?"

The Junior Leader turned her face to the wall. "Yes, it is," she snapped.

"But underneath that?" pleaded the Sprite. "What have you been doing those things for?"

"Why—why—," the Junior Leader floundered, "for increasing interest in missions—getting up more missionary enthusiasm, I suppose you might call it."

"More missionaries you mean?" the Sprite submitted.

"No—why yes," doubtfully, "I suppose it would come to that. I hadn't thought of it just that way before."

"So I have noticed. Have your Busy Bees and Covenant Daughters and Endeavorers thought of it either?" the Sprite's voice was pointed and he paused significantly. "Have your meetings made them?"

"No-o, I don't think so."

"No, they haven't," this time the Sprite spoke conclusively and snapped his notebook together. "That's what your page records, and that's the trouble with it. That's why you've really accomplished so little. Where are our missionaries coming from if our Junior Leaders aren't working for them, I'd like to know? What is the use of a 'catchy' program and a big crowd and new members if you've not made at least a few of them reconsecrate their—"

"There's the money," protested the Leader and then wished that she hadn't.

"But what did they give it for? Would they do it if you weren't there?"

The Junior Leader squirmed and kept silent.

"Have you helped develop a spirit within them that will go on growing after your meetings are over and the children grown up,—and you yourself forgotten? And will that spirit make missionaries out of them? Will it make them missionaries to China and India and Africa and missionaries in their prayers and gifts and consecration here at home? Have you developed that spirit? Have you worked for that?"

The Junior Leader caught her breath. Of a sudden she saw just how her page looked! "No, I haven't," she said bravely, choking back a sob, "but I will—"

"Hark! There's the clock!" exclaimed the Sprite, a wondrous smile lighting up his strange eyes. "The old record book is closed. A blessed New Year to you, Junior Leader."



Miss Louise Wilson is still in Berkeley waiting for strength that she may be able to go back to Kusaie. She says: "I am very thankful for the

**A Plea** years spent among the people of Micronesia. They were for Kusaie. happy years and the people will always be dear to me wherever I am. I do not allow myself to think much of this separation. It is not good for me to do so, but it must be for the best in some way. . . . Miss Hoppin is not strong and should be relieved. I hope you will find some one to go to Kusaie as soon as possible."

Mrs. Cora Keith Warren writes: "We were here by ourselves for several weeks, but now the Bennetts have come and we are beginning to

At talk over the many problems and other topics that have been Tottori. waiting. I had hoped you would have been able to send us word of the granting of the request for a house for our teachers and Bible women. . . . I do hope the way is opening for your Board to make the grant.

## SAFE AT BROUSA

BY EDITH F. PARSONS

We are permitted to share with our readers this graphic account of Miss Parsons' recent journey to Brousa, written for her family friends. She went in company with Miss Willard, Miss Holeman, Miss Towner and Miss Janet McNaughton.

My last letter was written on the train just after leaving Berlin. We had a tremendously interesting ride from there to Constanza, things get-



MISS PARSONS

ting more and more foreign and languages more and more incomprehensible all the way. We went through Dreslau, Cracow, Lemberg, down along the Austrian border of Russia into Roumania. You have seen pictures of those East European peasants cultivating their fields, but I have seen the peasants themselves. The women were all working in the fields, in fact we saw them working on the railroad, and the children in the fields. Such funny little carts. There were tiny dirt houses with red tile roofs, and fences all filled in with braided brush. It took two days and a night to reach Constanza from Berlin. We had our passports demanded on the Austro-Roumanian border, which frightened us at first as we could not make out what was wanted, until the man proved to be able to speak French. Roumanian is an intricate language, I am sure, and when I raise my eyes and behold my precious steamer trunk actually before me I am filled with thanksgiving. People were wonderfully good to us helping us with explanations and advice,—those who were able to talk a little English and to interpret for us. We crossed the Danube too late really to see anything but the water in the moonlight. We had a most exciting time with our porter there, who wanted more money than Miss Willard thought it right to pay. They attempted to drag the luggage up on deck again. Janet McNaughton's Turkish returned to her in a moment of time in this crisis, and she became quite eloquent. The boat was a good sized one and it was crowded full,—at least the second class and steerage were. I never saw anything in my life as picturesque as the steerage passengers going to bed on their luggage. We had a skylight window in our stateroom so there was plenty of air. The next day was perfectly glorious. The Black Sea was as still as a pond and the sunshine beautiful. We contemplated our fellow voyagers with thrills of interest. There were many Turks on board, returning to Turkey to

fight. I have said that everything on this trip was just as I had expected from my arrival in England. But the half had never been told me about two things,—the situation of Constantinople, and the other the warmth of a missionary welcome. Oh, Constantinople is a wonderful place! I do not wonder they are all ready to fly at each other's throats to possess it, and seen from the water the splendor and not the dirt, the beauty and not the tawdriness are shown. When we came in sight of the dock Mr. McNaughton and Mr. Luther Fowle were there to meet us, and Miss Willard's responsibilities were over. The Custom House was full of soldiers on the way to the front. Two of them got to fighting, and Mr. McNaughton and Mr. Fowle separated them as if it were a part of their everyday business. Then we were put into a carriage and jolted away to our places of entertainment,—Miss Willard to be with the Fowles, and the rest of us to Gedik Pasha where Miss Holeman is to stay.



A MISSION MAP OF THE WAR REGION

Courtesy of *Missionary Herald*

The government has requisitioned every conveyance of any size, so that everything is terribly crowded. This fact was plainly shown when we set off next day for Brousa. No, I did not see anything of Constantinople, not even Santa Sophia. By the time we really got to our places of abode it was late in the afternoon and we were all tired and it had been

planned that we were to go on the next day. But it is perfectly possible to visit Constantinople again and they have waited for us in Brousa long enough.

At seven in the morning I set off with the McNaughtons and two porters to walk over to the dock across Stamboul and the Galata Bridge. It was a most fascinating walk, only that we went at such a pace that all my attention was concentrated on trying not to run into the people or donkeys or shops. Everything was in the middle of the street, and such streets! Our boat was on the other side of the Galata Bridge, and fortunately Mr. McNaughton's boat for Bardezag just beside it so he could stay with us until his left. He stowed us and our baggage away in the center of the boat where the wheel and the captain were. The deck was simply jammed with men, mostly Turks. The captain and what appeared to be the crew were Greeks. The women, all but ourselves, were hurried into the stern and a curtain hung in front of them. There were three Turkish gentlemen who came and sat in this little captain's box with us, one a most elegant army officer. We crept across the Sea of Marmora. There was a funny little gasoline engine that shook the whole boat and made so much noise we could hardly hear each other speak. Mercifully the water was perfectly smooth. We left about nine, and about half past three reached Mudania. It was really a beautiful sail, but we were glad to find our friends waiting for us on the pier. But when we were about to land we were ordered to anchor outside and had to land in little boats. It was not three minutes after this decision was reached before Miss Jillson came out in a canoe and told us to throw the luggage into it and then we scrambled in ourselves, and she was welcoming us and exclaiming over our uncomfortable voyage, but we really had not had a bad trip at all. By half past five we were at our station in Brousa, after a beautiful ride through a country much like California, though more barren in places. Sometimes we could look back on the sea, and sometimes the mountains, with Mount Olympus all covered with snow, "most unusual" at this time of the year. The best carriage the mission afforded was waiting for us at Brousa and here I am at the Allens' while Janet is with her aunt at the school.

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There comes this deep and simple rule for any man as he crosses the line dividing one period of his life from another. Make it a time in which you shall realize your faith, and also in which you shall expect of your faith new and greater things.—*Phillips Brooks*.

## IN THE TOTTORI FIELD

BY REV. CHARLES M. WARREN

Once again we are back in our chosen field. I had not realized how very beautiful the country about us is, until I returned, some days ago, and saw anew the encircling mountains in the distance, and the lower hills close at hand to the east—so near, in fact, that with the two older children, we recently walked to the top of the nearest pass over these hills, and were back again in an hour. The railroad is now through, and we can reach our friends in Kyoto, by a very comfortable journey of eight hours, costing \$1.52 second class, which we generally use. It used to take from thirty-eight to forty-eight hours, involving much jinrikisha riding, or the alternative of twelve hours by rail and fourteen by boat. And this whole eight hours of travel is through beautiful scenery. It is impossible to do more than mention the succession of ancient city, fertile plain, rapid river in its deep gorge, open valley and shut-in valley; up one river bed, through a tunnel, and down another river bed; over, up, down, and down again, until the Japan seacoast is reached, where some of the most enchanting views are seen that it is possible to imagine. And everywhere tunnels, variously estimated (for no one has had the patience to count them!) at anything up to a hundred. These, however, we do not count a part of the beauty of the trip.

Having spoken of the beautiful, let me turn to another phase of nature, which we have recently experienced. On Sunday night, last, there was a terrible typhoon, which blew down buildings, sank ships, and caused floods all over the country. From what I can gather the greatest loss was right in our own town. About nineteen-twentieths of the city was flooded by the river overflowing its levees. It came somewhat suddenly, especially in those portions nearest the river; and great loss was sustained, particularly in damaged mats with which all floors are covered. Twelve hours after it reached its highest point the water had largely receded, but it left its mark on everything in the form of a sticky yellow mud. Fortunately it was in mid-forenoon, and some persons had been warned of such a possibility. Had it come at night the loss of life must have been great. As it was, three lives were lost in the city, and a hundred more in the prefecture. Our mission houses are on the highest ground, and are higher from the ground than the ordinary Japanese house. But, even so, the “waters stayed” only five inches below the floors of the Bennett house. . . . One of the joys of the occasion was that the roof of our house, being in the process of having the tiles relaid, leaked copiously.

The kindergarten sustained damage only to the matting on the floor, and will have vacation for but a few days. The church floor mats were largely spoiled, the pulpit Bible, and the organ also. The organ can be repaired by being returned to the factory. . . . I have been very busy this week preparing sermons, and calling on the church people to condole with them in their household losses, and to invite them to come to meeting here in our house next Sunday.

Mrs. Warren's work starts in heavily; in Mrs. Bennett's temporary absence she is head of the kindergarten, besides all of the evangelistic work which comes to her, as her own part of the station work. There are two Bible women to direct, besides meetings for the women, big girls, and little girls, which come more or less under her charge. Perhaps her most pressing duty, as well as the one taking up the largest part of her time, will be her school for her own children.

## OUR FIELD CORRESPONDENTS

Miss Bertha P. Reed writes from Peking, China:—

Our latest great event was the celebration of the establishment of the republic. We feel quite secure as a republic now since the celebration passed off so peacefully, on the tenth, eleventh and twelfth of October. Of course there were many rumors beforehand. A great many soldiers were in the city, and people said they would be sure to rise at such an opportunity, so many were frightened; but the trouble did not come, and the President's power seems to be more secure than ever.

One of the events on the tenth was a review of seventeen thousand troops by the President. It was imposing to see so many together, and we are proud of their being so loyal as they were that day. They are improving much outwardly; let us hope there is some inward improvement to keep pace with the outer.

The great meeting place for celebration that day was at a large open space in the south city. A good many mat tents were put up, and other buildings there were used. In one was an exhibit of relics of last year, and many pictures of men who died in the revolution—the martyrs. It was amazing that among them, in a prominent place, was a picture of

the man quite recently put to death by the President as a man who was making trouble. Certainly that shows tolerance somewhere. At eight that morning the chief officials offered sacrifice for the martyrs in a tent made especially for it. On a long table was an inscription to them, in the center and spread out before it were plates of fruit and flowers—the offering. Later in the day, when the place was so crowded, the part of this tent in front was nearly filled with people looking on at the crowd. They would drink tea beside the table, or perhaps light a cigarette at the



YUAN SHIH KAI'S RESIDENCE AND THE TROOPS AT REVIEW

incense stick burning there. The idea of reverence does not seem to be connected with their religion, and no one noticed the things that seemed so incongruous to us.

As the day went on the crowds out there grew enormous. We guessed at forty or even fifty thousand people as the number there. Many listened to lectures given in the place where the relics were. Many went to a tent where there was a play exhibiting revolutionary scenes of last year. Crowds sat in the various tents erected for tea drinking; but the chief assembly of the thousands seemed to be in the great vacant space in the center, where schools and perhaps others had sports in a central spot.

Not nearly all could see the sports—many just wandered around. It was an amazing evidence of New China that girls from two or three schools had some games and exercises in this roped-off enclosure! The girls played well, and paid no attention to spectators. One noticed especially how quiet and happy the great crowd was—no trouble anywhere.

One sport was perhaps a little less peaceful—just inside the gate where any luckless comer who had not yet parted from his queue was seized by a party of young men, and had perforce to submit to their cutting it off



THE PRESIDENT REVIEWING THE TROOPS

(He stands in center, below central arch)

on the spot. No one dared to protest, though some looked unhappy as they walked on with the queue in their hands, listening to the clapping of hands on all sides at this gain in the new customs. Now it is just the coolie and servant class who want to keep their queues here. But in the country the change has hardly made any impression.

These celebrations went on for three days with flags and draperies everywhere. Now we are settled down to more sober ways, but we have a fuller realization that we are a republic and coming to be a well established one.

Miss Gertrude Blanchard writes from Diong-loh, China:—

I have been finding it hard to write because of the changing conditions. There is enough of which to write but by the time a letter reaches home, I often find that many of the things I wrote in it were not so. We are living all the time in the midst of rumors and theories about what is going on and about what will happen, and if we believe these things time often proves them to be false. A little while ago, the man at the head of things in Foochow ordered all the queues to be cut within ten days. Many of the most ignorant and most conservative had continued to wear the queues. So when the ten days were up the policemen on the streets were all supplied with scissors and if a man with a queue walked by he was stopped while his hair was cut. Some thought they could avoid losing their hair by unbraiding it and wearing it in a pug on the top of the head, but after a few days any long hair was cut. Many of the foreigners riding in their chairs were stopped and the chair put down while their coolies underwent a hair cut. Now, it is almost impossible to find a queue in Foochow. In Diong-loh there are still some left.

Miss Perkins, Miss Walker (from Shao-wu) and I were in Diong-loh for about two weeks for a conference for the women of the district who are working for us. The morning prayer meetings were under the direction of Miss Perkins. The twenty-third Psalm was carefully studied, each leader having a section. The convention hymn was about this Psalm and I tried to teach them to sing it. This was not easy as very likely none of them could sing even the scale in time. But these women have one good quality, they will all try to sing or make a noise whether it is in time or not. My tongue falters so over the language that I can do little else than teach the singing. It is easy to teach because it requires but a small vocabulary and yet it is hard to get good results. I have been teaching singing in two day schools here and in the woman's school. Over twenty-five women attended the Conference, and when they arrived we asked each woman to write one question about the Bible and one about the body. We know there are many they could ask if they were willing to do so. The questions about the body were all about diseases and what to do for them. Cleanliness and the need of it seem so hard for them to understand. This is so even of the women in the school who have been told again and again, and sometimes even the teachers will not be neat about the school building, if the foreigner is absent for some time. They simply do not believe what we tell them about the need of keeping clean. The questions about the Bible were of various kinds,

some showed thought and reflection. Here are a few, to show you what the most interesting ones were like. Who else was there to kill Abel? Why did John doubt and why was he called Elijah? Were Ananias and Sapphira saved? What were the four living creatures in Revelations?

On Friday afternoon quite a number, perhaps twenty or thirty, outside women attended the meeting. Papers were read by three or four women from the Diong-loh neighborhood. The greatest criticism we had to make of these papers was that the intellectual pride of the writers made them use so many classical expressions, the papers were unintelligible to most of those present. A group of girls from the day school at the church sang, "Jesus bids us shine." A group of boys from the day school sang, "Jesus loves me." And last of all, there was a talk, intelligible to all, by a young woman who had been studying to be a doctor. She has been in Peking three years. Her home is here. Her subject might have been called, "The Present Situation in China." Miss Perkins thought her ideas in favor of woman's suffrage were rather pronounced. She seemed to think that the Chinese girls and women had done a great deal and could do much more and do it better than the men. Especially did she commend the girls who went to fight like the boys in the war. She was quite proud of them. Sunday, when we hoped to have even more outside women, was rainy and only a few came. None of the women like to go out in the rain. The paved roads are slippery with the dirt that is on the stones, and as their feet are bound and they are not very sure-footed, we cannot blame them for not coming. But we know that the women have received help and inspiration from the Conference and from their study together during these days.

**Mrs. Etta D. Marden writes from Constantinople:—**

I wish to chronicle the great fact, that the Gedik Pasha property is bought. You can realize what it means to us here to feel ourselves really owners of the building, and I repeat my earnest and hearty thanks to the women of the Board and to all those "other women" whose generous gifts made possession possible. There will be repairs and enlargement needed before we are fully equipped, but we are exceedingly glad that we are started on the way.

We have many children in school. Greatly to our relief the Turkish children continue to come. Their departure would be a serious sign in view of the political situation. This war is awful, awful! The proclama-

tions of King Ferdinand and the Sultan put side by side would seem to indicate that the latter were the man governed by Christ's principles rather than the "Most Christian King Ferdinand." The Sultan in his proclamation cautioned the troops to respect rights and property of non-combatants; that they were warring not for religion but for the "Fatherland," while King Ferdinand has raised the cry of the Cross and Crescent and Holy Crusaders. A Turkish paper finally responded and recalling the position of the Sultan said: "However, if the Balkan states want a 'crusade' we can give it to them." The Red Cross is at work. We, that is the women of the neighborhood, are undertaking to furnish the clothing for twenty hospital beds, each bed requiring twelve articles. The American cotton is cut in my dining room and the women come to get the garments, making them in their homes. Two hundred and forty garments really consume a lot of time in the making.

I wish I might have been at the annual meeting to thank every woman personally for the share she has had in making the purchase of the house possible.

**Miss Nellie A. Cole writes from Trebizond, Turkey:—**

Situated as we are, in a seaport town, yet at a little distance from the capital, we are in touch with the excitement of the war, yet a little out of its actual manoeuvres. Our sympathies are constantly touched by the great sorrow that has come to the whole city, over the forced drafting of men into the army. If they loved their country, their patriotism would urge them to volunteer willingly, but as the near past holds such sad memories of treatment received at the hands of the ruling powers, the natural love of country has little or no chance to grow, hence many are leaving home, rather than serve in the war.

But we are going on with our work just as if we expected things to remain as they now are, although we know that it is quite possible that we may wake up some morning to find ourselves under Russian rule, or in the midst of a fierce conflict. The training class has been running just five weeks and the kindergarten three. The former has a class of six, chosen out of many would-be applicants who did not meet requirements. Of these six, three are boarders and three day pupils. The one Greek girl is one whom we hope may work in as head of the Turkish kindergarten which we are planning to open next year. Two little Persian boys have been waiting for three weeks to enter the kindergarten, but will be allowed to enter with the Armenian children for the present.

My training girls are to begin their practice-teaching very soon, and then the Greek girl will have especial charge of these Persians. We feel that by admitting these two Persians it will serve as the beginning of the regular Turkish branch. When we get ten Turkish-speaking children we shall organize a separate branch, for most of the Turkish parents are unwilling to have their children wholly under Armenian instruction. Then, too, it would be very hard and not practical to attempt to carry on a joint kindergarten of the two races. It would necessitate a regular hopscotch in language to have the instructions given understood by all. So far, our numbers in the kindergarten have gone well over sixty, and all our old pupils are not yet back. If we had room, our kindergarten would be even larger than last year, for we have had a large number of new applications this autumn. Enlarged opportunities and cramped rooms do not make a very happy combination for progressive work. There is a chance for a wide, far-reaching work, but the staff of helpers is not large enough.

We are amused, to say the least, over the rather new regulation imposed on America by Turkey, namely, of requiring a statement that old clothing sent here is not diseased. To have this country, which seems to abound in unhygienic conditions, asking such a thing of a civilized and supposedly clean country, seems absurd!

This city is to have 20,000 troops stationed here for a time, to serve as a reserve force, in case of extreme need. It is needless to say that we do not crave the prospect of such hosts wandering idly through the streets. There is probability of its interfering with the attendance at our schools, for some parents will hesitate to send their children out among such a motley throng.

It is sad to see how anxious the city looks over the possible results of this war. The apprehensive atmosphere reminds me a little of the feeling that prevailed just before the outbreak of 1895. But we are trusting that soon the clouds may blow over and a brighter outlook open before these people. Because of unusual rains this summer, everything has kept delightfully fresh and green, as if nature was doing her best to cheer the people. The beauty of Trebizond is a constant pleasure, and the sea seems to give one's thoughts a chance to expand. The water makes one feel in touch with the outside world, while we are at the same time a little at one side of the rush and roar of the great world's movements.

**Miss Mary B. Dunning writes from Parral, Mexico:—**

Here I am again at my old place in Parral, but it does not seem like the same place; it is so uncared for and forsaken. The plaza in front of our house is most forlorn. They were about to improve it before this second revolution commenced and I suppose have never had the funds nor inclination to finish it, so it is just earth with not a flower or plant of any kind. The trees that were such a delight to the eyes are little more than stumps, for they have not been watered, and many have died. Others have been shorn of a limb here, another there. I think they are a good illustration of the condition of things in general. But the people are so glad to see us we forget the surroundings. They gave us a welcome meeting that was most enjoyable.

Our journey here from Eagle Pass was without disturbance. From Sorreon we had a car of soldiers behind the engine and four soldiers seated above the cowcatcher. Whether they apprehended an encounter with the rebels or not I do not know, but we had none. They seem determined not to let the Mexican Central through. The first train that set out the other day was fired upon and several killed. I think people in the United Staes know much more than we do, for our mails are very irregular.

The welcome addressed to us said they were very much afraid we would never return because of the state of the country, and they were so rejoiced that that was not the case. The higher departments of the school are going on nicely, though they are not large, and very little money is received. Many people are elsewhere and it will take some time for new ones to come in. I think it is just as well to have our numbers small until we are on a little surer footing than we now are.

**Mrs. Mardin writes from Constantinople under later date:—**

In the midst of a beleaguered city, surrounded by a hostile population, full of scourge, home letters seem pretty precious! The political situation is not just calm. For more than a week we have heard the booming of guns at intervals along the lines of the last defense. The Turks are at last making a sturdy defense, the Bulgars are not having the easy walk-over they anticipated from their former victories, and both sides are fighting for their very life. The poor Turkish soldier has been most fearfully put upon during this awful war, poorly equipped, under-officered, lack of ammunition, without food for days, sleeping on the frozen road, then expected to go into battle and win the day for the dapper officer driving him. The Turkish soldier has not lost his bravery, but he has lost faith in his officers, in the cause, and in many instances faith in Islam.

# Our Work at Home

## AROUND THE COUNCIL TABLE

### With Branch Officers

. In imagination we sit together in one accord, in one place, possessed by the idea of **Expansion**. We are reflecting that expansion must needs be the "call of the hour"—every hour—as long as the Christian Church has good, red blood in its veins. We are facing the question, "What can we officers do in our own Branch to produce definite, appreciable expansion this year?" Each group of officers may be even now at work upon the answer. A reply to such a question is not usually given quickly. It spreads out over months of time. The essential features at first are;—

- (a) *To look over the field,*
- (b) *To select the objects toward which effort will be directed.*

While all are reflecting and seeking divine guidance, may we venture to suggest that any certain group of Branch officers, sitting in council, might consider two definite objects toward which effort may be directed, viz.:—

I. Churches A, B, and C, definite, desirable, localized spots where organization may be attempted.

Related questions will be such as, What is the most needed and possible organization in church A, church B, church C? Who will go for us and help organize the women, or the girls, or the children? What shall be our method of approach in order to secure the opportunity?

II. Churches X, Y, Z, in which we decide, for reasons, not to attempt organization in 1913, but where an offering may be asked, from the women, in pursuance of the Apportionment Plan.

Related questions will be such as, "Who will go and confer with the pastor and wife or with leading women of the church X, or Y, or Z, to secure a personal canvass for our Branch work?" "Shall we suggest a certain desired sum as an aim, or leave that to result as it may?"

Dear Branch Officers in Council, let us begin early, lay our plans, work systematically, prayerfully, and confidently look for **Expansion** in these two lines.

## OUR GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY GIFT

The principal additions to our Golden Anniversary Gift between October 18th and November 18th were two \$200 gifts from Berkshire Branch applied to Smyrna, and the last \$100 of a \$500 gift for Mardin from a Western friend. Worcester County Branch has also increased the fund it is raising in honor of its former president, Mrs. Mason, by \$302.

These do not by any means show the work which has been done, for the various Branches are laying plans to utilize these winter months in special effort. The results of such activities, already begun, will appear as time goes on.

The totals received for the various buildings are given below:—

Smyrna, Turkey	\$6,301.00
Mardin, Turkey	686.42
Van, Turkey, new building	1,000.00
Hartford Branch has pledged \$2,000 more	
Van, Turkey, remodeling	1,000.00
Van, Turkey, furnishing	53.00
Ceylon, village school buildings	412.37
Chihuahua, Mexico	1,015.41
Matsuyama, Japan	268.23
Barcelona, Spain, library shelves	200.00
Kusaie, Micronesia	350.00
Undesignated	3,498.25
 Total,	 \$14,784.68

## THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY AT RIVERTON

### A YEAR OF PROGRESS

#### *Chapter I*

#### A NEW YEAR'S MEETING

The members of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Riverton Congregational Church were filled with complacency as they gathered for their New Year's meeting one cold Thursday early in January. Their Christmas bazaar had been a great success and the thousand dollars they had promised to raise for the new church organ and the new hymn

books had been harvested from the well-attended turkey suppers, the splendidly patronized sale of fancy articles and the auction of toothsome dainties at the pure food booth, a new feature and a very taking one, judging by the goodly sum turned over to the treasurer by the smiling lady in charge. To be sure, they had worked for weeks in preparation for this event and had many of them reached home in a state of exhaustion late in the evening of the third and last day of its triumphant progress. But never mind, the thousand dollars was safely banked and nobody cared to estimate just how many dollars' worth of time and strength she had contributed, in addition to the pretty material and the actual money given.

The report of the chairman of the Fair Committee was received with applause and an air of unmistakable languor fell upon the company as the chairman of the home missionary department rose to make her annual statement as to the pledges desired by the Homeland Societies from the Riverton Missionary Society.

"The Apportionment Plan calls for \$250 from us this year,—about \$50 more than we have given, but really, ladies, we have done so well for our own church that I hope we shall not find this advance too much to pledge," said the chairman, a little timidly. She was not blessed with much of this world's goods, but she was a sensitive little woman, deeply interested in Christ's kingdom all over the world. There was a painful silence, broken only by one or two whispered comments, and finally, Mrs. Golding, the wealthiest woman of the little circle, said rather dubiously, "Well, for my part it seems as if we were always giving to home missions. I have a lot of begging letters every week and I suppose the rest of you do. Don't you think, Mrs. True, that those home missionaries must be getting along pretty well with all everybody is giving nowadays?" She laughed a little shamefacedly as she sat down.

Before Mrs. True could gather herself together to reply, Edith Drew, a young woman who was a senior at Vassar College and who was spending her holidays at home, sprang impulsively to her feet, and addressed the presiding officer,—

"Please, Mrs. Long, may I tell the ladies about a letter mother had yesterday from your mountain school in Tennessee? She could not come to-day, but she asked me to tell you about it, if there were time."

Scarcely waiting for the consent of the surprised president, Miss Drew told with much earnestness of the two teachers, Miss Little and Miss Rockwell, who were carrying on this school, forty-five miles away from a

railroad, and of their long cold rides on horseback up the icy beds of the mountain streams, to carry Christmas cheer and the Christmas story to shut-away hamlets, the natives of which regarded them as angel visitors, instead of sturdy New England women.

"They did not have enough money to carry real Christmas presents, and the pitiful little makeshifts they used were enough to make one cry," concluded Miss Drew. "I hope you will be able to raise that extra fifty dollars. I will give five dollars of it myself."

Several others volunteered to increase their gifts, and finally Mrs. Golding exclaimed rather incoherently, "I never supposed folks lived like that anyway, and I guess I can give double the sum I have given to that school before and not go without my dinner either." A general laugh relieved the rather tense emotional atmosphere and the extra \$50 for home missions was unanimously voted.

Next came the report of the chairman of the foreign missionary department. Mrs. Muchmore was a rather worldly woman, whose zeal for the cause she was pleading originated in a mixed assortment of motives and desires which she herself could scarcely separate into its component parts. She had an intimate friend who was a brilliant missionary in China, and Miss Basel's letters had pressed hard the claims of her work upon Mrs. Muchmore's busy days; then, too, her mother—a patient invalid now—had given long years of service in the local society and in Branch counsels to the Woman's Board, and it was largely to please her that her daughter Anne (named by the way plain "Ann" after the first Mrs. Judson but affecting an "e" in the later years) had become, the previous January, the somewhat bewildered leader in foreign missions for the growing suburban church,—fourteen other women having declined!

"I have to ask for more, too," she stated baldly. "Our apportionment lacks nearly \$100 of what the Association committee expects us to give. We are not to make appeals during the year either—just vote the amount we will give to-day and collect the money before next October when the Woman's Board closes its year. Of course anyone who wants to can give extra money for the Golden Anniversary Gift or for those donkeys needed so much by the poor missionaries at Umzumbe, but Mr. Luther told me last evening that the apportionment money must be attended to right away, and the pledges made once for all." She spoke with a certain asperity which did not tend to soften the impact upon her hearers' hearts,—rather sensitive money-wise.

Several attempted to speak and Mrs. Wiseman, whose husband was a

jurist of considerable reputation in the neighboring city, succeeded in obtaining recognition from the harassed-looking president.

"My husband says he feels that much of the unrest in China is due to foreign missionaries," she began glibly, "and that this Balkan disturbance about which we are hearing so much, would not have started if the American Board hadn't encouraged it. For my part, I think we should be very careful how we foster such sentiments," and she sat down with an air of having produced an unanswerable argument.

A moment of embarrassed silence was broken by Miss Goodwin, a quiet, dignified woman, whose voice was seldom heard in public. She was the daughter of Dr. Goodwin, for a quarter of a century the beloved pastor of the church and until recently its only pastor. His death had been a personal affliction to hundreds, and his daughter—both by her own personality and because of her father—was one of the most influential people in the church. Miss Goodwin spoke very slowly and quietly, but with deep feeling.

"It is doubtless true that missionary teaching and missionary influence have helped and are helping to mould a new China, and to stir the Bulgarians to make this desperate struggle in behalf of the oppressed people of Macedonia. But do we not glory in having a part in making such history? Surely we of Pilgrim descent can appreciate what it means to be pioneers in such a glorious cause! Just listen to what Dr. Sun Yat Sen said recently in Peking, at a reception given him by the united churches of the city:—

"Men say that the revolution originated with me. I do not deny the charge. But where did the idea of the revolution come from? It came because from my youth I have had intercourse with foreign missionaries. Those from Europe and America with whom I associated put the ideals of freedom and liberty into my heart. Now I call upon the church to help in the establishment of the new government. The republic cannot endure unless there is that virtue, the righteousness for which the Christian religion stands, at the center of the nation's life."

"And we all know that many of the Bulgarian leaders of to-day are graduates of Robert College,—that child of the American Board. Judge Wiseman is undoubtedly right, but for my part it makes me long to be young again that I might give my life for China or for the oppressed in Turkey!"

There was an earnest discussion, pro and con, but the motion to increase the pledge of the Riverton Missionary Society by one hundred dollars was carried with few dissenting votes. A letter from Miss Basel, telling of the splendid work a graduate of the Foochow College was

doing in a distant mountain village as teacher and Bible woman, helped to stem the current of disapproval, for one hundred dollars of this foreign missionary money went to help support girls in this college. And when Miss Goodwin introduced her friend, Mrs. Jessie Leonard Andrews, the well-known traveler and writer, Mrs. Andrews' enthusiastic plea for the medical work in India which she had just visited, turned the tide completely, for was not \$150 of this same money pledged to their dear Dr. Joyce at one of these India hospitals?

The Every Woman Canvass was then discussed but the ladies were not inclined to volunteer as visitors and pleaded fatigue and family cares as excuses. "We gained a lot of new members last year by the Card Case Campaign," said the president, hesitatingly, "and they have been among our most faithful attendants. I have a quantity of prayer calendars and sample magazines on the table by the door. I hope you will take them for I really should be ashamed to return them to the Congregational House." But the hour was late and the members hurried out so that the president was left regarding her wares rather dejectedly, when Mrs. Rose, one of the youngest and newest acquisitions, came along and said cheerfully, "Well, Mrs. Long, I mean to take six of those calendars. I went to a Friday meeting the other day and the missionary from Africa said that it was perfectly wonderful how the missionaries in the Zulu Mission have been blessed through those same calendars. I mean to make New Year's presents to some dear old saints whose prayers I know would bring a blessing to anybody. I guess I'll take some of the magazines too. We have three new families on our street who attend our church, and I mean to have a little Every Woman in the Neighborhood Canvass all my own. And off she went leaving good Mrs. Long looking after her with shining, grateful eyes.

(*To be continued.*)

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"Yet take the tiny stones which I have wrought,  
Just one by one, as they were given by Thee,  
Not knowing what came next in Thy wise thought.  
Set each stone by Thy master-hand of grace;  
form the mosaic as Thou wilt for me,  
And in Thy temple pavement give it place."

## OUR BOOK TABLE

*Notable Women of Modern China.* By Margaret E. Burton. Published by Revell Company. Pp. 271. Price, \$1.25.

With the United Study book on *China's New Day*, with that great empire so much at the front that there has recently been held a conference in Worcester on China, this second book of Miss Burton's has certainly appeared at the psychological moment.

In 1909 Miss Burton visited China with her parents and spent several months gathering material for her first book which was on "Education of Women in China." That is a valuable addition to one's reference library on the Far East. And now comes this second book on the pioneer women of modern China. Portraits of the six women whose life sketches appear in this volume show marked, intellectual and spiritual equipment. Three are doctors and these three have studied in America. All of them are connected with the Methodist Mission. With one exception the portraits represent young women. Dr. Mary Stone and her sister Anna might easily pass for American girls both in feature and arrangement of hair. These Chinese girls did not come into the world with English names, but while studying at Michigan University Shih Maiyü, seeing how difficult it was for the professors to pronounce her Chinese name, decided to adopt the English translation of it—Mary Stone.

Dr. Hü King Eng, Dr. Ida Kahn and Dr. Mary Stone went back to their own people, not as physicians only, but first, last and all the time as medical missionaries. We have recently heard of ex-President Eliot's putting strong emphasis on the need of medical work. This was what Dr. Kahn was importuned to do when about to return to her people. Her only reply was, "Time is short—eternity is long!"

Miss Burton has been most happy in her illustrations not only of people but of places. Mrs. Ahok seated, with a pretty young granddaughter standing on each side of her, recalls to travelers in China in the early eighties the princely hospitality of her distinguished husband. Her whole story reads like a romance.

One is struck with the spiritual earnestness of these educated Chinese women and of the reverence felt for their ability by their countrymen. They are the leaders of a host of consecrated, capable Chinese women,

who will help forward the Kingdom of Christ mightily when they march under the banner of the Cross.

G. H. C.

*The International Review of Missions*, the organ of the Continuation Committee of the Edinburgh Conference, published quarterly, offers an attractive prospectus for 1913. In addition to articles on the Growth of the Church in the Mission Field and the Vital Forces of Christianity and Islam, Miss Ruth Rouse will write of the Women's Movement in Europe and America and Dr. Mott will tell of his Conferences in Asia with leading Christian workers. The names of many other distinguished writers appear in the list of contributors.

The Review is a guide to the study of missions. By means of its able reviews of missionary books, its carefully classified and annotated international bibliography, and its summaries of the most important articles in missionary publications, it keeps those who pray and work in touch with the great movement of thought with regard to missionary questions. The Review will be sent post free to all parts of the world for a prepaid annual subscription of \$2 (remittance by New York draft or money order). Subscriptions may be sent to International Review of Missions, Missionary Education Movement, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

The Christmas *Everyland* lives up to its reputation both in beauty of illustrations and value of the matter illustrated. All boys and girls will be happier and better for a year's subscription to this captivating magazine.

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We quote from the Prayer issued by the Central Committee on United Study (see last page of cover) the topics for January:—

Praise for God's leading throughout the past year; for all signs of hope and promise among the nations. Prayer for all Foreign Mission Boards and committees; for guidance this year in attempting new work, and enlarging present plans; for greater efficiency in missionary operations; for schools and colleges connected with mission Boards.

*Prayer for China*, that her efforts for progress may not be thwarted by political ambitions, that she may have the support and sympathy of Christian lands; for a rapid spread of Christian knowledge; that her leaders may be kept humble and righteous; for a great increase of missionary forces; for right action on the opium question.

## SIDELIGHTS FROM PERIODICALS

Light from other magazines is chiefly focused on the two countries, Turkey and China. The *North American* for December has two papers on the Balkan situation. The November *Fortnightly* has three on the same general subject. The *Contemporary Review* for November treats of the "Crisis in Turkey," and the December *Forum*, the "Crisis in the Mediterranean." The November *Nineteenth Century* has an article on "Nicholas of Montenegro and the Czardom of the Serbs." The *International Review of Missions* for October has two papers on Islam.

The same *Review* speaks also of the "Opportunity and Need for Mission Schools in China." The *National Geographical Magazine* for October (it is always a month or two late) is almost given up to China and has a fine map and wonderful illustrations. The *Missionary Review* for December discusses "The Chinese Revolution from an Educational Viewpoint."

*International Review of Missions* for October gives a "View of Christianity in Japan" by a Japanese statesman, and our own Miss Lamson describes in the December *Missionary Review*, "A Social Settlement in the Slums of Okayama."

There is an interesting consideration of "The New Woman in the Mohammedan World," in the December *Review of Reviews*.

F. V. E.

Mrs. Ahok is winning her way into the hearts of the people in the Manchu settlement. Always bright and cheerful, and ready to tell the Story, she is welcomed wherever she goes. When I think of her past life of ease as the daughter, and later the wife of an official, I marvel at her spirit of consecration. Quietly she goes from house to house in search of those who are willing to listen. Miles she has walked over the hot stone pavements. "If my people will only believe in Christ, I shall be well repaid," she says.—*From "Notable Women of Modern China."*

## WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS

Receipts from October 18 to November 18, 1912

MISS SARAH LOUISE DAY, Treasurer.

### MAINE.

**Eastern Maine Branch.**—Mrs. J. Gertrude Denio, Treas., 347 Hammond St., Bangor. Ashland, Jr. C. E. Soc., 2; Bangor, Hammond St. Ch., Miss. Soc., 50 cts.; Foxcroft and Dover, Union Miss. Aux., 10; Machias, Aux., 25.60; Orland, Misses H. T. and S. E. Buck, 15; Waldoboro, Aux., 15. Less expenses, 32.30,

35 80

**Western Maine Branch.**—Miss Annie F. Bailey, Treas., 52 Chadwick St., Portland. Bethel, Aux., 5.50; Bridgton, Aux., 13; Hallowell, Aux., 15; Portland, Annie A. Gould Tent, Da. of Vet., 46, State St. Ch., Aux., 10.55; Westbrook, Ch., 4.18,

94 23

Total,

130 03

## NEW HAMPSHIRE.

J. L. B., Jaffrey.—Friend,	10 00
<i>New Hampshire Branch.</i> —Miss Elizabeth A. Brickett, Treas., 69 North Spring St., Concord. Exeter, Phillips Ch., S. S., 6; Hampstead, Aux., 10; Hanover, Aux., 125; Portsmouth, Rogers M. C., 40; Sanbornton, Aux. (to const. L. M. Miss Lucie E. Osgood), 25; Wolfeboro, Aux., 10,	10 00
	216 00
Total,	236 00

## LEGACY.

Dover.—Caroline M. Martin, by Dwight Hall, Extr.,	2,850 00
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## VERMONT.

<i>Vermont Branch.</i> —Miss May E. Manley, Treas., Box 13, Pittsford. Bennington, North, Aux., 5; Newfane, Ch., 5.50; Newport, Aux., 6; Pittsford, S. S., 4.47; Pomfret, North, Aux., 4; Rutland, Prim. S. S., 10; Stowe, Aux., 20; Westminster West, Jr. C. E. Soc., 3,	57 97
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## MASSACHUSETTS.

<i>Andover.</i> —Off. at Ann. Meet., 167.51, 123.32, 290 83	
<i>Andover and Woburn Branch.</i> —Mrs. E. S. Gould, Treas., 58 Thorndike St., Lawrence. Lowell, High St. Ch., C. R., 7.05; Reading, Ch., 89.37; Winchester, First Ch., Miss. Union (prev. contri. const. L. M's Mrs. M. D. Kneeland, Mrs. C. T. Main, Mrs. H. C. Ordway), C. R., 25.65,	122 07
Berkshire Branch.—Miss Mabel A. Rice, Treas., 118 Bradford St., Pittsfield. Int. on M. P. Hurlbert Mem. Fund, 18.59; Golden Anniversary Gift, 11; Dalton, Mrs. Z. Marshall Crane, 200, Miss Clara L. Crane, 200, Aux., 221.39, Y. L. M. C., 12; Hindale, Aux., 21.91; Houstonatic, Aux., 15.80; Pittsfield, South Ch., Aux., 71.13; Aloha, 4, S. S. Cl., 2; Prim. S. S., 4; Richmond, Aux., 32.50; West Stockbridge, Aux., 10. Less expenses, 11.94,	812 38
Boston.—Mr. Henry M. Hall, Cambridge.—Friends, through Mrs. E. C. Moore,	1 00
	20 00

<i>Essex North Branch.</i> —Mrs. Wallace L. Kimball, Treas., 16 Salem St., Bradford. Newbury, Oldtown Ch., Dorcas Soc.,	10 00
<i>Essex South Branch.</i> —Miss Daisy Raymond, Treas., 120 Balch St., Beverly. Lakeman Scholarship Fund, 25; Beverly, Dane St. Ch., Aux., 10, Second Ch., Women's Union, 34.29; Danvers, First Ch., Aux., 16; Gloucester, Trinity Ch., Aux., 37.35; Lynn, First Ch., Aux., 35; Peabody, South, Second Ch., 4; Salem, Tabernacle Ch., Aux., 199.52, C. R., 13; Saugus, Cliftondale Ch., Aux. (Len. Off., 5.13), 45; Wenham, Miss. Dept., 12; Less 5, credited to Chestnut St. Ch., Lynn, in December LIFE AND LIGHT by error,	426 16

<i>Franklin County Branch.</i> —Miss J. Kate Oakman, Treas., 473 Main St., Greenfield. Mrs. Laura Mellen Robinson, 10; Conway, Aux., 15; Deerfield, South, Aux., 13.97; Greenfield, Second Ch., Aux., 7.50; Montague, Aux., 8.05; Northfield, East, Aux., 19.05, C. R., 17.95; Sunderland, Aux., 21,	112 52
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<i>Hampshire Co. Branch.</i> —Miss Harriet J. Kneeland, Treas., 8 Paradise Road, Northampton. Northampton, Edwards Ch., Anx. (100 of wh. to const. L. M's Mrs. Harriet Hill, Mrs. J. L. Selden, Mrs. E. G. Stevens, Mrs. E. E. Wood), 120 43	
<i>Middlesex Branch.</i> —Mrs. Frederick L. Clafin, Treas., 15 Park St., Marlboro. Dover, Aux., 10; Framingham. Schneider Band, 25, C. R., 5; Lincoln, Aux., 45.75, M. C., 5; Northboro, Lyman Assoc., 20.50; South Framingham, Aux., 13.50, C. R., 5.50,	130 25
<i>Newtonville.</i> —Mrs. D. Brewer Eddy, 200 00	
<i>Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch.</i> —Mrs. Mark McCully, Treas., 115 Warren Ave., Mattapan. Carver, Ladies, 5; Cohasset, Aux. (Th. Off., 9.37), 9.87; East Bridgewater, Aux., 18; Plympton, Aux., 3; Randolph, Aux., Th. Off., 22.40; Plymouth and Braintree, Union Ch., Aux., 3; Weymouth, East, Aux., 31; Weymouth Heights, Aux., Th. Off., 25; Weymouth, South, Union Ch., Aux., 17.50; Wollaston, C. R., 2,	

<i>South Hadley.</i> —Mt. Holyoke College, Y. W. C. A., 136 77	
<i>Springfield Branch.</i> —Mrs. Mary H. Mitchell, Treas., 1078 Worthington St., Springfield. Off. at Y. W. Meet., 3.34; Holyoke, First Ch., Aux., 27.07, Second Ch., Aux., 21; North Wilbraham, Grace Union Ch., Aux., 22; Springfield, North Ch., Aux. (prev. contri. const. L. M's Mrs. Henrietta I. Clarke, Miss Eloise W. Wood); Three Rivers, Union Ch., S. S. Prim. Dept., 6.50; West Springfield, First Ch., Aux., 3.60,	41 50
	83 51
<i>Suffolk Branch.</i> —Mrs. Frank G. Cook, Treas., 44 Garden St., Cambridge. Auburndale, Aux., 51, S. S. Prim. Dept., 5; Boston, Union Ch., Chandler Cir., 1; Cambridge, First Ch., Aux., 67.85, North Ch., 50, Pilgrim Ch., Woman's Miss. Soc., 16, Prospect St. Ch., Bearers of Glad Tidings, 5; Dorchester, Second Ch., Aux., Th. Off., 46.15, Go Forth M. B., 5; Newton, Friend, 60, Eliot Ch., Woman's Assoc. (25 of wh. by Mrs. Lucy B. S. Trowbridge to const. L. M. Miss Helen M. Cobb), 50; Newton Centre, First Ch., For. Miss. Dept., 70; Newton Highlands, Aux., 32.13; Roxbury, Eliot Ch., Aux. (add'l Len. Off., 50 cts.), 9; Imm.-Walnut Ave. Ch., For. Dept. (Th. Off., 114.95), 247.63; Watertown, Phillips Ch., Aux., 40; Wellesley Hills, Aux. (Th. Off., 24.80), 60.80,	

<i>Worcester Co. Branch.</i> —Mrs. Thomas E. Babl, Jr., Treas., 12 Clearview Ave., Worcester. Friend, 2.50; Mrs. J. R. Thurston, 50; Charlton, Aux., 9; Millbury, First Ch., Miss. Study Cl., 52; Millville, Ch., 1; Petersham, Ladies' Union, 43.36; Sturbridge, Ch., 5.50; Warren, Aux., 6.30; West Boylston, Aux., 15.50; Whitinsville, E-C-A-D Band, 14.34; Friends, 250; Worcester, Piedmont Ch. (100 of wh. to const. L. M's Mrs. A. S. Clement, Mrs. Robert L. Dyson, Mrs. Ella M. Frue, Miss Alice Wright), 122,	816 56
Total,	3,895 48
<i>RHODE ISLAND.</i>	
<i>Newport.</i> —Miss Grace B. Gilpin,	1 00

## CONNECTICUT.

*Eastern Connecticut Branch.*—Miss Anna C. Learned, Treas., 255 Hempstead St., New London. Groton, Aux. (prev. contri. const. L. M's Mrs. Emily Miner, Mrs. George O. Miner); New London, First Ch., Aux., Mrs. R. C. Learned, in mem. of Miss Eliza Talcott, 200; North Woodstock, Aux., Th. Off., 11.75; Norwich, Park Ch., Aux., Th. Off. (Mrs. H. H. Osgood, 30), 64.70; Scotland, Aux. (to const. L. M. Mrs. L. B. Tenney), 25; Stonington, Second Ch., Aux., Th. Off., 10.50; Woodstock, Pansy Y. L. Aux., 25,

336 95

*Hartford Branch.*—Mrs. Sidney W. Clark, Treas., 40 Willard St., Hartford. Int. on Clara E. Hillyer Fund, 88.50; Friends, 54.56; Bristol, Aux., 47.50; Canton Center, Aux., 10; Collinsville, C. R., 5.75; Hockanum, Ladies' Aid Soc., 4; Kensington, C. R., 7.10; New Britain, South Ch., Aux., 66, C. E. Soc., 100, Mr. D. O. Rogers, 278.67; Plainville, Aux., 25; Simsbury, Aux., 32; South Coventry, 12; South Windsor, Y. L. M. C., 15; Stafford Springs, 35.30; Terryville, Y. L. M. C., 10; Wethersfield, Aux., 32,

823 38

*New Haven Branch.*—Miss Edith Woolsey, Treas., 250 Church St., New Haven. Friend, 83; Bethel, Aux., 8.60; Black Rock, C. E. Soc., 10; Bridgeport, South Ch., Aux., 109; Bridgewater, Aux., 18; Cheshire, Aux., 36; Fairfield County Meet., Th. Off., 31.46; Haddam, Aux. (with prev. contri. to const. L. M. Miss Alice Ventres), 7; Ivoryton, Aux., 5; Kent, C. R., 6; Litchfield County, Jr. Rally, 1.83; Madison, Aux. (to const. L. M's Miss Helen Buell, Miss Lydia J. Chalker, Miss Carrie E. Leete, Miss Jennie Whedon, Miss Margaret Wilford), 125; Middlefield, C. E. Soc., 7.05; Middletown, First Ch., Aux., 21.07; Milford, Plymouth Ch., Aux., 15; Northford,

Aux., 20; Roxbury, Silver Cross Cir., 5; Salisbury, Aux., 53; Saybrook, Aux., 37.35; Stamford, Aux., 25; Washington, C. E. Soc., 15; Waterbury, First Ch., C. R., 12; West Cornwall, C. E. Soc., 15; Westport, Aux., 11; Winsted, First Ch., Aux., 12.07; Woodbury, C. E. Soc., 20,

Southington.—First Ch., Cheerful Workers, 709 43  
10 00

Total,

1,879 76

## NEW YORK.

*Corbettsville.*—Friend, 37 50  
*East Bloomfield.*—Mrs. Eliza S. Goodwin, 4 80  
*New York State Branch.*—Mrs. F. M. Turner, Treas., 646 St. Mark's Ave., Brooklyn. Elmira, Park Ch., 50; Katonah, Miss Helena L. Todd, 4.40,

Troy.—Miss Ellen R. Manchester, 54 40  
1 00

Total,

97 70

## NORTH CAROLINA.

*Southern Pines.*—Mrs. A. M. Foster, 1 56

## MICHIGAN.

*Manistee.*—Friend, in mem. of Mrs. Clayton Welles, 100 00

Donations,	\$5,501 44
Buildings,	823 50
Specials,	74 56
Legacies,	2,850 00

Total,

\$9,249 50

## GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY GIFT.

Previously acknowledged,	\$13,961 18
Receipts of the month	823 50

Total,

\$14,784 68

## WOMAN'S BOARD OF THE PACIFIC

Receipts for October, 1912

MISS HENRIETTA F. BREWER, Treasurer, 770 Kingston Ave., Oakland, Cal.

## CALIFORNIA.

*Northern California Branch.*—Mrs. E. V. Krick, Treas., 1433 Clay St., San Francisco. Berkeley, First, 75; Hydeville, 3.50, Mrs. Edith Kirkwood, 100; Nevada City, 13.32; Mrs. J. F. O'Brien, 30; Oakland, First, 50, Pilgrim, 5; Petaluma, 1.25; San Francisco, First, 15; Sunnyvale, 7.50,

300 57

*Southern California Branch.*—Mrs. S. E. Hughes, Treas., 56 Worcester Ave., Pasadena. Eagle Rock, 2.50; Los Angeles, Garavanza, 3.50, Trinity, W. Soc., 5, S. S., 5, Vernon, Philathena Cl., 30; National City, W. Soc., 30; Ontario, W. Soc., 58; Pasadena, First, W. Soc., 70, Philathena Cl., 10; Perris, W. Soc., 5; Redlands, Gift, 114, W. Soc., 50; Riverside, W. Soc., 50,

433 00

## IDAHO.

*Idaho Branch.*—Mrs. W. L. Phelps,

Treas., 111 Jefferson St., Boise. Boise, 15; Wright, 1,

16 00

## OREGON.

*Oregon Branch.*—Mrs. A. L. Cake, Treas., 421 W. Park, Portland. Portland, First, 61.63, Pilgrim, 10,

71 63

## WASHINGTON.

*Washington Branch.*—Mrs. Everett Smith, Treas., 1533 18th Ave., Seattle. Medical Lake, S. S., 4.40; Seattle, Plymouth, W. Asso., 86.85, S. S., Mrs. Wood's Cl., 15, Queen Anne, W. Miss. Soc., 5.50; University, W. Miss. Soc., 5,

116 75

Total,

937 95

MRS. W. W. FERRIER, *Asst. Treas.*,  
2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley.



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